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ES' HOME THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN JANUARY 1968

JOURNAL

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America's No. 1 Family Crisis

END THE WAR BETWEEN THE GENERATIONS!

What Our Young People Are Really Saying

by Sen. Robert F. Kennedy



FOR TEEN-AGERS: "TURN ON YOUR PARENTS"

FOR PARENTS: "TUNE IN YOUR TEEN-AGER"

WE'RE SCARED OF OUR KIDS: A JOURNAL READERS' POLL

MY SON IS ON LSD— IS YOURS ?

A doctor speaks: LET'S BE GRATEFUL FOR "THE PILL"



COL. CHARLES LINDBERGH *AMERICA'S MOST* REMARKABLE FATHER

EW: The Adjustable Diet Cookbook

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How to become a rich brunette...



Just treat yourself to one of these elegant new browns!

NEW! Sunlit Brown* warm, glowing, enriched with golden undertones



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And even when you were lucky enough to com
by a rich brown naturally, it grew faded and dul
Or was never the same once gray began to show

Now introducing the quietly brilliant brown
One burnished till the gold gleams through. Th
other polished to cool perfection. So rich, the
wake up dull, faded brown to a fresh, shinin

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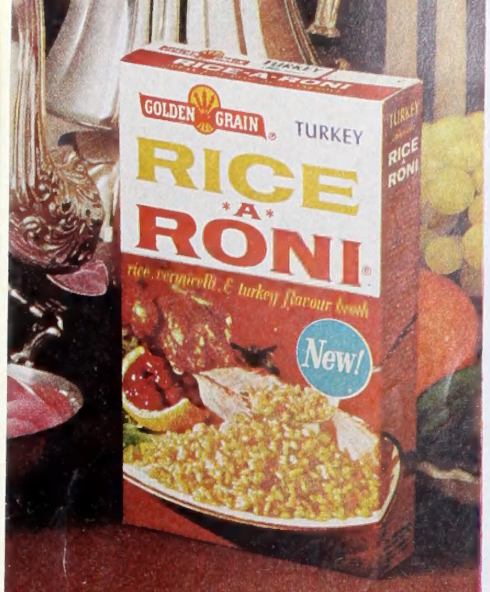
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looks cool in any light

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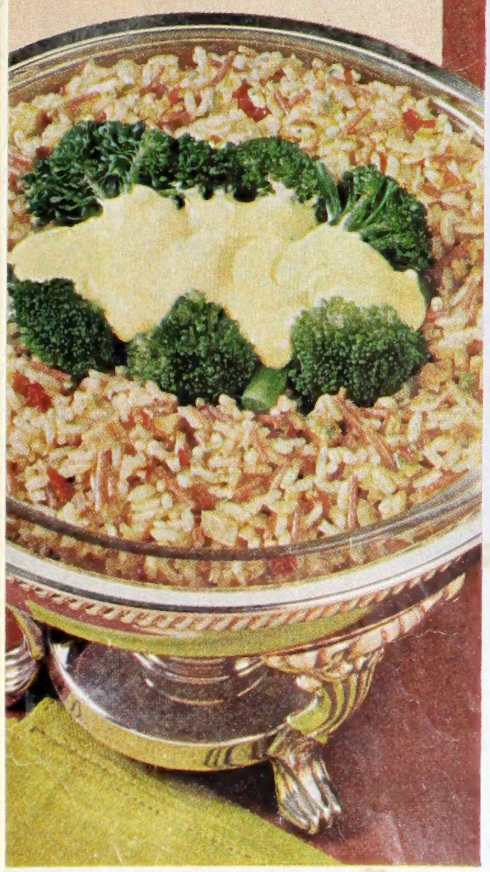
makes any meal

Rice-A-Roni, America's favorite rice mix, now comes in 8 wonderful flavors. So easy. One pan, no boiling. A delicious change from potatoes.

...or this great new recipe

TURKEY DIVAN

In 2 tbsp. butter, brown 1 pkg. Turkey Rice-A-Roni. Add 2 cups hot water. Stir in contents of Turkey Flavor Packet; simmer 15 min. Arrange 1 pkg. frozen broccoli spears (thawed) over cooked Rice-A-Roni. Combine 2 tbsp. white wine with 1 (6-oz.) can Hollandaise sauce and pour over broccoli. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Cover. Simmer 10 minutes. Makes 4 servings.





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NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN ™ JANUARY, 1968 VOL. LXXXV NUMBER 1

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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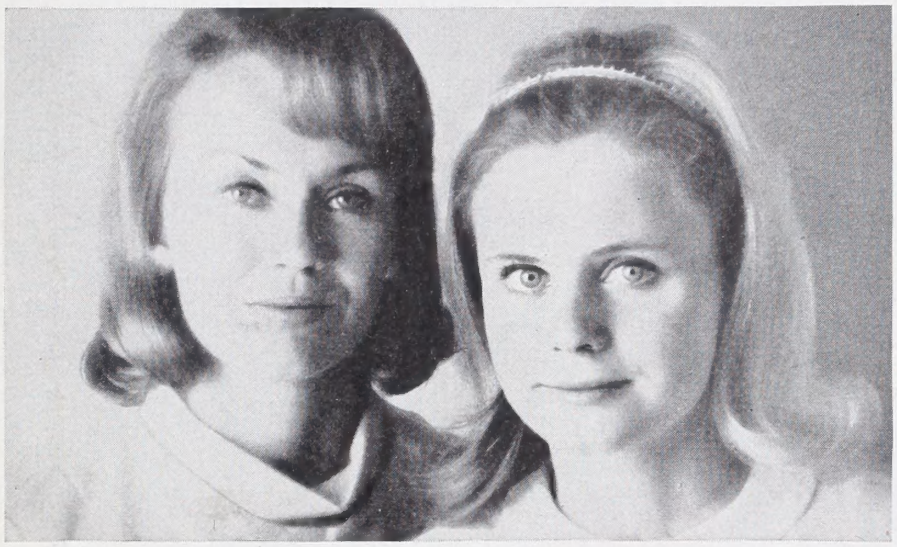
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Get your favorite brands—in bottles or cartons.

What every woman should know about menstruation: The monthly period can affect a woman's well being. The body loses precious iron at this time. And this loss of vital iron can lead to anemia and, in turn, an irritable disposition and a tired, rundown feeling. In fact, a 5 foot 2 woman needs *twice as much iron* as a 6 foot man. Vitamins alone cannot replace iron in your blood. That is why Geritol was formulated.



Geritol not only contains vitamins, but enough iron to begin building up anemic blood so you feel stronger fast! Just two Geritol tablets or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calf's liver. In one day Geritol-iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy throughout your body. So, check with your doctor, and if monthly iron loss is dragging you down, take Geritol liquid or tablets every day.



DEAR READER:



It seems to us as we pass through the one-way gate from the old year to the new that there are more and more problems in our world and fewer and fewer answers. Not only the national and international problems that fill the newspapers, but increasing friction about community, family and personal matters. As one observer said, it seems like the whole country got out of the wrong side of the bed.

Just where *do* you turn for help these days? For understanding and guidance? One answer for women, for the last 85 years, has been the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Today, we at the *Journal* are making a new commitment to you the reader. Starting with this January issue, each issue is consciously planned not only to entertain and inform you better than ever before, but to be *used*—to solve *your* problems, to help improve your life.

Now, we will not simply bring the magazine to you. We will offer you the opportunity to participate in the making of each issue, to put you in touch with experts who *do* have answers for what you need, and in touch with the triumphs and defeats of 13 million other *Journal* women.

Here are some of our ways:

JOURNAL BOARD OF EXPERTS (see page 8): You ask the questions and we direct them to experts for answer in the magazine—to Amy Vanderbilt, Sylvia Porter, David Brinkley, Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, Dr. Phyllis Wright, and others. No other magazine can match our staff of contributing editors. This direct new dialogue keeps us in touch with you, mailbox to mailbox, and gives your most pressing question (about anything!) a hearing by the most knowledgeable expert.

THE JOURNAL'S "VOICE OF WOMEN" POLL (see opposite page): Here *you* become the expert and the *Journal* asks *you* the questions. Every month thousands of *Journal* readers will receive a "Voice of Women" survey, and can express their opinions or concerns they've never before been able to share with other women. Now for the first time, through this poll, some 13 million intelligent, responsible, family-minded readers share not only a magazine but also their opinions with each other. This is your chance to speak out to the world of women and to find out how other women really feel about the most provocative questions of our time. Here you can compare your innermost thoughts, feelings, hopes, despairs.

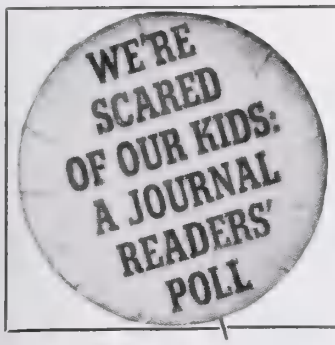
EDITOR'S GUIDE: We know you are action-minded readers who want to *do something* about the information you find in the *Journal.* But we know you are often too busy to get started or to find out quickly where to get practical, reliable information. This is why we have started the "Editor's Guide" program in the *Journal.* Look for the symbols at the end of the most serious articles in this issue and see at a glance: additional reading lists; booklets to write for; agencies to write to. Help and more help.

WAKE UP AMERICA series: We need the advice of our wisest men and women to work on pulling the country together. In addition to our Board of Experts, we will bring you the best new thinkers with fresh ideas and solutions to areas of daily human need. The first of these is the problem of the generation gap, the broken bond between the young generation and its still-young generation of parents. Read Dr. George Bach (page 36) and see if you agree that there can be hopeful new answers to old problems.

YOU READ IT HERE FIRST: We know that you can't read every interesting book you hear about. Or even every important book. As our "Poor Woman's Almanac" commented, you sometimes wish all the writers would take off a year and give all the readers a chance to catch up. Still, do you notice that other women you talk with seem to be finding time? We go a long way toward solving this problem for you with our New Books Program, by excerpting or condensing the most-talked-about new books in every issue of the *Journal.* You can keep up remarkably well, with a minimum investment of time. Take this issue, for instance: We bring you the best of FIVE BOOKS, including the brand-new book by Sen. Robert Kennedy on contemporary values and the forthcoming *Eileen Ford's Book of Model Beauty.*

AND REMEMBER, PLEASE, to write us. Opinions or questions. We read our mail.

John Mack Carter



Why are parents afraid to discipline their children? Afraid of losing the children's love? Afraid to lose face? For the first time, the Journal's "VOICE OF WOMEN" poll analyzes who is losing the battle of the Generation Gap.

Who's winning the battle of the Generation Gap? The distressing news is that parents are retreating on almost all fronts—often in confusion and sometimes in sheer panic.

- Many parents actually seem afraid of their children—afraid to discipline them, afraid of losing their love, afraid of losing face, afraid the kids will turn against them.
- Many parents feel so guilty about their own shortcomings that they appear incapable of straightening out their children.
- Many parents are so tyrannized by their children that they are not altogether sure that adults are still running the world.
- Many parents appear too lazy to get involved with their children's problems.

These are the conclusions drawn from the first *Ladies' Home Journal* Readers' Poll, a survey of 660 women in all parts of the country.

The *Journal* poll revealed that many parents are painfully aware that they are spoiling their children by being too permissive with them. But despite this awareness—and an uncomfortable feeling of guilt—most of the women polled confessed that they were helpless.

Of the 42 questions on our list, 17 gave parents a chance to admit that they were letting their children get away with too much. The majority of our readers agreed with 14 of these statements. When we asked if parents are letting children do things that the parents disapprove of—77 percent answered Very True.

Why do so many mothers and fathers abdicate their responsibility? Sixty-six percent claimed they do so because they consider their children's misbehavior "just part of growing up"; 61 percent said they are afraid to flex parental muscles lest they damage the child emotionally; 61 percent surrender in the hope this will make their children love them more; and 56 percent said they knuckle under because they fear that if they do not, their children will turn against them.

One of the most disturbing responses came to the simple statement: "Many parents fear that youth comes close to controlling today's world." A generation ago, parents probably would have answered with a resounding No. Now, however, they are not so sure: 38 percent said this statement was Very True; 29 percent think "Maybe it is true"; only 29 percent say it is False. Parents aren't sure who is in charge.

More than half of the women polled by the *Journal* admitted that they tailor their lives to their children's likes and dislikes. And parents realize that they are being manipulated, and sometimes bullied, by their children. Sixty-five percent seemed embarrassingly aware that their teen-agers get the luxuries they want by playing on their parents' desire to "keep up with the Joneses." In fact, 55 percent admit flatly that since teen-agers seem to be the judges of what's "in" and what's "out," parents often go along so they won't be dismissed as fuddy-duddies. (Almost half the women said they longed to make their youngsters shut off noisy modern music, but didn't because they feared it would drive the kids out of the home.)

The survey also showed how many parents want to duck trying to cope with their children. Half the women said that while they knew their youngsters don't do their best in school, they do not make an issue of it. Half of them would rather let school authorities make rules for their children than do it themselves.

Despite this show of insecurity or perhaps because of it, many parents yearn wistfully for the "good old days" when parents were parents and children were seen and not heard: 77 percent say they'd love to return to the era of "spare the rod and spoil the child." Then why don't they? Because they're afraid of being considered "insensitive, old-fashioned parents."

The *Journal* survey also reflects clearly the extent to which morality and religion have been eroded. Nearly half of the women polled said they avoided discussing morality with their children because they are fearful that the kids will realize that adults often don't practice what they preach. Half admitted that while they decry their children's Godlessness, they do nothing about it because their own religious faith is waning—and the children know it.

No clear trends emerged on seven questions because, obviously, parents are still groping for answers. Try these statements in a group if you want to start an argument.

1. Many parents are afraid to test their authority over their children. They don't want to be humiliated by seeing how little power parents really have; 2. Many parents feel powerless to bring up children properly because the world changes with such bewildering speed; 3. Many parents have the uneasy feeling that their children see right through them; 4. Many parents don't tell children the facts of life because they suspect the kids know more than they do; 5. Many parents can cope with children who are just like them—but are upset by children who are not; 6. Many parents are afraid of their children's questions for fear of exposing how little they know; 7. Many parents worry that if they are too lenient their children will turn out to be failures. **END**

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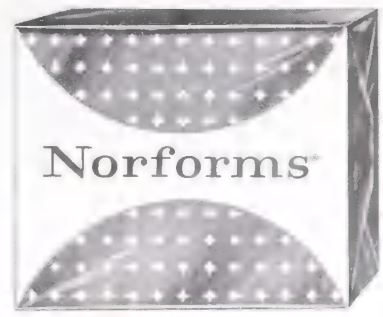
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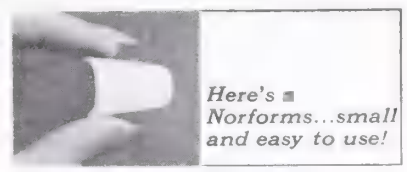
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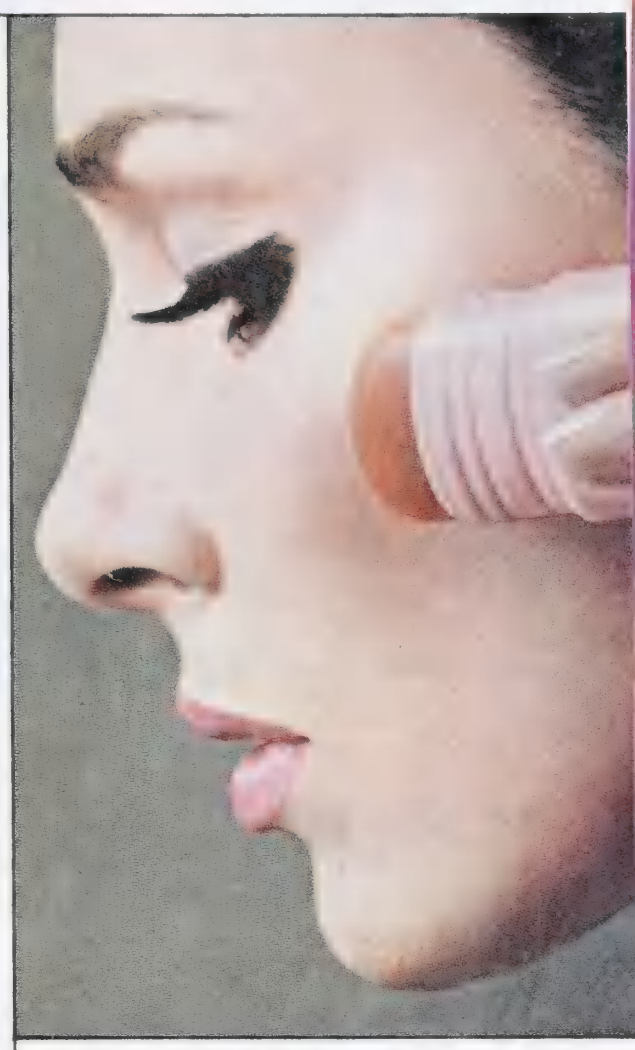
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EDITOR'S NOTE: The *Journal* will publish brief letters from readers seeking answers to important personal problems, along with replies from members of our board of experts. We welcome such letters and greatly regret that only those selected for publication can be answered.

Dear Mr. Brinkley: H-E-L-P! An overdose of television is slowly driving me out of my mind. Sometimes I think I would like to chuck our set right out the window. My children stare at it all the time—to the detriment of their schoolwork, their play out of doors, and our general family life.

I realize full well that I have the power to make the kids snap off the set—and I exercise that power. But when I do, I too often feel like an ogre.

You have a family, and you make your living on television. I wonder if this question of "how much TV is too much?" has cropped up in your home—and if so, how have you handled it?

JULIA SCHWARZ
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

● *First, stop calling yourself an ogre. There is nothing ogreish in applying sensible limits to your children's time at the television set. On the contrary, it would be ogreish not to do what you thought was best for them. Children want and need some reasonable parental control. Total permissiveness is not far different from indifference and even neglect, and children are more perceptive and understanding of this than we tend to think they are. When mine are doing badly in school, or when I think their time should be spent somewhere else, I do not hesitate to turn off the television, and I certainly do not feel like an ogre and I do not think you should. Do what* you *think is right and don't worry about it.*

DAVID BRINKLEY

Dear Miss Cannon: Apparently the Rocket Cake recipe featured in the October issue was not kitchen-tested by the *Ladies' Home Journal.* A 1-pound, 2.5-ounce cake mix will not fit into a two-pound coffee can without running over the side while baking. After one terrible flop, I decided to reduce the batter by about half a cup.

I made this cake for my son's fourth birthday. He almost didn't have a cake for his party. I had to rush to make a second cake. It was quite a day. So, please, in the future test your recipes and save your readers' nerves.

MRS. KATHY SEAVEY
Mesa, Ariz.

P.S. The second cake was perfect and made quite a hit with the children.

● *We do test every single recipe that appears in our magazine—at least three times. We make slight adjustments in ingredients, method and procedure each time, until we find the recipe near perfect.*

As for the Rocket Cake, we had such success with it that we decided we'd better test it again, just to be sure there wasn't a printer's error. We used a 1-pound, 2.5-ounce cake mix. And the cake turned out just beautifully. You will see just how beautifully, for we are sending the cake to you with our compliments.

We propose the following possible reasons for your initial failure:

1. You might have used jumbo-size eggs; this makes the volume of the cake quite large.

2. The can might not have been exactly two pounds. Sometimes a can looks bigger than it really is. You can tell the size by reading the label. POPPY CANNON

P.S. Another thought: Perhaps your oven heats higher than the indicated setting. If your oven was too hot, it would increase the volume of the cake.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Seaman: I have a nice husband and nice kids, but I feel so lonely much of the time that I am beginning to wonder what is wrong with me or my marriage.

NAME WITHHELD
St. Louis, Mo.

● *When do we ever look at each other, or listen? Our lives are overprogrammed. Our kids are busy, too busy, learning their "three R's" more thoroughly than we did. Mothers struggle with their own "three C's"—the cooking, cleaning and chauffeuring. (And sometimes there's a "fourth C"—committees.) Fathers are rarely home during daylight hours, save on weekends when they battle crabgrass, or bury themselves in more work or sports. How can you get unglued enough to feel like a family, to reach each other? First, you have to want to, and not everybody does. We all have some personal traits we do not like, and do not wish to unveil for fear of losing love, or status. It is "safer" to keep busy, as most people do, but it is also lonelier. You will never know for certain that you are lovable until you are willing to risk intimacy with your own family. Usually, it is up to the woman to start. It is harder for a man. Try arranging times when you have nothing planned, are alone together, just being.*

DR. GIDEON and BARBARA SEAMAN

Dear Dr. Wright: When I ask my doctor a question, he seems to be either too busy to answer it or tells me something technical that I can't understand. What can I do about this without offending him?

JANICE MAYER
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *Write down a list of your questions whenever possible. Your doctor will be im-*

pressed that you are really interested. Tell him you need to know more about the problem in order to explain it to your husband. Ask him to draw a diagram or show you a picture or model to help you understand and to write down any confusing medical terms or instructions. It also helps for you *to give* him *your undivided attention while he is explaining. (Too many patients only half-listen and go home believing the "my doctor never tells me anything!") Remember, too, that other patients are waiting. If you need a lengthy discussion, ask if you can book (and pay for) an extra 20 minutes on your next visit. If your doctor is offended by these tactics, switch doctors!*

PHYLLIS WRIGHT, M.D.

Dear Dr. Popenoe: As a long-time reader of "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" I think it's about time I tried to save my own. I live in a fairly large city, but I simply don't know how to go about finding a qualified, reputable marriage counselor. Can you suggest where and how to begin my search for the help I need?

NAME WITHHELD
Minneapolis, Minn.

● *Our American Institute of Family Relations, 5287 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90027, has been for 38 years a national, nonprofit organization covering this entire field, and it is ready to put any inquirer in touch with competent help anywhere in North America, at any time and without charge. In an emergency, almost any clergyman can be consulted.*

DR. PAUL POPENOE

Dear Miss Vanderbilt: Acquaintances of mine have recently lost a baby immediately after birth. Is a sympathy card proper?

CYNTHIA SMYTHE
Houston, Tex.

● *Don't send a sympathy card. In such a case, even a brief note is probably ill advised, except from closest friends and relatives. Obstetricians usually advise a mother who has had such an experience to try again shortly to have another child. Therefore, the usual condolence letter, however kindly meant, somehow strikes the wrong note. The best thing I have found to do myself is to send a few flowers perhaps a week or so after the mother has arrived home with a line or two—not more than that—saying, "With our affection" (or "love").*

AMY VANDERBILT

Dear Gene Shalit: Do you think anything should be done to keep young children from movies that contain explicit sex and nudity?

SHIRLEY HILL
Atlanta, Ga.

● *Absolutely. When I talk about* young children *I mean ages 13 and under. Girls and boys just reaching puberty or younger will either be bewildered or could suffer emotional hurt if exposed to certain current movies. They* must *be given a chance to mature before being assaulted by films that often distort and debase sex and love.*

Barring government censorship, which I hate, three solutions present themselves: (1) No parent should allow her child to see a film without permission. Any mother who says Yes, you can go to the movies *without knowing which movie, is irresponsible. Such parents violate two rights: The right of parents to teach their children, and the right of children to expect responsible guidance from their parents. (2) Film companies should enforce their own standards. The phrase "Recommended for mature audiences" is a fake. It is not binding on theater owners. Any 18-year-old can take his 11-year-old sister to see tough adult films and many theaters will sell them tickets. (3) The local theater owner should use his own judgment and bar young children from certain films—with or without an adult. (The "adult" is often a high schooler. Some adult!) My view is that moviemakers should be allowed to make* anything *for adults without government interference. But somebody—parents or teachers or the movie theater operators themselves—had better do something to protect little children, or in a very few years we are going to be faced with a moral calamity.*

GENE SHALIT

Dear Miss Porter: My husband and I have been working very hard to save enough money for a down payment on a home. We both have the same kind of home in mind, the price of which will run between $18,000 and $22,000. We also want to be able to put down half the cost as the down payment. In the meantime, however, my husband sees smaller, four- to five-room homes at lower prices. He feels that perhaps we should buy a home of this type, continue to save, and then sell the smaller home at a profit—finally buying the home we both want. Is this a good idea? Also, instead of waiting to pay half the cost, should we buy our dream home sooner, considering the year-to-year rise in prices?

MARILYN FERGUSON
Farmingdale, N.Y.

● *Buy your "dream house" now. Prices of houses are in a strong upsurge—fueled by soaring building costs and mounting demands—and it's a virtual certainty that the longer you wait, the more the house you want will cost. Don't postpone buying the larger home in the hope of trading in and out of a smaller house at a profit. Even assuming you make a profit, the price rise on the larger house you really want may easily wipe out this gain. Also, if your husband has a secure job, his income will rise and you'll be able to carry your mortgage load with increasing ease.*

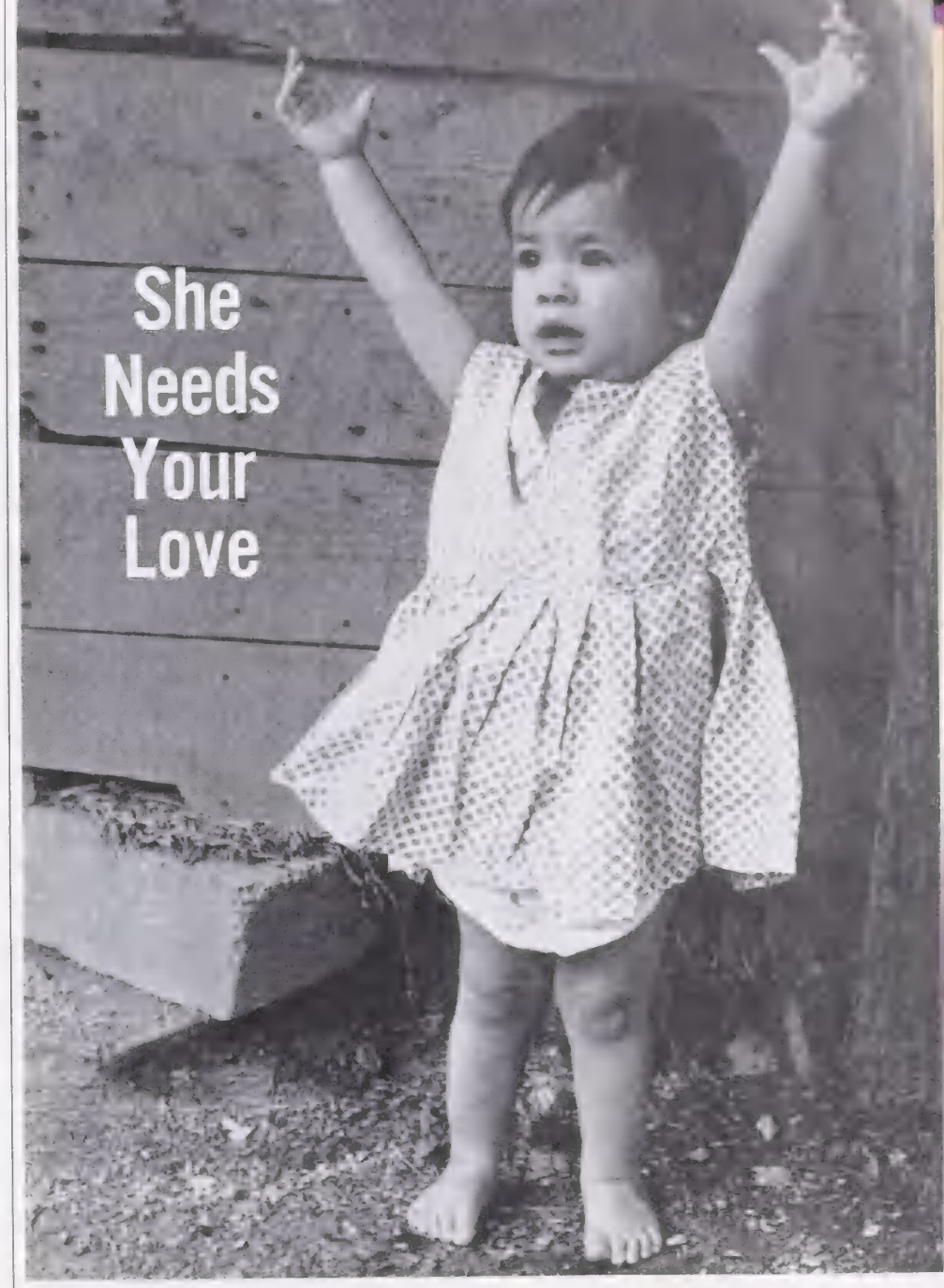
SYLVIA PORTER

Dear Dr. Bettelheim: How can parents handle the hostile feelings they sometimes have for their children? It seems that many younger parents feel more than just annoyed with their children most of the time. Although few will admit it, even to themselves, they often spank or slap their children because of this hostility rather than because of the children's offenses.

ALICE WAGNER
Oregon City, Oreg.

● *It is very good that you realize you punish your children mostly because you are angry, and much less so for what they did. Physical punishment of children is usually mainly due to parental anger, but most parents are not even aware of this, which makes it all the worse. My advice would be that you realize that most parents tend to expect too much of their children, and then are disappointed and angry because a child does not live up to unreasonable parental expectations. These overhigh expectations exist because we wish them to make up for something that is missing in our own lives. This is what causes the frustrations that then make us angry at a child. Once we realize this we should be able to find the source of our frustration and do something about changing it, so that we will not have to discharge our anger against our children, which makes us feel guilty and them unhappy.*

DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM



Little Kim was abandoned by her mother in an alley of Seoul, Korea. She was found curled up behind a box, shivering, hungry and frightened.

Her G.I. father probably doesn't even know she exists. And since Kim is a mixed-blood child, no relative will ever claim her.

Only your love can help give little Kim, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

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And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

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Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

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I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month.

I enclose my first payment of $_____.

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

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☐ Please send me more information.

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LHJ 18



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HOROSCOPES FOR THE NEW YEAR

By Sybil Leek



ARIES March 21–April 19 Saturn, the taskmaster, teaching planet, will be a burden to many of you in 1968, but you must remember that it has many benefits to offer as well. Most important is the brake Saturn applies to your often impulsive moves. Give more time and thought this year to your various projects and you'll find that your needs and your desires will be more closely aligned. While in the first house, Saturn may cause periods of depression that will affect your health, but such illnesses will usually be psychosomatic. Uranus begins a seven-year transit in the seventh angle this year, causing some marital difficulties, but again, rely on the benefits of Saturn by giving thought to problems before embarking on any course of drastic action.



TAURUS April 20–May 20. In 1968, Taureans will be affected by the restricting influence of Saturn, indicating that even the most gregarious may have unusual periods of loneliness. You have the advantage of benevolent Jupiter helping you overcome many financial and business problems, and health will improve as Jupiter moves from the 4th to the 5th and 6th houses. This is the year to learn more about yourself through self-analysis, which will become easier for you during the year as Neptune gradually becomes less adverse to other planets. You will not have much opportunity to travel, but your natural love of home will grow and you will be comfortable with your circle of friends. However, you must take care that you do not become too withdrawn from the mainstream of life by limiting yourself to them.



GEMINI May 21–June 21. Your major problem this year will be having emotional problems interfere with business, even to the point of making you miss opportunities that present themselves. With Mars swinging into the 6th angle, however, you can expect steady progress in your work, and as long as you are determined to be patient (always difficult for Geminis), you will find it easier as the year progresses to reconcile your dreams with reality. Kindly Jupiter has benefits to offer you, but they are apt to be appropriate more for your business life than your personal one. Volatile Uranus will cause many Geminis to be tempted to make drastic changes in their residence in 1968. Just remember that the dream may be rosier than the reality.



CANCER June 22–July 22. Neptune, the unrealistic planet, has been in a tantalizing position in the 5th house, influencing affairs of the heart, causing problems and misunderstandings. It now begins to move away, making it possible for you to feel more secure not only in your love life but also in business; and 1968 sees you discarding many old ideas that were too often based on illusionary concepts. As Saturn reaches the 10th midheaven position, you will find yourself more patient, although you still have to wait until the halfway point in the year before you have enough confidence to realize that hard work can achieve more for you than intuition. You will be able to better your finances if you are alert to opportunity. Jupiter tends to make you optimistic and willful to the point where you may resent taking advice from friends—this is a big danger in 1968.



LEO July 23–August 22. This is likely to be one of the best years for you to extend your activities in almost any direction. The Piscean age has not been kind to the Sun-children of the Zodiac, and many of you have not been able to realize your full potentials. Now opportunity knocks, and those who have taken secondary positions will find 1968 the year when they attain personal success, better financial conditions and a chance to be in the forefront in many areas. Saturn is angled at the 9th, encouraging travel, but many will prefer to resist the temptation in order to firmly establish themselves in the home or business affairs. For those of you who have the courage to start on a new venture, either romantic or in business, Saturn at the 9th can be construed as being auspicious for success if you have the courage to uproot yourself and are sure about your ambitions.



VIRGO August 23–September 22. Uranus, the most volatile of planets, will be the one to affect you the most this year. Although you don't like the unexpected, Uranus can take you away from your naturally conservative way of life and open up a new world where

even the seemingly impossible can be realized. Jupiter in the 12th angle will offer a much less complicated state of finances for you this year, provided you have the good sense to forget old misunderstandings that have previously blinded you to reality. Cooperation has never been your strong point, but 1968 will offer many opportunities to meet people on working terms.



LIBRA September 23–October 23. Saturn at the 7th angle indicates that you should be careful in all emotional entanglements in 1968. Fortunately, the good intentions of Jupiter in the 11th angle will help many of you extricate yourselves from disaster. Jupiter at this angle also emphasizes friendships, so keep with the friends rather than follow the temptations of ephemeral love affairs. This is not the year to extend yourself in your career; you may find it best to follow in the old pattern. Erratic Neptune can still play a few mean tricks on your financial stability if you should be tempted to change this pattern. The keyword for 1968 is to count your blessings and to consolidate the things you have already started on or achieved.



SCORPIO October 24–November 21. In 1968, as both Uranus and Jupiter enter the 12th angle, you will find much more security within yourself, giving you less reason to wear those rose-colored glasses you have worn for the last six years. Saturn at the 6th angle also gives you time to think about past events in a realistic manner, enabling you to profit from past mistakes. This will be a year to use Jupiter's influence to extend activities outside the home and in business, and to renew friendships that have suffered, but you have to begin the year by deciding what your ambitions and targets are going to be. It is not going to be an easy year, but with Neptune placed in a more helpful position, many of you will find greater spiritual and moral strength than you've had in the past six years.



SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. Your ruling planet, Jupiter, now begins to climb toward your midheaven, and you will find that in 1968 you are in a good position to be master of your own fate. This could be your big year for achievement if you choose to accept responsibility and grasp the opportunities that Jupiter offers. Saturn entering the 5th angle is a warning against financial speculation and gambling. Although the movements of Jupiter will help save you from drastic loss, you must be prudent with money. You will be relieved of old responsibilities in the first part of 1968, and there will be an interim period before you must accept new ones. In the over-42 age group the most startling advantages of Jupiter rising to the midheaven will be felt, and it may be one of your most exciting years.



CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. As Jupiter stretches toward your 9th house in 1968, there is an opportunity to widen your horizons and gain wisdom. This is the year when you will be forced into analyzing your attitude to others by relating your needs and ambitions to their desires. Later in the year, you will have new insight into how events of the past can set effective living patterns for the next six years. Throughout 1968, you must be patient even in the face of difficult conditions at home. Saturn at the 4th angle of the solar chart is a mixed blessing because it gives you the chart to realistically examine your weaknesses. You have a tendency to melancholia, but your saving grace is that you have enough self-control to pull you through.



AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. Aquarians will have the break of their lives this year to improve and stabilize their financial status. Reason for this is Jupiter rising to your midheaven in November to join Uranus. Between now and November make careful plans to get the best out of this opportunity. The main thing for you to realize is that "he who travels fastest travels alone" is not the axiom for you. Although you are by nature extremely independent, you need a companion in all your ventures and you are more likely to achieve financial and social success through partnerships. This is going to be a year of hard work when you cannot afford to waste time socializing unless you can combine business with pleasure.

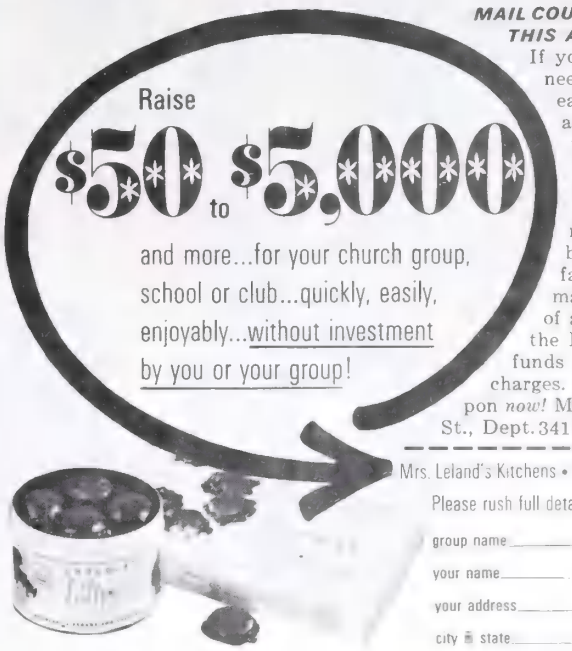


PISCES February 19–March 20 In the past, many Pisceans have lost opportunities for advancement because of complex emotional conditions at home and in business; in fact, the past two years have a particular strain because of the movements of Saturn. However, 1968 offers more emotional stability because of the protective influence of Jupiter in the 6th, 7th and 8th angles. How much you will benefit from this depends on how well you have learned to understand your emotions. Study all new relationships logically rather than intuitively. There is astrological evidence that if you are interested in politics, this election year could be a spectacular one for you. Keywords for '68: Keep control on emotions and be realistic in all partnerships.



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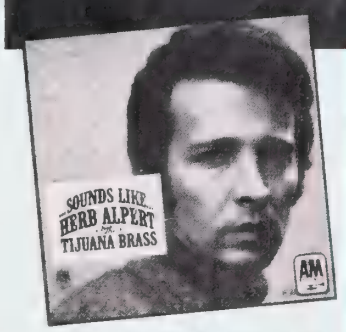
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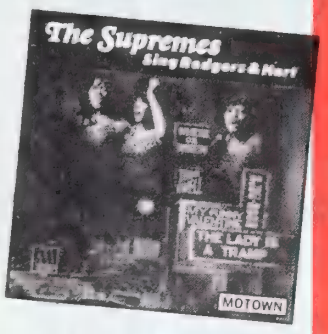
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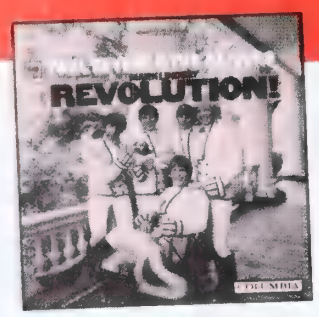
5346. Where Or When, The Lady Is A Tramp, Blue Moon, My Funny Valentine, This Can't Be Love, 12 in all



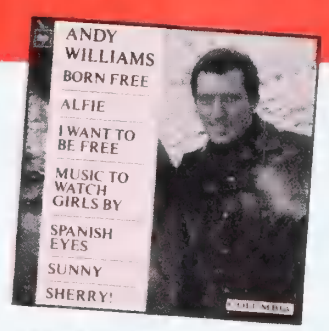
5486. Frank also sings The World We Knew (Over and Over), Born Free, This Is My Song, etc.



5546. Also: A Place In The Shade; Little Old Wine Drinker, Me; Pride; Release Me; Turn To Me; etc.



5472. Includes I Had A Dream, I Hear A Voice, Tighter, Make It, Wanting You, Reno, etc.



5233. Andy sings the Academy Award winner Born Free, plus Alfie, Sunny, Sherry, etc.



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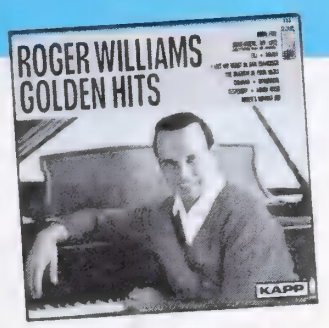
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"WHAT'S HAPPENING"

BY GENE SHALIT

What ho, good friends, that time is here!
Prepare to greet another year!
Lift your voice in song (no humming):
Nineteen Sixty-eight is coming!
Let New Year cymbals crash and bang
For *all* of Charlie Schulz's gang!
Straight A-plus; oh, never minus
For Lucy, Charlie Brown and Linus.
To Lucille Ball: all you've longed for,
The goodies that you've joked and songed for.
Let bliss abound for women marvelous:
Julie Andrews, Camilla Sparvelous,
Princess Lee and Princess Grace,
And every other lovely face.
Hail Gabors! Let's go wave a
Flag for Zsa Zsa and for Eva.
Let the new year spring no hex
On Harrison Noel or Harrison Rex,
Joanne Woodward and her Paul Newman,
(To envy her is only hewman),
Candice Bergen, Shirley MacLaine,
Or Victor Borge, notre Dane.
A year with interest for Sylvia Porter,
For Amy Vanderbilt's father's daughter.
A Judy Garland of red roses
To America's famous noses:
Barbra Streisand and James Durante!
(A bouquet, too, for Jack Valenti.)
Let the coming year be partial
To F. Lee Bailey, E.G. Marshall.
Light the frankincense and myrrh
For weekly winner Raymond Burr,
And all the other legal stars
Who've passed their television bars.
May manna sprinkle down like rain
On Alan Bates and Michael Caine
(Two British lads loved by our lasses—
Though some, I know, prefer Onassis).
A toast to twelve months fine and dandy
For Dennis Day and Dennis (Sandy).
Margaret Truman, Truman Capote,
Clairol, Revlon, Max Factor, Coty,
Barbara Walters, Allan Sherman,
The Beatles all, the Hermits' Herman.
Raise your glass of punch! Rejoice
When you hear Barbara Feldon's voice!
Whip up a year that's most enticing,
With Ursula Andress as the icing.

Rousing cheers for Fleming (Rhonda),
And for Jane, a girl I'm Fonda.
Clang the loudest, deepest bells
For Richard Harris, Orson Welles,
While puffing prima donnas sing
A Christmas hymn to Rudolf Bing.
Hurray for where the action is:
Burton (Richard), Taylor (Liz),
Twiggy, of the straight and narrow,
Frank Sinatra's Mia Farrow.
Marcello Mastroianni: *Avanti!*
Bravo! Fellini and Carlo Ponti!
Felicitazione! Antonioni!
(Moviedom's biggest provolone.)
Three cheers for love! Three cheers for Paris!
For Francoise Hardy and Barbara Harris,
Evan Hunter, Fred Astaire,
Mickey Mouse and Yogi Bear.
Give good advice to Dr. Brothers.
Sweet dreams to Robert Gaines and otherzzz.
May the year be quite unlike
Any other for Dick Van Dyke,
For John Mack Carter, Huntley, Brinkley,
And Duchin's piano—never tinkley.
Stage a royal castle fling
For Harold Prince and Alan King,
Highlighted by a tower scene
For Patty Duke and Steve McQueen,
With banners on a regal mace
To honor Jackie Gilford's face.
Have the festive trumpets blow
For Steve and Eydie, Lerner-Loewe,
Bacharach-David, Mann and Weill:
Their music makes the scene worthwhile.
Let the year be gay and merry
For Crosby (Bing) and Como (Perry),
Petula Clark and Bob Goulet,
Gilbert Becaud and Mel Tormé.
Skol! To singers plain and fancy:
Janis Ian, Sinatra (Nancy).
Mississippi mistletoe
For Bobbie Gentry's *Billy Joe.*
Play a sousaphone *forzando*
For (sigh and gulp) Jean-Paul Belmondo,
For Richard Kiley, Julie Christie,
For Ella Fitzgerald singing *Misty.*
And who would let these greetings pass
Without the Tijuana Brass?
Salute Mike Nichols, Robert Ryan,
Vikki Carr and Bedford (Brian).
A year of never-ending work
For Sophia Loren and Bogarde (Dirk).
As we wend our winding way
A nod and wave to Danny Kaye.
A leer for lusty Nina Wayne!
A frock for Holzer (Baby Jane)!

May endless fortune inundate
The Hepburn girls, Audrey and Kate.
Let us sing a Diahann Carroll!
Let us honor James T. Farrell!
Keep with treasured memorabilia
Books, plays and films of Kazan (Elia).
Chime a most romantic bell
For sensuous Marissa Mell,
Inger Stevens, Paula Prentiss
(May they never need a dentiss),
Ingrid Bergman, Dolores Del Rio—
May the pace of the year be *allegro con brio.*
Hail to the ecumenical search!
To Shirley Temple and Sandra Church!
Cheers to Coburn, Mason, Fox,
Each one a James, to each one: *Pax!*
Sign a most romantic treaty
With Geraldine Chaplin, Monica Vitti.
Dionne Warwick, Lana Cantrell—
To one and all: *Joyeux Noël!*
Decorate the finest hall
For Jason Robards' Lauren Bacall,
Gifts for Dietrich, Estelle Parsons!
Huzzah! For the show of Johnny Carson's!
A year of smiles, never frowns.
May *Today* never give up Downs!
Hey, George Segal! Hi, Joan Crawford!
Peter Sellers! Peter Lawford!
Cary Grant, Al Capp, Jean Shrimpton,
Paris interReviewer Plimpton.
Tie a wreath with holly knot
For Debbie Reynolds, George C. Scott,
Warren Beatty, Martin (Dean),
Sammy Davis, Capucine.
Raise a raucous yuletide clamor
For *Vogue, Bazaar, McCall's* and *Glamour:*
That's a pretty how-dee-do—
How can all four be Number Two?
Sing a merry roundelay
To soaring Sidney Poitier.
Let happiness be in the books
For Brothers: Smothers, Clancy, Brooks.
Holiday bells triumphantly peal
For Roald Dahl's Patricia Neal.
A lavish banquet, nothing minor,
For Eli Wallach and Carl Reiner.
Launch an international din
For Julie London and Irving Berlin.
Above all else, a special Thank
To the one and only Sullivan (Frank)
Who did this first in '32—
Sir Frank: A grateful bow to you.

Alas, the old year has departed.
Heigh ho! Another year has started:
An *annum* filled with joy eternal
For every reader of the *Journal!*



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"Sheer desperation made me try Cold Power" writes Mrs. Paul Schwartz, Miami, Florida

"Doubt if this is the sort of endorsement you desire, but feel it's my duty to write you anyway.

"Sheer desperation

"It wasn't the New Jersey housewives on TV that induced me to give Cold Power a try, it was sheer desperation. My whites had been getting dingier, both in hand and machine washing.

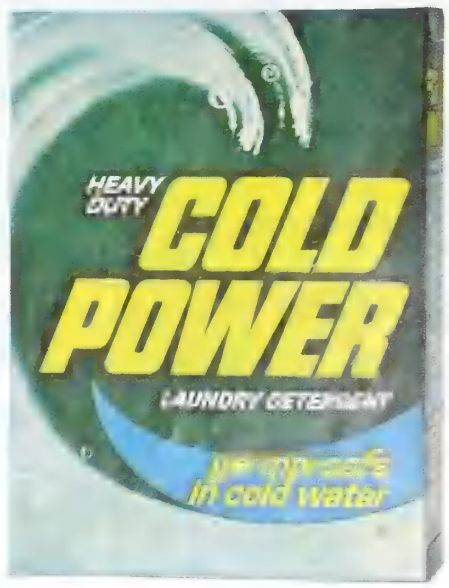
"Absolutely astounded

"I was absolutely astounded right from the start! Everything's immaculately clean. And the whites are just beautiful.

"Cannot begin to tell you what a pleasant surprise and shock this was to me. Such a joy!

"So felt I should at least scribble you this brief word of thanks."

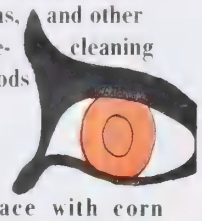
Mrs. Paul Schwartz



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NEUTROGENA



SUSIE MARRIED A BACHELOR-AT-HEART

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

The husband sitting before me looked puzzled. "I don't see why we should have to come here, Dr. Popenoe," he said. "There wouldn't be a bit of trouble in our home if my wife would just do what I tell her to!" In some other home the wife is equally certain that her husband is not cooperating unless he follows all her instructions to the letter and asks no questions. Susie and Rory, in this case, had not really tried to make a go of it—each felt it was the partner's job to do that. There were reasons, of course, why each sat back and waited. There is always a reason, but not necessarily a good reason. Some people, whose ideas of romance are derived from motion pictures and popular songs, take it for granted that a wedding ceremony automatically guarantees that they will "live happily ever after" in effortless ecstasy, and are astonished to find that this is not the case. Fortunately, re-education is usually not very difficult. The counselor in this case was Hal J. May.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
Founder and president of the American Institute of Family Relations

"At least three years ago I admitted to myself that Rory didn't give a hoot either for me or our boys," said 30-year-old Susie, a diminutive redhead, junior high school teacher, and mother of three. "Rory browbeats the youngsters almost as much as he browbeats me—not physically, of course, but he's always on their backs about something.

"Last semester Tommy, our eight-year-old, brought home a report card that showed he was in the genius class in everything except social attitudes. Rory skimmed through the brilliant marks without comment, pounced on the one solitary poor mark, and denounced Tommy until the poor kid ran out of the room in tears. Ever since I've had my hands full persuading Tommy to do any homework at all.

"Rory beats me down in exactly that same way. I do my utmost to please and make him comfortable, but it's a total waste of effort. He always finds some detail to complain about.

"Rory usually works at night—he's an officer in the state police force—and he needs daytime quiet in order to get sufficient rest. In our neighborhood, which is swarming with young couples and hordes of kids, quiet is hard to come by.

"Well, for Rory's birthday present last April, I blew my clothing allowance for six months—I pay my own clothes bills from my teaching salary—and bought $250 worth of heavy velour and $50 worth of double lining. I then sat down and made soundproof ceiling-to-floor draperies for the window in the master bedroom. When the big day arrived, the boys and I marched Rory into the bedroom for the surprise. When I pulled the curtains shut, the boys raced outside to the patio and yelled as loud as they could. From inside Rory and I couldn't hear a thing—it was like being down in a well with the lid on.

"Rory kissed me and looked real pleased, and the present seemed to be a big success. His birthday was on Wednesday. On Saturday morning the ice cream man drove by our house on his regular weekly run with his tinkling bell ringing to call the neighborhood children. Rory woke up instantly, bounded to his feet and began shouting at me about wasting so much money on draperies that didn't function. He then crawled back in bed, leaving me in tears.

"For a family man Rory works incredibly bad hours—by his own choice. With his seniority, he can pick his own hours, but he volunteered for the night detail (which statistically is much more dangerous than the day detail for policemen) because he likes the guys he works with. Soon after I arrive home from my school in the evening and feed him a snack, Rory leaves the house and picks up the prowl car and his partner, who is an especially close buddy. In the morning, just as I'm getting the boys through breakfast in time for their bus and dressing myself for school, Rory comes home and flops in bed. Sometimes he grabs a cup of coffee with me, not often.

"Usually at the end of his detail, he relaxes for a while and drinks his coffee and has a Danish with his partner. I have begged him to telephone when his tour of duty is finished to let me know that he is OK. I worry about his safety. He won't call. He just says: 'Don't be ridiculous.' On working days I see very little of Rory. On his two free days a week, with rare exceptions, the boys and I don't see him at all.

"Most of the police on the night detail are bachelors or else they're divorced. Rory's partner owns a cabin up the coast where the surfing and scuba diving are good, and most weekends the guys congregate there. Rory has a real thing about scuba-diving; he would rather scuba-dive than eat. Several times I've suggested that he take me along on one of his trips (his mother would be glad to look after the boys), but he says his partner has no use for women guests. One time I said I would like to learn scuba-diving, that he could teach me somewhere else, but he said: 'Don't be ridiculous. Scuba-diving is no sport for women.'

"Rory and I have been married 10 years. I now doubt that he ever loved me. My sisters used to tease me and say he fell in love with my father, and that may be the fact. We met in high school aeons ago, and even then it was obvious that he preferred Dad's company and conversation to mine. More than once when we were supposed to go to a dance or something, he and Dad would start talking, and the dance would be forgotten. This was no surprise to me. My father, who is now dead, was a real, honest-to-goodness charmer.

"I graduated from high school at 16 and started college. Rory enlisted in the Army. During my college years I received mail from several other boy friends in the service, but not a line from Rory. From time to time he did send foreign stamps to Dad for his collection, and I vaguely kept in touch with his whereabouts. While he was stationed in Germany, my parents split up after years of quarreling and unhappiness. My mother received custody of my sisters and me, which I considered extremely unfair. Although my father had been unfaithful on more than one occasion, I thought my mother had nagged him into it.

"In a way, my parents' divorce may have had some bearing on my marriage to Rory. I was outraged by the court's custody ruling, and decided to ignore it. I phoned and told Dad I would be glad to keep house for him. He said, 'Fine,' and I hardly noticed he was a little slow in accepting my offer. Feeling like a great big heroine, I guess, I moved my things across town from the campus to his apartment. The very next day his secretary unlocked the door with her own key and walked in. My father was with her. There was a ghastly scene. The secretary called me Little Miss Fix-It, saying she and my father intended to marry when the interlocutory divorce decree became final, and that my presence in his apartment was a 'damned intrusion.' My father didn't say a word.

"That was the last time I ever spoke to my father. I moved back to my sorority house immediately. He telephoned there repeatedly in the next few weeks, but I refused to accept his calls. Not long afterward, he died in the night of a heart attack, alone in his apartment.

"I didn't know Rory was out of the Army and back in this country until the day of the funeral. He was at the services. Six weeks later I was graduated from college and we were married. I now think Rory probably married me out of pity. I married him out of love, gratitude, and need. I felt sure he was the husband my father would have *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

This page is dedicated to the proposition that all bananas are not created equal.



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selected for me. From the beginning I made up my mind to go all out and be a good wife in all circumstances. Rory disapproved of fuss and formality and needless expense. As a result I did without an engagement ring. I had no gown and veil; and just our families were at the wedding.

"One of Mother's rich Garden Club friends (Mother belongs to dozens of clubs) gave us an all-expense week in Honolulu for our honeymoon. I was thrilled and excited about the trip, but Rory, who'd been overseas, was bored. Indeed, his chief pleasure seemed to be in acting casual so people wouldn't guess we were newlyweds. I was so proud I had him for a husband I wanted everyone to know our status.

"At the hotel in Honolulu he went right on fooling people. Five minutes after we registered, before the bellboy got to our luggage, he struck up a lobby acquaintance with an expert scuba diver. The two of them went off together for an afternoon of scuba-diving while I unpacked our bags in a room that Rory hadn't even seen; I shed quarts of tears in solitude. At dinner time he appeared and apologized profusely.

"Both Rory and I were sexually inexperienced, although he is extremely handsome and had turned down numerous opportunities. I'm sure I was a more bashful bride than many girls—even today the free-and-easy chatter of some of the other married teachers embarrasses me—but as best I could judge, Rory and I seemed to be well mated physically. In fact, I thought our sexual relationship was pretty much all right.

"Rory disagreed. On the basis of talk he'd heard from other guys, he seemed to think he and I were below par as sex partners, that average husbands and wives probably possessed greater emotional capacity than ours, and undoubtedly found sex considerably more satisfying and exciting than we did. He maintains that opinion to this day, which hurts my feelings terribly since it makes me wonder if I'm unfeminine in some obscure way and undesirable to him. On several occasions in our bedroom I've become so upset by this matter that I couldn't hold in my humiliation and control my tongue.

"In plain words I suggested to Rory that he find somebody else to sleep with. Invariably he flew into a rage and said, 'Don't be ridiculous'—his favorite put-down remark to me.

"I first started teaching so Rory could attend engineering school to be an aeronautical engineer like my father. But after two years he decided he preferred police work; he had served with the military police in the Army. My mother was horrified. She thought he was losing prestige, and I thought she was a darned snob. Frankly, I thought Rory's change of career, which reduced the number of college credits he needed, was great. At that time I was pregnant with Tommy, and I had planned to leave my job after he was born. My own mother had been such a social butterfly when I was growing up that she was seldom around to take much interest in me or what I was doing. I didn't want my children to suffer the same lack.

"Rory, however, fast-talked me into sticking with my job. It would be wiser for me to quit, he said, *after* we bought a house and had $5,000 in savings. He is a big, strong guy, with terrific guts, but financially, he's a scaredy cat, and awfully stingy to boot. I took a maternity leave when Tommy was born, and 16 months later, when the twins came along, I took a second maternity leave. That was six years ago, and I'm still working.

"We now own our furniture and our home, and we've added many improvements. Rory and his friends have pitched in on their free days and done the major building. Whenever they get at their carpentering the boys and I are promptly shipped off to my mother-in-law's place so we won't be in the way. I would love to help with the painting—then I could pick the color I like—but I'm not allowed to help.

"We now have $5,000 in the savings bank and we also own two building lots as a hedge against inflation. My earnings, except for my clothes, the boys' clothes, gifts, and a few other extras, have gone into our investment program. At this point I think we can well afford for me to quit. Rory doesn't agree.

"Two weeks ago Rory had halfway promised to take me and the boys to the beach; it was a free day for us both. I reminded him of the halfway promise, but he told me the guys were coming to work on the plumbing and that I should shape up the kids in a hurry to take off and spend the day with his mother. I had a huge laundry that really couldn't wait, so I told the boys to get ready fast, and then I started the washing machine. The water pressure failed, which often happens. I realized that Rory must be watering the lawn, although he hadn't mentioned that he meant to. We haven't enough water power to use the sprinkling system and launder at the same time. Before I could turn off the washing machine so Rory could continue with the sprinkler, he roared into the house yelling like a maniac about my stupidity.

"I didn't argue back. I went and cleared the boys' bureaus of all their clothes, gathered up my things, packed, and drove over to my mother-in-law's. I asked if the boys and I could stay with her indefinitely—my mother-in-law is a darling—and she said, certainly. She is altogether on my side and has told me that Rory isn't nasty like his father used to be, but is every bit as selfish. Through friends, I have located a reasonably priced divorce lawyer and yesterday I filed suit.

"I am convinced I would be better off living as a divorced woman with three boys, whose father is completely indifferent to them, than I would be living any longer as Rory's wife. He wants us to come back. But I'm not about to."

"She's been gone two weeks now," said 32-year-old Rory, a broad-shouldered, yellow-haired man with blue eyes; he spoke in a voice of dazed bewilderment. "I still can't believe that Susie has quit me. I still don't know why. All she says, when I can get her to answer me on the phone, is that I don't love her and our kids. That's no explanation. It's crazy.

"I didn't even find out Susie had left me until around noon that day. Several fellows I work with were trying to help me step up our water pressure so Susie could use her washer whenever she had a mind to and not have the machine go dry on her. At lunchtime I went to the refrigerator to get out the food Susie always leaves for us. No casserole, no sandwiches, nothing. I was surprised, that's all, just surprised. I went to our bedroom. The bed was made, the rug vacuumed—Susie is a dandy housekeeper—but something about the room seemed funny.

"I went to the walk-in closet. All her clothes were gone. I went in the boys' room. Their clothes were gone. There was no note, nothing. I went to the phone and called Mom, asked to speak to Susie. Mom said Susie was resting, and had asked not to be disturbed. She then said Susie had left me for good, and had already contacted a divorce lawyer. Mom advised me not to try to see Susie for the time being, but I paid no attention. I drove over, without even telling the guys a crisis had developed. I just left them tinkering with the plumbing, and went. I guess I was in shock.

"Mom's advice was right. Susie came in the living room and saw me and I talked to her, but it was like talking to somebody I'd never met before. All I heard from her was this crazy stuff about my not loving her and the kids. Oh, yes, there was one other thing. She said the time for talking was past, that she'd tried to talk to me for years and that I'd always turned her off by saying, 'Don't be ridiculous.'

"If that's what's eating her, I'll never say the words again. Never. I probably shouldn't have said them to her in the first place. But I think there's more to this than just that one dumb remark of mine.

"I tried to get Susie to explain things to me until 7 or 8 P.M. I got nowhere. By then it was dark, a drizzly, cold night. As I drove away, I turned on my two-way radio. A coded call came through that a burglar had been spotted climbing in a warehouse window close to where I was. I took off for the warehouse. I raced through two red lights in succession, made the last turn. What I was hoping at that exact minute, what I almost prayed for, wasn't that I would apprehend the criminal. I hoped he would catch me unawares and fire a bullet through my heart. Does that much misery mean I love Susie? Or doesn't it?

"When I got to the warehouse the burglar turned out to be the shadow of a waving tree branch, reported by a nervous old lady on her way to a drugstore. We are pestered with similar reports all the time. My job has been on my mind a lot lately and maybe this has made me extra grouchy with Susie and the kids. I'm no bargain as a husband, I know that. My nerves get on edge and I'm unreasonable, and I yell about drapes not being thick enough to shut out outside sounds. I've purposely trained my ears so I can hear a tiny noise. My hearing is a professional asset, but it's hell for Susie, I know that. I know how hard she worked on those drapes, and they're fine, they couldn't be better. I should have told her. When she comes back to me, I will tell her.

"Something else Susie has sometimes beefed about is she thinks I could be a better father. Maybe I can do better when she and my three sons come back. I certainly intend to try.

"Even now I sure am a big improvement on my own old man as I remember him in his later days after he started hitting the bottle. When I was a little tyke, my Pop was a hero to me. Pop was the chief of police in a small town in down state Illinois, but he died when I was nine, so for years I did without a father. Then I met *(continued on page 97)*



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BY PHYLLIS WRIGHT, M.D., WITH DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

If your daughter seems headed for a career as a basketball player, you will be interested in two new height-control methods that update the traditional "brick on top of the head."

One is distinctly a radical approach to the problem: A 26-year-old Toronto girl became so deeply depressed by her 6-foot-1 frame that she persuaded surgeons to whittle three inches off her thigh bones!

A more conservative method slows bone growth by carefully controlled cyclic treatment with estrogenic hormones. This must be done *before* an "unladylike height" is attained.

A girl's ultimate height can be fairly accurately predicted by studying her bone maturation by X-ray. When estrogens are started early enough, between ages eight and 10, it may be possible to forestall four or more inches of predicted growth. The hormones act to close the growing areas of the long bones, says Dr. M. James Whitlaw of San Jose, Calif., who has had success with the new technique. But, as a side effect, he warns that the hormones cause early vaginal bleeding—which poses a psychological problem in very young girls.

A hiccups cure—the latest, and hopefully the best ever—comes from Dr. M. Ramez Salem and his colleagues at the University of Chicago Medical School. They treat intractable hiccups by tickling the back of the patient's throat with a soft rubber catheter pushed down through the nose. Eighty-four of 85 hiccupers were completely cured by this pharyngeal tickle.

Degenerative joint disease, or osteoarthritis, affects 37 of every 100 adults. In people over 60, it's almost ubiquitous.

"If you live long enough," says Dr. William S. Clark, Arthritis Foundation president, "you're almost certain to get it."

Mostly, arthritis is a matter of wear and tear on the joints. Its causes are not clearly understood. While there is much that can be done to ease the swelling and pain, there is no real cure.

To help you familiarize yourself with the disease and its treatment, the Arthritis Foundation has just published a pamphlet, *Osteoarthritis*. For a free copy, write Box 2525, New York, N.Y. 10001.

If you know an emotionally disturbed child, you'll want to see *Warrendale*, a documentary film that won rave notices at film festivals in Cannes and New York. Warrendale is a residential treatment home, a new and experimental kind of live-in therapy for psychologically sick children. It is similar in some respects to Dr. Bruno Bettelheim's pioneering Orthogenic School in Chicago. Unlike traditional institutions, where violent outbursts are controlled or contained by drugs, "quiet rooms" or straitjackets, the Warrendale technique calls for firm, safe, physical holding—by counselors—of the child who blows his lid.

"The child is taught," says film producer Patrick Watson, "that it is safe for him to blow completely; he cannot hurt himself or others, and he is allowed to express his inner and terrifying feelings in a context in which love and concern are physically manifest. He becomes for a while a baby, safe and supported by the physical contact with other human beings."

An unusual but not uncommon invitation to disaster worries Dr. James Kimmey, chief of the Public Health Service region that includes New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. As he describes it, a baby-sitter, brought by car, after dark, to a strange house, tries to summon police when the two-year-old in her charge chokes on some food and turns blue. Unfortunately, she isn't quite sure how to spell the name of the people for whom she's sitting. She has no idea where she is, and she quickly becomes too frightened to leave the gasping infant and run outside to read the street sign on the corner.

Fortunately, in the case in point, the police were able to trace the girl's phone call and sent a squad car and ambulance. They arrived in time—but a few minutes' longer delay could have proven fatal. So: Paste a card with your name and address onto the telephone stand.

Ask your doctor for a Pap test next time you visit him. Don't wait for him to volunteer it. Don't take no for an answer. It is painless and takes only a minute. The life you save is *yours*, not his, and too many doctors (and patients) continue to neglect this simple, accurate method of diagnosing cervical cancer. "If detected in time," says the chief of the Public Health Service Cancer Control Program, Dr. William L. Ross, "cervical cancer is virtually 100 percent curable." Undetected, it invariably is fatal.

The fear of missing a daily bowel movement has made "regularity" into too much of a ritual. Now researchers from the University of Tennessee have studied the bowel habits of 115 healthy adult men for a period of 75 days and found that an average of one bowel movement every *two* days is a common, normal pattern.

A shortage of love will stunt a child's growth, physically as well as in his emotions. Johnny, at 4½, was still the same height as he had been at two, despite an enormous—but weird—appetite. As a baby, he often cried and slept little. At three, he stole food from the refrigerator, from the dog's plate and even out of the garbage. He appeared inordinately thirsty, and drank rainwater and water from the toilet bowl.

Doctors who examined Johnny found a bloated stomach, and poor bone growth that accounted for his short stature—but little else seemed physically wrong. However, investigation of his family revealed that he was constantly rejected by his parents. His mother even said that before she injured him deliberately she hoped he'd be adopted.

Happily he was. A year after he was placed in a love-filled foster home, and without any specific treatment, Johnny had grown five inches and gained 12 pounds. His abnormal eating and drinking habits vanished.

Johnny's story typifies a disorder that doctors call "deprivation dwarfism." Afflicted children have low levels of pituitary growth hormone circulating in their bodies. But when and if, through a change of heart by their natural parents or a change to new ones, they begin to feel loved, their growth hormone levels rebound to normal. Love truly runs deep if it can turn on—and, in its absence, turn off—the most basic centers of the brain.

VD vaccine? Having long expended their major research effort on children's diseases, vaccine makers are now slowly turning to a grown-up problem: syphilis. Their interest in VD prevention is being spurred by a disturbing epidemiologic fact. Ten years ago syphilis seemed about to be defeated by penicillin injections. Instead it has quadrupled in incidence. Only recently has this precipitous rise begun to level off.

The vaccine is still a long way off because scientists first must find a way to grow the causative organism in test tubes or laboratory flasks. Only recently have some initial successes been reported by investigators at Baylor and Columbia Universities.

How different are girl babies from baby boys? Well-l-l, beneath those pink and blue booties, and besides the obvious differences, scientific baby-watchers observe that newborn girl babies have greater electrical conductivity in their skins. Drs. Richard O. Bell and George Weller of the National Institutes of Health interpret this discovery as showing that girls are physiologically more mature at birth.

Girls are also more sensitive to temperature changes. But boy babies can raise their heads higher when placed on their tummies—an early sign of their superior muscular strength. And, adds NIH psychologist Howard Moss, boys sleep less, cry more, demand more attention, and often are more difficult to comfort.

A medical report of leukemia among successive occupants of three houses in Kansas, Missouri and Georgia has frightened some people into the erroneous belief that this dread disease is contagious. Some have begun to shun leukemia patients and their surroundings, thus adding the burden of social ostracism to already-suffering families.

Some facts about leukemia, analyzed by Dr. Robert W. Miller of the National Cancer Institute's epidemiologic branch, provide needed perspective: Among hundreds of reports of leukemia in pregnant women, only two had children who got the disease. Several large studies have failed to show an excess of leukemia in mothers of leukemic children, or among marital partners of affected persons. This evidence, says Dr. Miller, shows human leukemia is *not* contagious.

What, then, can one make of "leukemia houses"?

The epidemiologist who found the Georgia house, Dr. Peter McPhedran of the Communicable Disease Center, says: "Just looking at it, it's hard to believe there isn't *something* there. Contact with people who've lived there wouldn't seem to account for the subsequent cases. Radiation might. Or chemicals inside or nearby. Or animals—perhaps rodents—that carry a virus. Or, these bizarre occurrences may be just exactly what they seem to be—nothing more than coincidence."

How fast can you catch cold? Quickly, it appears. Nobel prize-winning biochemist Severo Ochoa at New York University has, for the first time, held a figurative stopwatch to a virus in action. He studied a virologic "guinea pig," a germ cell that he infected with a virus called Q-beta. Reasoning that a viral infection may be said to have started only after the virus has fashioned a first deranged molecule out of its host's cellular sap, Dr. Ochoa found that Q-beta has to produce 3,000 tiny protein chains to complete this task. At a calculated rate of 30 such chains per second, the virus thus needed 100 seconds to infect its host—a time span that may be similar in magnitude to the time required by a cold virus to "catch" a human.

Moralists who read a lesson for youth into scientific reports tying LSD to chromosome damage must now face up to the fact that science preaches more complex sermons. LSD "trippers" *are* concerned, and genetics counselor Dr. Cecil Jacobson of George Washington University, Washington, D.C., says many are leaving the hippie scene as the only way to protect the health of their unborn children. But now researchers report that chromosome damage like that caused by LSD can be found in patients using pharmacologically useful and important tranquilizing drugs. No one knows exactly what damage to the chromosome means for this or future generations. But, since it is the chromosomes that carry the genetic message from generation to generation, the consensus is that injury to them can't be good.

Perhaps the lesson is that drugs are drugs *because* they produce changes in the body, emotions or mind and some of these changes may be dangerous. Knowing the risks, doctors use drugs only when they believe the probable benefit outweighs the possible danger. **END**

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By Sylvia Porter

Q: Our children are all in school and I am seriously thinking about going back to work as a secretary. I have been offered a job by a local business firm at $90 a week (or $4,680 a year). If I took the job, how much could I expect to net after taxes, lunches out, occasional baby-sitters, etc.?

A: Averages just don't exist in this area, but you probably would net about half the amount of your gross salary. Here are estimates of "extra costs" for a typical wife returning to the labor force at a salary of $90 a week:

Federal and state income tax	$15.00
Group health and life insurance	1.85
Social Security and other deductions	4.26
Transportation to and from work	2.50
Lunches	6.25
Baby-sitters	7.00
Extra clothes and personal care	3.50
Other extra expenses	4.25
Total expenses and deductions	$44.61
Total net weekly income	45.39
Total net yearly income	$2,360.28

But the income you net after all deductions and extra expenses is by no means the only factor that should be involved in this decision. Will going back to work make you a happier woman? Will being occupied this way bring you a fulfillment you lack now? Your own answers to these questions are as important as my answer to the question about net pay.

Q: How can you tell if you are buying a stock at a bargain price?

A: One measure is the "price earnings ratio." You figure this ratio by dividing the current market price of one share of stock in a particular company by the current amount of earnings per share listed in its latest report. For example, if per-share earnings are listed at $1 and the current selling price of the stock is $30, the price-earnings ratio is 30.

This is above the ratio for the 30 stocks included in the Dow-Jones industrial average and it might superficially suggest the stock is overpriced. BUT note these two crucial points:

1. The price-earnings ratios of many stocks of leading corporations are many times the Dow-Jones average—because professionals are betting on the future growth of these corporations and therefore regard their stocks as among today's best investments.

2. A seemingly "bargain" priced stock with a price-earnings ratio well below the average may not be a bargain at all because the investment community as a whole is wary of the future potential of the industry and of the company.

My advice to you is to seek the advice of a reputable stock broker—and ask for a list of stocks his firm considers sound investments to meet your own needs today.

Q: My husband wants to go into business for himself by buying some kind of franchise. Isn't franchising a dangerous business?

A: It can be very dangerous indeed IF you have little or no experience in the field you choose. Make sure that:

- The parent company has a solid reputation and a name backed by national advertising, proven selling ability and a sound financial standing;
- The product to be sold has lasting appeal and is not a temporary fad (as trampolines were a few years ago);
- The required initial fee is well within your means and you have sufficient funds on hand to see you through the first few months of operation;
- The company provides you with expert help in getting launched, advice on where to locate, and fairly priced equipment;
- You take plenty of time to study the available opportunities, the firm's background—and your own interests and abilities.

Q: In the event of my death, would my wife have to pay Federal income taxes on the proceeds of my life-insurance policy?

A: Not if the amount is paid to her in one lump sum. However, if the money is paid as income over a period of time, any interest earned, above and beyond the amount of the policy, is considered income and is subject to Federal income taxes.

Q: We keep hearing that food costs are not rising nearly as fast as they seem. But our own food budget records show that it now costs us nearly *three times* the amount we spent in 1957 to feed our family. We have four children. Who's trying to kid whom?

A: You may have overlooked the central fact that your children have been growing up over the past decade. If you have any teen-agers in the family—which you probably do—remember that, on average, it costs about twice as much to feed a 13-year-old as it does to feed a three-year-old.

According to the Agriculture Department's "liberal" feeding plan, here are the weekly costs of feeding children of various ages:

	Cost
Child, under 1 year	$ 4.30
Child, 1–3 years	5.80
Child, 3–6 "	7.00
Child, 6–9 "	8.80
Girl, 9–12 "	9.40
Girl, 12–15 "	10.80
Girl, 15–20 "	10.70
Boy, 9–12 "	9.90
Boy, 12–15 "	11.60
Boy, 15–20 "	13.20

Q: Some months ago you wrote about "car clinics" in which you could get a complete rundown of your automobile ailments for $10. But just what do you get for that small sum?

A: At one typical "diagnostic center" for cars run by a major U.S. oil company, two trained auto experts perform more than 75 tests on your car, involving 23 different diagnostic devices. The tests take less than one-half hour, and you are given a full report on work that needs to be done and how much the work will cost.

Q: Once again, we have gone through our year-end ritual of adding up total family spending and total family income over the whole year. Once again we find that all of our savings were used up to pay bills and buy Christmas presents—and we had to take out a $1,000 loan to make ends meet. Please give us some rules for trimming the fat from our spending so that we'll come out ahead in 1968.

A: Here are a few areas in which you can "trim fat":

1. Cut down on restaurant meals. This is probably the best single way to cut your overall food bills.

2. Shop the clothing sales this post-Christmas season; you can save as much as 50 percent on staple items of clothing various members of your family will need during the year. There are many items that are not subject to style changes.

3. Reduce your fuel bills by making sure your home is fully insulated—not only in the walls but also with weather stripping and/or storm windows.

4. Invest in regular physical and dental examinations—as a preventive measure against medical emergencies which could lead to costly hospitalization.

5. See if your family's personal allowances can be adjusted downward without much financial strain—or whether the allowances can be partially replaced by part-time earnings.

Q: I am a middle-aged woman living alone but with a good, steady job, and I have savings of $20,000. Should I use my savings to buy a small house—or rent an apartment and let the savings earn interest instead? Real-estate values have been climbing sharply year after year in this area.

A: The most important consideration is your own personal preference as to the type of home in which you would like to live. But from a strictly economic viewpoint, your best move probably would be to invest part of your savings in a small house rather than put the entire amount into a savings account. This is simply because in a period of inflation, carefully chosen real estate in areas where values are rising rapidly is likely to grow in value faster than a savings account.

My advice to you would be to hold a portion of your savings, make a sizable down payment on the house of your choice, and pay off a relatively short-term mortgage instead of paying rent. You can, of course, deduct the interest you pay on a mortgage from your Federal income tax—as well as the real-estate taxes you'll owe on the property you buy.

By all means get the advice of a trusted, respected real-estate agent in selecting any property you may buy.



Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.



"Fit all this into an 8′ by 10′ room? Never!" thought the Andersons.

Then they discovered Ethan Allen never says "never."



hen people bring their decorating problems to an than Allen gallery, they're often surprised.

We don't come up with snap answers. We listen. 'e like to know what you want in a room. What our problems are. Then we offer helpful ideas.

Here, we recommended Ethan Allen Custom oom Plan Furniture: designs perfectly scaled to t you put a lot of living in a little space.

What you see above is that impossible 8′ x 10′ oom—transformed now into a warm, relaxing fam- y room. What you don't see are: 300 records, a mplete stereo system, 2 loudspeakers, a "ham" dio transmitter and receiver, a sewing machine, 35 books, 29 favorite pipes, a fully-stocked bar... us a great deal more.

You can choose from over 100 designs of Custom Room Plan furniture: cabinets, desks, dressers, entertainment centers, gun racks, tables, bookcases, chests—in handsome woods and colors. Accessories, too. The rooster weather vane, plates above the window, and planter are all Ethan Allen.

See all the American Traditional designs pictured in color in complete room settings, along with many important do's and don'ts on decorating, in our 9″ x 12″, 336-page Ethan Allen Treasury. You'll also see our many lamps and accessories.

For your *free* copy, stop by your nearest Ethan Allen gallery.

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Is there a more pleasant way to douche?

Let's face it. Douching is a chore. Isn't there some way to make it a little more pleasant?

Of course there is. And as a modern woman you ought to know about it.

It's called V.A.® Douche Powder, and it's years ahead of vinegar or disinfectants. Those things are messy, and they smell. What's worse, they can irritate or even harm delicate tissue.

V.A. is also different from other douching powders with their lingering, telltale odor. V.A. actually has a delightful, feminine fragrance that quickly disappears altogether.

Don't let that deceive you, however. V.A. is an effective—*really* effective—cleansing douche. It *works*. The thing is, it's nicer to use.

And for extra convenience, V.A. comes to you in handy premeasured packets. Another pleasant touch.

So when you douche, use the product that's designed for modern women. V.A. Douche Powder. Effective, but pleasanter in every way.



Free: New booklet: "A Modern Opinion On Douching." Plus 3 sample packets of V.A. Douche Powder. Send 25¢ to cover cost of mailing to: Norcliff Laboratories, Box 471-L-3, Fairfield, Conn. 06430. (Mailed in plain wrapper.)

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Science Finds Way To Shrink Painful Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop The Itching, Relieve Pain In Most Cases.



A scientific research institute has discovered a medication with the ability, in most cases—to promptly stop burning itch and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In one hemorrhoid case after another very striking improvement was reported by doctors who conducted the tests. Pain and itching were promptly relieved. And while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Tests conducted on hundreds of patients by doctors in New York City, in Washington, D.C. and at a Midwest Medical Center proved this so. And it was all done without narcotics or stinging astringents of any kind.

The secret is *Preparation H®*. There is no other formula for the treatment of hemorrhoids like it! Preparation H also lubricates, soothes irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. Preparation H comes in ointment or suppository form. No prescription is needed.

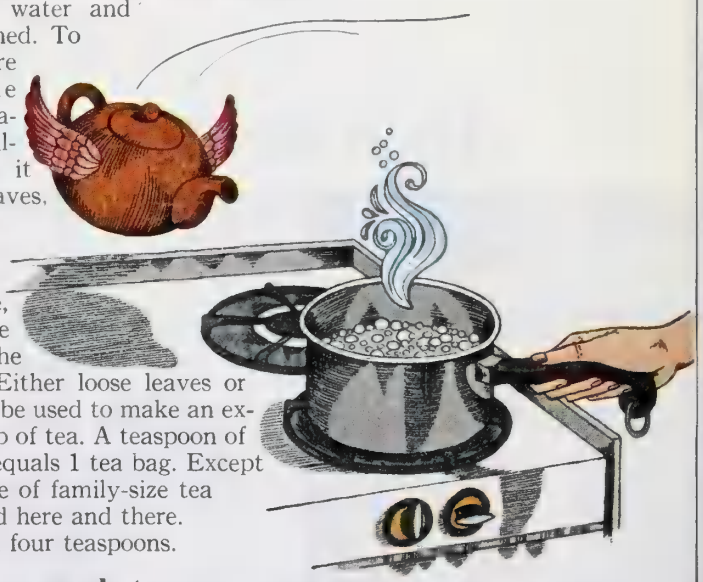
To Make a Good Cup of Tea

Things Your Mother Never Taught You



One of the rarest joys on the American scene is a proper cup of tea. Even in the best-run homes, at top-flight restaurants, and aloft First Class, there's that dank tea bag dumped in warmish water. So sad! Because if good tea is *your* bag it's as easy as boiling water. Start with cold (never warm) water from the faucet. A tea-kettle is traditional. When covered, it boils faster. A real boil means big bubbles breaking all over.

Bubbling, boiling and steaming should not be allowed to continue too long . . . no more than 2 or 3 minutes at the outside. Preferably, the pot should not be metal—not even silver. Metal gives an odd off-taste. China is fine, or heatproof glass. Enamelware will work, if it is not chipped. Best of all, according to British connoisseurs, is a pudgy glazed-clay teapot, the kind that is generally dark brown, red or black. The pot should always be pre-warmed with hot water and then drained. To make sure that the water is rapidly boiling when it hits the leaves, "a teapot must always go to the kettle, never the kettle to the teapot." Either loose leaves or bags may be used to make an exquisite cup of tea. A teaspoon of loose tea equals 1 tea bag. Except in the case of family-size tea bags found here and there. They hold four teaspoons.



How much tea to use for a cup? Depends on the tea and your taste. The widespread rule of a teaspoon per cup of tea (which, incidentally, is only 6 oz. or ¾ cup) is, in our opinion, much too much. Half that amount, or even less, makes delicious tea, if you are careful to let it steep as it should—at least 3 to 5 minutes.

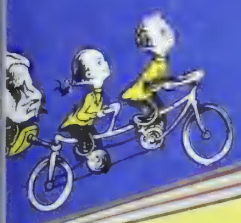


What do you do when you are offered a tea bag dangling in a cup of so-called hot water? Cover the cup with your saucer so that you will trap some of the heat and steam. It helps a little. Adding cream to tea is a horrid gaffe in Britain, "because of the fat, you know." (It floats in dots on top.) One must always use milk. Preferably *hot* milk . . . you strive for perfection. Whether the milk goes into the tea or the tea into the milk is still a moot question.

Slices of lemon, orange or lime and sprigs of fresh mint are elegant additions to the tea tray. Whole cloves are traditional spiking a lemon slice. But why not make conversation with a scatter of allspice berries, cardamom seeds or cinnamon sticks? Press them into wedges or slices of lemon, orange or lime. Or toss into teapot and let the spices steep with the tea.

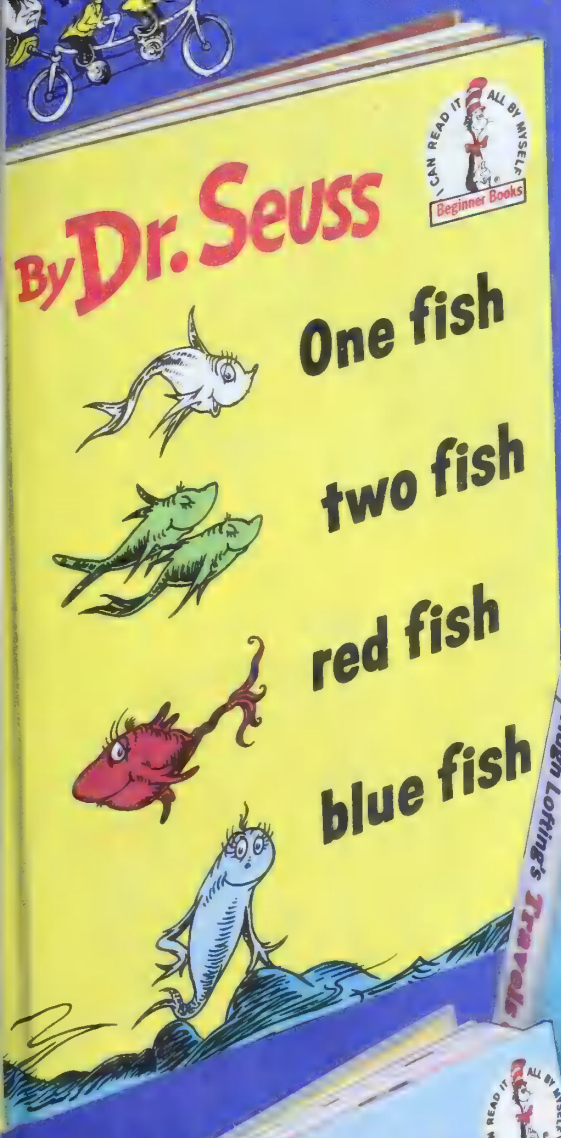


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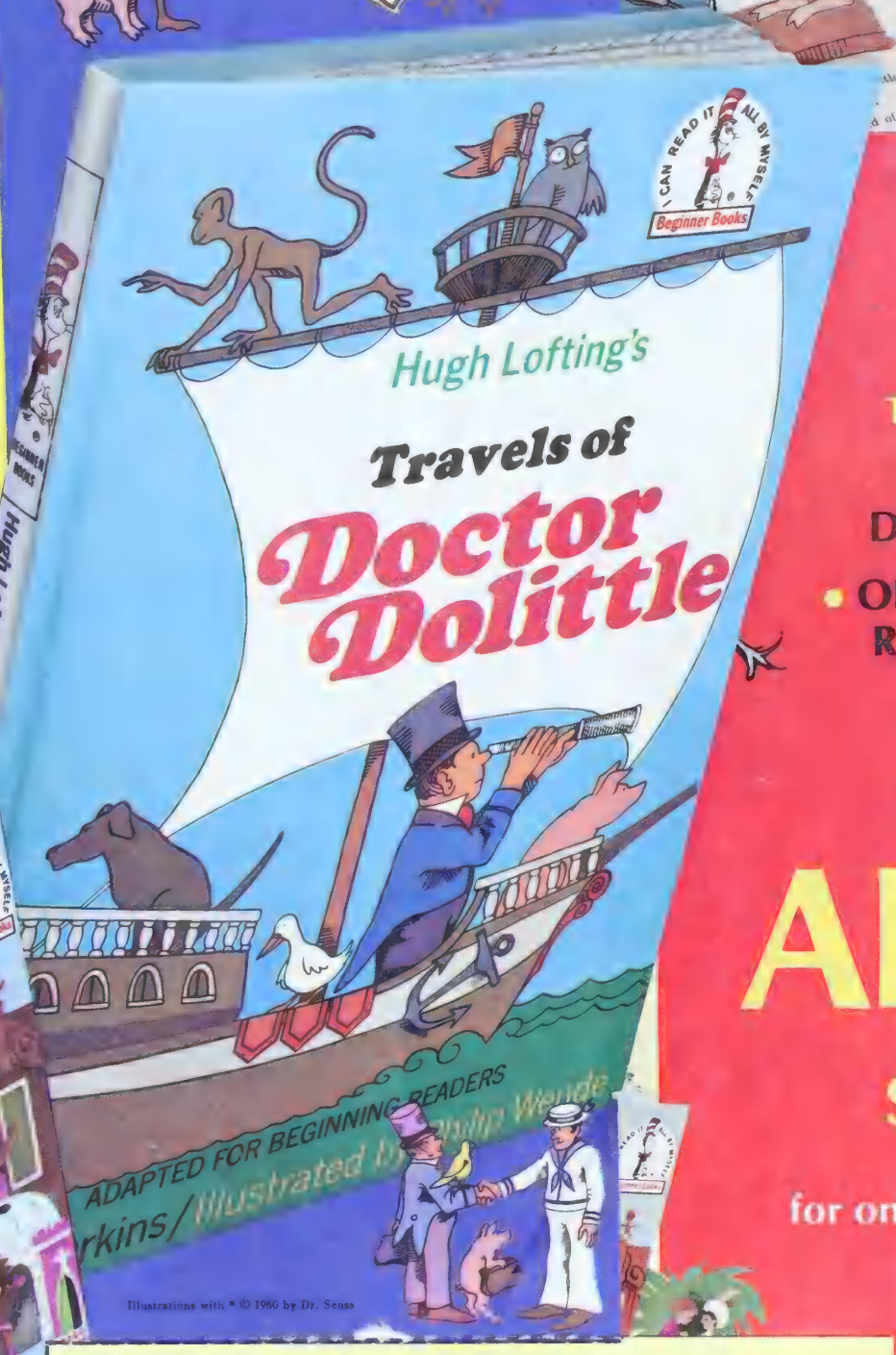


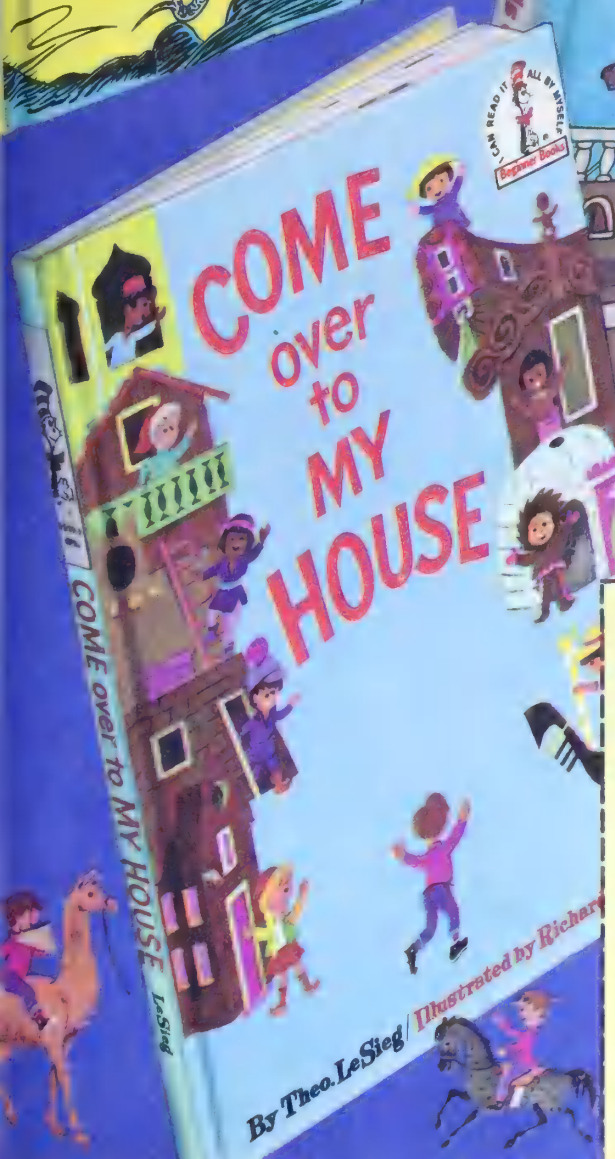












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Is there a more ple way to douche

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Of course there is. And as a modern woman you ought to know about it.

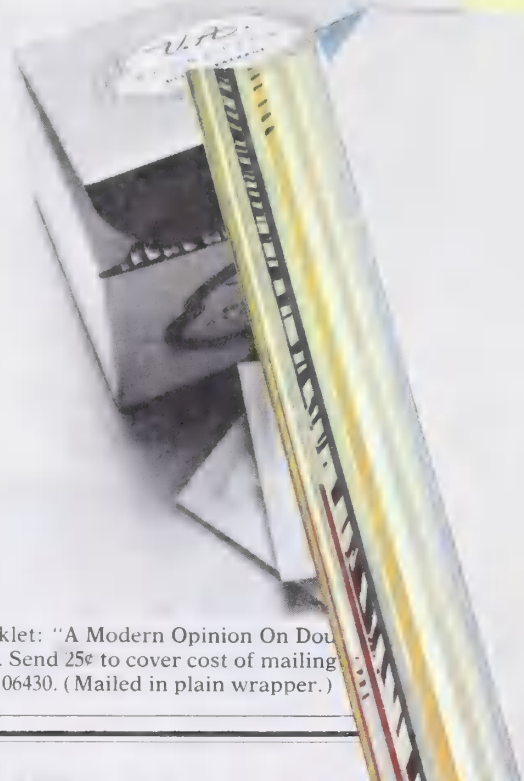
It's called V.A.® Douche Powder, and it's years ahead of vinegar or disinfectants. Those things are messy, and they smell. What's worse, they can irritate or even harm delicate tissue.

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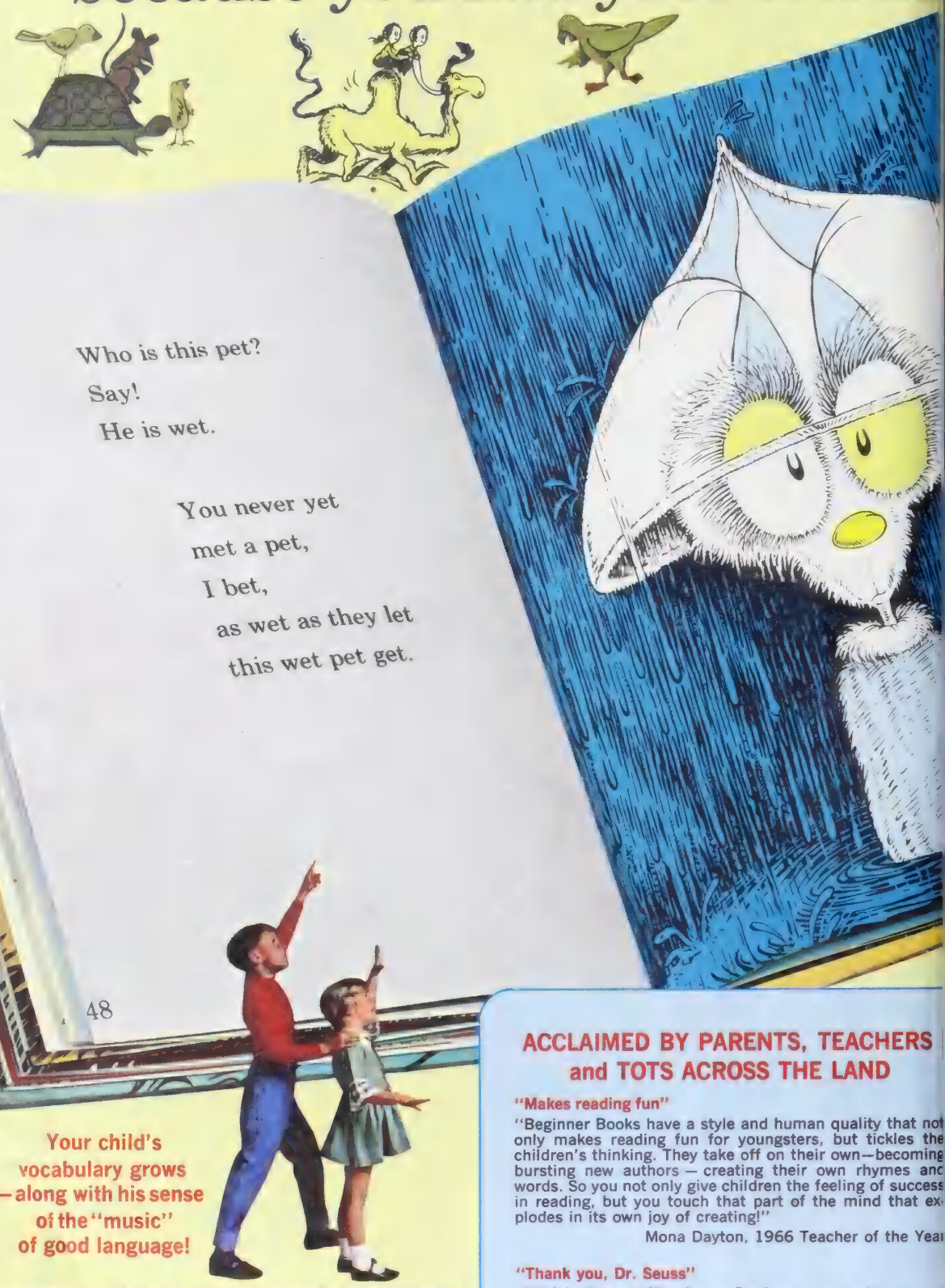
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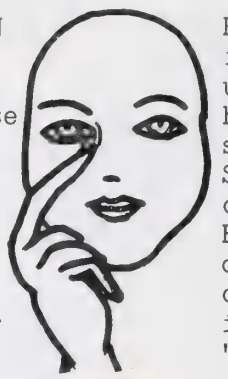
REGULAR OR S-T-R-E-T-C-H



A DOZEN TRICKS FROM EILEEN FORD'S BOOK OF MODEL BEAUTY. What are pretty girls made of? The prettiest models are a combination of makeup expertise and constant practice. Where do they learn the how-to's? Often from Eileen Ford of the Ford Model Agency. And now, with these few pages from her not-yet-released book, you can learn the tricks, too. Study them, experiment. See which tricks can do the most for you.



FOUNDATION BASICS. Apply makeup base over your face, including ears and neck. Choose a color near skin tone.



Extra foundation under eyes helps hide shadows. Suck in cheeks. Blend darker base on pulled-in area to "thin" face.



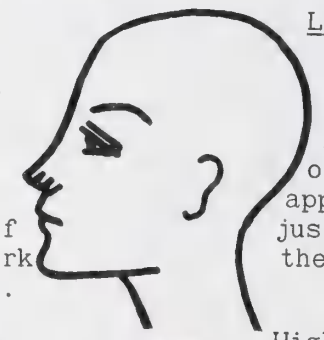
Dust on powder generously with clean puff or cotton. Then smooth away excess powder.



Smile. Now brush blusher on your puffed-out cheeks, (never below the nose), and carry right up into hairline.



MODELS' TRICKS. Nose too broad? Light makeup down center of nose, dark at sides.



Long nose? Shorten it with a darker shade of makeup applied just under the tip.



Wide jawline? Carefully blend a darker shade over the part you wish to minimize.



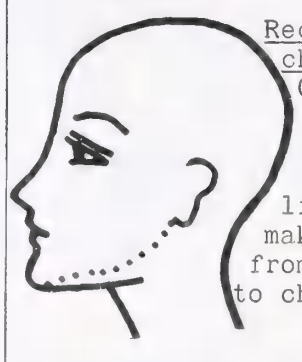
High forehead? Lower it by applying a darker shade of foundation along the hairline.



Low forehead? Apply a lighter shade of liquid makeup along the hairline.



Full face? Blend white makeup along cheekbone, a darker shade in a triangle under cheek.



Receding chin? Correct it with an outline of lighter makeup from ears to chin.



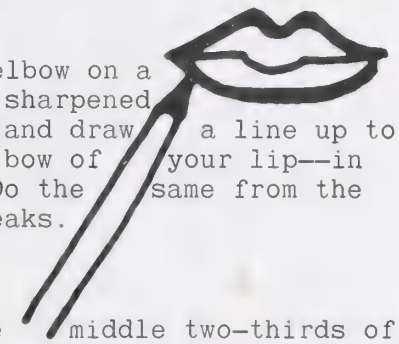
Eyes too close? Lighter makeup on inner eyelids, sides of nose. Always blend makeup.

From Eileen Ford's Book of Model Beauty, by Eileen Ford, to be published by Trident Press. Copyright © 1968 by Eileen Ford.

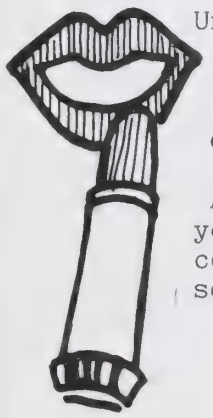
LIPSTICK BASICS. To look most appealing, your lips should be curved and fairly full, with the corners of your mouth turned up just slightly. And if the shape of your mouth isn't perfect already, you can change it with the "models' tricks."



First, remove all traces of old color from your lips. Now lightly powder your lips, and dust away any excess. This will keep the lipstick from smearing or running, will give you true color.



Now prop your elbow on a firm surface, take a sharpened lipliner or lipbrush and draw a line up to the left peak of the bow of your lip—in one smooth stroke. Do the same from the right. Now join the peaks.



Underline the middle two-thirds of the lower lip with a slightly curved line. Then draw in the remaining outer sections to the very corners of your mouth. With a brush or tube, fill in the outline with lipstick. As for the color of your lipstick—the colors change every season.





Remember however, that the lipstick must blend not only with your skin tone, but with your clothes and nail polish. For most women, light, bright pastel shades are best. Final touch: lipgloss.



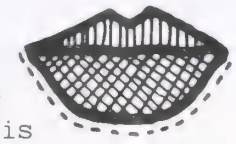
MODELS' TRICKS. Thin mouth? Outline with a darker shade just outside the natural edges of the lips. Fill in with slightly lighter shade. Then blend lighter shade on the middle of your mouth.



Mouth too small? With a short stroke, extend your lipline slightly above and outside the natural corner. Then meet each new corner with a line drawn from the peak.



Too full? Make your mouth look thinner by first covering it with makeup base, heavy enough to conceal the outline of your lips. Now draw a lipline no more than a sixteenth of an inch inside the natural line.



Lower lip too full? Draw your lipliner just inside your natural lipline. Then use a slightly darker shade of lipstick on this lip. Or, apply beige gloss only to upper lip.

Illustrations by Albert Elia

You don't have to be fat to be soft



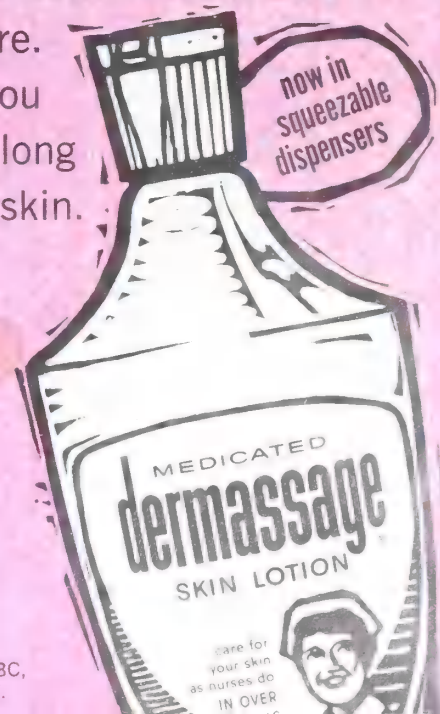
There are two ways to have softer skin. We recommend the second—medicated Dermassage Lotion.

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And Dermassage loves to get into the fight against dry skin. In fact, over 4,000 hospitals have chosen its extra-effective medication for regular patient skin care.

So no matter what you weigh, don't struggle along with rough, tough, dry skin.



Soften often with Dermassage Lotion. Or try super-moisturizing Dermassage Skin Cream.

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Midol



Accepting a Drink

Q: Our town had a festival for which most of the people dressed in costume. A friend and I dressed up and went to a bar for a drink. During the evening the waiter asked if we would like our glasses refilled, which we did. When he brought our fresh drinks, he said that a gentleman at another table would like to pay for them. Not knowing what to say, we accepted and thanked the gentleman. Nothing more was done by either side. The younger girls in the office agree that it would have been rude to refuse the drinks. Another friend said that we should have thanked him, but refused to accept. What is the correct way to handle this situation?

A: Your friend was right. Do not accept drinks from strange men. Girls who go into bars can expect attempted pick-ups, and these are always potentially dangerous.

A highly sophisticated woman might decide to use her judgment in the matter, but she would know what to do if she had made a mistake. It is better not to take the chance.

College Caper

Q: My daughter recently attended a college weekend at an Ivy League college. She stayed at the boy's fraternity house with the other girls. This young man gave her a novelty flannel nightie with the letters of the fraternity on it. I was shocked at her accepting such a gift, but to her it was a joke and nothing more.

Do you feel, as I do, that there was an implied bid in making such a gift?

A: I wouldn't worry about it at all. I am sure the other girls must have received similar nighties.

Standing for the Anthem

Q: In our movie theater recently there was an advertisement for the armed services. A voice said, "Our national anthem," and showed our flag. Almost everyone rose immediately. A friend said it is proper to stand only when the national anthem is played outdoors.

A: A recruiting advertisement showing the flag and playing the national anthem does not require the audience to come to its feet. The national anthem played under *formal* circumstances indoors requires the respect of a standing audience—citizens and aliens alike.

This is equally true when the anthem of any foreign country is played under formal circumstances with representatives of the country present—for example, at international sports events.

Children's Forms of Address

Q: In these days of divided families, I wonder what is the proper form of address used by children in the following situations:

1. How should my stepchildren address my father and mother and my stepmother?

2. How should my stepdaughter's small children address me?

A: In regard to your first question, discuss the matter with the adults involved. Perhaps they would prefer a pet name to the more formal Mr. and Mrs. The same is true of your second question. It is a matter of personal preference. I like to see parents refer to other adults to their children by their proper titles rather than by first names. Even a very young child gets to know that this is the proper mode of address for an adult.

Young children should not be encouraged to address older people by their first names unless they are asked to do so. Within divided families, some compromise is usually made. Where there has been remarriage, young children frequently rebel at calling a new wife "Mother" if their own mother is alive. The compromise nearly always is a first name or a pet name.

Mothers' Dresses

Q: I am the mother of the groom. The bride and her mother decided that the "two mothers" will dress in identical dresses! It is an evening wedding, and they have decided on long dresses.

I feel that each mother should choose her own dress, and that each dress should be individual as to design, color, etc., perhaps being approved by the bride. What is right?

A: The mother of the bride has the first choice of dress. If she decides on a long one, the groom's mother should wear a long one, too. They should *not* be identical, but should merely go well together in color and in style. I have never heard of "twin mothers." Handle this tactfully. This is not the time to start a quarrel.

Passing the Butter

Q: I am a teen-ager with a problem at the dinner table. When everyone is seated and served and there is something at the other end of the table (out of reach), I ask for it by saying, "Dad, would you please pass the butter?" While I'm waiting for it, he'll decide he wants some, too, then it is passed to my mother. I believe that when you ask for something at the table and are waiting for it, it should be passed directly to you.

Dad insists this is wrong and if someone else at the table needs some on the way down, they should be quite welcome to take it.

A: I agree with you. If the person doing the passing feels he just must have some before passing it, he should excuse himself, saying, "Do you mind if I have some first?" It is more courteous to pass the dish to the person requesting it, perhaps asking for it back when he is finished. I like the way you direct your question to an individual rather than making the request vaguely to the table at large.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to JOURNAL *readers: "Teen Manners," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners," and "Office Etiquette." Send 25 cents in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

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How did this 38-year-old housewife pass as a teenager?



We put her up to it. And Mrs. Hilary Byk fooled a whole roomful of teenagers into thinking she was one of them. But, she had some help. A high-style fall and teenage-fashioned clothes. And Ivory Liquid helped her hands. If you've ever done dishes and housework for a family of five you know what it can do to your hands. But the creamiest, mildest Ivory Liquid ever helped Mrs. Hilary Byk take care of that. It left her hands with a creamy young look. Who says youth has to be wasted on the young?

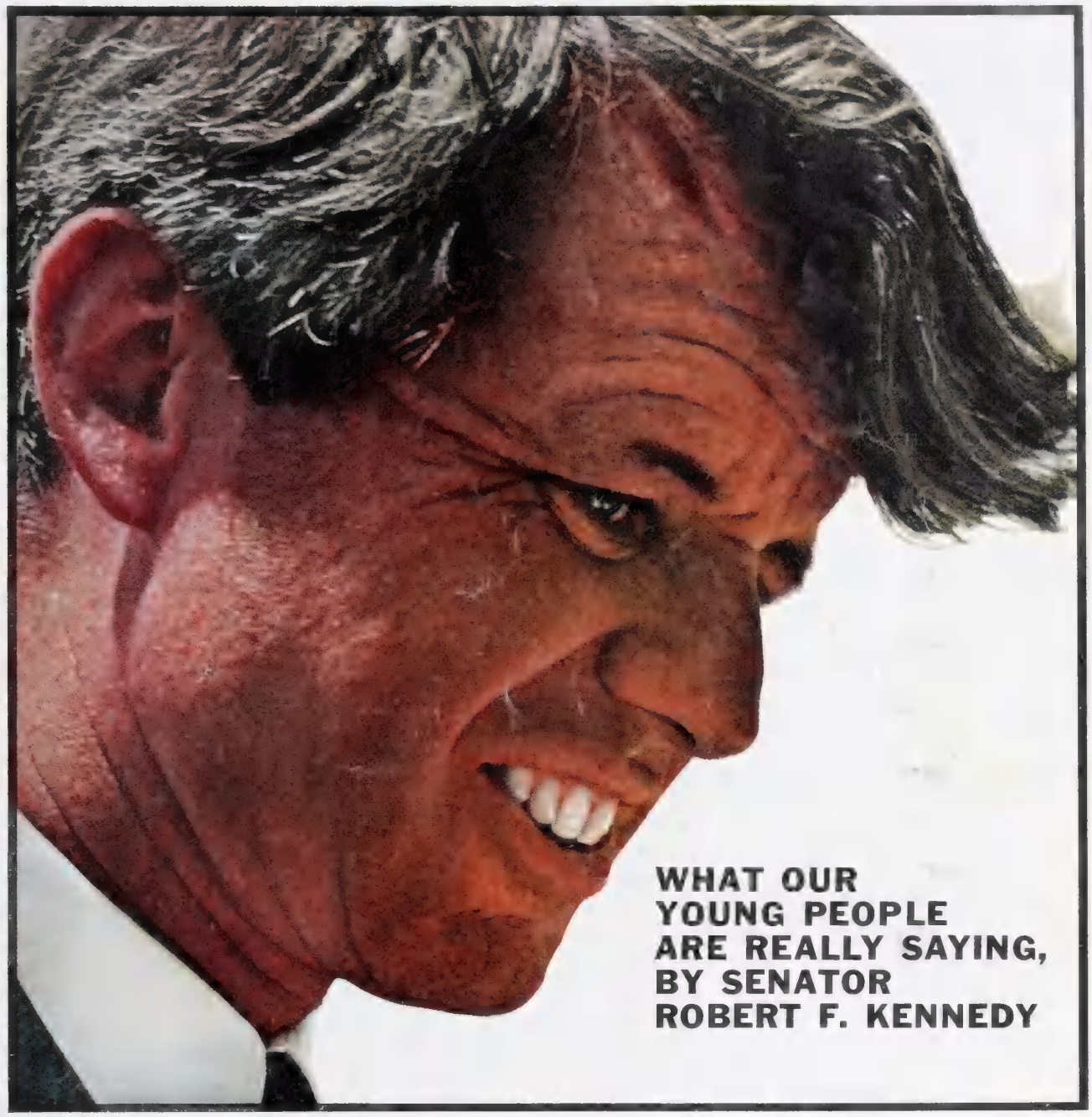
Creamy, mild Ivory Liquid gave her a hand



Creamy Ivory Liquid
(the dishwashing liquid that whips)
leaves hands with that creamy young look



This issue of the *Journal* explores America's No. 1 family crisis—the war between parents and their disillusioned sons and daughters. Here, from Senator Robert F. Kennedy's latest book, *To Seek a Newer World,* is a thoughtful contribution to end the conflict that divides our nation.



WHAT OUR YOUNG PEOPLE ARE REALLY SAYING, BY SENATOR ROBERT F. KENNEDY

"It would be tempting, but wrong, to trace all the problems of our disaffected youth to Vietnam . . . the challenge is deeper and broader . . . Societies confident of their wisdom and purpose are not afflicted with rebellions of the young."

Not since the founding of the Republic—when Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence at 33, Henry Knox built an artillery corps at 26, Alexander Hamilton joined the independence fight at 19, and Rutledge and Lynch signed the Declaration for South Carolina at 27—has there been a younger generation of Americans brighter, better educated, more highly motivated than this one. In the Peace Corps, in the Northern Student Movement, in Appalachia, this generation of young people has shown an idealism and a devotion to country matched in few nations, and excelled in none.

We have shown our admiration for them in the sincere flattery of imitation, in ways large and small. Café society and country clubbers follow their fashions in slang and skirt lengths, listen to their music, and dance their dances. Detroit styles its cars and designs its engines on the model of those built by teen-age "hot-rodders" of a few years ago. The sit-in movement, which energized the Negro of the South and resulted in the Civil Rights Act of 1964, began with a few college students. And it was a small group of Northern students, in the Mississippi Summer Project, who taught thousands of adults how to make personal witness for civil rights in conditions of difficulty and danger.

Yet for all the inspiration, all the freshness and imagination our young people have given us in the last few years, we are now profoundly troubled by them; and so we should be. For the gap between generations, always present in the past, is suddenly widening; the old bridges that span it are falling; we see all around us a terrible alienation of the best and bravest of our young; the very shape of a generation seems turned on its head overnight. Stokely Carmichael, Rap Brown—and beyond them, others—offer dark visions of an apocalyptic future. Peace Corps recruiting is not so easy as it was; and we read less of tutoring programs in the ghetto than of "trips" and drugs with strange new names. There are youth riots in our cities and at dozens of colleges; hundreds of

(continued on page 94)

Copyright © 1967 by Robert F. Kennedy. Excerpted from the book "To Seek a Newer World," by Senator Robert F. Kennedy, published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. Photograph by Santi Visalli



Talking to my parents is a drag. They just pull age on you. There is never any real discussion.

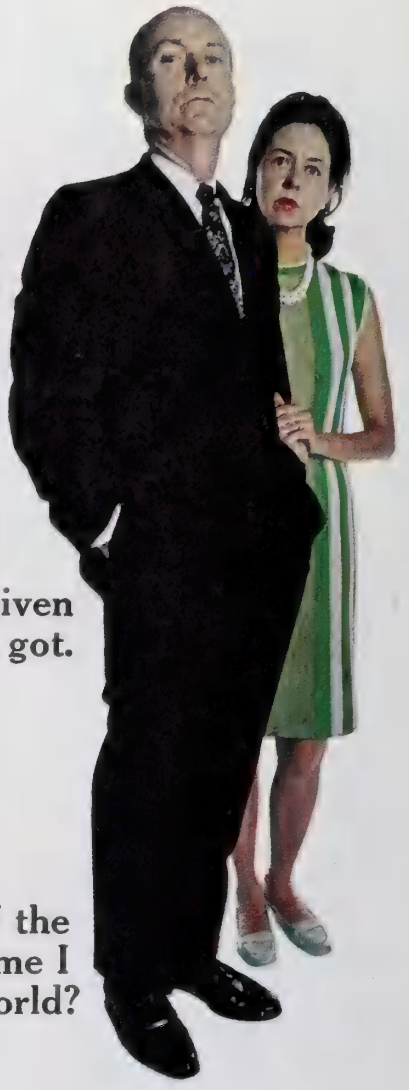
Kids today have no backbone. They say they're against the Vietnam War for moral reasons. I say they're scared.

If there's one thing I can't stand it's when my father says, "Take it from my experience." The last thing that I want to be in 20 years is like him.

Our kids have everything given to them. My generation had to work for what it got.

I wish I could talk to my parents. If I were honest, I'd be grounded for two months. Parents are too narrow to be told anything.

My son doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain. He isn't even clean. What right does he have to tell me I don't care about the suffering in the world?



WE CAN CLOSE THE GENERATION GAP

BY GEORGE R. BACH, PH.D. In my work as a psychologist I hear such talk all the time from angry, bewildered teen-agers and their annoyed, baffled parents. It is not a dialogue; the opposing sides are scarcely on speaking terms. Neither seems to understand the other—or even to care about understanding. Suspicion—deep-seated and blind—is the rule. This mistrust is the cornerstone of today's generation gap; and closing that gap has become a critical problem.

Misunderstood youth is nothing new. Young Julius Caesar drove the elder Romans nearly mad with his mod togas and by endlessly fussing with his hair. Romeo and Juliet met their sad end because of a communication problem with the adult Montagues and Capulets. Even Jesus sometimes behaved like an irresponsible teen-ager. He could not understand why his mother was so upset when he disappeared without a word. She should have known he would be at the temple.

But does this give us any assurance for today? I think not. The current crop of rebellious youth is showing symptoms of psychological disturbance. Moreover, many adults are not reacting to youth as they once did.

Instead of displaying open aggression against parents, too many of today's kids are emotional dropouts. They have taken a cool look at the world and decided it was beyond hope. Instead of eagerly attacking its problems they have retreated into the never-never land of the hip. Wrapped up in themselves, indifferent to the outside, these young people present a frightening picture to the uncomprehending parent. The morals and values cherished by the adults seem to be completely rejected. Often drug-taking and promiscuity aggravate the breakup further.

Most parents fight this—for a while. But then many tend to withdraw within their own dismay and disappointment. They become emotional dropouts, too. They are simply afraid to face their own responsibility for the youthful rebellion. The result is a psychologically divided nation.

At our Institute of Group Psychotherapy in Beverly Hills, we try to bridge this gap with a form of group therapy known as Marathon. Over weekends, groups meet for about 30 hours at a stretch. Every participant must stay in one room during the entire period. A buffet is set up so participants can eat when they please. They may also catnap. Sometimes we meet with adults, sometimes with youngsters, sometimes with both. For parents puzzled about their "hippie flower children" meeting with them in a nonstop encounter is a "bridging" experience.

We also conduct sessions involving one or more entire families. The idea is to break down the "face" that people put on in front of others; we do not believe this can be done in one-hour meetings with a doctor or even in the usual two-hour office group sessions. We have made an important discovery in these Marathons: adults and kids desperately need one another. They want to impart their knowledge and love to the other group. But pride and rigidity keep them from communicating. This is where the breakdown between the generations begins.

Youngsters demand that they be viewed--and treated—as individuals. Yet parents seem unable to do this. Instead, they lump teen-agers under such labels as "bums," "kooks" or "dope-fiends." Kids are less likely to apply labels, although they often arbitrarily lump mom and dad together as hopeless squares, along with all teachers, policemen and other symbols of authority. And, obviously, you cannot understand someone if you refuse to approach him as an individual.

Each group also makes unrealistic demands on the other. Teen-agers insist on unquestioning love and creative guidance. But they scorn parental discipline or restraint. Adults expect their children to appreciate the sacrifices that have been made for them. Many parents are now at a stage in life where they see that their own ambitions will not be fulfilled. They look to their offspring as a second chance, an opportunity to realize their own frustrated hopes. Imagine the shock when they discover that the youngsters couldn't care less! The sad fact is that many youngsters, viewing the adult world with blinding clarity, see a generation of drunks and divorcées, who also managed to invent nuclear bombs. How, they reason, can these people tell us anything? Why should we follow their lead?

What can parents do to close the gap? My advice would be to begin by shutting up for a while. Go where the kids go, and *listen*. Try to hear what they are really saying. If you must open your mouth, try not to start every sentence with "you ought" or "you should" or "why don't you" or "how come." The surest way to put young people off is always to cast yourself in the role of instructor.

Our teen-agers have a wonderful curiosity; parents could benefit from it. While drug-taking is stupid as well as medically dangerous, other youthful experimentation is inventive and interesting. A parent should not make fun of the music or the psychedelic dances and "happenings." Some of these innovations are genuinely creative, and show admirable flexibility. Arm-flailing and hip-wiggling are not symptoms of Sodom and Gomorrah. Nor are they schizophrenic.

Creating new climates of receptivity within the mind is not dreadful. We all deal more openly with unconventional ideas subconsciously in our dreams or vicariously by watching a horror movie or reading *(continued on page 108)*

Dr. George Bach, a clinical psychologist, is founder and director of The Institute of Group Psychotherapy in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Photograph by Harry Hamburg

SHOULD DOCTORS PRESCRIBE CONTRACEPTIVES FOR UNMARRIED GIRLS?



By Frederic R. Talbot, M.D.

In the area of sexual morality we seem to have moved from the double standard to no standard at all. Parents and ministers and teachers view this development with alarm, but we doctors are being forced to do something about it every day, like it or not.

We stand alone on the firing line. We did not change the sex mores of our youth, but we are challenged by that change constantly. As an obstetrician and gynecologist, I have had the miserable duty in the past week of telling seven unmarried girls—none over 23—that they were pregnant. I have had three requests from teen-agers for the contraceptive pill. I have ordered blood transfusions for a college girl who refused to admit the cause of her severe anemia-hemorrhage following a criminal abortion.

A few weeks ago, typically, a college sophomore came to my office, ostensibly complaining of mild menstrual irregularity. Then the anxious words tumbled out. "I'm having a sex relationship with my boyfriend, and I'm afraid something is wrong." There was nothing wrong with her physically, nor was she pregnant. I could have told her so and sent her on her way. Instead I asked what precautions she and the young man were taking. She wasn't sure; the boy had told her he was "taking care of it." Should she leave my office without a prescription for contraceptive pills? She shouldn't—and she didn't.

Today every obstetrician sees girls like this—nice girls, your daughters—in his office, and wrestles with his conscience about them. My patient was 19, but many are even younger. The other day a 15-year-old came to a pediatrician in our hospital for her annual checkup, and, incidentally, to ask for a contraceptive.

These girls have not learned any valid reason to say "no" to the boys who importune them. My young patient told me: "I'm in love with this boy. Maybe I'll marry him someday. But if I don't sleep with him now, there are plenty of girls at school who will, and I know I'll lose him." Her mother had warned her about sex in terms that no longer have meaning for young people. "Mother used the practical approach," my patient told me. "She said that boys don't marry girls who aren't virgins. But I know that isn't true." I also know it isn't true. Out of 50 youngsters on the eve of marriage who have come to me in recent months for premarital counseling, only six were virgins.

Society may say that for me to prescribe a contraceptive for such girls is to encourage promiscuity. In each of the 50 states—including the state where I practice—it may even be construed as illegal, under the statutes governing impairment of the morals of a minor. I and my colleagues believe, on the other hand, that by protecting the already involved young women from the inevitable hazards of unwanted pregnancy and criminal abortion we are in fact following the best principles of preventive medicine—and common sense. Modern medical science has, by providing us with exceedingly effective contraceptives, placed these scourges of society where they have long belonged, with all the other preventable diseases. Our humane consciences cry out that we be allowed to prescribe them for all women subject to these problems, including teen-agers.

As physicians, we must awaken society to its responsibilities for the prevention as well as the solution of these tragic human problems. And society, in turn, must come to realize that every ethical physician within the privacy of his office must be free to use his insight and professional judgment to prescribe birth-control materials for all patients, regardless of age or marital status and without fear of legal repercussions. Laws that may keep us from doing so will have to be changed if we are to protect the health and welfare of your daughters as we should.

I did not come to this opinion lightly. It is still a temptation to put my private morals ahead of a girl's practical need. Yet I am not naive enough to believe that a lecture from me will change her mind. These girls have made their decision long before they come to my office. They are *having* sexual relations. A *(continued on page 87)*

Frederic R. Talbot, M.D., is the pseudonym of a highly respected practicing obstetrician who is connected with one of the nation's leading university hospitals. His attorneys advised him not to use his real name because of laws—discussed in this article—that restrict the prescription of contraceptives.



It's always "somebody else's child" who's caught using LSD. Or so this father thought—until one day "somebody else's child" became his own 15-year-old boy. By McLean Roberts

Late last spring, shortly after our son Jerry's 15th birthday, my wife Sue and I were awakened by a telephone call at 2 A.M.

A man's voice asked: "Is Jerry Roberts there?"

"Who is this, please?" I asked sharply.

"George Willis—I'm a friend of his."

"Did it ever occur to you that he would be sleeping and so would I?"

"Well, he . . . he sometimes calls me at this hour. I thought it would be all right. It's very important."

"It's not all right. It's ridiculous," I said. "Call him in the morning." I hung up.

At 6 the phone rang again. My wife picked it up, apparently at the same moment Jerry answered on his own extension. He did not seem to realize she was on the line. Before Sue could say anything she heard what was probably the same voice I had heard earlier: "We can't leave the stuff where you say! There's a 25-year rap involved!"

Paralyzed, Sue listened. Jerry was being asked to do a favor for this man. In return "the stuff" would be left at a convenient "drop": under the front doormat in our apartment-house lobby.

"You *must* intercept that package," Sue said to me. I dressed quickly and went outside, not quite knowing whom I was looking for. I realized that if I didn't want to scare our quarry away I'd have to stay out of sight. I *wanted* that package delivered to clear this up. I lurked in the park across the street and checked the front doormat every 15 minutes.

At about eight I gave up. As I went back upstairs, I suddenly noticed that the carpeting of the lobby was not fastened down, as I had thought. Lifting an edge, I found two plastic envelopes. In each was a gelatin capsule full of white powder.

Until now I had half-convinced myself that everything was a product of my imagination. Now there would be no doubt. The capsules, I was sure, were LSD—or at least I hoped they were, because if they weren't they were surely heroin or cocaine.

When I came in, I showed Sue the two pills. She fought back tears. "Mac, what can we do?" she asked. I had no answer.

In the past, Jerry had some problems, but basically we thought he was a good, lovable kid with lots of friends and interests. He seemed to have a positive genius for electronics. He had rewired his room so that everything—lights, TV, record player, electric fan—all could be controlled by an amazingly intricate bedside panel of switches.

Jerry got high marks on aptitude and achievement tests, but somehow he could never seem to pull himself together when it came to schoolwork. We hired a tutor, we supervised his homework, we offered rewards, we even took him to a psychotherapist—all without noticeable effect on his grades. We had taken him out of public school and enrolled him in a private school, one of the finest in New York.

Toward the middle of his first year there I began to see disturbing changes in him. He would lock himself in his room for entire evenings listening to rock-and-roll records. He no longer made even a pretense of reading or doing his homework; even television seemed to lose its appeal. Sometimes he would nap all afternoon, and then we would hear his record player going in the small hours of the morning. Sue said to leave him alone; she felt he was just going through "a phase." I did leave him alone, but it bothered me. It wasn't normal for a kid his age to sleep so much.

With this new "phase" came a strange moodiness. Much of the time he was surly and irritable, frequently flying into irrational rages. He almost ceased being a member of the family. He would even have taken all of his meals in his room if I had let him, and when, reluctantly, he joined us at the table he bolted his food down as fast as he could and asked to be excused. Frequently he spent hours on the phone, but his conversations immediately ceased if one of us came into the room. We were suddenly living with a stranger.

His room, which he now kept locked as much as possible, took on a weird look, with colored lights that flashed on and off, and Art Nouveau posters all over the walls.

One day Sue found a tinfoil baking pan with a mysterious gummy substance caked in the bottom. She asked Jerry what it was. Grinning guiltily, he said it was dried banana peels that he and his friends had been smoking—as an experiment. Then, while cleaning, Sue found in an ashtray hidden beneath his bed strange, smoked-down, hand-rolled cigarette butts. They were marijuana.

Reluctantly Jerry "confessed" to her. Some of the kids had wanted to try marijuana out of curiosity, but he insisted that they had smoked it only once. Sue believed him, and decided not to tell me about it. She was afraid there would be a terrible scene.

Not that either of us is unaware of the lure of marijuana. In college we had both known people who smoked "reefers." It was considered a little wild. We still know many people who smoke it occasionally—and even defend its use. Still, it shocked Sue that *our* 15-year-old son was using what his generation calls "pot."

But even without being told about the marijuana I was growing increasingly upset by Jerry's strange behavior. I was beginning to think of drug use as a logical answer.

Once, only a week before that mysterious phone call, I came right out and asked him if he was on drugs. He gave what seemed to be a frank answer: "A lot of kids around *(continued on page 88)*

Photograph by Phil Marco

Springmaids look just as pretty the morning after.



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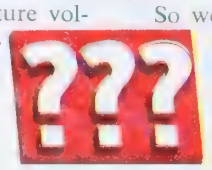
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CHARLES AND ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH: AMERICA'S MOST REMARKABLE PARENTS

BY WALTER S. ROSS



In 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic shook the world and changed it forever. Then, scarred by personal tragedy, he retreated into a shell of secrecy. Inside it, however, Lindbergh raised five children to be responsible, self-reliant young men and women. To him, the Generation Gap was just another Atlantic—and he spanned it with an unusual mixture of fatherly love and iron discipline. Here, in a fascinating excerpt from a new book, is a rare, intimate look at the home life of this almost unapproachable American hero.

Once, at a dinner party in the Lindbergh house, Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh was talking to aircraft designer Igor Sikorsky about her family life. "You know," she said, "my husband doesn't think a family really exists unless there are twelve children." Lindbergh was at the other end of the table, engaged in a conversation of his own, but he immediately broke off what he was saying. "Who can say that a family exists without twelve children?" he asked. Another member of the dinner party recalls, "You could see that this had been a subject of family debate for a long time."

It is a debate that Lindbergh has only half won. He has fathered six children, five of whom are living. Jon Morrow Lindbergh, born 1932; Land Morrow Lindbergh, born 1937; Anne Spencer Lindbergh, born 1940; Scott Lindbergh, born 1942; Reeve Lindbergh, born 1945.



The first three of these are married, and parents. Jon has four children, Land two, Anne one. Grandpa Lindbergh affects a tough, careless attitude toward his children's children. He refers to them not by name but by the old Armed Forces phonetic alphabet—Able, Baker, Charlie, Dog, Easy, Fox, George—and he says he wants 26 grandchildren, one for every letter in the alphabet.

Lindbergh is, of course, not entirely serious. He is hardly ever entirely serious with his family. But there is more than a grain of sincerity in his hankering for a large number of children, a comment on his own status as an only child.

He was an extremely lonely child, emotionally split in his loyalties to his parents (who became estranged quite early in their married life), physically shuttled between residences and so many different schools in so many different places. This unstable childhood can only be characterized as traumatic. Obviously, he hasn't wanted that kind of life for his children.

For them he and his wife planned a permanent home in a small town and a continuity of normal public-school and social relationships. But their hopes were shattered by tragedy—the kidnap-murder in 1932 of their infant son, Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr. from their home in Hopewell, N.J.—and they could not then establish another home that would be safe for children—not in this country. For the next 14 years, the Lindberghs lived in various houses and apartments in Europe and America. It was only after the birth of their sixth child, Reeve, that they felt they could settle into a permanent home of their own.

In 1946, Lindbergh bought a large Tudor-style house on several acres of land in Darien, Conn., known as Tokeneke, on Long Island Sound. Its cost, according to stamps on the deed, was $85,000.

The house contained a bedroom for each of the five Lindbergh children and one each for Charles and Anne Lindbergh. There was also a room for one full-time servant, a cook. A cleaning woman came in twice a week to help out.

Here the family was able to achieve the privacy and security they had long sought. Lindbergh could blend into the background of suburban living and commuting to New York, where he works as a technical adviser and director of Pan American Airways. His children went to the local public schools—except his daughter Reeve, who attended a private day school. They played with the neighboring children, made friends with schoolmates, brought their friends home to play and eat. In short, the family did not have to live like the families of celebrities.

When he was at home, Lindbergh worked in a small trailer, a present from Henry Ford, parked in the backyard. But he was not often at home; that is, he was not around in the sense that the average commuting father is there every day for a quick glimpse of the kids in the morning, a fast "good night" during the evening cocktail. When Lindbergh was at home, it might be for days or weeks at a time. But, absent or not, his presence was felt. The Lindbergh children never doubted that they had a strong, demanding, protective father. His wandering, secretive ways were accepted by the children as normal, although as they had grown older and have seen how other families live, they have tended to question his behavior.

"Actually, he wasn't away as much as it seemed," one of the Lindbergh children said recently. "It's just that we never knew where he was or when he was coming back. He likes to be *mysterious*."

Lindbergh does not believe in writing letters. "If they don't hear from you, they know you're all right," he says. Not long ago, Lindbergh was in Scotland at the same time as one of his daughters. But she didn't know where to reach him, and he didn't even know she was in the country.

His sudden disappearances, unheralded reappearances, and frequent disassociation from the daily routines of family life may even have sharpened the children's awareness of his presence when he came home.

"It's so nice to go away," he was once heard to say to one of his children. "You always like me better when I come back."

Lindbergh never gave the children the idea that they were living in the shadow of a symbol, or a national hero. In fact, he has never been one to discuss with his children either his present work or his past achievements. When one of the children was accosted in the first grade by a schoolmate who said, "I hear your father discovered America," the Lindbergh child placidly accepted this statement as historical fact and added, "Yes, and he flew across the ocean, too."

"There was a chapter in our schoolbook on Father," said one of the Lindbergh children recently. "We felt kind of funny about it, but nobody made too much of it. We knew he flew the Atlantic, but he didn't talk about it much or about anything else seriously." To his children he seems to be either too serious, or not serious enough.

Occasionally, the controversial part of Lindbergh's past did intrude. After World War II, one of Lindbergh's daughters dated a Jewish boy. The boy's parents made him stop seeing the Lindbergh girl because they said her father was an anti-Semite—because of statements he had made before the war. The girl, naturally troubled by this, asked Lindbergh about it.

Lindbergh told her it was not true. He had never been anti-Semitic. It was just a convenient peg for his enemies to hang their attacks on, he said.

Believing that all his children should know how to handle firearms, as he has done from the age of six, Lindbergh gave them target-shooting lessons with a small-caliber rifle. Once, when it came the turn of young Anne Spencer Lindbergh to shoot, she pointed the rifle, closed her eyes, and fired. She scored a bull's-eye. Lindbergh took the gun away from her. "That's all for you," he said. "You're perfect."

Lindbergh deprecates women's interest in and understanding of mechanical problems, although he took his wife along as radio operator on two long flights. He might, however, discuss mechanical problems with the boys, who, he felt, understood such things.

Back in 1930, Lindbergh said he didn't want his son to be anything he had no taste or aptitude for. "I believe that every boy should have complete freedom in the choice of his life's work," he said.

Certainly he has never encouraged any of his children to follow his path in aviation and astronautics. He did teach Jon to fly when the boy was 16. He gave him 12 hours of instruction in a two-place airplane. (Jon says, "This was the first time I had a chance to admire his ability.") Then one day Lindbergh walked away from the plane and said, "You go alone today."

Jon soloed successfully. Later he asked if he might try a parachute jump.

"Not *try*," Lindbergh said. "Make."

He took Jon up to 2,000 feet and then waited for the boy to jump. Although he was wearing two chutes, Jon couldn't bring himself to leave the plane. Lindbergh did not look back, but circled the landing spot a second time. This time Jon was able to jump.



Jon earned a pilot's license, but Lindbergh told him that he would prefer it if Jon stayed out of flying. "It's become too automatic, too push-button," Lindbergh told him. "Find something new, a field that needs research, and hasn't been well studied.

From "The Last Hero; Charles A. Lindbergh," to be published by Harper & Row. Copyright © 1964, 1965, 1968 by Walter S. Ross.

Without a challenge a man isn't getting the most from his life."

When the children were small, he used to play games with them, usually animal games. The games would often take place in the dark, possibly so that the children would not have Lindbergh's early fear of darkness. He would be a bear, or a lion, or some other kindly animal, making appropriate animal noises. His children remember him, too, from their younger days, as a creative storyteller. His stories, like his games, were mostly about animals. But he had the disconcerting habit of occasionally falling asleep while he was telling a story.

The children played baseball without him. He has never been a man for team activity, his only team sports being the rifle and pistol squads of the University of Wisconsin. But he has often skied with the children, and the family has frequently gone on ski trips together—to Switzerland, to Austria, to Canada, to Aspen, Colo.

Local ski trips were often made in a Volkswagen, a favorite Lindbergh family vehicle.

A friend recalls being driven to the Lindberghs' on a snowy day, and Lindbergh demonstrating the control he could exert over the car while skidding. "Want to bet five dollars I can't skid it through the gate?" he asked. He then proceeded to do just that. The friend thinks of this as one of Lindbergh's practical jokes, but actually his purpose was more practical than funny. He not only deliberately put the car into a skid so he could control it; he taught his children to do the same and how to react when a car they were driving begins to skid. As a result, one of his children was recently saved from an accident when her car hit a slick spot on an icy road. "I just knew what to do automatically, without thinking," she said. He started giving them driving lessons at a very early age—around 12, almost as young as the age he started to drive.

Not many years ago, Lindbergh rented a small plane at the Danbury, Conn., airport and took his younger daughter, Reeve, for a ride. As always, he first had himself checked out in the plane and tried it in the air before boarding his passenger. Then he took off with Reeve and flew around. He was demonstrating climbing stalls when the engine died and could not be restarted. His daughter asked him if they were in danger, if they would crash. Lindbergh, who, of course, had several times been in a single-engine plane that had lost its power, said firmly, "No." The child was completely reassured.

He had sufficient altitude to locate a pasture, and was able to glide the plane into it without damaging it, his daughter, or himself. But the landing area was so small the plane couldn't be flown out. The wings had to be removed, and they and the fuselage had to be trucked out.

Lindbergh's way of bringing up his children reflects his attitude toward life in general: he believes in sound minds in healthy bodies; in inculcating independence and responsibility in young people; in the benefits of sound nutrition; in calculating risks but not worrying about dangers; in the relationship between physical skills and mental stability (*i.e.*, people skillful with their hands do not have nervous breakdowns); in intellectual honesty; in fiscal responsibility; in public-school education; in outdoor activities; and in many more.

A visitor at Long Barn, the house the Lindberghs occupied in England in 1936 and 1937, recalls being wakened in the morning by a loud hammering. She wondered what the noise could be. Later in the morning, after breakfast, she was talking to Lindbergh when Jon, then about five years old, came in and stood waiting. His father said, "What is it, Jon?" Jon said, "Well, sir, would you put some more nails in the boards for me?"

Lindbergh said, "But I've put some in for you."

"I've used them up, sir," said the boy.

Lindbergh seemed a bit surprised, the visitor relates, and said, "Excuse me for a moment, please." He went out to where Jon was constructing a tool house. This tool house was being built of two-by-fours and full-size planks—pieces of wood too large for little Jon to handle. Lindbergh would put the planks in place and fix each with one nail, marking crosses with a pencil where the other nails were to go.

The visitor saw that Jon was wielding an enormous hammer, so large that he had to use two hands to lift it. She thought he might hit himself on the head and knock himself out with it. So she said to Lindbergh later, "I think that's a fine idea, learning to use his hands in a practical way, but don't you think it would be a good idea for him to have a smaller hammer?"

Lindbergh said, "I've given him three small hammers and he's lost every one of them. Now he's just going to have to make out with that one until he finds the others."

Although there were several servants at Long Barn, Lindbergh did not like having them in the room while the family was dining. The servants would put the food on a sideboard in the long Tudor dining room and retire. Lindbergh would then carve and serve.

One night, the family and guests were eating, having been served by Lindbergh, but Jon's chair was vacant. The door opened, and Jon came in. He was so small he had to reach up to grasp the doorknob. Lindbergh's back was to Jon, who went directly to the sideboard and took a large carving knife and fork. He reached up and began to carve himself some roast beef. The visitor saw this and did not know whether to interrupt Lindbergh to tell him what was going on—she didn't know him very well. So she sat silent and waited, expecting at any moment to hear a piercing scream indicating that the child had cut off his thumb. Not at all. Jon sliced off a huge hunk of roast beef without injuring himself and heaped his plate with vegetables. He carried it over and put it on the big table.Then he climbed up into the seat of his huge chair. He settled himself in the chair, picked up a full-sized knife and fork, and began cutting his meat and eating.

After a while his father looked at his watch and said, "Three minutes, Jon." These words were the first overt notice he had taken that the child was there.

"Yes, sir," said Jon, and shoveled food into his mouth as fast as he could.

In three minutes, Lindbergh rang the bell, and the butler came in and cleared the plates.



ater, the guest said to Mrs. Lindbergh, "You know, I was appalled when I saw that child reaching up to the high sideboard with that knife."

Mrs. Lindbergh said, "Yes, it is quite frightening, isn't it? But he manages quite well."

In this small incident can be glimpsed the application of several of Lindbergh's principles. Jon was late for dinner, but was made aware of his lapse only by being forced to serve himself and eat faster. His mother didn't show that she was concerned with his handling the big knife. Nobody helped him into his chair. Nobody cut the food on his plate. At the age of five, he accepted the responsibility for his own behavior that many children years older are not ready to do.

In Paris a year or two later, Jon was taken up to the top of the Eiffel Tower by his father, along with a couple who had a daughter a few years older than Jon. As they rode up the inclined elevator, Jon wanted to get up on a seat so that he could look out. The seat was quite high for him to reach, and, noting his difficulty, the mother of the other child helped Jon onto it.

Without saying a word, Lindbergh pulled Jon off. He said, holding on to him, "You want to get up on there?"

"Yes, sir," said Jon.

"Well, then," said Lindbergh, letting go of his son, "get up." And Jon did manage to scramble onto the seat by himself, while Lindbergh said to the woman, "I've the greatest difficulty with mothers, preventing them from trying to help their children too much."

Descending from the Eiffel Tower, the three adults and the two children walked down the steep iron stairs. It had been raining, and the steps had pools of water in their worn hollows. Lindbergh and the father of the other child were striding down in advance. The mother was trailing by a flight with the two children. She was especially concerned about Jon, who might easily slip on the slick wet iron.

She said, "Jon, hold on to the railing and be careful."

Lindbergh heard her and turned around and said, "Let go of the railing, and run down, Jon."

The woman said, "For heaven's sake, why do you say that? Do you want him to break his neck?"

Lindbergh replied, as his son obeyed his command and scrambled down the stairs, "If he's going to be too careful, he is apt to have an accident. But if he'll just forget about it, he won't have any trouble at all."

With his usual single-mindedness, Lindbergh has applied his theory of calculated risks to all his children. For instance, some years after the Eiffel Tower incident, he took his two youngest children, Scott and Reeve, to visit neighbors. While Lindbergh sat inside talking to his friends, the children played around a large ash tree in the spacious yard. The children finally came in and said to Lindbergh, "Father, may we climb that tree?"

Lindbergh interrupted his conversation and excused himself. He went out with the two children and looked up at the tree.

He asked, "How are you going up?"

Scott looked up at the tree—he was 12 or so at the time—and said he'd first take this limb and then that one and so on.

His father said, "Then you're going to get stuck there, aren't you? You can't get any farther if you go up that way, can you?"

Scott agreed that he would be stopped part way up, and so did Reeve.

Lindbergh said, "Now, figure out how you're going to get up there for yourself."

The children calculated and theoretically tested various routes up the tree. At last they solved it. They told Lindbergh how they would climb the tree, until they reached the top.

Then Lindbergh said, "All right, go up the tree." He walked back into the house and resumed his conversation with his friends.

His host said, "Charles, that was a great lesson in education."

Lindbergh replied, "Yes, they must learn to take calculated risks. As long as they figure out everything ahead of time and just don't go off half-cocked."

The woman of the house shuddered a little as she recalled the story. "I couldn't have left them out there on that huge tree, although I must admit they did get up and down without an accident. I must say," the woman concluded, "the children don't admire him any less for their Spartan upbringing. Or love him any the less. Only I couldn't do it that way, and I don't know any other parent who could."



Lindbergh has also consistently applied the principle of self-reliance to his own children, starting with Jon. When he was 13, Jon had a dinghy and a small outboard engine. He set up a line of lobster pots in Long Island Sound, and sold his catch in the local fish market. Some days he made as much as $10.

Once, he was late coming back. It was getting dark, and Jon was somewhere out of sight of land, without a compass, when Lindbergh went down to the dock to look for him. The waves were rising, and the wind was strengthening. The local fishermen were worried, but Lindbergh said, "No use calling for a Coast Guard search yet. Let's wait and see if he can't make it back on his own."

Jon returned safely after dark, and Lindbergh said, "I don't see you wearing a life jacket."

"No," Jon said, "but I'm towing a rubber raft, just in case."

"Fine," said his father, "but get a jacket and compass before you go out again. Always leave yourself several ways out of possible trouble."

Afterward Lindbergh asked Jon why he always seemed to be out in storms (once the boy very nearly didn't get back). Jon replied, "It's more fun. And in bad weather more lobsters are around."

"Good reasons," Lindbergh said, "but only a fool goes against the odds consistently. They always catch up with you."

Lindbergh has stuck by his principles and seen them work—too well. Like any good father, he has found himself phased out of his parental responsibility by the growing self-reliance of his children.

For example, there is his relationship with Jon, his eldest son. For years Lindbergh has set a hard example for his children, particularly the boys. He could outswim them all, and dared them to swim in the coldest weather.

Jon Lindbergh took up skin diving when he was about 15, in the Florida Keys. He became an expert underwater swimmer; he could swim three lengths of a pool without coming up for air. He got an aqualung when he was 20 and became proficient with it. After that, he served three years as a Navy officer in an underwater demolition unit.

Some years ago, when Jon was in his early twenties, he invited his father, then in his fifties, to go for a bit of skin diving on the West Coast.

A friend retells Lindbergh's description of the event in these words: "We swam and we swam about a mile out, then we got to a certain reef and Jon said, 'Now, Father, now we're going to go down.'

"And I said to him, 'Jon, you're going down, I'll wait for you to come up.'"

The friend continued. "Jon went down and Charles waited up on top, hanging on to a buoy. When Jon surfaced they swam back to the beach."

The friend recalls Lindbergh telling how exhausted he was when they reached the beach—exhausted but pleased. He said it was the first time that any of the boys was able to do something that his father couldn't do better. "He had it on me," Lindbergh said with relish when he told the story.

It was a great day for Jon Lindbergh, too. "That was the day that Jon became independent of his father," the friend observes.

Jon has since gone on to make a distinguished career for himself in oceanography and deep-sea diving. In 1962 he and another diver plunged 432 feet below the surface of the Atlantic Ocean and set a new world's record by staying at that depth for 49 hours. He is considered a pioneer in the field, the way his father was in aviation. "Name anything that's dangerous and wet and he's been involved in it," says Admiral Edward Stephan, a business associate.

Jon is rated one of the top professional divers in the world, earning as much as $16 a minute, yet he has always demonstrated a great respect for money. He wears his father's castoff shoes (he says they're comfortable as well as free) and a $3.50 Mickey Mouse watch, owns only one suit and wears it rarely. Mostly he dresses in jeans. When he attended Stanford University, he lived in a tent off campus on a site for which he paid one dollar a month rent.

Lindbergh often plays jokes on his family. A paper cup of water balanced on the top of a door was a typical trick on the children. The drenching would be small, the danger of being hurt nil. He would also pull the girls' blond pigtails.

Many years ago he and his wife were in the kitchen of George Palmer Putnam, publisher of his first book, *We*. Lindbergh was drinking a glass of water. Anne, wearing a blue silk dress, was seated drinking buttermilk, and he was standing beside her. He let a few drops of water drip from his glass on her shoulder. Water stains silk. She said nothing. He tried it again. Still no response. After the third time, however, she suddenly swung around and let fly the buttermilk from her glass into his face and all over his tie, shirt and jacket. A moment of shock—and then he burst out laughing.

His jokes are often a comment on the people he plays them on—and on customs he considers silly. Once, when his wife was giving a large sit-down dinner, she set out the wines to breathe with the corks out of the bottles. Lindbergh observed this ritual, and indicated his reaction by secretly adding a bit of salt to each bottle. When the wine was poured, Mrs. Lindbergh, who, unlike her teetotaler husband, drinks wine, tasted it and knew instantly what had happened—and, of course, who had done it. She said nothing to her husband, but ordered the bottles replaced, thereby topping the joke.



Since his childhood in Little Falls, Minn., and the hunting trips with his father, Lindbergh has always been an active outdoorsman, and he still likes to work with his hands around his house and grounds, as he did on his father's farm. At home, he usually wears work clothes, chinos and a shirt with an open collar. His only power tool is a mechanical saw.

Both Lindberghs have an aversion to ostentation and luxury, even to comfort. A guest recalls that they didn't even have a proper sofa in the living room, but a kind of day-bed with iron arms, slip-covered. There was a large and very good piano, however. There were also a few good paintings—the Lindberghs bought one by Maurice Vlaminck, the French painter, and a head of Mrs. Lindbergh by an unidentified sculptor.

The children's rooms were correspondingly ascetic. A guest recalls that each child had a kind of iron bedstead; that the row of bedrooms—all with doors open while the children slept—gave something of an impression of a barracks. Each Lindbergh child was required to make his own bed—a rule that was observed when Lindbergh was at home, but broken when he wasn't. The cook, a middle-aged German woman named Martha Knecht, had a warm heart. The children were all fond of her, but the one who loved her most dearly was the youngest, Reeve. Almost every day Reeve left a small note for the cook—usually rhymed, often illustrated—lauding her cookies or apologizing for some misdeed. The cookies were rationed by paternal order, only three a day per child. One of the Lindbergh children wrote to the cook from Aspen, during Christmas week of (*continued on page 55*)

But Daddy!

Meet Tom Buck, his wife Pat, and their 11 children (please, *pleuse* don't ask how two of them got lost while king this picture). A zany, hilariously happy family, the Bucks drink 3,650 quarts of milk a year, devour 18,980 meals—and stir up more ever-loving bedlam than any household since *Cheaper By the Dozen*. Here's what it's like...



I love my wife very much. And she loves me. Our love has been many times blessed—five girls and six boys. A few neighbors think this is too many blessings. We don't agree. Our kids, all 11 of them, are vigorous, healthy, curious, and rambunctious. We love them all. We have no alternative. Without a deep, binding love, we, their parents, would never survive.

In self-defense, all the shoe stores in town have banned our kids for life.

To see what I mean, join us at the start of a typical day in late September.

We had only 10 children at the time. My beloved wife, Pat, was due in November. A few weeks earlier the children had returned to school after three delightful, carefree months of summer vacation. They were unshackled and uninhibited, totally careless and carefree. Their vitality had not yet been dulled by the routine of school classes, teachers' discipline, and scheduled study programs.

After a restless night's sleep my wife got up at 6 A.M. and called the children at 6:30. By 7:30 the kids began wandering, sleepy and dazed, into the kitchen to start the endless series of questions.

"What's for breakfast, Mommy?" our daughter Bridget asked.

Then, without waiting for a reply, she asked again, "Can I have oatmeal and eggs, Mommy?"

Pat was shuttling between the kitchen stove, the laundry tubs and dryers, the refrigerator, the kitchen table and sink with an occasional foray to the bottom of the stairs, where she was still calling one or two straggling children.

The questions came so fast, Pat did not know who asked them.

"Will you listen to my French lesson, Mommy?"

"What's for breakfast, Mommy?"

"Do I hafta drink milk today, Mommy?"

"Where are my underpants, Mommy?"

"Did you water the chickens, Mommy?"

"Do I hafta go to catechism lessons next Sunday, Mommy?" It was only Monday.

"Do I hafta . . ." preceded: go to school, eat my oatmeal, make my bed, wash my face, drink my milk, eat my toast, finish my eggs . . . and a dozen other things.

But no one asked the most important question of all: "What time is it, Mommy?"

It was 7:30.

The school buses—one for the high-school group, Dempsey, 17, Kern, 16, and Macky, 15; and one for the grade-schools kids, Rinker, 14, Bridget, 12, Bryan, 11, Patty, 8, Nicky, 7, and Andy 5—were due at 8 A.M. Both school-bus drivers usually drive up our country road, frantically blowing their horns. Sometimes, when a school-bus driver feels insecure, he drives past our house without stopping. Pat and I understand his moods, so we don't complain to the principal.

The breakfast-table conversation started off OK, but it deteriorated quickly.

Rinker asked, "Where's my hat?" He didn't have the bottoms of his pajamas off yet and his clothes were not ready, but he wanted his hat.

Rinker, at 14, is the planner type, the executive who looks ahead. Don't bother him with the details of getting his underpants on, finding his own tie, matching socks, getting a clean shirt, eating breakfast, making his bed, picking up his books, or feeding the chickens. Not him. He just asks: "Where's my hat?"

"What hat?" It was Bryan, his 11-year-old brother.

"My hat."

"Your rain hat?" Bryan asked. The sun was shining.

"No, dope, my baseball hat."

"You don't call a baseball hat a hat. It's a baseball cap."

"Did you see it?" Rinker pressed.

"No."

Rinker, rasping with annoyed authority: "Mother, Bryan won't tell me where he hid my hat." Good executive training. Confuse the issue, then refer it to staff.

Bryan, contributing to the mounting confusion: "It's not his hat, Mother. It's a cap. And it's mine."

"It is not, you dope," Rinker said.

"Mother, Rinker called me a dirty name."

"I did not. He took my hat and won't give it back to me."

Pat simply sighed.

Of course Rinker had left his baseball cap in school a week ago. Also his baseball glove, three books, two lunch tickets, a picture of the Pope that he took for "Show and Tell," two pairs of underpants, and a jacket.

On such occasions Pat says a fast, silent Our Father for the teachers and a Hail Mary for herself. She also promises to say a Rosary for the Pope to guide him to a practical decision on The Pill.

Our family has other problems. Such as buying shoes. My wife has to go to a town away from home for shoes because all the shoe stores in our town have banned our kids for life. Pat used to buy shoes in our town. She would take 10 children into the shoe store and line them up. While the shoe clerk was working one end of the line, the kids on the other end would get fidgety. By the time the shoe clerk was down to the middle of the line, brothers and sisters from opposite ends would be fiddling with the shoe boxes on the shelves.

The shoe store ended up with dozens of boxes all with left shoes and an equal number with all right shoes. Then the sizes got mixed. Browns got mixed with blacks. At first the shoe clerk didn't realize what had happened to him, his store, or his inventory. For weeks thereafter he got complaints from customers who ended up with different-size shoes. So the owner asked my wife to please take the kids to a different store.

One lovely Saturday in October my wife put all the children in our small bus, drove to the next town 10 miles away and parked in front of the shoe store. She took one child at a time into the store for his or her shoes. The other kids were locked in the car. But Pat forgot to put a coin in the parking meter. It was a fifteen-minute meter and she parked for three hours.

When our fidgety son Nicky unzipped the policeman's zipper, poor Pat panicked.

After three weeks I received a letter from the Police Department, telling me to answer a summons for overtime parking. Since I had never received a ticket I asked Pat about it.

"Must be a mistake," she said. "I'll telephone tomorrow."

She promptly dismissed it from her mind.

Weeks later a young cop came to the house with a body warrant for me. He came o Sunday morning, while I was in church.

Pat, who had been waiting for me to retur saw a police car park in the driveway. And was on the floor playing with the cat. Nick and Macky were at the kitchen sink pilin dirty dishes so they could be stuffed into th dishwasher for its third cycle of the mornin Ferry, our three-year-old daughter, was cu ting paper dolls in the middle of the floor. it were not for the presence of the police off cer, the scene in our home would have bee pure Americana.

Modest Pat, laden heavily with unbor Adrian, and wearing an old robe, ran to hid in the downstairs bathroom, shouting ove her shoulder to Macky, "Tell him I hav gone to Mass." As an afterthought, throug the bathroom door, Pat added, "Your fathe is at Mass, too."

"What, Mother?" Macky asked over th noise of the dishwasher.

Bryan ran to the door and opened it befor the policeman had a chance to knock.

"Come in," he said. Bryan is the friendl type.

"Good morning," Macky said, trying t charm the officer with her teen-ager's smil

"Good morning," the policeman replied "Is your daddy home?"

"No, he took some of the children to nine o'clock Mass."

"Can I help you?" asked our son Rinker who always tries to assume his proper shar of responsibility.

"Is your mother home?" the policema inquired.

"No, she went to Mass with my father."

By this time a crowd of kids was collectin attracted by the sight of a police car in th driveway. They came in from the barn, dow from upstairs, over from the meadows—fro all over—and began touching the cop. A young people like to pet dogs, they also lik to pet cops. Touch his billy club, just to fe it. Touch the handle of his gun, just to feel i Touch his bullets, just to feel them once.

Macky, in an aside to all her brothers an sisters and their friends, whispered in a lou but restrained voice, "Go away, I'll take ca of this. Go away."

Bryan interrupted. "What does he wan Macky?"

"Never mind," Rinker said. "It's none o your business."

Rinker to Macky: "What does he wan Macky?"

Nicky, coming in from the barn: "What the matter, Macky?"

Macky to everyone: "Shut up!"

Officer, trying to keep order in the conve sation: "What tim will your dadd be home?"

"Shut up, yo dope," said Rinke to Andy, wh hadn't said an thing.

Pat, who ha been eavesdroppin on the conversation, was afraid Mack was getting too glib with the little fibs sh was telling. So she said through the down stairs bathroom door: "I am in here, Macky Do you need me?"

Macky, smart as a whip, said, "Oh, Mothe there you are. I *thought* you went to Ma with Daddy."

"No, dear, I'm in here resting." Over th

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; Pat has found that the downstairs bath-
is as good a place to rest as any other
:. There is an advantage to having a
with a lock on the inside of the door.
ıg to gain time, Pat asked, "What is it,
?"
t's nothing, Mother. This cop wants
ly."
t came out of the bathroom in her night-
and bathrobe, trying to appear non-
ınt. Arriving in the kitchen, she picked
vo of the young children, partly to keep
from hurting the policeman, partly to
herself.
ıe officer started the conversation again.
ıve to arrest your husband." Pat felt like
ıg down in the middle of the floor and
ing. Instead she switched the kids around
r arms so they covered her a little better.
ıen she started three conversations at
: one with the cop; one with the kids; and
silently, with Saint Anthony. My wife
ys prays to Saint Anthony for patience
ying situations.
ıe kids were all talking at once.
idget asked, "Are you a policeman?"
nker asked, "Did you ever arrest any-
"
yan asked, "Did you ever shoot anyone?"
ıtty asked, "Do you have any children?"
ırry asked, "Are you a Catholic?"
icky asked, "Can I play with your gun?"
o answers were expected; none was
n.
icky began playing with the officer's
which hung at his side in a big, shiny
k holster. Not really playing with it, just
ng it. Bryan was pushing bullets out of
belt. Nicky, still stroking the holster,
cked the summons book from the officer's
d. The kids were killing him with friend-
s. He was a plaything. An adorable, lov-
plaything, armed to the teeth with billy
s, blackjacks, guns, bullets, handcuffs, a
tle, and a big, wide belt.
leanwhile the cop was trying to tell Pat
story, but the confusion was too great.
ı time Nicky reached for the policeman's
Pat would crack him across the fingers
order him to his room. All Nicky did, of
se, was to reach for the gun with his
r hand. Bryan pushed another bullet to
floor. As the cop stooped over to pick up
bullet Bridget accidentally bumped him.
cop lost his balance and, in his attempt
eep from falling, tripped over the cat. The
started to hiss.
ıst as the panic point was about to be
hed, Nicky, who is fidgety, impulsively
hed over to the police officer and *zipped*
n his trouser fly.
he unfortunate officer, in disarray, stood
less. He was in the middle of the kitchen,
ounded by a room full of happy kids and
nsternated pregnant mother of ten. And
fly was open!
at, mortified, handed the cop one of the
from her arm, swung the other child over
ıer other arm, then reached over and
ed the cop's fly back up!
he had acted instinctively, impulsively, as
reflex. Fifteen years of teaching kids how
ip up their britches develops habit pat-
ıs that need no advance thinking.
took her only an instant to realize what
had done. She whacked as many kids as
could reach, and grabbed the baby from
officer's arms.
Now you get out and stay out," she said
he cop, as though the courageous young police officer had done something wrong.

The policeman figured a retreat was the best strategy, and retreat he did—with siren wailing and red light flashing.

The sergeant called me later in the afternoon. He explained the situation to me in nice terms. I told him I'd ask my wife about the parking ticket. He said never mind. As a matter of fact, he said *please* never mind. He would accept my not-guilty plea and call the whole thing off. But I had to promise that Pat would not come to his town to shop anymore.

When Mother Nature calls, 3-year-old Ferry answers, "I'm ready!"

Mothers and fathers proudly help the baby with his first steps, but being trained to anticipate nature's calls is something else. The small child is usually quite content with his own sanitation system and looks on regulation as an unnecessary intrusion on his wonderful, carefree world. Naturally unwilling, a three-year-old like our daughter Ferry must be bamboozled into cooperation. This takes all the wit and energy of a persevering mother. Sometimes it even takes a prayer to Saint Jude.

After raising so many children, Pat has developed special techniques to make the training program easy on herself.

The key to her system is timing. Pat has found that an alarm clock set at various intervals during the day will remind her that nature is probably calling Ferry, although Ferry may not hear.

One day Ferry was out in the meadow beside the house, trying to catch field mice. The alarm told Pat it was time for Ferry to be trained.

My wife got Ferry to come into the kitchen, disrobed her, and sat her, proud and proper, on the hopper.

Part of the training called for Ferry to say (quietly, of course) she was "ready." That's a family code word meaning, "The job is done."

But when Pat was busy, the "I'm ready" had to be shouted. Then shouted louder. Then finally wailed loud enough to penetrate to the second floor and break up a phone call or fetch Pat from wherever she might be doing her household chores.

Ferry had a great pair of lungs. When she was "ready," she was *ready* and wanted everyone to know it.

On some occasions, however, little Ferry's adjustments to the plumbing code of our society conflicted with a complex social scene. To illustrate:

Bridget had been plaguing Pat and me for permission to go to a sixth-grade dance. We do not like sixth-grade dances for our children. We think dances are fine, but the courtship ritual can be postponed until the kids get into high school.

When Bridget first approached us, we said, "We'll see."

But then Bridget came home in a state of great excitement to tell us, "Kevin Murphy has invited me to the dance."

Mrs. Murphy was a new neighbor who lived in a large house on top of the hill. We knew from the children's conversations that Mrs. Murphy was "rich" (as the children call it) because she had inside help and a Cadillac. We wanted to be friendly to our new neighbors, so we relented. We were cowards—and we knew it.

Simple plans were made for Kevin and his mother to pick Bridget up at seven o'clock, chaperone them at the dance, then bring them back at 9 P.M. In actuality, Bridget's first date necessitated a grandiose system of logistics involving just about our whole family.

Macky and Dempsey, our 17-year-old daughter, gave some of their afternoon baby-sitting assignments to Bridget so she could earn enough money for a new dress. Bridget earned 75 cents in three weeks, but the dress cost $12.98. Bridget's figure of 16-16-16 was a clue to her age, but it did not represent a dressmaker's dream. Pat had to pay an alteration charge of $3 to cover Bridget's lanky, bony framework.

That was where I came in: the difference between the 75 cents Bridget earned and the $15.98 the dress cost.

The three older boys, Kern, 16, Rinker, and Bryan, were dispatched to the front window in the parlor at 6:30 P.M. so they could sound the alarm when Mrs. Murphy's Cadillac drove into the driveway at 7 P.M.

Pat fears Cadillacs; she reasons that if a neighbor owns a Cadillac—and has only one child—her house is orderly. People who live in orderly houses may not appreciate the confusion of a large family. The three boys were to advise Bridget and Pat immediately, so Bridget could be waiting at the front door for her gentleman (age 13) caller.

Pat planned to walk with Bridget and Kevin to the driveway and greet our neighbor. The objective of this planning was simple: it would avoid having an uninitiated guest in the house right after supper, before the dishes were done.

Each of the other children had a special duty assigned to him.

Dempsey was to help Bridget get dressed.

Macky volunteered to put Ferry to bed, which included giving her her "training" lesson and a bath. Patty was to help her mother put Adrian—our baby boy who had recently arrived—to bed.

Nicky was banished to his room and told he couldn't leave until after Bridget had left. This was a simple insurance program—against havoc. I told Nicky he could watch out the window, however.

All the other children were told to get in their pajamas, do their homework, and stay out of the way.

Dinner that evening was a mess. Bridget was so nervous she couldn't eat. Her brothers and sisters were vicariously enjoying her dancing debut, but Bridget was too involved to appreciate their understandable curiosity.

The chaos of dinner wore down to simple confusion. This showed the thoroughness of Pat's planning.

The boys were in the parlor. Dempsey and Bridget were in Bridget's room. Patty was with newborn Adrian. Nicky had his nose to the window in his room. And Macky plopped Ferry on the hopper and told her to call when she was "ready."

Everything was serene. Bridget was primping, with Dempsey's aid. Three other children were sitting on the edge of her bed admiring her and wishing they, too, could go to the dance. Pat was content. I was reading the newspaper in a rare moment of aloneness.

At last we got Bridget to the dance—thanks to St. Jude and Mrs. Murphy.

Bridget, proud as can be in her new dress, came bounding into the kitchen followed by all her sisters, each of whom was excitedly trying to tell Pat to see how nice Bridget looked. Ferry was in her sanctuary, "getting trained," humming a tune of contentment. Hearing all the noise in the kitchen, the boys abandoned their post and wandered in to admire their sixth-grade sister who was off to her first dance.

Everyone was so preoccupied that they did not hear the beeping of Mrs. Murphy's horn in the driveway. No one paid attention to Ferry, who was dutifully and quietly being "trained."

Mrs. Murphy beeped again, this time a little louder and longer, and finally got the attention of the children.

The excitement of the children turned immediately into a panic of getting Bridget out to the car so Mrs. Murphy would be spared the need to come into the kitchen with all the dinner dishes still stacked in the sink.

Bridget had to make an end run around her brothers, shouting good-byes to her sisters and her mother. She remembered the family custom of kissing mother and father before going out in the evening and in her frantic turnaround knocked Kern off the edge of his chair. After a hurried fling of a kiss for Pat and me, Bridget turned again to dash through the crowd. Bryan could not escape the mad rush in time, and as he tried to open an aisle for her departure, he tripped and fell. Poor Bridget piled on top of him. Pat tried to grab Bridget to steady her but knocked over a half-empty bottle of milk. Bryan got the milk right in his face and let out a yelp. Bridget got splattered all over her new dress, and, presuming Bryan had caused it all, gave him a massive, open-handed swat—and then started to cry.

Pat got a towel and tried to clean Bridget. Dempsey wiped the milk from Bryan's face and called him a brat. Kern picked himself off the floor and sulked in the corner while I shouted to everyone to be quiet.

The only calm person was Ferry. "I'm ready," she hollered.

Pat, seeing catastrophe building fast, was running another of her three-way conversations: One part was directed at Ferry, in effect telling her to "Wait just a minute." Another was with Bridget, trying to calm her. And a third conversation was with Saint Jude, on whom she calls for help in impossible situations.

But it was a wild, unrelenting babble. As soon as Pat got Ferry quiet she asked Dempsey to run out to the driveway, quickly, and tell them Bridget would be right out. Then a fast command to Macky to dash upstairs and get a different dress for Bridget.

The situation quickly mounted to pandemonium.

Bridget cried, "What can I do? It's my new dress."

Ferry sang out, "I'm ready, Mommy."

Dempsey, coming in from the driveway, reported, "They said to hurry."

Ferry, louder: "I'm ready."

Kern, from the haven of his corner: "Shall I wipe up the milk, Mommy?"

Rinker, wanting to help by changing the conversation: "Who let the cat in?"

Nicky, who could not withstand the temptation to see what was going on, admitted, "I did. He can lick up the milk."

Rinker, talking to Nicky: "You dope."

Ferry, now shouting loudly: "I'm ready."

Nicky, talking to Rinker: "I am not a dope, you dope."

Dempsey, honestly trying to be the calm big sister: "What shall I tell Mrs. Murphy, Mommy?"

Pat spewed out instructions in all directions like a computer:

To Dempsey, "Five minutes more."

To Saint Jude, "Please help me."

To Ferry, "Just a minute, dear. I know you did a good job."

To Bridget, "Stop crying, we'll get you a new dress."

To Saint Jude, "Please! ! !"

To Rinker and Bryan, "Stop fighting and go to your rooms."

Ferry, again, now impatient: "I'm ready."

Andy, my pal and messenger: "Mother, Daddy is going down to the barn to rest."

Dempsey, watching from the window: "They are coming in to wait."

Pat: "Oh, my God . . . Please, Saint Jude . . ."

Ferry: "I'm ready."

This is one of the reasons we don't think highly of sixth-grade dances.

Soon things calmed down. Pat, seeing that Mrs. Murphy, the rich neighbor with the orderly house, one kid, a housekeeper, and a Cadillac, was coming toward the kitchen, got her first clue from Saint Jude: She took Bridget into the living room just as the new neighbor and her son joined the confusion.

The rich neighbor came into the kitchen to be greeted by Ferry's powerful pair of lungs: "I'm ready, Mommy."

In the meantime Rinker was throwing out the cat. Nicky stopped him with the logic that the cat hadn't lapped up all the milk yet. Each called the other stupid. Dempsey was trying to entertain Mrs. Murphy and her prim and proper son Kevin.

Macky started to talk with Kevin. That helped. Then Saint Jude put the rich neighbor to work. Mrs. Murphy sent Kevin back to wait in the car, then she told Macky to keep him company, told Dempsey to clean up the milk, sent Patty to help her mother, stopped the fight between the boys, and told Kern to take a bottle of beer to me in the barn and to tell me not to come back for 20 minutes.

Ferry said, plaintively, "I'm ready, Mommy."

No one was paying any attention to her.

Within 10 minutes everything calmed down. Bridget and Kevin got to the dance. Pat said a few prayers of gratitude and sent one of the younger kids to the barn to tell me it was all over.

About half an hour later Mrs. Murphy came back. Pat was glad to see her. After talking for a few minutes, our neighbor asked gently, "What was Ferry ready for?"

"Oh, my God—I forgot all about her," Pat exclaimed.

Ferry ordinarily goes to bed about seven o'clock, and it was now near eight. She couldn't get anyone to hear her over the din and commotion, and just nodded off to sleep on the hopper. Her lesson was well done, but unrewarded with praise.

Pat got Ferry to bed with warm embraces and finally came down for a cup of tea with Mrs. Murphy.

Pat and I discovered that we had the wrong impression of Mrs. Murphy. She was the youngest of an Irish Catholic family of 12 children and had been sitting up on the top of her high hill in the big house looking down at us, wishing with all her might that we would invite her in. We were always looking up at her, but seeing only the housekeeper, and the Cadillac, and the well-ordered house, and not her warm heart.

Frequently, she visits with us now and sits through all the commotion with a smile of contentment on her face. Ferry is her favorite. Mrs. Murphy likes to say, "She's ready for anything."

There is one time during the year when our large family pays off in hard cash—income-tax time. At $600 a head, our 11 wonders represent a gross deduction of $6,600 a year (on line 3-b).

About the 15th of January I get my earnings statement—the W-2 form—which tells how much money I earned and how much tax money has been deducted.

I worry, fuss, procrastinate, deliberately forget, and otherwise find a million and one excuses why I should not fill out the income-tax forms. As the deadline draws near, I surrender through fear of going to jail. As always, I hire an accountant to conjure up all the evidence of financial disaster we have encountered in the taxable period. Over the years my accountant, who remains my friend although he is an agent of the system, has saved me a small fortune with his total recall of all the legal loopholes in the tax laws.

Last year, as he always has in the past, he asked me to figure out my expenses. So one evening Pat and I were sitting in the kitchen trying to reconstruct the finances. Knowing we were not making progress, we were happy to be interrupted by Patty, who had a problem with her third-grade arithmetic lesson.

Patty's problem went something like this:

Problem: If Mary Smith had 3 apples, and John Jones had 2 apples, and Josephine Kelly had 7 apples; but Mary ate 1, and John ate 1, and Josephine ate 6 apples, what is the answer?

Patty had copied the question from the blackboard, and obviously did not get all the words down correctly. I reasoned the question should have been, "How many apples were left over?" The answer was simple: Four!

To my horror, our exercise in family arithmetic soon led us into high finance.

I wished my tax problem were as easy. Pat was working on a drugstore bill, and I had a few minutes to let my mind wander. So I made up a third-grade arithmetic problem of my own. It went like this:

Problem: If a lady called Pat has a husband and 11 healthy children who drink milk, and the milkman brings an average of 10 quarts a day, how many quarts of milk will that lady have to buy before each of her children becomes 21 years old and can buy his own milk?

The answer was easy. First I multiplied 10 quarts of milk (*continued on page 108*)

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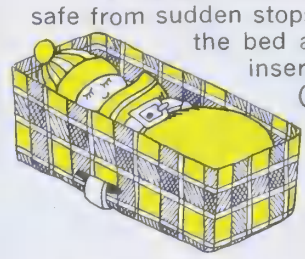


IF IT WERE MY CHILD

A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone know the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this natural source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other their best solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.

BED SAFETY BELT: To keep my baby in his car bed extra safe from sudden stops while driving, I cut slits in both sides of the bed along the outside bottom of the bed and inserted a belt that fastens over baby's middle (like a safety belt). The belt also keeps him from crawling out and hurting himself.—Mrs. Howard Boesky, Los Angeles, Calif.



POCKET PROTECTOR: On the front inside of my children's raincoats I've made huge pockets for carrying school papers. To do this I used a large piece of heavy cloth (about 10x12 inches) and secured the cloth to the coat with iron-on tape on the sides and bottom. Papers and notices stay dry—even on the wettest days—and the kids love to use the extra pocket for other treasures, too.—Mrs. Dan Diethelm, Portland, Conn.



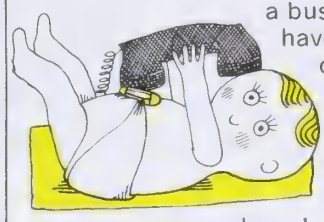
SNACK SHELF: I save the half-finished glass of milk and the unfinished sandwich (or whatever) from my son's lunch to use as his afternoon snack instead of cookies, etc. I trim the sandwich, pour the leftover milk into a smaller glass, and put them on the bottom shelf of the refrigerator. Later, when he is hungry, he heads for "his" shelf and usually finishes everything there—a saving of my time, and food!—Mrs. T. M. Lowrie, Westport, Conn.



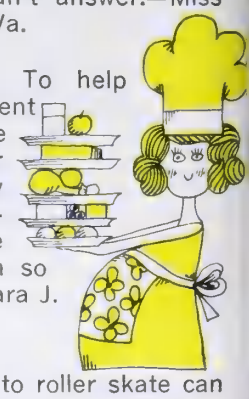
FAMILY SIT-IN: When my family visits friends where a high chair is not available, we use two straight-backed chairs to improvise a high chair. I place one chair upside down on the other and tie the chairs together in the back. Then I put a pillow on the seat for comfort. The baby is kept in place by the bottom rung of the upside-down chair.—Mr. William Swallow, Brooklyn, N. Y.



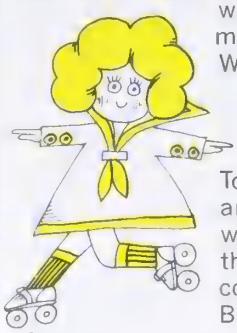
BELLS AREN'T RINGING: When I baby-sit and have to change a diaper, bathe the baby, or do anything that requires my complete attention, I take the phone off the hook. Anyone calling will hear a busy signal and call again. Otherwise I would have to leave the baby to answer the phone, or perhaps cause the mother needless worry because I didn't answer.—Miss Mary Back, Norfolk, Va.



PRE-PREPARED: To help me be more efficient when I came home from the hospital with my first child, I prepared all dinner meals during the last month of my pregnancy in double quantity and froze half. It was convenient to have these meals all ready at a time when I had to do and learn so many new things.—Mrs. Barbara J. Wood, San Diego, Calif.



SKATE-AID: Learning to roller skate can be both difficult and painful for young children. To help mine learn, I put a piece of adhesive tape around each roller-wheel edge. This slowed the wheels down, prevented many hard falls, and by the time the tape was worn off, the children were competent skaters.—Mrs. Blanche Campbell, San Bernardino, Calif.



How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and baby-sitters as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. Maxey, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., for submissions cannot be returned.

DBERGH *continued from page 46*



1957, saying that Father was pretty mad when three of them turned up with so many cookies in their bag. But the cookies were gone in three days, she sa , and it was Father who ate most of hem.

indbergh had many more specific ic s about nutrition. He forbade the u of white sugar in the house; instead, h nsisted on brown sugar. But it is im- p sible to cook everything with brown s r, so some white sugar was used w out his knowledge. He forbade such th gs as chocolate cake. But once, when h ad to go away for a couple of days, th children asked the cook to bake a ch colate cake. "Make a big one," they sa . When Lindbergh returned unex- p edly, the children grabbed hunks of c e and went to their rooms. The cook h the rest of the cake in her room.

enerally, the food in the house was p n, substantial and plentiful. A typi- c dinner consisted of a roast, a salad w dressing of oil, vinegar and spices p pared by Mrs. Lindbergh. Lunch was a uffet, with many different kinds of c se. Twenty-two quarts of milk were c sumed in the house every two days w n all the children were home.

he family dog—a German shepherd n ed Siggy (after Siegfried)—was much p ved by the children and was an in- t al part of their growing up for sev- e years. Then Siggy bit a neighbor. T children said it was not his fault, p the Lindberghs were faced with a s for damages, so he had to be given a y. After that, they got a cocker s niel.

Although the senior Lindberghs did n socialize with their neighbors, the ldren often invited their friends home f dinner. The children would get to- ther on Saturday nights, roll up the ng-room rugs, and dance to records. Lindbergh would watch, but not dance. ung Anne played the piano and the e. Scott and Land played guitars.

Reeve and Scott were also fond of rock roll and other contemporary popular sic. One day, they played a favorite ord of the Kingston Trio over and r. Lindbergh, who was downstairs ing to write, finally came upstairs and k the record and broke it in half with- any show of anger. It was not that was opposed to their having the mu- ; it was just that they were playing it loud and too often, a fact that they derstood immediately and accepted hout rancor.

When it came to money, Lindbergh s generous with his children. The al- vances were not fixed or regular, but pended on several variables. One was w much work they did around the use; they received a payment for rak- leaves, for example, at a dollar an ur. They could also earn money by ng ready with the right answer when ndbergh would ask, at dinner, for the thor of some quotation. The usual nus for such knowledge was five dol- s. There was always a box of money his closet, from which the children uld help themselves freely. They used leave I.O.U.'s stuck in his mirror: "I ok 35¢ for ice cream." Lindbergh's ly rule was that they had to account what they took. One child said, "You could buy an ice cream soda for a friend, but if you bought a hundred ice cream sodas you'd have to tell him about it, so you just never did it. We all hated it, but it did teach us to handle money."

Lindbergh's purpose in making the children financially responsible was to prepare them to manage the fortunes they would inherit when they turned 21. And his methods seem to have worked. Although all the children are well off, none is a spendthrift. The most extravagant is probably Scott, who drives an M.G. sports car and owns a great Dane.

Lindbergh has attempted to play the martinet, but often ends by being a soft touch. A man of many principles—"I never saw so many principles," a friend said—and strong purpose, he also has a soft side. When he was too strict, one of the children would say, "Oh, *Father*," and he would immediately let up.

Sometimes the children would hope out loud that their stern parent would leave on one of his numerous trips. But when he was gone they missed him. A visitor accompanying Lindbergh when he came home from a trip recalls seeing young Anne barrel down the banister directly into her father's arms and hug him as hard as she could.

Lindbergh was also a man of many prohibitions. "He was always saying 'don't' to the children," a family friend recalls. He forbade the cook to buy a television set for her room, for fear the children would spend their time in her room watching it instead of doing their homework. Later, he relented and allowed the cook to have a set, and told the children they must not watch it. But, as is usual in such domestic situations, his rule was only loosely obeyed, and mostly when he was around to enforce it.

Meals in the Lindbergh house were always punctual; that is, they were served punctually. But the children were not always on time, like Jon. Their punishments for infractions of the house rules were, like his, not physical. So far as is known, Lindbergh himself was never spanked by his father or mother, and his children have never been spanked. It was not necessary for him to make his point with violence, or even to shout. His voice would simply get cold and hard. His children feared his angry voice as much as other children might fear a beating. One night young Anne went to a dance and came home after her father's curfew. She had forgotten her key, and she was afraid to wake anyone in the house to let her in. Instead, she climbed up the trellis to her room.

Neither Charles nor Anne Lindbergh is a regular churchgoer, and they have not brought up their children to attend church. Lindbergh allowed his children to stay in bed on Sunday. They could sleep until 10 o'clock. Then Lindbergh would wake them. But as they got older and began staying out later on Saturday night, this rule was stretched. They began sleeping to 11 and 12 without parental protest.

However, if there was something worth seeing, Lindbergh didn't hesitate to wake them. A few years ago Connecticut suffered violent floods. Lindbergh woke his children at two in the morning at the height of the torrent. "Come look at the flood," he said. "You may never see anything like this again."

Lindbergh doesn't swear, but he loves to shock people. Thus, when Mrs. Lindbergh entertained friends, he would walk past the room and say, *sotto voce*, "Jesus Christ on a bicycle." This is about the strongest language he has been heard to use around the house.

Lindbergh has insisted that the children be as wary of reporters as he is. Jon once got his picture on the cover of *Life* in connection with his underwater work. Lindbergh was almost as upset at this publicity as another father might be if his son was arrested for juvenile delinquency.

Jon and Land both think that their father's phobia of the press is rather farfetched, but they honor his desire for anonymity, and generally will not discuss Lindbergh or themselves with anyone who might write about the family. One of them said not long ago, "I may disagree with him, but it's his life and that's the way he wants it. I've got to go along with him."

But Scott Lindbergh is almost as publicity-shy as his father. Some overenthusiastic British journalists recently tracked him to his lodgings in England. Young Scott dashed from his quarters, got into his M.G., and took off at a high rate of speed. The Laurel-and-Hardy newspapermen set out in hot pursuit; they got so close, in fact, that they nearly forced the boy to crash into a tree. Scott, dark and good-looking, is known as the least tractable of the Lindbergh children, and was always a fast driver in Connecticut.

The Lindbergh girls are both blond and beautiful. Reeve is a student at an Eastern girl's college. Like her sister Anne, Reeve did not enter the college her mother would have preferred. Anne Morrow Lindbergh is a Smith College alumna. But both her daughters elected to go to another school because, according to someone close to the girls, they preferred the quality of instruction there and because it is coeducational.

Reeve has lived in a dormitory and then in a house with 12 other girls. They do their own cooking or eat out in inexpensive restaurants. Reeve is an alert, bright, friendly and very popular girl who, according to a classmate, is much more interested in literature than in science. (She thinks her father is an adequate writer on some subjects.) She shares clothes with her housemates; on one occasion recently she was wearing a green loden coat that the others describe as "a friendly coat, we all wear it." A friend said that Reeve does not think of herself as a privileged person because she is a Lindbergh. Nor does she act as though she has money.

Anne Spencer Lindbergh, the elder sister, met her husband-to-be, a Frenchman named Julien Feydy, in Switzerland in 1959 before she entered college. Then she went to college and was introduced into a world quite different from the sheltered life she had been given. She met and knew many kinds of people she had never seen before. After a couple of years at college Anne came to Paris, met Feydy again, and married him. The Feydys and their one child live in Paris.

Being so far from the family home poses no problem to Anne Feydy or to the Lindberghs. One of the Lindbergh children said, "After all, Jon lives on the West Coast. Mother says that Paris is no farther than Seattle from New York. None of it takes very much time."

Land Lindbergh, tall and blond, not long ago bought a large cattle ranch in Montana. He has settled there with his wife and children. Ranching has long been his interest; he has studied it and will raise beef.

The Lindbergh children occasionally bridle at their father's high standards and rigid principles.

One of them said, with just a shade of resentment, "He thinks we should all be the best at whatever we do—because we're Lindberghs."

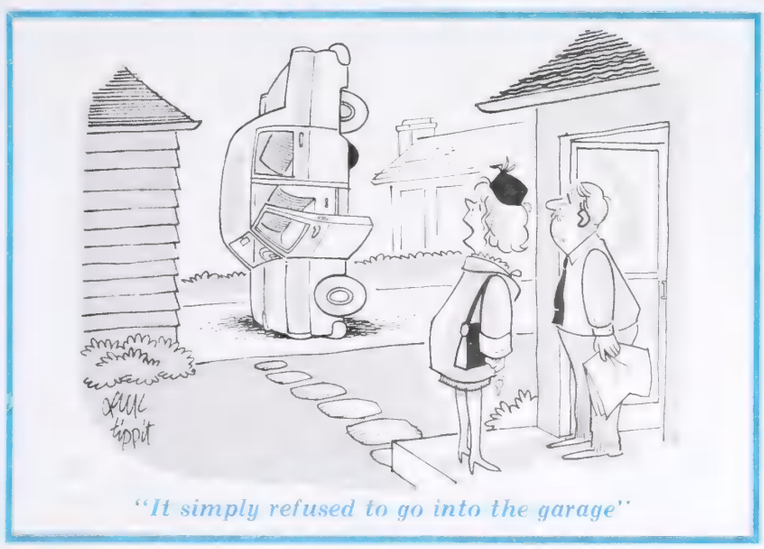
"He doesn't converse so much as he lectures," another child complained.

"We never used small names for our parents, like Mummy or Daddy," a Lindbergh child said, "always Mother and Father. It used to frustrate us, but now it seems rather distinguished."

Now that the children are more or less on their own, the Lindberghs no longer live in their big Tudor mansion. They occupy a new, white, three-bedroom cottage on the Darien property. They also own another small house in Vaud, Switzerland, on Lake Geneva. They use it as a base for skiing trips and as a place for writing. Neither house is guarded by savage dogs or armed men or anything else, but neither is easy to find.

Lindbergh used to run a pretty taut house. But as the children got older, discipline began to break down, and at last the day came when he was heard to say, just like any other parent, "I can't do anything anymore with my children."

His friends agree that Lindbergh feels a twinge at seeing his children grow up. "He's got emotions even if he doesn't show them," one said. His children love him—"adore him," one friend says—but they are grown up now and they don't need him the way they once did. This, combined with his increasing detachment from old friends, makes Charles A. Lindbergh, age 65, seem more alone, more aloof, more lonely than ever. END



"It simply refused to go into the garage"

FRESH NEW LOOKS TO LIVE WITH

Wishing for a change of scene at home? But not about to break the budget on a whole new floor-to-ceiling redecorating project? There's really no need to stay in a quandary. We've found that any room responds dramatically to just a few of the right bright touches. And to prove our point, here are three different room-brightening plans, all based on lots of ingenuity and a minimum of money. We hope these will inspire you to try a few scene changes of your own.

By Margaret White
Decorating Editor





LEFT
Smashing scene change for a living room: Walls painted a rich chocolate brown; floors, white—painted, carpeted or (as here) tiled and partly covered with a white area rug (Sembyo by Regal Rugs); white slipcovers (these, crisp sailcloth) and a paint-box assortment of gingham-covered pillows (made from over-the-counter dress fabric); tables, Plexiglas—open to color and space (these by Neal Small), amazingly strong, they can also double as seating. Painting by Jack Ceglic.

OPPOSITE
The kitchen needed only a few well-planned changes to bring out its country-style charm. Inspiration for the color scheme was an embossed Spanish tile, adhesive-backed vinyl (Contact's great stand-in for the real thing, it costs only 50 cents for a 12-inch-square section). Cupboards, shelf and woodwork were stained a provincial blue. And a chopping-block counter was installed. Walls were refinished with a rustic stucco-like surface. (Done with Craftex Interior Textural Wall Plaster. Easy to work with, it's also a great solution for camouflaging badly cracked walls.)

BELOW LEFT
An eye-dazzling way to "open up" a tiny dining room: Walls were covered with the new silver-paper fabric by Kimberly-Stevens (55 inches wide, it's only $2 a yard); its brightness caught and reflected in the group of tin-framed Mexican mirrors, echoed in the Italian ladder-back chairs, spray-painted with Spray-O-Namel chrome. A glass-topped dining table with Plexiglas base and one color accent—spring green for rug, chair seats, hanging baskets of ferns—continue the fresh, shimmering effect.

Photographs by Norman Karlson
Shopping Information on page 108



YEARS-AGO KITCHENS GO YOUNG

Almost every new old-house owner faces this challenge: How to turn an outdated kitchen into one of modern efficiency and not sacrifice a warm family atmosphere. Here, and on the following pages, three examples of remodeled kitchens, each one scaled to a highly personal decorating scheme, yet with a marvelous balance between old and new.
By MARGARET DAVIDSON, Home Management Editor

"I LIKE AN EASY-WORK KITCHEN"

From a discordant kitchen, the William Logans of Wilton, Connecticut, created harmony. Their "before" kitchen was awkwardly broken into bits and pieces around four doors, and the resultant traffic pattern literally had this family of four running into one another all the time. So they sealed off two of the doors, and installed much-needed counters and cabinets along three of the walls. "Now there's a place for everything." And everything—from barn sidings to antiques—has the Logans' stamp of individuality.











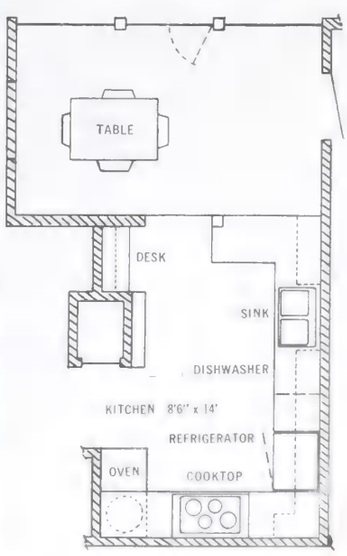
1 Where a porch once opened to the garden, there's now an enclosed breakfast room. Newel post, French doors and leaded windows are antique finds of Logans.

2 Open counter, at left—better for room-to-room conversation—is flanked by yards of cabinets. Another bright idea: sink light concealed behind the valance.

3 As a place for Mrs. Logan to phone in a grocery order, plan a menu, or just catch her breath, this nook—her sanctuary. Adjoining it, a tall cupboard.

4 Well-weathered barns provided the silvery old wood for cupboards. Handles are old keys. Antique tiles (along counter-tops) fit in with the color scheme.

Diagram of Logan Kitchen



"IT USED TO LOOK LIKE A CAVE"

"This kitchen was all mouse-gray and imitation marble," said Nancy Poole. But that was before she and her husband, Foster, invested $1,500 "and a lot of our own time painting and papering it." They kept what they could, but installed a sink, disposer and dishwasher, added vinyl flooring, a beamed ceiling. Then, with dollops of color and their own brand of flair, they transformed "the cave" into a cheerful room, as sunshiny as their Texas hometown, Dallas.

1 The old metal cabinets match the new wooden ones, after applying stock molding, and golden-wheat paint that harmonizes with the new plastic counter and paisley vinyl wallpaper.

2 One project the Pooles insisted on in remodeling: cutting a door from the kitchen to the library. ("Our twin boys like to take snack trays in there.")

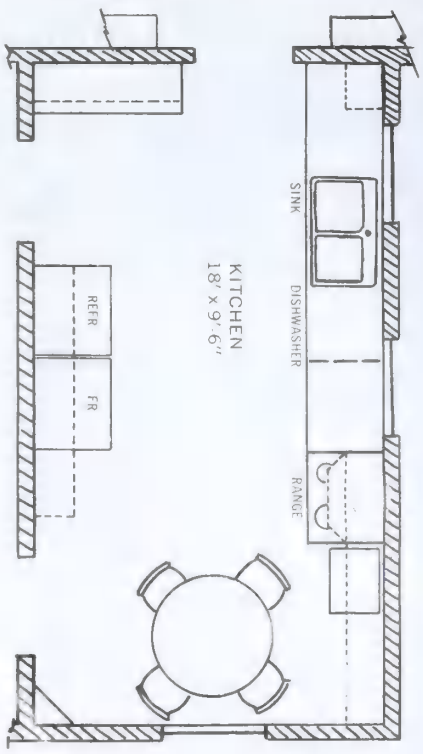
3 The Mexican candleholder (electrified) came from Mr. Poole's boutique, now is a main attraction here, floating above the drop-leaf table. Surrounding it, four old prayer chairs.







Diagram of Poole Kitchen



"MY CASTLE IS MY KITCHEN"

Clinton Lindley of Grandview, New York, started from scratch, re-did his entire kitchen from top to bottom. Yet this remodeling "cost just a few hundred dollars, because everything is secondhand—including all the appliances, which operate perfectly." From razed houses, demolition sites, and less-likely places, he hand-picked a potpourri of usable castoffs. Polished, hung, or used for never-intended purposes, they all provide a constant delight and give an old story-book look to this kitchen.

1 Another way Mr. Lindley limited expenses was to do-it-himself. His most difficult jobs: laying the tile floor and fitting the time-worn sidings he salvaged from barns.

2 No sore-thumb appliances stick out here—they're all as unobtrusive as this range. Behind it, an ingenious backdrop of beer-bottle-brown stained-glass window.

3 Old copper—molds, pots and a funnel-turned-lightshade—gleams. Mr. Lindley's fondness for herbs (drying from ceiling) is natural—he's a flower-shop-chain executive.

Shopping information on page 108.





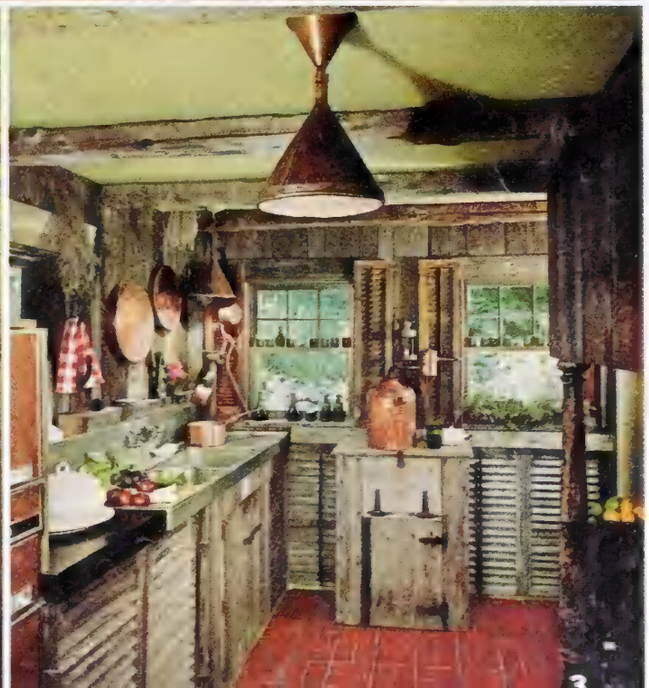
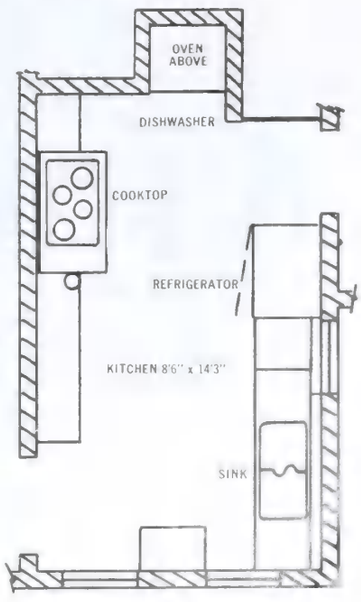


Diagram of Lindley Kitchen



Every year the big city draws thousands of single girls like Susanne Thomson (above). Here are the intimate stories of six such girls—three who have just arrived, and three who learned the hard facts of city life first hand and decided to move on.
BY JOAN PAULSON

HOW AMERICA LIVES

NEW GIRL IN TOWN

WHAT SHE SEEKS & WHAT SHE FINDS





Mada Steinberg successfully conquered Manhattan and its millionaires. Now she's seeking new kicks in Europe. Here, at "Granny Takes a Trip," a London boutique, she stands next to owner John Pearse.





Rayanne Jorgensen (top) left Minneapolis—and a broken marriage—for a new life in New York. "I will *not* be a secretary all my life," she vows.

For Jennifer Thompson (above), Manhattan job-hunting was a series of disappointments. But at last she's found a job . . . as a secretary.

Each year they come—two great waves in June and September and a constant stream all year long. Girls from Biloxi and Winona, Culver City and Youngstown flock to Manhattan, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and Washington, D.C. They get off the planes and buses wearing blouses left from college, too-high heels and too-friendly smiles. They come with much determination and many dreams but not enough money and no steno.

Why do they leave behind their families, their friends, their beaux and the chance of early marriage in suburbia? What happens to them when they come to the city? And why do some stay forever, while many find the reality of city life so incompatible with their dreams that they eventually go away?

These six girls are typical, but very different from each other. The first three are quitting the biggest of the big cities—New York. The last three have just arrived in New York—and mean to stay. Here are their stories:

KAY CARSON

"The longer I stay here, the less I want to change diapers." Kay Carson (that's not her real name) has spent eight years in New York, going through a marriage and one long love affair. Now she's getting out.

When Kay got off the bus from Williamsburg, Va., in 1959, her future seemed to be a certainty—marriage to her college sweetheart, David. He was waiting for her with a one-room apartment already rented and a temporary job as a stockboy. Life would be hard at first, because he wanted a master's degree in architecture. Kay would work at any job that her art degree and mediocre typing could win. But they would have the kind of life they both wanted—surrounded by paintings, books, interesting people, and, of course, a family.

Kay's first job—typing for two women copywriters in an ad agency—was less than successful. "They'd talk on the phone to their husbands all day while I glowered, read Dostoevski and pointed out how little they knew about the real roots of abstract art. Finally one day somebody told me I was very unpopular around the agency, so I went home and cried and never came back."

After that came a job that was a blissful oasis. For three years Kay worked in an art library, moving from clerk typist to supervisor of three other girls. Married life was less successful. Kay and David had moved to an apartment they couldn't afford. She said, "It was my *(continued on page 100)*





All photographs by Francesco Scavullo. Top at Lincoln Center; bottom at Poster Originals Limited.

The Great New Sew-ciety

By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor

Sewing makes sense. It makes for a great fashion sense. It makes dollars-and-cents sense. And it's the likeliest way we know of to establish a truly personal fashion identity. The eight young women shown here and on the next pages came to these conclusions almost by instinct. Bored with being carbon copies of their friends, they took up sewing to expand fashion horizons and arrive at a more individual look. To some it's still a fascinating new adventure; to others a fascinating way of life; for several, it's led to the discovery of untapped creative talent and a future in fashion. For all, a closetful of "originals." And that's why the smartest women these days are sewing circles around their friends.

Anna Tomara

Sewing came naturally to Anna, a Fulbright student from Greece, currently a UN guide. "Nobody really taught me how—I just could. It's so exciting to pick wonderful fabrics, really good linings and to make things fit just right. Best of all is the way you feel wearing one-of-a-kind instead of one of hundreds." Anna's one-of-a-kind coat: a Dior with military dash in Anglo's parade-red wool gabardine. Vogue 1901. Hat, Tally Ho.

Rosie Gannarelli

A fashion career was destined from the day Rosie began to make doll clothes. At ten she mastered her mother's sewing machine; in sixth grade won a Singer sewing contest in Cleveland. "Then we moved to Germany and lived on an army base and I HAD to make my own clothes." Home again, Rosie was selected for Higbee's Teen Fashion Board, now works as a fashion assistant at the store. Her "schoolgirl" dress in Bellaine's wool check with piqué collar, cuffs. Butterick 4762. Greta bag.

Linda Hackett

"I was tired of fashion Fords. So I bought a sewing machine, signed up at the French Fashion Academy in New York and proceeded to make the kind of clothes I know in my head I want to wear, but so seldom find." And that's how Linda became a designer—first for herself, then for Saks Fifth Avenue's Park Avenue Room. "It's not a career," she cautions. "I just do the same sort of things I like to have in my own closet." Linda wears a graceful Ricci dress with its own show of trousers. In TSM's rayon crepe. Vogue 1940.

For free folder of professional sewing tips and the newest sewing aids for couturier details, turn to page 97.





Leslie Uggams

"I've become a fabric nut," exclaims the home-screen girl from Mitch Miller's "Sing-Along" show, who made it to Broadway as star of *Hallelujah, Baby!* "I've always been clothes-conscious. But I couldn't sew a button on until last July. A lot of the kids in our show sew, and I began to think, why can't I try? Then I read an article about people who sew and decided to take a course." Leslie's been making her own clothes ever since. Leslie's flowing Pucci pajamas are of Gourdon's silk streamer print. Vogue 1865. Necklace Mimi di N.

Valerie Gross

At sixteen, Valerie (this page, top right) is an established businesswoman, co-owner with her sister of a unique boutique called Valerie-Ann's in their hometown, Mill Valley, California. And they owe it all to sewing. "There are about 100 girls around the county who sew," Valerie explains. "When a girl finishes something, she brings it in and we try to sell it. We have about twenty best sellers a year—all one-of-a-kind designs from a fabric standpoint." Valerie's been a sewing buff since she learned at 12. "You can make what you want and not see it walking down the street." Her dress and matching coat in Somersville checked wool chinchilla. Vogue 7248.

Alexandra Tufo

Until she took a course a few years ago, Alexandra (top left) couldn't sew a stitch. Now, it's a "strictly-for-the-fun-of-it" pursuit. "I make very few things, love most to find really fabulous fabrics." Alexandra is a fashion assistant on the *Washington Post.* Her side-pleated dress by Galanos in Barnai's bitter-green wool. Vogue 1854. Henri Bendel pin.





Robyn Mary Kauffmann

Bottom left: Although Robyn's never had a sewing lesson, she's a constant student of fine clothes. Whenever she sees a dress she likes, "I'll look to see how it's put together and check out important details." Her softly side-pleated Galanos dress, with stitched belt. Of Or de Laine's wool crepe. Vogue 1888. Monet jewelry.



Joanna Pettit

"I'm a makeshift sewer," says the petite English actress who made her American film debut in *The Group* and can be spied currently as Mata Hari in *Casino Royale.* Joanna bought a sewing machine to indulge her occasional flights of fancy—a muu muu; a new bikini made from an old one she cut apart and used as a pattern, an American Indian dress, "almost a costume." Her two-piece pajamas in Gourdon's flowered silk print. Vogue 7271.



Backviews on page 97.

All hair styles by Pierrot of Femina, makeup by Mark Traynor.

"EILEEN FORD'S BOOK OF MODEL BEAUTY"

"Beauty is an art every woman can learn," says Eileen Ford. She ought to know. As director of her own model agency, she turns ugly ducklings into swans, makes fabulous models of average girls—eight of them, here, tell you some of the ways. Practice their secrets, or get your beauty by the book—Eileen Ford's book. More secrets on page 30.

"If the trick works, I use it."



Angela at 1½



Angela Today

Who would ever think of using eye cream on her lips? Angela Howard Helburn did. She discovered that a slick of this rich emollient under her lipstick solves her dry-lip problem. Does she try to camouflage her mismatched (bottom one fuller) lips? No—by accepting, not altering, their unique shape, she's turned that flaw into flattery.



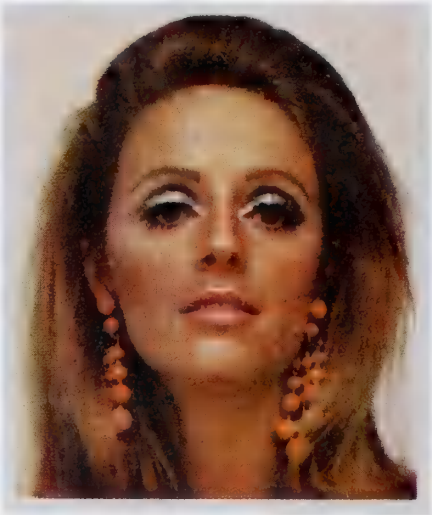
"I'm a faceless wonder without eye makeup."



Sunny at 2½

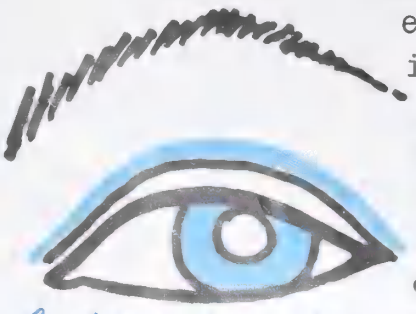


Graduation



Sunny today

Notice the change in Sunny Griffin's "then" and "now" pictures? Of course—the tight curl is gone from her hair. Straightened, it allows her the freedom to choose any hairstyle. A natural blonde, her pale eyebrows are invisible until she brushes them into view with an almost-dry, light-brown mascara wand. She applies false eyelashes top and bottom. The lower lashes require a steady hand and patience—each hair is glued on individually. But, it's worth it. Try it yourself, by painting on or mascara-ing your own bottom lashes, or adding false ones. And you'll discover an extra dividend: the dark band of lashes seems to "drain" under-eye circles and shadows of their color.



A blue band to play up her blue eyes



False eyelashes: top and bottom

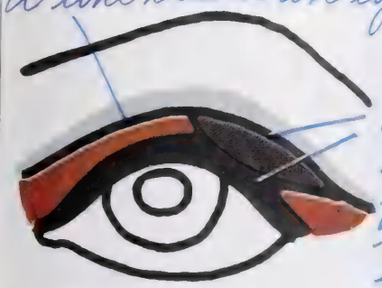


Eyebrows discovered with a wave of a wand

Illustrations by Albert Elia

From Eileen Ford's Book of Model Beauty, by Eileen Ford, to be published by Trident Press.
Copyright © 1968 by Eileen Ford.

I've accepted my Roman nose."



Every day, Italian-born Iris Bianchi plays the role of an artist. "My 'canvas': a clean face." She draws attention to her best feature, deep-set eyes, with a thick stroke of black liquid liner. Then, with a soft brown pencil, she emphasizes her eyelid crease and underlines her bottom lashes. Next, three coats of mascara—always. False lashes—never. "They take away the roundness of deep-set eyes." To make her marvelous eyes seem even larger, she uses a bit of white shadow and underlines her eyebrows—all the better for the open-wide look. Result: a beautiful picture.



Iris at 4½



First assignment



Iris today

"I discovered face-shading as a Vogue model—at 16."

The baby fat's gone, but the roundness lingers on, so Marola Witt follows the pattern learned when she first became a high-fashion model. She creates her own contours with deep tawny blusher brushed on beneath her cheekbones and on each temple. (Deep color "thins" and shadows.) Another dot of blusher helps emphasize the cleft on her chin. Then, she dabs a shiny white highlighter on her chin and cheekbones to bring them up and to give a just-scrubbed look. For additional shine—lip gloss. Marola's warning to all possessing round faces: be sure to blend carefully, so there's no line of demarcation where the highlighter stops and the blusher begins.

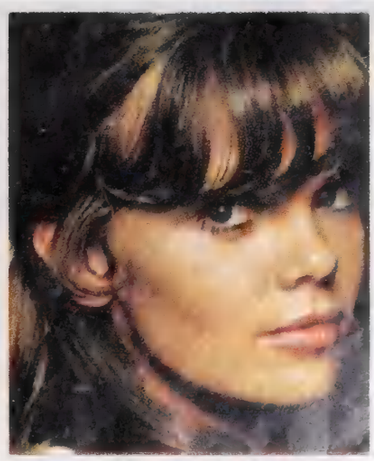




Marola at 2



High School



Marola today

"Sometimes I re-do my eyes three times before I'm satisfied."



Vicki at 3

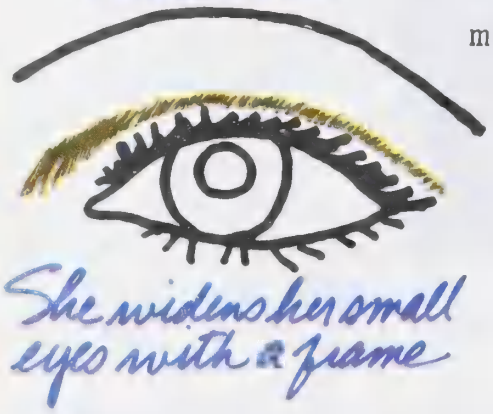


High School



Vicki today

Forty-five minutes—that's how long all-American pretty girl Vicki Hilbert claims she takes to apply her makeup. She won't quit until she's certain everything is just right. Always experimenting, she was one of the first models to paint on those little bottom lashes. Because her eyes are small slits, she likes to effect a more arched eye socket. So she traces the eyelid crease almost to the bridge of the nose. And does the same with her lid line. Then she brushes on brown brow makeup between, and smudges it with a fingertip to a soft shadow.



She widens her small eyes with a frame

"To find your own special look takes practice."

A glorious mane of sun-streaked hair haloes the chiseled face of Swedish beauty Agneta Darin. She keeps her great outdoors look year round with a sun-bronze base. (If summer supplies your best look, keep it year round, with makeup.) An even deeper shade of makeup, or blusher, blended under her cheekbone, out to her jawline, adds angles where she needs them most. She loves the rosy glow she comes by naturally, but also helps it along with a shiny highlighter high on her cheekbones. The final touch: a subtle line of brown brush-on brow powder under her eyes, to open them wide.



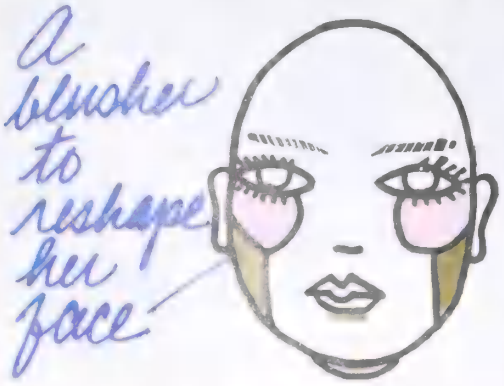
Agneta at 2



High School



Agneta today

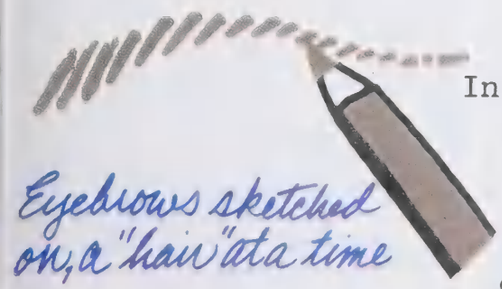


A blusher to reshape her face



She accents her eyes with underliner

"You must change with the times."



Eyebrows sketched on, a "hair" at a time

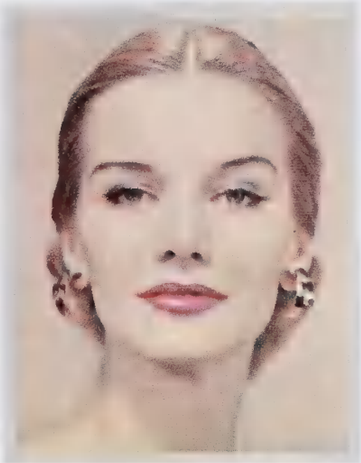
In the 'Fifties, you couldn't leaf through a magazine without seeing Sunny Harnett. She was the "blonde's blonde" that women everywhere copied. Dark lipstick, black penciled eyebrows were the look of the day; but that severe look won't do for 1968. So Sunny changed her style to suit the times. She uses softer, more natural makeup, subtle facial shading. And, she allowed her brows to be their natural shape again. She reminds brunettes-turned-blonde to lighten their brows at the same time, then add shape with a light brown brow pencil.



She lightens her eyebrows to go all the way blonde



Sunny at 12

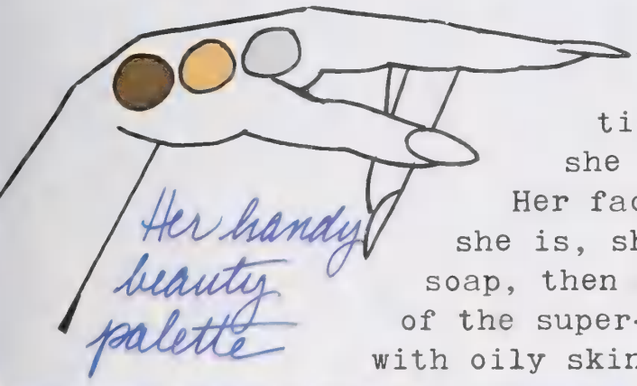


As a top model



Sunny today

"I'd be lost without paper towels."



Her handy beauty palette

Sara Thom has graced many a cosmetic illustration. With her milky-white complexion her fortune, she makes a special effort to insure its freshness. Her face-saving secrets: three times a day, wherever she is, she washes her face with hypo-allergenic liquid soap, then gently pats (no rub-a-dub) her face dry with one of the super-absorbent paper towels. (A good tip for you with oily skin—carry the soap in its own plastic bottle, wash and dry anywhere.) Sara uses a liquid base, then white, dark and light cream bases for shading. She blends them on the back of her hand until they're the right custom-color for her, and dabs the base on with a fingertip.



Sara at 13 months



Sixteen



Sara today


THE
ADJUSTABLE
DIET

New Year's resolution time again! Once and for all you *must* take off that extra weight! Whether you're slightly plump or disastrously overweight, there's an exciting new book you should know about that makes dieting a delectable project—*The Adjustable Diet Cookbook* by Suzy Chapin ($5.95, Funk & Wagnalls). The book contains 24 weeks of menus and recipes, 6 weeks for each season of the year. Each day's basic diet provides for a rock-bottom 600 calories a day. If your doctor says you can loose on 1,200, the serving is doubled; for men who can lose on 1,800 calories, triple it! As a sample of the diet's delights, would you believe that the glamorous dinner below—Broiled Live Lobster, Broiled Tomato, Asparagus, Mixed Green Salad, Orange Zabaglione and coffee—adds up to only 225 calories? For guests or non-dieters, just increase the size of the portions. For a sample of a full week's diet—21 delicious meals—please turn to page 82.

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COOKBOOK

What are you doing on New Year's Eve? Go Scottish with a Hogmanay! This year, instead of planning just a midnight celebration, why not a buffet supper at eight? Go back in time and far away across the ocean for your recipes . . to Scotland's most famous and convivial holiday—the celebration of Hogmanay on New Year's Eve.

No one knows for sure where the word Hogmanay came from. Was it the old French New Year cry of "*Au gui menez!*" ("Lead us to the mistletoe!"), the Scottish corruption of the Latin "*Hoc in anno*" ("in this year") or the Northumberland word for December, "*Hagmana*"? In any case, Hogmanay has ushered in more than a thousand Scottish

Deviled Beef Bones steal the spotlight in our Hogmanay New Year's feast, surrounded with tiny whole carrots and onions.



New Years, and many of the traditions began in Celtic fertility rites.

On New Year's Eve in many Scottish towns, the people rally in the streets until the church bells begin to toll midnight. With the last strains of "Auld Lang Syne," everyone sets off to visit his friends' homes in the ceremony of "first footing." The first person to walk through the open door must, for luck, be a dark-haired man. He carries a "handsel"—usually a bottle of whisky. With "A gude New Year to ane and a'!" he pours a glass for his host, and the other guests troop in. Then feasting begins, with merrymaking all through the night. Recipes for our Hogmanay feast begin on page 85. By POPPY CANNON, Food Editor



Happy New Year Buffet



"Partan Bree" (below) begins the Hogmanay meal—a simple but delicious crab chowder.









Our Kettle Haggis (center left), surrounded by zucchini (call it marrow) and cauliflower . . . cooked in a skillet instead of the traditional sheep's stomach.

Traditional Hogmanay sweets (bottom left)—buttery shortbread; Black Bun filled with rich plum pudding; Edinburgh Parlies (ginger cookies) and Cranachan—whipped cream and toasted oats. China, glass by Rosenthal.

Beef, kidney, mushroom and oyster casserole (center right) to warm the cockles of the heart on any cold winter's night.

Apple Flory, forebear of our apple pie, includes dried mixed fruits, bread crumbs, raisins and other goodies.

Photographs by Arthur Beck.

All serving dishes by Spode, except as noted.

Good insurance for days when dinner must be sudden, special and delicious is a good stock of sausages—fresh, canned, packaged or frozen. A dazzling variety now come partially cooked, vacuum-packed in plastic bags, ready to brown and serve, all from the refrigerated section at your supermarket. Try our exciting ways with knackwurst, Italian sweet sausage, canned Vienna sausages—many adapted from foreign dishes. *Shopping information, page 108; recipes, page 81.*

Work Wonder With Sausage

Exotic SAUSAGE PILAF: mushrooms, eggplant, lemon, brown-and-serve sausages, yogurt alongside.

SOUTH AMERICAN STEW combines hot-sweet sausages, red beans, peanuts and bananas!

SAUSAGE AND OYSTER CROUSTADES: Filling is canned oysters and cocktail sausages.

Photograph by Lynn St.

ankee Pot Roast



4. 1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
5. 3 to 4 pound boneless beef pot roast
6. 1 cup chopped onion
7. 1 large clove garlic, minced

large heavy pan, own meat (use ortening if necessary). ur off fat. Add soup, onion, d garlic. Cover; cook over v heat about 3 hours or until nder. Stir now and then. Skim off . Thicken gravy if desired. o 8 servings.

rve with whipped potatoes and mixed getables. For dessert, fancy cherry pie.

t hundreds of exciting menu ideas and recipes these 2 cookbooks! Campbell's "Cooking With up" and "Easy Ways to Delicious Meals." For ch book send 60¢ with your name and address to: o cookbooks, Box 575, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. dicate cookbook desired.) Offer may be withdrawn any time. Void if prohibited or restricted by law.

To make Yankee Pot Roast you need 7 ingredients.

4 of them are in here.



M'm! M'm! Good!



Fill the kitchen with the cozy aroma of home-baked cinnamon bread—so much easier than in Grandmother's day, thanks to our quick-rise method. (See recipe on page 84.)

Photograph by Bernard Gray

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1 Fire woos the good-luck gods in Sweden with flaming *glögg*. Heat 1 quart red wine, ½ cup each raisins and shelled almonds, 6 whole cardamom seeds, 6 cloves, a cinnamon stick and the peel of 1 orange. On wire rack, set over kettle, pile 1 cup sugar cubes. Slightly warm ½ cup vodka. Light. Pour over sugar. Flare, then stir. Serves 6.

2 For the Feast of St. Macarius . . . sugarplums. Dip prunes or dates in unbeaten egg white. Roll in pink or orange gelatin dessert mix.

3 Famed restaurateur Romeo Salta freezes his manicotti . . . little muffs of spinach-tinted pasta filled with sherry-blessed creamy cheeses. A separate boil-in-the-bag tomato sauce.

4 Honor Sir Isaac Newton and the apple that fell on his head.

5 New among mixes—Orange Chiffon Cake. To save calories, sprinkle with sugar instead of frosting.

6 For Epiphany, improvise a Twelfth Night Cake. Hide lucky beans and other small treasures inside brioche (packaged). Make a ring held together with white frosting. Decorate with candied fruits and colored sprinkles.

7 Eggplant Pizza for Sunday Supper. Make a pizza shell from 1 recipe of packaged biscuit mix pressed thin. Cover with 4 oz. shredded Mozzarella cheese, spread on 1 (1-lb., 12-oz.) can Italian tomatoes, drained. Scatter 1 eggplant, peeled and chopped finely, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, salt, pepper. Bake in 450° oven 10 minutes.

8 Plow Monday. Back to the plow . . . and the battle of the bulge. Try some of new flavors in diet drink. Like Dutch Chocolate, Banana or Butterscotch.

9 Neither salt, juice nor powder takes the place of fresh crushed garlic. But best substitute to date is a new freeze-dried minced garlic.

10 Husbands on late trains and children with early bedtimes inspired *The Split Level Cookbook*. All meals are designed to serve in two sittings, first to children and later reheated, with pleasure, for adults.

11 Slim Blonde on the rocks. It's a milk highball made with new low-proof whiskey and the latest fine-tasting skim milk.

12 At 97, Emma Jones Richards digs cans and mixes. She makes a momentous Cranberry Fill-me-up. Heat to a bubble 2 cans whole-berry cranberry sauce in a deep skillet or Dutch oven. Spoon on white cake batter (14-oz. pkg. mix). Cover closely, cook 20 to 25 minutes on top of stove.

13 For the Laziest Lemon Sauce, add ½ cup light cream, ¼ tsp. almond extract to 1 cup canned lemon pudding.

14 New bacon with an old-fashioned smoky flavor. Marvelous crisscrossed over poached eggs on English muffins. Quick Mornay Sauce on top: heat together ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese and ¼ tsp. hot-pepper sauce, 1 cup white sauce made from a mix.

15 St. Paul the Hermit loved wheat loaves. We've taken to freezing all sorts of meat, cheese, chicken and deviled-ham sandwiches.

16 A parsnip is a happy root for cold and frosty winter eating. Scrape peel. Leave whole or cut in sticks or dice. Cook till they stop resisting the fork.

17 In Austria this is the day of Pork Tony, patron of domestic animals. Fine day for trying some of the new sliced sausages in 3-oz. plastic packets. They include salami, bologna, pepperoni, Thuringer and cervelat (like salami but without garlic).

18 Daniel Webster gave his name to a claret punch and a fish chowder, which we improvise by adding a 1-lb. pkg. frozen haddock or cod cut in strips, to 1 can condensed frozen fish chowder and 1 cup milk. Cook 10 minutes or until fish flakes easily. Serve with hard oyster crackers.

19 Kidlets born on the cusp of Capricorn—like Cézanne—have artistic leanings. They would love decorator icings and "gels" in tubes. Marvelous embellishment for cakes (cup or otherwise), cookies, puddings, ice cream even pies.

20 "St. Agnes' Eve. Ah, bitter chill it was." Auspicious night for maidens to discover and lure a mate with a touch of thyme in oyster stew, a sprinkle of rosemary on broiled duckling.

21 On a wintry Sunday, men and shrimps imbibe martinis: 2 pounds large fresh shrimp in shells are split crosswise, dunked for an hour in 1 cup bottled (unspirited) martini mix, ¼ cup salad oil, 3 cloves garlic, crushed, salt, pepper, oregano *ad lib.* Drain. Dot with butter or margarine. Dust with paprika. Broil.

22 Chip, chip, hooray, for ice that pops out as chips in a special tray.

23 From the world's smartest henroost, La Poulailler at Lincoln Center—a coffee mousse that we've adapted for the blender. Takes 70 seconds. In blender put ¼ cup cold water, 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin, 1 Tb. each rum and instant coffee powder, ½ tsp. vanilla. Add ¾ cup hot water. Whir 40 seconds. Add ½ cup sugar. Cover and blend 10 seconds more. With motor running, add 3 egg yolks, 1 heaping cup chipped ice, 1 cup heavy cream. Blend 40 seconds.

24 Salt-rimmed glasses are the rule for Tequila Cocktails. Fruit cups take on theater in sugar-rimmed sherbet glasses. Just dip rims into half an inch of fruit juice, then into salt or sugar.

25 A partan bree and bannocks for Bobby Burns's Birthday.

26 From Pétionville in Haiti, Juliette Elkins sends this crusty dream of a grits ring: Make a ring of quick-cooking grits in a 6-cup mold. Brush with slightly beaten egg, sprinkle with ½ cup each crumbled corn flakes and grated Cheddar cheese. Bake at 475° about 8 minutes. Fill center with marinara sauce. Garnish with whole mushrooms and watercress.

27 Beautiful Soup, what else, for Lewis Carroll's birthday? Could be green turtle or mock turtle—or black bean soup laced with sherry.

28 Burgeoning here, there, everywhere are yeast breads made in swift new ways. Our latest, on page 84, takes ⅓ the usual time.

29 Chefs call it The Richest and The Poorest—a fine steak accompaniment . . . big fluffy baked potatoes served with sour cream and caviar.

30 To serve with egg rolls on this Chinese New Year's, make your own plum sauce. Heat together, 1 cup plum jam, ¼ cup red wine vinegar, ¾ tsp. each dry mustard and soy sauce, ¼ tsp. allspice.

31 Australia honors the queen of ballet with Pavlova Cake. Beat 4 egg whites with a pinch of salt till frothy, adding bit by bit 1 cup superfine sugar, 1 Tb. sifted cornstarch, ½ tsp. vinegar. Bake in 250° oven in pie pan buttered, then heavily dusted with sugar and cornstarch, about an hour or until golden. Top with sweetened fruits and whipped cream.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO OUR WALDORF

It turned into a molded salad with the uncopyable flavor of Miracle Whip!

ur Waldorf salad does a new trick. Now it's a jellied party old with the sunny tang of oranges. And—the delicate, asing taste of Miracle Whip. That one-and-only flavor rom a bouquet of fresh-ground spices) makes such a lot f difference!

Jellied Orange Waldorf

pkg. (3 oz.) lemon gelatin
c. boiling water
c. cold water
c. Miracle Whip
c. diced apples
½ c. orange sections
½ c. sliced celery
¼ c. coarsely chopped walnuts
1 tsp. grated orange rind

issolve lemon gelatin in boiling water; stir in cold water. radually add gelatin to Miracle Whip, mixing until well lended. Chill until slightly thickened; fold in apples, ranges, celery, nuts and orange rind. Pour into 1-quart old; chill until firm; unmold. Surround with curly endive desired. 6 servings.





Want the taste, but haven't the time? You can do this version while the 'burgers are broiling...

Orange Waldorf Salad

2 c. diced apples
1 c. orange sections
1 c. sliced celery
½ c. coarsely chopped walnuts
2 tsp. grated orange rind
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

Combine apples, oranges, celery, nuts, orange rind and enough Miracle Whip to cream and moisten; toss lightly. 6 servings.

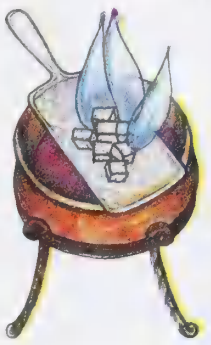
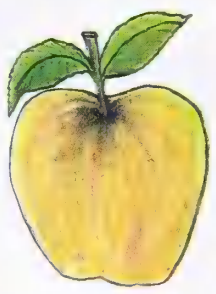
SEE KRAFT MUSIC HALL, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, NBC-TV KRAFT

JANUARY

Solve your menu-planning problems with this whole month of meals—all quickly made with convenience products, seasonal foods, recipes from this issue. Dishes marked with an asterisk are listed in the Recipe Index on page 108. The daggers point to foods new on the national scene. Their brand names and makers are listed in Shopping Center, page 108.

MEAL-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
 GLÖGG	**1.** NEW YEAR'S DAY Shellfish Cocktails in Scallop Shells Melba Toast Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes (frozen) Canned Baby Beets with Pickled Onions (heated) Tray of Cheeses *Glögg	**2.** REMEMBER ST. MACARIUS Broiled Chicken Rice Milanese (packaged) Glazed Carrots (frozen) Cucumber and Watercress Salad *Sugarplums Pineapple Sherbet	**3.** BOW TO ROMEO SALTA Canned Pimentos with Anchovies and Capers †Manicotti (frozen) Big Fruit Salad Minted French Dressing Apricot Nut Muffins	**4.** APPLES FOR SIR ISAAC Cream of Celery Soup (canned) Baked Ham (canned) Dilled Potatoes Sweet and Sour Red Cabbage (jar) Chilled Golden Delicious Apples Sharp Cheddar Cheese	**5.** LOW CALORIE BLISS *Lasagna Waldorf Salad Diet Mayonnaise †Orange Chiffon Cake	**6.** TWELFTH NIGHT SUPPER *Roast Tenderloin of Pork Broccoli Baked Sweet Potatoes Mustard Pickles Kadota Figs (canned) *Twelfth Night Cake
7. WILD SUNDAY SUPPER Split Pea Soup (canned) *Eggplant Pizza Hot Club Rolls (brown 'n' serve) Cherry Turnovers (frozen)	**8.** PLOW MONDAY LUNCH Raw Vegetable Platter Seasoned Salt and Pepper †Butterscotch or Banana or Dutch Chocolate Diet Drink (canned) *Spiced Fruit	**9.** GOURMET WITH GARLIC Stuffed Celery Pickle Fans Double Lamb Chops †Garlic Butter Potato Puffs (frozen) Leaf Spinach (frozen) Pineapple Pie Filling (canned) in Tart Shells (packaged or bakery)	**10.** SPLIT-LEVEL MENU Veal Scallops with Mushrooms Brown Rice Brussels Sprouts Salad of Canned Sliced Tomatoes *Edinburgh Gingerbread Applesauce	**11.** SLIM BLONDE ON THE ROCKS *Cheese Soufflé Turkey Salad Julienne Low-Calorie Russian Dressing Protein Bread *Lemon Sherbet (dietetic)	**12.** FEATURING FILL-ME-UP Fish and Chips (frozen) Tartar Sauce (jar or packet) Red Onion Ring on Spinach Leaves Salad *Cranberry Fill-me-up	**13.** FOR LAZY HEARTY FOLKS Vegetable Juice Highball *Deviled Beef Bones †Country-Style Mashed Potatoes Coleslaw with Grated Carrots Apple Dumplings (frozen) *†Laziest Lemon Sauce
14. GLORIFY BACON AND EGGS Grapefruit Halves *†Bacon and Eggs Mornay †Rye and White Dinner Muffins Assorted Preserves: Gooseberry, Apricot, Damson Plum Mugs of Coffee	**15.** FEAST ON FROZEN SANDWICHES Minestrone (canned) Pastrami Sandwiches on Whole Wheat Bread Raw Vegetable Salad *Mocha Pot de Crème	**16.** STARRING PARSNIPS Salisbury Steaks (frozen) *Buttered Parsnips Mustard Greens (frozen) *Scots Currant Buns Whole Candied Apricots	**17.** FOR PORK TONY'S DAY †Salami with Fresh Pears Hickory-Smoked Pork Chops Golden Squash with Cinnamon (frozen) Italian Green Beans Endive and Shredded Beet Salad Frozen Ice Cream Roll	**18.** DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER *Curried Deviled Eggs *Daniel Webster Chowder Heated Pilot Biscuits Black Cherries in Black Cherry Gelatin Creamy Cottage Cheese *Scottish Shortbread	**19.** ARTIST IN THE KITCHEN *Panamanian Stoup Crusty Heated Italian Bread Watercress and Radish Salad Chocolate Ice Cream topped with Powdered Instant Coffee †Decorated Cookies	**20.** TO LURE A MAN Oyster Stew (frozen) Broiled Quartered Duckling with Olives Candied Sweets Diced White Turnips Sliced Oranges and Onions on Chicory Apple Pie à la Mode
21. SHRIMP GETS MARTINIS Mugs of Tomato Bisque (canned) *†Shrimp Sizzled in Martinis Parsley-Buttered Bowknot Pasta Asparagus Lemon Meringue Pie	**22.** FOR A MEAL OF DISTINCTION Assorted Pickles and Relishes *Corn and Knackwurst Fritters Broiled Tomato Halves Parslied Artichoke Hearts (frozen) Canned Litchi Fruits on Chipped Ice Almond Cookies	**23.** STARRING 70-SECOND MOUSSE Honeydew Melon with Sliced Prosciutto Rosy Potatoes in Their Jackets *Filet of Sole Veronique Whole Blue Lake Green Beans (canned) *Coffee Mousse Pirouettes Cookies (packaged)	**24.** SWIFT ELEGANCE Fresh Fruit Cocktail in Sugar-Rimmed Glass *Toad in the Hole Scalloped Tomatoes Mexican Corn Kernels (canned) *Scottish Oatcakes Cream Cheese Peach Preserves	**25.** BOBBY BURNS'S BIRTHDAY Radishes and Black Olives *Partan Bree *Haggis with Zucchini and Cauliflower *Buttermilk Bannocks Bowl of Tangerines	**26.** GRITS GO FANCY Persian Melon with Lime Wedges *Ring of Grits Juliette Marinara Sauce (canned) Romaine Salad Caesar Dressing (bottled) *Orange Zabaglione	**27.** BEGIN WITH BEAUTIFUL SOUP *Mock Turtle Soup (Black Bean) *Chicken Livers Victor Hugo *Eggplant Provençale Lime Sherbet Brownies
28. HOT BREADS FOR BRUNCH Sliced Oranges Scrambled Eggs Ham Steaks *Can-Do Breads Plain and Cinnamon Toast Crabapple Jelly	**29.** CAVIAR IN POTATOES *The Richest and the Poorest Broiled Sirloin Steak Huge Bowl of Mixed Greens Roquefort Dressing Nesselrode Pie (mix)	**30.** CHINESE NEW YEAR †Egg Rolls *Plum Sauce Pork Chop Suey (canned) Fried Rice (canned) Preserved Kumquats Fortune Cookies Chinese Tea	**31.** AUSTRALIAN THOUGHTS Avocado Halves Spicy French Dressing Broiled Australian Lobster Tails Julienne Potato Sticks Scones (mix) Coleslaw *Pavlova Cake	 GOLDEN DELICIOUS	 PARSNIP	 POTATOES

Illustrations by Albert Elia

SAUSAGES

continued from page 76

SAUSAGE AND OYSTER CROUSTADES

These savory little pies from Normandy are much easier to make than you'd think, thanks to frozen puff pastry shells, canned Vienna sausages, canned oysters and mushroom gravy mix.

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen puff pastry shells, thawed
Filling:
2 (4½-oz.) cans Vienna sausages, drained
1 (6½-oz.) can whole oysters
¼ cup dry sherry
2 (1-oz.) pkgs. mushroom gravy mix
¼ cup chopped parsley
2 Tb. chopped pimientos
½ tsp. mace

Roll out individually each puff pastry shell from 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen puff pastry, thawed, to measure 4 inches in diameter. Use to line 12 (5-oz.) individual custard cups. Crimp edges if desired. Prick sides and base with a fork. Line each pastry shell with waxed paper and fill with dried rice, beans or lentils to hold its shape while cooking. Bake at 425° for 15 minutes; remove paper and rice or beans. Return pastry to oven and bake 10 minutes till golden brown and crisp. Remove baked pastry croustades from custard cups and set on wire rack to cool.

Make filling by cutting 2 (4½-oz.) cans Vienna sausages, drained, crosswise into circles about ¼ inch thick. Drain 1 (6½-oz.) can whole oysters, reserving liquid. Cut oysters coarsely and set aside together with the cut sausages. Measure reserved oyster liquid, adding ¼ cup sherry and sufficient water to make 2 cups altogether.

Combine 2 (1-oz.) pkgs. mushroom gravy mix with the 2 cups liquid. Bring to a boil in a medium saucepan, stirring constantly. Add sausage slices and coarsely chopped oysters. Heat uncovered, for 3 minutes. Stir in ¼ cup chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped pimientos and ½ teaspoon mace. Spoon into the 12 cooked pastry shells. Serves 12 as a hot appetizer or 6 (2 each) for luncheon.

SAUSAGE PILAF

An exotic, party-special dish with the taste of the Near East—eggplant, rice, brown-and-serve sausages, and yogurt served alongside.

½ cup oil
2 cups julienne strips unpeeled eggplant (1 small eggplant)
2 cups sliced mushrooms (½ lb.)
1 cup regular rice
2 cups water
2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
2 (½-lb.) pkgs. brown-and-serve sausages
1 lemon, thinly sliced
1 cup yogurt, chilled

In a 3-quart heat-proof casserole, heat ½ cup oil. Sauté the 2 cups julienne strips of unpeeled eggplant and 2 cups sliced mushrooms until golden, about 5 minutes. Stir in 1 cup regular rice, 2 cups water, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cover, reduce heat and cook 15 minutes or until rice is tender. Meanwhile, cook 2 (½-lb.) pkgs. brown-and-serve sausages according to package directions. Stir halved lemon slices into prepared rice. Mound on serving platter. Serve with 1 cup chilled yogurt alongside to be added as a topping if desired. Makes 6 servings.

SOUTH AMERICAN STEW

A cross between a thin stew and a hearty soup. The combination of hot-sweet sausages, kidney beans, bananas and peanuts may sound strange . . . until you taste it.

2 lbs. Italian hot sausage links
½ cup chopped onion
2 Tb. olive oil
1½ cups water
2 (15-oz.) cans red kidney beans, not drained
¼ cup fresh lime juice
1 tsp. ground coriander
¼ tsp. ground black pepper
2 bananas, green-tipped, cut into ¼-inch slices
¾ cup coarsely chopped salted peanuts

Sauté 2 lbs. Italian hot sausage links and ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons olive oil until sausages are lightly browned. Add 1½ cups water, bring to a boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer for ½ hour. Stir in 2 (15-oz.) cans red kidney beans with liquid, ¼ cup fresh lime juice, 1 teaspoon ground coriander, ¼ teaspoon ground black pepper. Cover and simmer 20 minutes longer. Stir in 2 green-tipped bananas, cut in ¼-inch slices and cook 10 more minutes.

Sprinkle each serving with 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped salted peanuts. Serves 6 generously.

TOAD IN THE HOLE

A traditional British dish—the "toads" are tiny cocktail frankfurters peeping out of a batter that tastes like Yorkshire Pudding. Be sure to preheat the oven, or the batter will not rise. No peeking for the first 30 minutes!

2 Tb. salad oil
2 (8-oz.) pkgs. cocktail frankfurters
3 eggs
1½ cups milk
1½ cups sifted flour
1 tsp. salt
2 Tb. chopped parsley
2 Tb. chopped chives

Preheat oven to 425°. Pour 2 tablespoons oil into a 10x16x2-inch baking pan or casserole, tilting to coat it all over with the oil. Prick 2 (8-oz.) pkgs. cocktail frankfurters with a fork. Scatter over bottom of casserole.

Combine 3 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 1½ cups flour and 1 teaspoon salt in a bowl. Beat till smooth. A rotary beater is best. Stir in 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 2 tablespoons chopped chives. Pour over frankfurters and bake at 425° 30 to 40 minutes or until golden brown and well puffed. *Serve at once!* Serves 6.

SAUSAGE COOKING TIP: Always heat sausages in slow-simmering water. Never boil; they will split. Canned sausages should be heated in their own liquid for additional flavor.

SAUSAGE AND APPLE STUFFING

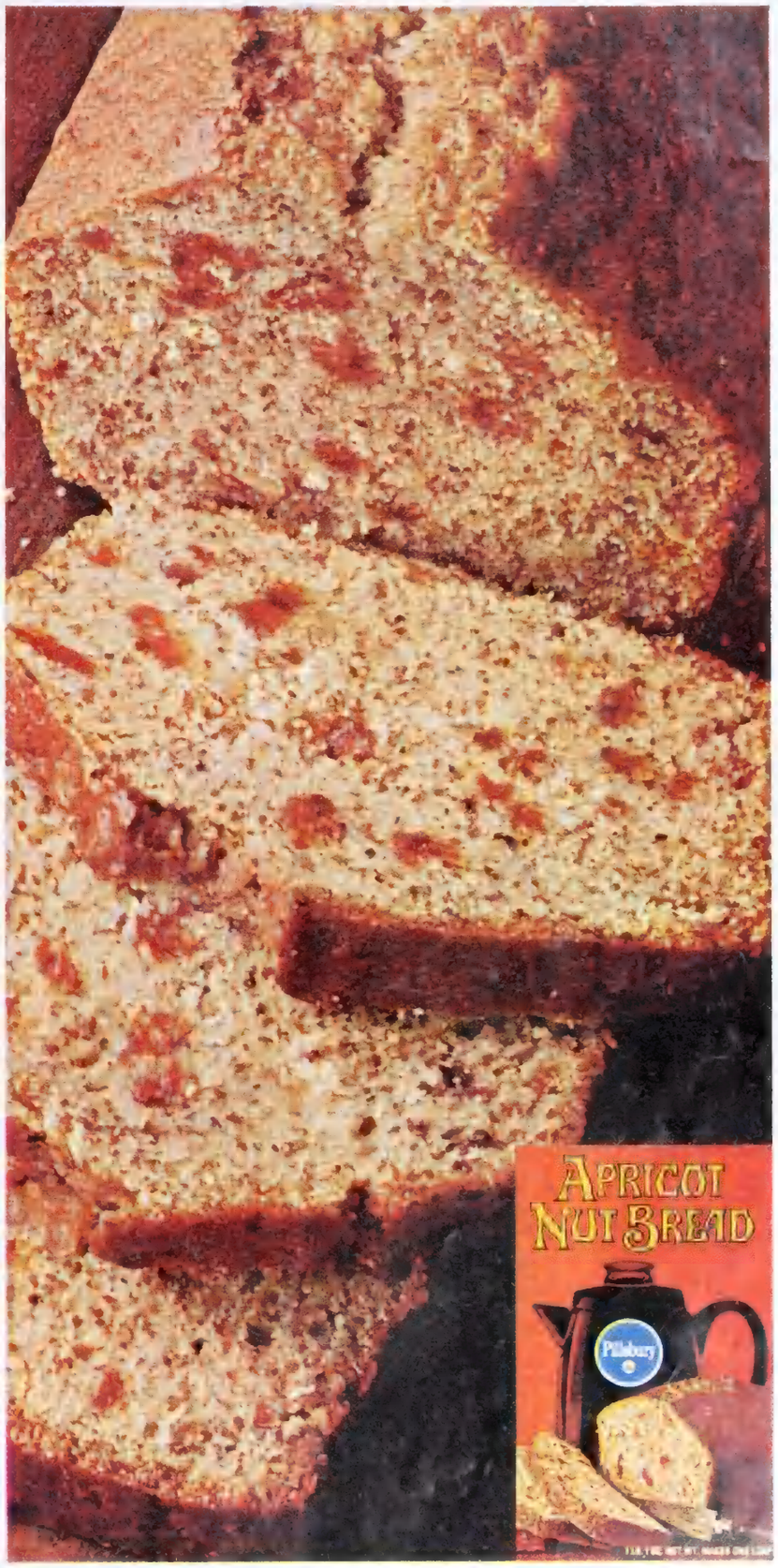
Pork and apples have always been soulmates—nowhere more deliciously than in this old-fashioned stuffing for turkey, chicken or Cornish game hen.

1 lb. pork sausage meat
1 cup sliced celery
1 cup chopped onion
8 cups ¼-inch bread cubes (24–30 slices)
2 cups peeled diced apple
½ cup chopped parsley
1 tsp. powdered sage
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Cook 1 lb. pork sausage in a skillet, breaking it up as it cooks, until all the pink color is gone. Pour off almost all the accumulated fat and discard it. To the sausage in the skillet, add 1 cup sliced celery and 1 cup chopped onion, and cook, stirring frequently until onions are golden. Meanwhile, in a large bowl, combine 8 cups ¼-inch bread cubes, 2 cups peeled diced apple, ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon powdered sage, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Add cooked sausage mixture and toss together thoroughly. Makes about 10 cups, sufficient for (a) 1 (10-lb.) turkey, (b) 2 (6-lb.) chickens or capons, (c) 10 (1-lb.) Cornish game hens.

INSTANT CANAPÉS: Slit canned tiny frankfurters almost in half lengthwise. Insert a small strip of American cheese or wrap the whole sausage in bacon. Broil 3 to 5 minutes. **END**

Are you an Apricot Nut?



If you like apricots, slice into this. Pillsbury's Apricot Nut Bread. Makes up easy, bakes up easy (you don't even need a mixer). Tastes so homemade good! Look for Apricot Nut Bread—and all the other Pillsbury quick breads, bars, and coffee cake mixes—in the *Coffeetime Mix Section* of your store.

ADJUSTABLE DIET COOKBOOK

continued from page 73

THE ADJUSTABLE DIET AND YOU

(From the introduction to *The Adjustable Diet Cookbook*)

It takes months, usually years, to assemble enough excess weight to be classified as a weight problem. Having spent all this time slowly gaining weight, you must realize that it may take you just as long to lose it. Most quickie diets have serious flaws, and if you do manage to stay on one for several months, you will undoubtedly find yourself back at the doctor's office with added ills for your trouble. A proper diet, aside from being low in calories, must be *nutritionally sound.* It must also be *attractive* enough to keep you from being bored with it!

WHY AND HOW THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN

About a year ago, I had to go on a rescue mission to Florida. My mother was being held in the hospital until I could get there to free her. The doctors would not let her go home alone, and she was in about as poor shape as she could get and still be breathing. The upshot of the whole thing was that she had to go on a diet and lose weight—a lot of weight.

The only definite thing was the amount of calories a day: 600. This was a shocker. Mother and I have always been "food nuts." We love to cook and eat, and for at least 25 years we have both been on and off all sorts of diets; name one, we've tried them *all.* Six hundred calories was the greatest challenge we have ever had, but I am happy to tell you that my little old lady (and now she really *is* little) and I have finally slain this dragon.

This diet plan worked so well that we want to share it. The basic plan is for 600 calories a day (the bare minimum—suggested only for small people who are very sedentary). But *do not diet without consulting your doctor.* If you and he decide you can lose on 1,200 calories a day, simply double the amounts of foods as given. If you can lose on 1,800 calories (most men can), multiply by three. If you are cooking for your nondieting husband, just follow the recipes as given and let him eat all he wants, while you measure and weigh your 600 calories. The food is delicious, and he won't suspect it is diet food.

My book is divided into four sections, six weeks of daily menus for each season of the year. If you stay on this diet for six months, you will not only have lost weight; you will have changed your way of cooking and eating. You will feel better, you will look younger, and you will really enjoy living.

EASING INTO THE DIET

The first week or two of the diet, it is usually easier to stay home and not get too involved with other people. You will probably be feeling a little light-headed and not quite yourself while your stomach adjusts to the smaller amounts of food you will be eating. This is normal; it will go away after a couple of weeks. Also, in a couple of weeks, when you will have lost some weight, you will be fired with determination to continue, and your will power, your most important dieting ally, will be strengthened.

When you are dieting, whether you are on 600, or 1,200 or 1,800 calories a day, you *must* take a multiple-vitamin tablet that contains minerals every day. Also, check with your doctor about using an artificial sweetener. If he says all right, go ahead; but also step up your intake of Vitamin C. That is why whenever I say lemon, even in tea, don't skip it.

There is one thing: on 600 calories a day you cannot drink. But you can show up at the cocktail hour if you bring your own bottle of low-calorie soft drink.

ADVICE, INSTRUCTIONS, CAUTIONS AND COMFORTS

In the beginning, which is the most difficult time because you will probably be hungry, put something, a low-calorie something, into your stomach every two hours or so, like diet cola, a cup of tea, a cup of bouillon, a cup of clam juice, some chicken broth (fat-free, of course), a cup of cold consommé.

Tip for older dieters: take a short walk after dinner. *Do not* lie in bed: it would hinder digestion.

Before you go to bed, drink a glass of warm skim milk. Even if its few calories put your daily count over 600, you can wink an eye at this because milk is so essential to your well-being.

It is vitally important that you see your doctor regularly and that he should be aware of what you are doing. When the great day comes that he agrees you may have more calories, merely adjust your portions. If he says 800 calories, we suggest that you add to the meat portion.

SPECIAL ADVICE TO THE COOK

The special equipment that you will need for the diet includes a Teflon frying pan (so that you can brown meat without using one speck of fat) and a posta scales—the kind used for weighing let ters. Use it for weighing the allowe portions of meat (after cooking).

Presentation is half the battle. Us small plates—a salad plate or one o your grandmother's pretty tea plates. A spray of watercress, a dusting of finel minced parsley or a sprinkle of paprik adds no calories but does furnish a to of eye appeal.

Ed. Note: The week of menus and recipe below is adapted from the winter section o *The Adjustable Diet Cookbook.* An asterisk i the menu means that recipe follows.

FIRST DAY

TOTAL CALORIES FOR THE DAY: 608, INCLUDING 68 OF SNACKS

92 Breakfast
20 ½ cup cocktail vegetable juice
50 ½ cup hot wheat cereal
22 2 oz. skim milk
Black coffee

Midmorning
1 low-calorie drink

223 Lunch
100 1 slice calf's liver (1½ oz.)* with
30 ½ slice bacon and sliced onion
50 Grapefruit (½ small) on watercress
Tea with lemon
43 Diet pears (½ cup)

1 Midafternoon drink

225 Dinner
100 Broiled live lobster (½ small)
25 Broiled tomato
20 Asparagus 8 stalks
20 Mixed green salad
60 Orange zabaglione*
Black coffee
66 6 oz. warm skim milk at bedtime

CALF'S LIVER: Fry the bacon in the Teflon pan. Pour off the grease. Then let the bacon drain on a paper towel. Sauté the onion in the pan and then cook the liver—very quickly so the liver won't be tough. Makes all the differ ence to the flavor.

Look at all the easy desserts you can make with Kraft Miniature Marshmallows!

They're Jet-Puffed so they stay soft and blend smoothly into any recipe.



See *Kraft Music Hall,* Wednesday Nights, NBC-TV

STRAWBERRY MALLOW RUSSE

Truly elegant. A delicious combination of flavors.

1 cup chocolate wafer crumbs
¼ cup Parkay Margarine, melted
Chocolate wafers, cut in half
* * *
1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling wat
1 10-oz. pkg. froz strawberries
1 cup heavy crea whipped
2 cups Kraft Min Marshmallow

Combine crumbs and margarine. Press on bottom spring pan. Line sides of pan with wafer halves. Dissol berry gelatin in water. Add frozen strawberries; stir u separates and mixture thickens. Fold in whipped cr marshmallows. Pour into crust; chill. 8 to 10 serving



BSTER: Just a reminder—*no butter!* mother likes to dip her lobster in egar. I am partial to lemon juice. Bet u don't remember how good lobster tes all by itself.

ANGE ZABAGLIONE

egg yolks
tsp. non-caloric liquid sweetener
cup orange juice
tsp. almond extract

Place egg yolks in the top of a double iler. Add non-caloric liquid sweetener d beat with an eggbeater until mix-re is thick and lemon-colored. Place er hot water (do not allow the bottom the pan to touch the water). Add the mond extract and orange juice slowly; ntinue beating until the mixture has e consistency of heavy cream. Remove om heat and chill. Serve cold in sherbet asses. Serves 3.

SECOND DAY

TOTAL CALORIES FOR THE DAY: 670, INCLUDING 68 OF SNACKS

7 Breakfast

0 ½ cup fresh strawberries on
5 ½ cup cornflakes
2 2 oz. skim milk
Black coffee

1 Midmorning drink

5 Lunch

5 Cheese soufflé (⅓ cup)*
0 Cucumber and watercress salad
0 1 small orange
Tea with lemon

1 Midafternoon tea

0 Dinner

0 Lasagna*
0 ½ cup broccoli
5 Salad with lots of radishes
5 Spiced fruit (½ cup)*
Black coffee

6 6 oz. skim milk at bedtime

HEESE SOUFFLÉ

Tb. margarine or butter
Tb. flour
1 cup skim milk
3 oz grated cheese—American, Parmesan, Swiss, whatever
3 eggs, separated
1 tsp. dried mustard

Melt margarine or butter, add flour and milk to make a cream sauce. Add cheese. Add egg yolks. Mix well. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into cheese mixture. Place in soufflé dish and bake 45 minutes to 1 hour in 350° oven. Serve at once. Serves 3.

LASAGNA

⅓ lb. chopped meat
½ onion, peeled and chopped
1 clove garlic
¼ can tomato paste
2 oz. hot water
1 (1-lb., 3-oz.) can Italian style plum tomatoes

FILLING
½ lb. lasagna noodles
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup cubed Mozzarella cheese
¾ lb. Ricotta cheese

Mix beef with onion and garlic. Brown in Teflon pan. Blend the tomato paste with hot water in large saucepan. Add plum tomatoes and meat mixture and boil rapidly for 3 minutes. Lower the heat and simmer for 1 hour. Cook noodles as directed on package. Drain well. Pour a little of the sauce into an 8-by-10-inch baking dish. Over this, place a layer of noodles, a layer of grated cheese, a layer of sauce, a layer of Mozzarella and a tablespoon of Ricotta dotted about. You should end with the top layer of sauce, sprinkled with Parmesan. Bake in a 350° oven for about 30 minutes, or until the lasagna is bubbling. Let stand for 5 or 10 minutes before serving. Serves 3.

SPICED FRUIT

½ can dietetic pears with liquid
½ can water-packed sour red cherries, drained
½ cup dietetic apricot halves
¼ cup water
1 tsp. non-caloric liquid sweetener
½ tsp. ground ginger
1 cinnamon stick
2 whole cloves
Juice of 1 lemon

Place fruit in large pan. Mix water, non-caloric liquid sweetener, lemon juice, ginger, and pear liquid and pour into pan. Add cinnamon sticks and cloves. Simmer 5 minutes, basting. Let cool in liquid, strain out spices and pour over fruit. Serves 3.

THIRD DAY

TOTAL CALORIES FOR THE DAY: 629, INCLUDING 68 OF SNACKS

77 Breakfast

55 ½ cup cornflakes
22 2 oz. skim milk
Black coffee

1 Midmorning drink

135 Lunch

80 Curried deviled egg (2 halves)*
5 Dill pickle, watercress, radishes
50 ½ grapefruit
1 Tea with lemon

349 Dinner

210 Scampi*
50 Eggplant Provençal (¾ cup)*
25 Cauliflower (¾ cup)
15 Mixed green salad
49 Lemon sherbet (¼ cup)*
Black coffee

66 6 oz. warm skim milk at bedtime

CURRIED DEVILED EGGS

4 hard-boiled eggs
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Pinch of curry powder, to taste
Pepper and salt
Paprika

Mix all ingredients together until you have a smooth paste. Pipe into the whites (or pile in with a spoon) and sprinkle with paprika. Put a parsley sprig on each half.

SCAMPI

There are many recipes to cook scampi, most of them good. Peel your shrimp. Leave the tails on. Make a marinade of diet Italian dressing thinned with fresh lemon juice and with several cloves of garlic pressed into it, lots of freshly ground black pepper, and ½ green pepper minced fine. Marinate the shrimp for several hours, turning frequently. Place on broiler, about 3 inches from heat, and broil 3 minutes on each side. Serve with lemon wedges. Eight shrimp for serving.

EGGPLANT PROVENÇAL

2 eggplants, peeled and chopped
3 large tomatoes, chopped
Juice of 1 lemon
Pinch dried tarragon
2 green olives, chopped
Salt and pepper

Put the eggplants and the tomatoes into a small saucepan. Add the lemon juice, tarragon, olives, and the salt and pepper. Simmer over very low heat, tightly covered, for ½ hour. Serves 2.

LEMON SHERBET

1½ cups water
2 tsp. non-caloric liquid sweetener
½ cup lemon juice
½ cup orange juice
1 tsp. lemon rind
¼ cup powdered skim milk
Few drops of yellow food coloring, if desired
8 tsp. crème de menthe

Combine water, non-caloric liquid sweetener, lemon juice, orange juice, and lemon rind. Heat. Cool and strain. Add the dry milk and food coloring and mix well. Place in freezer tray for 45 minutes. Turn into chilled bowl and beat with electric beater until frothy. Return to freezer until almost set. Beat again with chilled bowl and beaters and freeze again until firm enough to spoon out. Top with 1 teaspoon of crème de menthe per serving. Serves 8. (*continued*)



UPSIDE-DOWN SUNDAES

For kids of all ages. Warning: if your family likes chocolate, better double the recipe.

1 4½-oz. pkg. chocolate instant pudding
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
¼ cup Kraft Chocolate Topping
1 cup Kraft Miniature Marshmallows

Prepare pudding as directed using 1½ cups milk. Fold in whipped cream. Spoon topping into 4 dessert dishes. Top with marshmallows and pudding mixture. Chill. 4 servings.



ORANGE PARFAIT PIE

So impressive they'll think it took you hours to make. We'll keep your secret!

2 3-oz. pkgs. orange flavored gelatin
2 cups boiling water
½ pt. (1 cup) vanilla ice cream
2 cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows
1 9-inch graham cracker crust
½ cup orange juice
Orange sections

Dissolve 1 pkg. of orange gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add ice cream, stirring until melted. Chill until almost firm. Fold in marshmallows; pour into crust. Dissolve remaining package of orange gelatin in boiling water; add orange juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Pour over marshmallow mixture; chill until firm. Garnish with orange sections.

MALLOW FROSTED GELATIN

Delightfully refreshing. Cool, non-filling and as easy to make as it is to eat.

1 3-oz. pkg. lime flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
8-10 ice cubes
1 cup Kraft Miniature Marshmallows

Dissolve lime gelatin in water; add ice cubes. Stir until slightly thickened; remove unmelted ice. Fold in marshmallows. Pour into 4 dessert dishes. Chill until firm. 4 servings.



ADJUSTABLE DIET *continued*

FOURTH DAY

TOTAL CALORIES FOR THE DAY: 668, INCLUDING 68 OF SNACKS

25 Breakfast
25 ½ cup lemon juice
Black coffee

1 Midmorning drink

282 Lunch
150 3 sardines* on lettuce leaves
80 curried deviled egg*
52 ½ cup fresh pineapple
Tea with lemon

1 Midafternoon tea

293 Dinner
165 Chicken livers Victor Hugo*
25 Mustard greens (⅓ cup)
20 Stewed celery (½ cup)
20 Broccoli vinaigrette (½ cup)
63 Mocha pot de crème
66 6 oz. warm skim milk at bedtime

SARDINES: Tenderly remove the sardines from their can and place them on paper towels. Pat them softly to remove as much oil as possible. Serve them with a generous squeeze of fresh lemon.

CHICKEN LIVERS VICTOR HUGO
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1½ cloves garlic
½ lb. chicken livers, halved
1 tsp. salt
Tiny pinch of ground cloves
½ can consommé
½ lb. mushrooms
¼ cup red wine
1½ tsp. cornstarch
1 Tb. water
Freshly ground black pepper

In the top of a chafing dish or in an electric skillet, melt butter with garlic that has been put through a garlic press. Add chicken livers. Cook until no red juice runs from the livers. Add salt, cloves, consommé, and mushrooms, red wine. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Stir in the cornstarch mixed with water; cook 5 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Serves 3.

MOCHA POT DE CRÈME
¼ cup evaporated milk
5 oz. strong black coffee
1 envelope low-calorie gelatin chocolate pudding
1 square semisweet chocolate (½ oz.)
½ tsp. non-caloric liquid sweetener
¾ tsp. brandy

Combine evaporated milk and coffee in a saucepan. Stir in low-calorie gelatin pudding. Add the chocolate and non-caloric liquid sweetener and stir over low heat until the chocolate is melted and a bare simmer is reached. Remove from the heat and add brandy. Pour into 3 little pots and chill. Serves 3.

FIFTH DAY

TOTAL CALORIES FOR THE DAY: 597, INCLUDING 68 OF SNACKS

50 Breakfast
50 ½ cup orange juice
Black coffee

1 Midmorning drink

134 Lunch
55 ½ can tomato soup, diluted with water
34 2 diet wafers
45 Diet peaches (½ cup)
Tea with lemon

1 Midafternoon drink

345 Dinner
200 Broiled lamb chop (¾ inch, 2 oz.)
35 Carrots (½ cup)
35 Coleslaw (¼ cup)
75 Orange ice (¼ cup)
Black coffee
66 6 oz. warm skim milk at bedtime

SIXTH DAY

TOTAL CALORIES FOR THE DAY: 619, INCLUDING 68 OF SNACKS

50 Breakfast
50 ½ cup diet applesauce
Black coffee

1 Midmorning drink

142 Lunch
10 Chicken broth (1 cup)
75 Shirred egg*
14 1 piece Melba toast
43 ½ cup canned diet pears

1 Midafternoon drink

359 Dinner
285 3 oz. roast pork tenderloin*
10 1 cup turnips, mashed
25 ½ cup mustard greens
9 Lemon low-calorie gelatin pudding
Black coffee
66 6 oz. warm skim milk at bedtime

SHIRRED EGG: What could be ea
Wipe the inside of a shirred-egg
with a piece of paper towel that h
little butter on it, just to make the
slide. Break the egg in carefully; spri
with pepper and salt. Bake in a
oven for 10 minutes, or until the e
set. Serve in the dish. Garnish wi
piece of parsley. (It doesn't look so l
some that way.)

ROAST TENDERLOIN OF PORK: Rub
tenderly with rosemary and salt
pepper, slice it very thin, roast it,
weigh it carefully on the postal sca
3 ounces per person.

SEVENTH DAY

TOTAL CALORIES FOR THE DAY: 548 INCLUDING 68 OF SNACKS

110 Breakfast
75 Poached egg on
35 1 slice high protein bread
Black coffee

1 Midmorning drink

120 Lunch
55 ½ can condensed chicken soup wit
20 2 diet crackers
45 ½ cup diet apricots
Tea with lemon

1 Midafternoon tea

230 Dinner
145 Filet of sole Veronique*
20 Broccoli (½ cup)
15 Mixed green salad
50 ½ grapefruit drizzled with 1 tsp. h
and heated under the broiler
Black coffee
66 6 oz. warm skim milk at bedtime

FILET OF SOLE VERONIQUE*
3 (4-oz.) filets of sole
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. white pepper
½ cup dry white wine
½ Tb. lemon juice
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1 Tb. flour
¾ cup skim milk
½ cup seedless white grapes (can be dietetic, canned)

Season the fish with salt and pep
Place in a lightly greased baking
(not metal). Add the wine and le
juice. Cover the dish. If it doesn't ha
cover, use aluminum foil. Bake in a
oven for 15 minutes. Melt the butter
saucepan. Blend in the flour, gradu
add the milk. Stir constantly. Caref
remove the fish to a warm serving p
ter. Combine the juice left in the bal
dish with the cream sauce. Add sea
ing if needed. Pour over the filet, sp
kle the grapes around, and place
whole thing under the broiler to bro
which takes about 5 minutes. Ma
3 servings. E



Brunch Benedict!

Cook it up quick with Hollandaise Sauce Mix from Kraft...homemade good and foolproof.



The elegant egg-and-lemon flavor of Hollandaise is yours in minutes with Kraft Hollandaise Sauce Mix. It's homemade good because you cook it up fresh, smooth and foolproof. Magnificent on fish, green vegetables and cauliflower. Another quick, good sauce from the good cooks at Kraft. Keep a pantry full.

KRAFT *Sauces & Gravies you're proud to pour*

LINE A DAY

continued from page 78

QUICK AND EASY CINNAMON BREAD

2 pkgs. active dry yeast
½ cup warm water
1¼ cups buttermilk
2 eggs
6 cups flour
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
½ cup sugar
2 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. salt
3 Tb. melted butter or margarine
¾ cup brown sugar
1½ tsp. cinnamon
1 egg
1 Tb. milk

Dissolve 2 pkgs. active dry yeast in ½ cup warm water. Add 1¼ cups buttermilk, 2 eggs, 3 cups flour, ½ cup butter or margarine, softened, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and 2 teaspoons salt. Mix with an electric beater at medium speed for two minutes. Add the remaining 3 cups flour, blending thoroughly.

Turn out on lightly floured board and knead for 5 minutes. Roll out to a 12x9-inch rectangle. Brush with 3 tablespo melted butter or magarine. Sprinkl cup brown sugar and 1½ teaspo cinnamon evenly over buttered surf Starting at one of the longer edges, the dough in jelly-roll fashion. Cu half. Place in 2 greased 8½x4½-i loaf pans. Let rise at 110° (in an o with a pilot light or turned on "warm") for 30 minutes or until doul in size.

Make four or five deep slashes in top of the dough. Brush two loaves v a mixture of 1 egg beaten with 1 ta spoon milk. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Remove from pan and let on wire rack. When cooled, cover v favorite glaze or frosting, if desi For smaller-size loaves, divide ro dough into 8 sections, then proceed directed. Fill 8 greased 4½x2½-i loaf pans. Bake at 350° for 20 mint or until done. E

APPY NEW YEAR BUFFET

ntinued from page 75

RTAN BREE *(pictured)*

rich crabmeat pottage that couldn't quicker. We think it makes a fine bening to a Hogmanay meal. Or, with t bread and a salad, it makes a fine oper on a wintry night.

cups milk
cup quick-cooking ice
envelopes chicken broth *or*
chicken bouillon cubes
lb. anchovy paste
1 cup cooked crabmeat *or*
1 (7-oz.) can crabmeat, drained
½ cup heavy cream

mbine 4 cups milk, ¼ p quick-cooking rice, envelopes chicken oth (or 2 chicken uillon cubes) with 1 taspoon anchovy paste, a medium saucepan. ing to a boil. Remove m heat, cover and let nd 10 minutes. Add 1 p cooked or 1 (7-oz.) n crabmeat, drained, d ½ cup heavy cream. Reheat soup slowly, rring constantly. *Do boil.* Serves 6 genusly.

VILED BEEF BONES

ctured)

artiest of dishes from otland, with a robust rt-sweet and hot ace. Surrounded by y onions and carrots, a wondrous sight.

os. short ribs of beef, racked
lb. instant meat enderizer
uarts water
cup cider vinegar
ay leaves
sp. salt
sp. pepper
vil Sauce:
cup white corn syrup
cup tomato catsup
cup prepared nustard
cup prepared orseradish, drained
loves garlic, crushed
sp. Worcestershire auce
sp. hot-pepper sauce
1-lb.) cans whole oiled onions, drained
15-oz.) cans tiny whole carrots, drained

pe 6 lbs. short ribs of ef, cracked, with damp per towels. ˜ut into unks. Brush all surces with a little water d sprinkle with 1 Tb. tant meat tenderizer. rce meat thoroughly th a fork according label directions.

In a large saucepan mbine 2 qts. water, ½ p cider vinegar, 2 bay leaves, 1 teapoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring a boil. Add short ribs. Reduce heat d simmer, covered, for 25–30 minutes until just tender. Remove from water. ain well. Place in shallow baking pan.

To prepare Devil Sauce: combine in a all bowl ½ cup white corn syrup, ½ p tomato catsup, ½ cup prepared stard, ¼ cup prepared horseradish, ained, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 2 teapoons Worcestershire sauce and 1 teapoon hot-pepper sauce. Brush well over epared short ribs. Bake at 425° for minutes, brushing with sauce and rning every 5 minutes.

During last 10 minutes of cooking, surround with 2 (1-lb.) cans whole boiled onions, drained, and 2 (15-oz.) cans tiny whole carrots, drained. Brush vegetables with a little of the sauce to glaze.

To serve: place ribs in center of platter. Surround with glazed onions and carrots. Serves 6.

KETTLE HAGGIS *(pictured)*

Our new-style haggis does away with all the mysterious, time-consuming preparations, not to mention the sheep's stomach! It combines sausage meat, calves liver and quick-cooking oats. Cooks in minutes on top of the stove!

(To toast the oatmeal, spread on baking sheet and bake at 400° for 8–10 minutes.)

1 lb. bulk sausage meat
½ lb. calves liver, diced
3 (1½-oz.) envelopes onion-soup mix
4 cups quick-cooking oats, toasted
6 cups water
1 tsp. black pepper
½ tsp. salt

Sauté 1 lb. bulk sausage meat in a large skillet, breaking up the meat as it cooks. Cook until all "pink" is gone. Add ½ lb. calves liver, diced, and continue cooking, stirring constantly for 3 to 5 minutes. Drain off and discard as much fat as possible. Stir in 3 (1½-oz.) envelopes onion-soup mix, 4 cups quick-cooking oats, toasted, and 6 cups water. Add 1 teaspoon black pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir constantly until mixture thickens. Serve accompanied by 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. cauliflowerets cooked according to label directions, and 2 lbs. zucchini, sliced and cooked. Serves 6.

BEEF, MUSHROOM, OYSTER AND KIDNEY CASSEROLE

(pictured)

With mushrooms, kidneys and so many good things! Goes over famously with hungry males—anyone who has a drop of English blood. A version of this great stew is popular in London at the famous Cheshire Cheese pub.

2 cups chopped onions
2 cloves garlic
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 lbs. stewing beef, cubed
1 tsp. instant seasoned meat tenderizer
¼ cup flour
¼ tsp. pepper
1 cup water
1 bay leaf
1 whole clove
1 (10½-oz.) can beef gravy
½ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced, *or*
2 (4-oz.) cans whole mushrooms, drained
12 fresh oysters, shucked, *or* **1 (8-oz.) can whole oysters**
6 lamb kidneys, quartered, (optional)
1 cup water

In a 3-quart casserole or Dutch oven sauté 2 cups chopped onions and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, in ¼ cup butter or margarine, for approximately 10 minutes.

Meanwhile, brush all surfaces of 2 lbs. stewing beef, cubed, with water. Sprinkle with instant seasoned meat tenderizer. Pierce well all over with a fork. Toss to coat well in ¼ cup flour, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Push onions in casserole to one side and sauté beef in remaining butter, until meat is browned on all sides.

Add 1 cup water, 1 bay leaf and 1 whole clove. Simmer, covered, 45 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add 1 (10½-oz.) can beef gravy, ½ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced, or 2 (4-oz.) cans whole mushrooms, and 12 oysters, shucked, or 1 (8-oz.) can whole oysters. Cook gently 10 minutes longer or until the meat is tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, if desired. Serves 6.

The kidneys are optional. Here's how to prepare them: place 6 lamb kidneys, quartered, in a small saucepan containing 1 cup water. Bring to a boil, cook uncovered 5 minutes. Drain and add to casserole, along with water, bay leaf and clove.

(continued)

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HAPPY NEW YEAR BUFFET

continued

CRANACHAN *(pictured)*

Cranachan is an ethereal dessert with a husky Scottish name. It's simply sweetened whipped cream, toasted oats and a good splotch of Scotch whisky.

2 cups heavy cream, stiffly beaten *or* 2 (2-oz.) pkgs. whipped dessert topping mix plus 1 cup cold milk
2 Tb. sugar
¼ tsp. salt
¼–½ cup Scotch whisky
1 cup quick-cooking oats, toasted and cooled *or* 1 cup toasted slivered almonds

Beat until very stiff 2 cups heavy cream *or* 2 (2-oz.) pkgs. whipped dessert topping mix plus 1 cup cold milk. Beat in 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and ¼ to ½ cup Scotch whisky.

Gently fold in 1 cup quick-cooking oats, toasted and cooled, *or* 1 cup toasted slivered almonds. Pile into 6 (4-oz.) parfait glasses. Serve along with assorted cookies. Serves 6.

APPLE FLORY *(pictured)*

The great granddaddy of American apple pie, Apple Flory has the extra goodness of golden raisins, orange marmalade and a touch of lemon rind.

1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie-crust mix
¼ cup cold water
1 (1-lb., 9-oz.) can apple-pie filling
1 cup fresh bread crumbs
½ cup golden raisins
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
½ cup orange marmalade
1 Tb. water

Make up 1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie-crust mix according to label directions, using ¼ cup cold water. Line 10-inch flan or pie tin. Combine 1 (1-lb., 9-oz.) can apple-pie filling with 1 cup fresh bread crumbs, ½ cup golden raisins and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Spread evenly into lined flan tin or pie plate. Bake at 425° for 30 minutes. Remove from oven. Meanwhile heat ½ cup orange marmalade and 1 tablespoon water in a small saucepan. Stir until smooth and melted. Spread evenly over baked pie. Chill. Serves 6 to 8.

BLACK BUN *(pictured)*

Wouldn't be a proper Hogmanay without Black Bun—a rich, dark fruit filling (we used canned plum pudding flavored with brandy) baked in a glazed pie crust.

1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie-crust mix
¼ cup ice water
2 (1-lb.) cans plum pudding
2 Tb. brandy or orange juice
1 egg yolk
1 Tb. water
1 Tb. confectioners' sugar

Make up 1 (10-oz.) pkg. pie-crust mix according to label directions, using ¼ cup cold water. On a lightly floured board roll out two-thirds of the pastry and line a 9-inch pie plate.

In a small bowl crumble 2 (1-lb.) cans plum pudding and toss with 2 tablespoons brandy or orange juice. Place in pastry-lined pie plate level with top rim. Roll out remaining pastry. Use to form top crust. Seal in place with a little water. Trim and crimp edges. Roll out pastry trimming and cut into small decorative shapes. Set in place around edge of pie. Brush top with 1 egg yolk beaten with 1 tablespoon water. Bake at 400° for 20–25 minutes or until pastry is crisp and deep golden brown. Cool. Sprinkle top with 1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar. Cut into 12 wedges.



"Oh, all right. We'll sing one more beer commercial, but then it's back to Stephen Foster."

SCOTTISH SHORTBREAD *(pictured)*

Buttery, round shortbread (real cookie) is essential for Hogmanay celebrations. Shortbread is traditionally shaped like the sun—a survival of Druidic ceremonies.

1 cup butter
½ cup superfine sugar
3¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt

Cream 1 cup butter until very soft. Beat in ½ cup superfine sugar.

Gradually knead in 3¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Knead until *very smooth* (it is impossible to overknead).

Turn out onto a lightly floured board. Roll out to an 8-inch circle. Lift onto ungreased cookie sheet. Flute edge. Lightly mark top into 16 even wedges. Prick surface with a fork. Chill in refrigerator 30 minutes or in freezer 15 minutes.

Bake at 325° for 60 minutes. While still warm, cut into wedges. Cool completely on cookie sheet. Makes 16 pieces.

EDINBURGH GINGER PARLIES *(pictured)*

Called Parlies because they were so popular with members of Parliament in Edinburgh. Just as popular today with the after-school crowd!

1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup dark molasses
1 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
6 cups sifted all-purpose flour
4 tsp. powdered ginger
1 egg white

Gently heat together, stirring from time to time, 1 cup butter or margarine, 1 cup dark molasses, and 1 cup dark brown

Collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch.



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GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



gar, firmly packed. Sugar and butter ould be just melted.

Pour into a bowl containing 6 cups ted all-purpose flour and 4 teaspoons wdered ginger. Mix well. While dough still warm, roll 1 tablespoon at a time to balls. Place 2 inches apart on lightly eased cookie sheet or heavy-duty uminum foil. Using bottom of a glass, tten into 2-inch circles. Lightly score ps of cookies into a ticktacktoe pat-rn. Brush lightly with a little egg nite, beaten together with 1 tablespoon ater. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes. Cool wire racks. Makes 5½ dozen.

THOLL BROSE

tholl Brose is a stalwart beverage med for the Duke of Atholl and made m oatmeal, Scotch whisky and honey. t in many Highland homes it's served dessert! Reputed to be lucky and althy.

cup quick-cooking oatmeal
cups cold water
1½ cups Scotch whisky
¼ cup honey

mbine ½ cup quick-cooking oatmeal th 4 cups cold water. Bring to a boil. emove from heat. Let stand until cool. rain through a fine sieve. Discard oat-eal.

To the liquid, add 1½ cups Scotch isky and ¼ cup honey. Mix or shake ll before serving. Makes 1 quart or 8 -oz.) servings.

Ed. Note: Can be served chilled or ated gently and served in hot mugs.

RFAR BRIDIES

om Forfar, Scotland, come these little eat pies filled with spicy beef. For the stry we use refrigerated crescent rolls.

ing:
Tb. butter or nargarine
cup finely chopped onion
cup ground beef (¼ lb.)
Tb. chopped parsley
tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
1 hard-cooked egg, finely chopped
Pastry:
2 (8-oz.) pkg. refrigerated crescent rolls
1 egg yolk
1 Tb. water

elt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. uté ½ cup finely chopped onion until der; approximately 5 minutes. Add cup ground beef. Sauté meat 3 to 4 nutes, breaking up any large pieces. ok until all the pink disappears. Stir 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ spoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. move from pan, draining away any surplus liquid. Allow to cool 5 minutes. Add 1 hard-cooked egg, finely chopped.

Open 2 (8-oz.) pkgs. refrigerated crescent rolls and divide into 16 triangles as marked. Place 1 tablespoon mixture in center of each triangle. Brush all edges with water. Pinch each one together to enclose meat mixture. Brush with a little egg yolk beaten with 1 tablespoon water. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes or until rich golden brown. Makes 16.

BUTTERMILK BANNOCKS

Bannocks are Scottish as kilts. (The word bannock comes from the Gaelic for "cake.") Ours are made with biscuit mix and buttermilk.

1½ cups buttermilk
2 Tb. dark molasses
4 cups prepared packaged biscuit mix
1 Tb. butter or margarine, melted

Combine 1½ cups buttermilk and 2 tablespoons dark molasses, mixing well. Stir into 4 cups biscuit mix, until all flour is dampened. Turn out onto floured board and knead lightly for 30 seconds. Divide dough in half and form each half into a ball. Flätten to 7 inches in diameter.

Bake on ungreased baking sheet at 375° for 25–30 minutes or until golden brown.

Cool on wire rack. Brush with 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine before serving. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

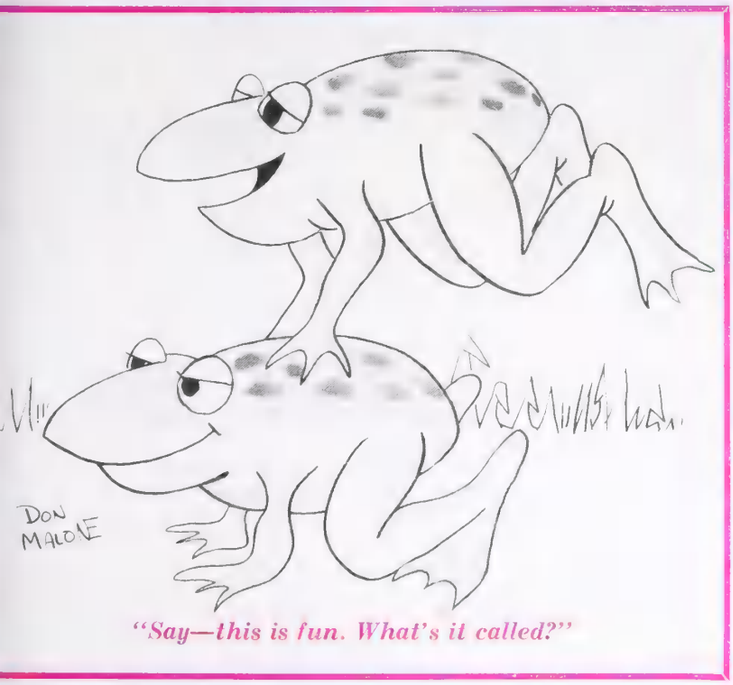
SCOTS OATCAKES

Most famous of all Scottish cookies.

1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1½ cups quick-cooking oats
¼ cup sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
½ cup butter or margarine
1 egg
2 Tb. water

Combine 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1½ cups quick-cooking oats, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tsp. baking powder and 1 tsp. salt. Cut in ½ cup butter or margarine until mixture is crumbly. Beat together 1 egg and 2 tablespoons water and stir lightly into oat mixture. Knead together to form a stiff dough.

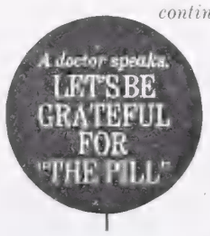
Roll out dough on a lightly floured board to form a 12x16-inch rectangle. Cut into 2-inch squares. Bake on lightly greased cookie sheet at 400° for 15–20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool on wire racks. Makes 4 dozen. **END**



"Say—this is fun. What's it called?"

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR UNMARRIED GIRLS

continued from page 37



prescription for a contraceptive pill does not encourage immorality; it merely tries to cope with it. As an obstetrician, I am convinced that an unwanted pregnancy is one of the greatest harms that can befall a young girl. I would rather give a youngster a slip of paper to take to the drugstore than face her—or her college sister—later and have to say: "I'm sorry, but you are two months pregnant."

Most of the colleagues to whom I have spoken have come to the same opinion, some with the utmost reluctance. We are honestly facing up to the practical implications of a problem about which society is doing nothing. Only a few years back it was possible for parents to use fear as a club to enforce moral standards—fear of pregnancy, fear of venereal disease, fear of social disgrace. Today these fears have lost their urgency. Yet many parents have not figured anything to replace them. They have been unable to give their children any positive values to go by or any reasons for postponing sexual experience until they are fully mature. Indeed, society no longer condemns or even guides the sexual actions of young people. It hands a child matches, then turns its back, without warning her that she can be terribly burned. I think society should worry less about whether a girl ought to be given the pill, and more about why she needs it in the first place.

Because I believe there is more to sex than playing with matches, because I see it as the most beautiful way a man and woman have to say, "I love you," I use every available opportunity to teach respect for the sexual drive to young people. I talk to patients in my office; to groups of college students; and to teen-age youngsters at my church. I do not have all the answers, but I am trying through my daily experience with young people to guide them toward a realistic ethic in which the individual assumes responsibility for his sexuality.

Although I am 38 years old, I started private practice in a large city only a few years ago. Clearly my conventional upbringing in a small church-going West Virginia town, and my years in medicine's ivory tower, where I did research and became both a surgeon and an obstetrician-gynecologist, did not prepare me for today's reality. For I have been appalled, and continue to be appalled, by the ignorance and unhappiness about sex among our young people.

About one in every four of my office patients is an unmarried girl. These are nice youngsters, some emotionally disturbed, certainly none of them evil. But they are youngsters in turmoil. One girl is pregnant or afraid she is pregnant; another is hunting an abortion, and a third regretting the abortion she just had. Girls who barely know what the words mean have contracted syphilis or gonorrhea. Many are scared, ashamed, guilty; a few, brash and defiant.

They have told me of the overwhelming pressure from their peers to conform to the new sexual morality. A 21-year-old, engaged and still a virgin, explained her unusual status: "I was a day student at college. If I'd lived in the dorm, I never could have held out." At her college, a leading New England institution, it was common practice to double-date, but if a girl stopped short of sex relations, she was ostracized from the social life.

Another girl stumbled into her first affair at 16. She told me how it happened. "You play around the edges of sex for so long that there doesn't seem much point in not following through. If you're going with a boy, if you're constantly parking, things get very close to the line. Going over it doesn't feel very different from staying on the other side."

I asked this young woman, now 22, what precautions she and her companions took to avoid pregnancy. "We just didn't worry about it," she said. "It always seemed like something that would happen to the other girl."

Sometimes a couple is so touchingly naïve that you want to hug them—if you didn't want to shake them, too. A boy—he looked about 18—wandered into my office alone the other day, obviously nervous. He asked my secretary if she had a pamphlet that would tell him something about pregnancy. His wife—he blushed at this point—had missed a period and was feeling ill. Was this a significant symptom? At her suggestion he returned the next day with his "wife," shy as a fawn, 17 years old. A pregnancy test was negative, and so was my examination of the girl. She was not pregnant. I explained to her gently that fear could knock the endocrine system out of balance and cause her to skip a menstrual period. If she was so afraid, I suggested, perhaps she should think over her actions before continuing. She nodded, mute. We returned to the waiting room, and the boy stood up. Formally, the two of them shook hands. Then they walked out, just a little apart.

This couple had only had intercourse twice. I doubt if they enjoyed the experience much. It is my impression, which other doctors share, that youngsters who engage in sexual experimentation are no happier than those who abstain, and sometimes much less so. One girl told me, "I was surprised myself to find that I didn't feel guilty about it." Most, however, admit that guilt, furtiveness and hurry preclude sexual enjoyment. "I like feeling that I'm a woman, and I like pleasing my boyfriend," one said, "but that's about all."

Medical and religious training have given me a deep reverence for life, and the casual creation of an unwanted human appalls me. Some 200,000 girls under 21 are reported to have criminal abortions each year. Three out of four of the quarter million who bear illegitimate babies are in their teens. Another quarter million—one in every six women who marry—are already pregnant when they make their wedding vows. These are the statistics I want society to change.

Not one of these "solutions" is a happy one. I am convinced that when an unmarried girl becomes pregnant, whatever course she follows scars her for life. For those who can afford it, criminal abortion seems the quickest and neatest way out. The girl or boy, or frequently a parent, gets a whispered name from a friend, pays the money, and then everyone forgets it. Unfortunately, it seldom works out that way. As many as 10,000 women may die each year from complications of criminal abortion. Others hemorrhage or become infected because of the clumsy, unsterile surgery. In my hospital we see a girl with *(continued)*

serious pelvic infection at least once a week. Occasionally these infections get out of hand. All too frequently a surgeon must perform a hysterectomy in order to save a girl's life.

In some cases I have been astounded to find the girl's parents encouraging this evil solution to an unwanted pregnancy. It's like offering a child the family car when they know its defective brakes may kill or maim her. About a month ago a lab technician in our hospital asked me to examine his cousin, a 20-year-old, and to talk to her parents. I confirmed what they already knew, that the girl was 14 weeks pregnant. Then I tried to dissuade them from taking the youngster to an abortionist in another state. I told them the risks—about one in 100 in an early pregnancy, but perhaps as high as one in 10 at this late stage. The girl began to whimper, "I won't go on with it," but the parents looked on stony-faced. I learned later that they caught the next train out of the city.

This girl survived physically, but I doubt if she was unscarred. Many psychiatrists as well as obstetricians are convinced that no girl gets off scot-free from a criminal abortion. A growing embryo is a personal manifestation of the miracle of life. Destroying it is not something a young woman tosses off lightly.

About one half of the girls who become pregnant out of wedlock solve the problem by marriage. I don't know how many of these marriages fail, but the number must be considerable. I recalled two charming youngsters—he was a college freshman and she a high-school senior—who told their parents that she was pregnant and they wanted to get married. They seemed very much in love, but the strain was too great, and their union lasted less than two years. Now a girl of 19—highly intelligent but a high-school dropout—is the sole parent of a toddler, and a boy of 21 must face his premature failure as a husband and father.

What seems to many to be the least attractive solution—having the baby and then surrendering it for adoption—is to my mind the safest, physically and emotionally. I've delivered a number of these babies for girls in the Florence Crittenton home in our city. These girls may not be happy, but they have a certain measure of serenity in knowing that they have not destroyed the life they helped create, and have given its gift to a couple who deeply desire but cannot bear a child.

At the request of the suburban church that we attend, I have been giving a series of informal Sunday-evening talks to high-school youngsters. Before I started, the ministers showed me a list of questions that these children, 14 to 17 years old, had submitted on an earlier occasion. They wanted to know how to control conception, how to control their own sex drives, and to what standards, if any, they could cling. Girls, for example, asked: "Why is it wrong to make love when you are very much in love?"; "How can you say 'no' and still be with the crowd?"; "Is it wrong to have intercourse before marriage?"; "If you do something but nothing comes of it, should you tell your parents?"

These are challenging questions, and no one in most parts of our society has been answering them. What I hope to teach these teen-agers is respect: respect for the powerful drive of sexuality; respect for their own bodies and those of others; respect for life, which cannot be lightly created or destroyed; respect for the marital relationship as the only one in which the beauty of sex can reach its fullest fruition.

Every young person, I tell the students, is entitled to a reasonable knowledge of sex and reproduction by the time he reaches maturity. He must also be taught to accept the responsibility which that knowledge entails. He has no right to alibi that he got into trouble through ignorance. Nor does he have a right carelessly to start a new life. He must realize that criminal abortion is an evil way to control conception; and that pregnancy is a wrong reason for getting married.

Soon one of the youngsters in my church group will ask the hardest question of all: "If sexual intercourse before marriage is unwise, what then shall we do?" I am well aware of the problem. The well-nourished bodies of our children mature earlier today, and girls who used to reach puberty at 13 are now physiologically women at 11. Dating starts younger, and the "serial monogamy" practiced by many of our youth inevitably leads to sexual escalation. Television blares the thesis that sex is fun.

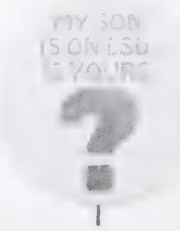
Perhaps one answer lies in early marriage, with the use of the effective contraception that science now offers until the years of schooling have ended. I would certainly rather see a young couple marry early and postpone having babies than have them stumble into a sexual liaison in which they inadvertently start an unwanted life. Another answer certainly involves a massive effort by our society to raise the level of sex education among young people, fostering attitudes of enlightened individual responsibility. The sex drive, like hunger and aggressiveness, can be controlled in socially acceptable ways until marriage is possible.

On a practical level, I am convinced that we now must teach our youth the facts about reproduction and the techniques of conception control. It seems even more important to fill in the gaps that now exist in young people's sexual ethics. Although current peer-group pressures would have it otherwise, I do not believe that a teen-ager who is still a virgin is in any way abnormal. We must make contact in realistic ways, so that even when considered "queer" or "square" by more adventuresome and less responsible cohorts they can feel secure in their own understanding of human sexuality and its careful management. I sincerely believe it when I teach that there is a unique and satisfying beauty in human sexual capacities when they are mutually explored by two innocent young people in love, in peace, in privacy, and with a lifelong commitment to each other.

Whether these answers stated here are relevant to society in general or to no larger a group than my own patients, or in fact to anyone at all is not for me to say. However, the problems that prompted the questions and my answers are real ones affecting our whole society in a tragic and ever-increasing way. Until effective solutions to the larger problems of human sexual behavior are forthcoming from society itself, I believe doctors should and must help your daughters—and sons—avoid the tragedy of unwanted pregnancy and the debasing crime of illegal abortion. **END**

MY SON IS ON LSD

continued from page 38



schooldousestuff, but I don't."

Now, in my hand, were two capsules that I felt sure contained LSD.

"We've got to talk to him," I said to Sue.

I opened the door to his room without knocking. Jerry was in bed. Asleep? He was breathing hard, as though he had just jumped back into the bed.

"Jerry, wake up," I said harshly, "we want to talk to you."

He opened his eyes sleepily. "Do you have to talk now? I feel sick. I want to stay home from school. Can't you leave me alone for a while?"

"No, we can't." I held out the pills in palm of my hand. "What are these, Jerry?" There was no answer. He sat up and hunched over his bent knees. I asked again. "What are these pills? We know they were meant for you. I'm going to have them analyzed so you might as well tell me now and save a lot of trouble."

"Why do you think they're for me?" he mumbled.

"*We know.* Are you going to tell us?" Silence. Jerry stared straight ahead, his eyes wet with unshed tears.

"Is it LSD?"

He nodded, and buried his face against his upraised knees.

"Who gave it to you?"

He looked up, his face now frankly streaked with tears. "Can't you leave me alone now? Can't you see I'm sick?"

"How long have you been taking these?"

After a long pause: "About six weeks. Please leave me alone. I'll tell you everything later. I told you I'm sick!"

Sue felt his head. "I think he *does* have a fever."

I was in a rage. I grabbed his shoulders, digging my fingers in cruelly.

"Listen, you little crumb! I want to know about those pills and I want to know now or you're going to be a lot sicker!" I slapped his face hard. It was the first time in years that I had hit him. He looked at me with tears and hatred, but with no sign of remorse.

Sue put her hand on my shoulder. "I think you should both calm down."

I realized that nothing could be accomplished this way.

"This is a serious matter, Jerry," I said. "Get dressed and we'll try to talk about it rationally."

Sue and I returned to the kitchen. She prepared breakfast. I examined the capsules again. They were each about the size of a large cold pill. The dosage looked huge to me. I started to speak, but Sue held up her hand.

"I could swear I heard the front door open," she whispered.

I raced down the long hall to the front door. It was ajar. No one outside. Had Jerry had a visitor? I rushed back down the hall to his room. Jerry was not there. Quickly I checked the rest of the apartment. I ran back to the kitchen.

"Jerry's gone!"

Sue hardly seemed surprised. "I thought that was it," she said.

"You think he's run away?"

"Yes."

Maybe, I argued, he had just run downstairs for a pack of cigarettes. Maybe he wanted to take a walk think things over.

Sue shook her head. "No, he's g He won't be back."

"I'll see if I can catch him," I s I raced into the street and hailed a t I had the cabbie drive slowly up down streets I suspected Jerry mi have taken.

I came back in half an hour, emp handed. Sue was clutching a cup of coffee and staring into space.

We went to Jerry's room to se any clues had been left behind. He left in a hurry, leaving behind favorite possessions—his transistor dio, his tape recorder, his records, camera.

All his clothes were there except his black turtleneck jersey, dunga jacket, blue denims, the high gr suede boots he wore constantly and prescription sunglasses that he taken to wearing day and night.

We began to go through his sch notebooks for names or phone numb Sue exclaimed, "Mac! Look at thes

In her hand was a sheaf of classro notes. The messages were to and fr his schoolmates—many of them children of well-known, even famo people around New York.

One, from Jerry, said: "I smo before breakfast and I'm kind of h and sick."

Another had this exchange: "Can spare another pill, please?" Jerry written. And the answer—from a classmate: "Are you out of your he You don't need another one, Bimb

Another said simply, in big cap letters: "I WANT GRASS! If Les can't get it can you?" And the answ "I don't know yet, but we better ge somewhere—and soon!"

One note had a weirdly distor drawing and some grotesque writi all that could be deciphered were words, "Dream . . . trip," and la "Mother! Can't come down!"

The innocent little drawing of a of grassblades with a flower at the clearly became the symbol of "grass" marijuana. "Can't come down" me that someone was on an LSD trip couldn't get off. Other notes revea that some members of the class w drug pushers—including the daugh of a movie star. Probably the m graphic statement was the scraw notation written with an almost triu phant exclamation mark: "WE ADDICTS!"

That afternoon I had the pills I found in the lobby analyzed by a che ist friend. He said each contained micrograins of LSD, a dosage he sured us was considered danger even to experienced LSD users. A n mal "trip," we learned, was achie by taking about 300 micrograins.

When Jerry had been gone eight ho Sue insisted that I go to our police p cinct and report him missing. The tective I spoke to said he'd get in tou if he heard anything, but I had a hu he wouldn't. I knew that if anybo found Jerry we'd have to do it ourselv

The next morning, we began our o investigation. It was also our educati

Sue went to school and reported t Jerry had run away. She talked several of his friends, and they promised to do what they could to he Did the school know, Sue asked Jer class adviser, that the students were marijuana and LSD? (*continu*

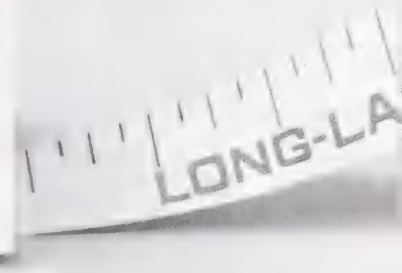
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Ortho

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*TRADEMARK

Yes, they knew, the adviser said sadly.

Then why hadn't something been done to stop it?

"Because," the teacher told Sue, "we're helpless. The stuff is available everywhere. These pills are cheap and plentiful. An 'up' (an amphetamine pill) or a 'down' (a barbiturate) costs about a quarter. A good LSD trip costs three dollars. And if every kid known to be using marijuana were expelled there'd be no school left."

Did the other parents know about all this?

Very few of them did, although these parents are very sophisticated. Those that did know preferred not to hear the details, or thought that their child wasn't one of "them." As for changing schools, it was useless. The drug plague was everywhere—not only in New York City but in the suburbs as well.

Just prior to running away, Jerry had been a delighted participant at "Flower Power," a hippie demonstration in New York's Greenwich Village, at which, we later heard, thousands of LSD pills had been distributed. This led us to believe that he would almost certainly seek refuge in the East Village, where New York hippies congregate and proliferate.

I went to the East Village and systematically tried to search each street—but it was no use. Where in this sea of long-haired prophets of the turned-on generation would I find Jerry?

Sue did better. She found out from one of Jerry's friends that East 11th Street would be a likely place to look. Even then the search seemed hopeless. On every block there were at least 20 six-story houses with dozens of apartments in each. If a door-to-door search were started it would be heard by anyone on the upper floors. There would be plenty of time to escape over the roof to another building. The kind of apartment we believed Jerry to be in were "pads" rented at $30 or $40 a month by groups of hippies—and made available to anyone looking for a place to "crash" (sleep). But this was a closed world to a 40-year-old "square."

Sue had managed to get the further information that he was in a pad that the police had raided several times, searching for under-age runaways. I went to the police precinct that covers the East Village and explained my predicament.

"There are dozens of those places, and we pull five or six runaways out of that block alone every day. It'll just be luck if you find him," one detective told me. I posted Jerry's photograph on the precinct bulletin board, alongside that of a 15-year-old girl runaway. As I chatted with the detectives, a call came in.

"We've got a call to pick up a runaway right now," the detective said. "She's on Eleventh Street. Want to take a chance and come along?"

The address was 624 East 11th—a six-story walkup.

We knocked at the door of a sixth-floor apartment as two of the policemen covered the roof exit. A long-haired boy of about 20 answered the door.

One detective flashed his badge. "Police. We're looking for a girl named Shirley Mullane," he said.

The hippie took a defiant stance. "You can't come in here. You don't have a warrant! This is police brutality!" But his lower lip trembled with fear.

The detective smiled. "Son, don't make any more trouble for yourself than you already have. We can have a warrant in five minutes. We just want the girl." The door opened and revealed five desperately cool hippies and one blonde, patently non-hippie 15-year-old Shirley, still wearing her Englewood, N. J., Bermuda shorts and a flower-printed blouse with its tails hanging out. But Jerry wasn't there.

When I returned home, Sue and I discussed our tactics. "I want to put the heat on a couple of these kids," I said.

Sue looked worried. "What do you mean?"

"I mean we'll threaten to go to the police, the school and the proper authorities with the information we have on them—with the notes we found—unless they tell us where Jerry is."

The next day, confronted with the notes, one of the suppliers whose name Jerry had scribbled told us where he was hiding. He was in apartment 3A at 622 East 11th, next door to the house I had been in the night before!

We decided not to call the police. Alone, we mounted the three flights of narrow, crooked stairs to apartment 3A.

"Should I knock?" I whispered to Sue. "Or barge right in?"

"What if you're wrong?"

"I'm barging in," I decided. "If I'm wrong, I'll apologize."

I shoved the door wide open and stepped into the room. It was full of police and hippies! Standing by the gas range, supervising a melting saucepan of wax, was a dirty, tall, wild-haired kid in blue denims and dark glasses. I barely recognized him as Jerry.

The cops looked at me curiously. "That one is mine!" I said, pointing to my son. Jerry just kept stirring the paraffin.

"What's happening here?" I asked a policeman. "Is this a raid?"

"No," he answered, "we're just talking to the kids. But the detectives were here a few minutes ago and picked up a girl on a narcotics rap."

"Where's the guy who owns this pad?" I asked.

"He's down at the station, too, for contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

I had gotten one bit of advice from the police the night before: "The o hold you'll have over your kid w you find him is to threaten to get friends in trouble if he takes off ag Your kid won't let you do that. Th people"—the policeman indicated barefoot, bearded mob of hippies—" his friends. He won't cross them."

Now I looked around Jerry's ho away from home. The floor of an adj ing bedroom was covered with m tresses, and on the mattresses were f or five people, some of whom seemed be girls, although the boys' long h made it hard to tell. A few were sitt up, and the rest seemed to be unc scious, oblivious.

A bearded, somewhat older man at the icebox chilling candle w "Your kid is a good kid," he said, " don't want to give him a hard ti You look like pretty hip people. Y don't look like parents."

"How would you like a punch in nose?" I said.

As we talked, Jerry showed no e tion. He industriously mopped drainboard of the kitchen sink—though to put his "home" in or before he left.

As we started down the steep stai warned him: "If you run, I'm going have the book thrown at your friend Jerry looked at me with pure hate.

"Don't worry, I'm not running. Y got me."

At the foot of the steps his hip flower friends gathered around to good-bye.

"So long, Jerry. Sorry you could stay."

"Stay cool, kid."

"Come back and see us, hear?"

We got into the car.

"Where are you taking me—*hom* Jerry sneered. "*This* is my home. *Th* no home to me!"

That night I went back to the poli I wanted to see the young man w owned that apartment. The detecti pointed to a corner cell. Inside, squ ting on the floor, was a sensitive-look hippie with shoulder-length brown h The police said his name was James Hutchinson, but that his fellow hipp called him Groovy.

When I came home, I told Jerry wh and whom I had seen. "My God," said, "they got Groovy!" It was

Editor's Guide

How to Get Information About Drug-Addiction Problems

Among the most helpful background reading on the subject of drug addiction among young people is *Nightmare Drugs*, by Donald Louria, M.D. (Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, $1.00); also *Drug Abuse: Escape to Nowhere*—an authoritative booklet prepared by the National Education Association in collaboration with a leading pharmaceutical company. Designed as a guide for parents and teachers, this 104-page handbook contains an extensive list of additional books, pamphlets and films. To obtain the booklet, send $2.00 to NEA Publications-Sales (Department 47), 1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; ask for stock number 244-07816. Also recommended: *What We Can Do About Drug Abuse*, by Jules Saltman. Send 25 cents to Public Affairs Pamphlets, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016, and ask for pamphlet #390.

To get advice on a specific drug-addiction problem, consult your local medical society or call your local or state public-health agencies; their numbers are listed in the phone book.

st warm emotion I had seen him ex-
ess in months.

I wanted to press charges against
oovy, but the police told me it would
almost impossible to get a conviction
less Jerry testified against his friend.
d Jerry would not do it. I also discov-
d that, while Groovy owned that pad,
guiding genius was a young Kansan
knamed Galahad, who protests that
is only helping keep runaway kids off
e streets. Galahad, whose real name is
nald Johnson, claims
at no drugs are al-
ved in the pad and
at nobody is allowed
sleep with a girl under
. But whenever there
a raid, the police con-
tently find piles of
ugs that the hippies
ve thrown out the
ndow into the area-
y below. The girl who
d been picked up the
y I found Jerry had a
cket full of LSD pills.

Galahad is ingratiat-
g, earnest and con-
ncingly idealistic. He
lieves that LSD is
od for the soul. "I'm
t breaking any of
d's laws," he says.
'm breaking man's
ws, and some of them
e wrong. I believe that
C. will take care of
." (Galahad's faith in
.C." may soon be
sted. New York au-
orities have charged
n with impairing the
rals of a minor, while
e state of Louisiana
s had him arrested as
fugitive from New
leans justice—he's
cused of selling mari-
ana to an undercover
deral agent.)

After Jerry came
me, we had a visit
m Galahad. He said
was sorry; he didn't
ow Jerry was under-
e. He said that he had
ard that we were
essing charges and
ked us not to. He also
rned Jerry not to take
750-microgram dose
LSD.

"Man, you just don't
ve the *experience* for
at," he said. "You'll
w your mind!"

"I can handle it,"
rry muttered. "I know
y own body. I can
ndle any dose."

It was a frightening insight into the
rection in which he was heading. And
we had any doubts about where that
uld lead, they vanished when we read
e newspaper headlines on October 6,
67. Groovy and an 18-year-old girl
m Connecticut, a girl from a wealthy,
ood" family, were found bludgeoned
death in a basement only a few doors
vay from the tenement in which I had
prehended Jerry.

So we've got Jerry back—for the mo-
ent. He has flatly refused to give up
ugs permanently—but he has agreed
stop for a while.

His first night home he painted a big red sign in decorative psychedelic lettering, with simulated streams of blood running down from each character. It said: HATE, in capital letters a foot high. We said nothing. On the wall of his room he drew a sign in which the letters grew bigger and bigger, as though they were rushing toward you. It said: SPEED!--the hippie word for methedrine.

What to do now? Lock Jerry up? Watch him day and night? Here is the plan that Sue and I finally arrived at:

1. His allowance has been cut drastically, and we dole it out daily so that it will not be easy for him to accumulate enough money for serious drug involvement.

2. He must sleep home every night from now on, instead of being allowed to visit friends and classmates.

3. He must alternate weekends at our country place with weekends in town so that he can see his friends.

4. He is forbidden to take any drugs. (But how to enforce that?)

5. We will try to find out through psychiatric counseling why Jerry needs to involve himself in the drug scene.

But psychiatry is not the cure we like to think it is. How comforting it would be if the headshrinkers *could* step in and take over! We consulted one psychiatrist who has had wide experience in treating addicts.

"Treating these new drug people is a long-range, perhaps impossible, job," he told us. "They are deeply alienated and resist help. Their language and frame of reference change so fast that it is almost impossible to keep up with them—and if we don't seem as 'hip' to what is going on as *they* are, we're working under a definite handicap. Also, the actual drugs, their effects and side effects are all relatively new and are still being researched. But before we can research one drug, the kids have moved on to another."

My wife and I have spent painful hours trying to figure out where the blame lies. Is it all our fault?

I don't agree with the processions of parents chanting *mea culpa! mea culpa!* Sure, as parents we have to take some responsibility. But nowadays how much do parents shape a child's life? How much is it shaped in school, and, after school, by television, records, movies and his fellow teen-agers? How much time does the average teen-ager spend under the actual influence of his parents? More than that—how much time is he *willing* to spend away from his friends?

Would it solve things to force him to spend more time with us? I doubt that, unless we could live in a completely isolated community—away from a culture in which it is desirable to be a teen-ager and not an adult, away from a world in which the whole economy caters to the teen-ager.

Why should *we* be expected to be perfect parents? Were *our* parents perfect? Is anybody? It's not the lack of a perfect home that drives children to run away to the hippie scene—but it may well be something missing in their lives.

Interviews with hippies indicate that they are largely losers, misfits who have not had notable success at anything in their earlier lives. But there is less and less for a teen-ager to be a success at. He has become too sophisticated to compete for camping medals and merit badges. In other generations, teen-agers were not a separate group. A person gradually went from being a boy to being a man. As soon as he could pull his weight in the family enterprise, whether a business, a trade, or a farm, he was expected to do so—*and he was needed!*

Now the teen-ager is held in reserve, out of the adult world, out of the labor market, until he is as old as 22 or 23. Is it any wonder that he seeks to make a little world of his own? Is it any wonder that it is so hard for him to identify with adult values in that strange "other" world where he is not permitted to take a real part?

Two weeks after Jerry returned, a writing assignment took me to the Caribbean for an underwater treasure hunt. I took Jerry along. Without a pill for weeks, he seemed to emerge from a haze. Much of his old humor and warmth returned. He was excited and interested in our work. I used him as a photographer, and his help was needed.

I felt encouraged enough to let him go on a real "trip" late in the summer. He went on a supervised camping tour of the Rockies, sleeping out in tents every night. I hope that all this will help Jerry "turn on" in a more healthy way. I hope it will show him life is not a "drag" to be struggled through with the help of pills. I hope he can come to believe that life is a *ball* if you live it with your eyes open. I hope--but I really don't know. END



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WHAT OUR YOUNG PEOPLE ARE REALLY SAYING, BY SEN. ROBERT F. KENNEDY

continued from page 35

young men dodge the draft in Canada, and unknown numbers effectively do the same in years of graduate study; the suicide rate among young people is rising, and so is the rate of juvenile delinquency.

Bob Dylan, the troubador of their generation, who once sang of the changes that were "Blowin' in the Wind," now dismisses our pronouncements as "propaganda, all is phony."

This rejection we see most clearly in the growth of a youthful "underground" culture. Its essence seems to be that participation in public affairs is a "hang-up"; that all power corrupts absolutely; and that salvation is to be found in a wholly new life style, sparked by drug-induced fantasies and preoccupation with self.

This small minority not only preaches total estrangement; it lives it. In new communities that have sprung up from New York's East Village to Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco, this "underground" community preaches the message of total alienation: "turn on, tune in, drop out." Their life style is in every way a repudiation of modern American life.

These "underground" communities are small, but many more young people are sympathetic to their message of estrangement and disillusionment even as they reject total alienation. The premises of the underground are, I am afraid, shared by far too many responsible young people on whom we depend to commit themselves personally to public change. Time and again I have heard these young leaders—whether college editors or community-action organizers—express their dissatisfaction with the direction of American society.

They seek change, but with an increasing sense of futility; theirs is not the estrangement that leads to complete alienation, but a despair that leads to indifference. Even those young people who are anxious to alter conditions they deplore, retreat in the face of inflexible institutions with overwhelming power, and become no different from the majority of their generation. They, too, "drop out"—but by becoming part of the "system" they deplore. They join the corporation, or the multiversity, or the law firm, not because they think they can contribute to those institutions, but out of resignation, out of the conviction that commitment to anything broader than their private welfare is fruitless.

Thus, more and more of our children are estranged and alienated, almost unreachable by the familiar arguments of our adult world. The task of leadership is not to condemn or castigate or deplore; it is to search out the reason for this disillusionment and alienation, this protest and dissent—perhaps, indeed, to learn from it. And we may find that we learn most of all from those political and social dissenters whose differences with us are most grave; for among the young, as among adults, the sharpest criticism often goes hand in hand with the deepest idealism and love of country.

What estranges these young people? What are they dissenting from, and what do they tell us about ourselves?

They begin, of course, with the war in Vietnam. Let me emphasize that I am not talking about all our young people. After all, Vietnam is a young man's war; the men who fight and die there, with bravery and endurance equal to any in our history, are young. Others, as I have seen on many campuses, are in favor of escalation through increased bombing of the North—though many who favor escalation also favor continuation of the student deferment, their seeming slogan being "Escalation Without Participation," or, at any rate, "Escalation Without Me." But when a hundred student-body presidents and editors of college newspapers, hundreds of former Peace Corps volunteers, and dozens of present Rhodes Scholars question the basic premises of the war, they should not and cannot be ignored. If called upon most will serve with courage and responsibility. Still their basic loyalty and devotion cannot obscure the fact of dissent.

These students oppose the war for the same reason that many Americans do: they recoil from the brutality and the horror of all wars, and from the particular terror of this one. But to our young people, I suspect, Vietnam is a shock as it cannot be to us. They did not know World War II, or even Korea. This is a war surrounded by rhetoric they not understand or accept. These are children not of the Cold War, but of Thaw. Their memories of Communi are not of Stalin's purges and de camps or the terrible revelations of Twentieth Party Congress, or the stre of Hungary. They see the world as in which Communist states can be ea other's deadliest enemies, or even cl to the West; in which Communism no better, but perhaps no worse, th many other evil dic torships with which conclude alliances.

Even as the declar foreign policy of government is to "bu bridges" to this n Communist worl youth sees us, in t name of anti-Comm nism, devastating t land of those we call friends—the people Vietnam. However t war may seem to they see it as one which the largest a most powerful nation earth is killing childr (they do not care if cidentally) in a remo and insignificant lan We speak of past co mitments, of the burd of past mistakes. Th ask why they shou now atone for mistak made before many them were born, befo almost any could vo They see us spend b lions on armamen while poverty and norance continue home; they see us wi ing to fight a war f freedom in Vietna but unwilling to fig with one-hundredth t money or force or effo to secure freedom Mississippi or Alaban or the ghettos of t North. And they se perhaps most disturbi of all, that they ther selves do not share the power of choice great questions th shape their lives. Thes at any rate, are some the sources of their di sent from the war. It not difficult to unde stand them.

It would be temptin but wrong, to trace the problems of our di affected youth to Vie nam. Nor can this problem be traced any individual, or to any administr tion, or to a political party; the cha lenge is deeper and broader.

Consider, for example, our economy the wondrous production machine tha has made us richer, as we count, tha any other people in history. It is a bus ness economy. Indeed, Coolidge wa accurate, if not notably edifying, whe he said that "the business of America business."

Yet in a recent survey only 12 perce of all college seniors hoped for a caree in business, or thought such a caree would be worthwhile and satisfying.

Any dinner that calls for better than everyday china calls for better than everyday peas.



The delicate little peas that rival the French petits pois in flavor.

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'art of the reason, surely, is that the at corporations, which are so large a t of American life, play so small a role the solution of its vital problems—l rights, poverty, unemployment, lth, education. Of course, it may well argued that the business of business o make a profit, that to attempt more o do less than its stockholders de-ve. But does such an argument have evance, ask the young, when the ual profits of a single company, like neral Motors, are greater than the ss national product of any one of 70 ions in the world?

Even more distasteful to the young, t has been to moralists for thousands years, is the ethic that judges all ngs by their profit. They have seen h officers of the nation's largest cor-rations engage in conspiracies to fix ces, gathering in shabby secret meet-s to steal pennies from millions of nericans. They have seen us send peo-to jail for the possession of mari-na, while refusing to limit the sale or vertising of cigarettes, which kill usands of Americans each year. They ve seen us hesitate to impose the akest of safety standards on auto-biles or require that a "respectable" re or lending company tell the simple th about the interest rate it is charg-on loans. They have sensed that or-nized crime, an empire of corruption,

F HEARTBREAK

Gladys McKee

vy the heart that knows
e swift, sharp breaking,
e shylock sword that goes
iftly in taking.
y the heart that takes
e slow, dull sword of years
grief before it breaks,
ve it your tears.

nal greed and extortion continues to urish, not only tolerated but often in iance with significant elements in la-r, business and government. It is per-ps for these reasons that many of them ho the words: "the rich He hath sent npty away."

For it is more than these abuses of the ofit motive that young people reject; ten it is the very materialism in our ciety, and what it has brought us. The burbs are "little boxes on a hillside made out of ticky-tacky, and they all ok just the same." "Money can't buy e love," they sing. In their eyes, we too ten measure the worth of a man by the ze of his salary or the number of his ossessions. In short, they think their lers have surrendered community and rsonal values in exchange for the tail-ns and trinkets that Westbrook Pegler ace called "a variety of dingbats for the mature."

Nor—painful as it may be for liberals acknowledge—are these young people chanted with liberal institutions. When ost Americans over the age of 30 think unions, they remember organized la-or's 50-year struggle to make the work-gman something more than an indus-ial serf. But youth looks with other es, and their view is very different. hey see labor grown sleek and bureau-atic with power, sometimes frankly scriminatory, occasionally even cor-pt and exploitative, a force not for ange but for the status quo, unwilling or unable to organize new members, indifferent to the men who once worked the coal mines of Appalachia, a late-comer to the struggles of the grape pickers of California or the farm laborers of the Mississippi Delta. This is a one-sided picture, without the dimensions of 50 years of struggle, and the undramatic yet vital work of labor in many parts of the nation today. But there is enough truth in some of it for us to be concerned about our children's view, and not to ignore the need for change.

We have treasured our educational system as a firm pillar of the liberal community. This faith, however, is not unanimously shared. One critic has said: "Education [is] by its very nature an individual matter not geared to mass production. It does not produce people who instinctively go the same way [yet] our millions learn the same lessons and spend hours before television sets looking at exactly the same thing at exactly the same time. For one reason or another we are more and more ignoring differences, if not trying to obliterate them. We seem headed toward a standardization of the mind, what Goethe called 'the deadly commonplace that fetters us all.'" This critic was not addressing a Berkeley protest rally; it was Edith Hamilton, one of our greatest classicists.

We hear much the same from our young people—as in this comment from a student representative, speaking to a meeting of the Board of Regents of the University of California: "We have asked to be heard. You have refused. We have asked for justice. You have called it anarchy. We have asked for freedom. You have called it license. Rather than face the fear and hopelessness you have created, you have called it Communistic. You have accused us of failing to use legitimate channels. But you have closed those channels to us. You, and not us, have built a university based on distrust and dishonesty."

It is impossible to mistake the anguish of that voice, to ignore the protest of individuality against the university as corporate bureaucracy, against the dull sameness Miss Hamilton also saw. For in bureaucracy and sameness lies the denial of individuality, and the denial that human beings matter; if everyone is the same, why listen to what anyone says? If we are not prepared to listen, then men are merely numbers in statistical collections, a part of the gross national product like so many coffee cups or carpet sweepers.

The suppression of individuality—the sense that no one is listening—is even more pronounced in our politics. Television, newspapers, magazines, are a cascade of words, official statements, policies, explanations and declarations. All flow from the height of government down to the passive citizen: Who can shout up against a waterfall?

More important, the language of politics is too often insincerity, which we have perhaps too easily accepted but which to the young is particularly offensive. George Orwell wrote a generation ago: "In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defense of the indefensible. Things like the continuation of British rule in India, the Russian purges and deportations, the dropping of the atom bombs on Japan, can indeed be defended, but only by arguments which are too brutal for most people to face, and which do not square with the professed aims of political parties. Thus political language has to consist largely of euphemism, question-begging and sheer cloudy vagueness. Defenseless villages are bombarded from the air, the inhabitants driven out into the countryside, the cattle machine-gunned, the huts set on fire with incendiary bullets: this is called *pacification*. Millions of peasants are robbed of their farms and sent trudging along the roads with no more than they can carry: this is called *transfer of population* or *rectification of frontiers*. People are imprisoned for years without trial, or shot in the back of the neck or sent to die of scurvy in Arctic lumber camps: this is called *elimination of unreliable elements*. The inflated style is itself a kind of euphemism. A mass of Latin words falls upon

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1 bay leaf
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1 cup heavy cream
1 can (8 oz.) green grapes

Prepare rice according to package directions, keep warm. Meanwhile, shake each chicken piece in paper bag with seasoned flour, use all the flour. Brown slowly in salted butter. Add onion, carrot, bay leaf, and champagne or wine. Cover pan, simmer 25 minutes, until chicken is tender. Arrange rice on heated serving platter. Place chicken on top. Discard onion, carrot, and bay leaf. Add cream and grapes to the sauce, heat without boiling. Spoon sauce over chicken. Makes 4 servings.

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the facts like soft snow, blurring the outlines and covering up all the details."

In this respect, politics has not changed since Orwell wrote that. And if we add to the insincerity, and the absence of dialogue, the absurdity of a politics in which elected officials find sport in joking about children bitten by rats, we can understand why so many of our young people have turned from engagement to disengagement, from politics to passivity, from hope to nihilism, from SDS to LSD.

Some adults, while admitting the disillusion of youth, discount its importance. There has always been generational conflict, they say, and it has always been resolved as the flaming youth of 20 matures into the parent, breadwinner, and community pillar of 30.

This view, in my judgment, is as wrong as it is seemingly comforting. At the most simple and direct level, the contributions of young people are sorely needed by the nation. Their work in the Peace Corps is our greatest asset in dozens of nations. Their willingness to work in VISTA, or other volunteer efforts, is critical to the solution of our domestic problems. And if young men do not run the country, they are needed to fight its battles.

More significantly, the protest of the young both reflects and worsens their elders' own lack of self-confidence. Societies confident of their wisdom and purpose are not afflicted with rebellions of the young. But if young people question our involvement in Vietnam, surely this in part reflects their elders' own uncertainty. If the young reject a life of corporate bureaucracy and suburban sameness, surely this reflects their parents' dissatisfaction with their own lives, the realization at 40 or 50 that money and status have not brought happiness or pride along with them. If the young scorn conventional politics and mock our ideals, surely this mirrors our own sense that these ideals have too often and too easily been abandoned for the sake of comfort and convenience. We have fought great wars, made great sacrifices at home and abroad, made prodigious efforts to achieve personal and national wealth, yet we are uncertain of what we have achieved—and whether we like it.

It seems that the young no longer want to exchange their innocence for responsibility; instead, many adults seek to recapture childish things. Thus when we confront the question of our disaffecting young, we confront also our own dissatisfactions and problems, as individuals and as a society.

We cannot discount the disaffection of the young, finally, because there has occurred an important shift in the makeup of modern society. Youth is now an identifiable and separate group. While it is true that many young people change as they grow older, it is also a fact that their separate and special values are passed on to still larger generations of their younger brothers and sisters. The young will always be with us. Before the spread of mass education (secondary school and college), children passed more or less directly into adulthood, from strict parental control to the full responsibility of earning a living and raising their own children; thus it is on his 13th birthday that in the Bar Mitzvah ceremony the Jewish boy proclaims "Today I am a man." One important feature of this pattern was that values were passed directly from one generation to the next, with change only slow and gradual.

The 20th century, however, has interrupted this ancient progression. A new time—adolescence—now separates childhood from the adult world. It is a time when the most important codes and standards are those of the "peer group," the fellow adolescents; and thus it is a break in the chain that once directly transmitted values across the generations. Youth is now a culture of its own, free of the restraints and demands that shape the vision of the rest of society—almost another country.

America is the nation where adolescence holds greatest sway. First with compulsory secondary education, now with more than half our children attending college and many going on to graduate study, we have lengthened the time and extended the scope of this unique period. In doing so, we have invited ever-greater separations between generations, ever-more rapid changes in values, attitudes and beliefs. But continuity of values, shared beliefs, are vital to any society. Indeed it is these common attitudes that make a society more than a collection of strangers occupying the same geographical territory.

It is just this sense of basic agreement that is now rejected by our youth, and at a time when many others are also denying the fundamental premises and processes of the nation; great gulfs now yawn between black and white, between right and left. These divisions spring from different causes, and may exist entirely apart from one another: The hippie rejecting affluence and action is far away from the Negro sharecropper or his unemployed brother in the city slums who are in desperate need of action to achieve a minimum share of the affluence and acceptance the hippie scorns. But the effect of the two divisions is more than the sum of each. For at some point—who can say where, or under what strain?—there is the danger that too many will not share the same goals, the same understanding of the present or vision of the future; that our politics and our life will lose much of their capacity to move forward, because we will not agree on where we want to go—or even where we are at the time. Some profess not to fear, but to welcome, such basic divisions. In the "politics of confrontation" they see opportunities for basic change, which, like all revolutionaries, they assume will be favorable to their aims. I do not share this blithe confidence. It is undoubtedly healthy for us to confront ourselves and each other, *together*, and with a consciousness of shared aims and good will. But to confront each other across gulfs of hostility and mistrust only invites disaster, as does the intemperate and emotional rejection of general standards of decent speech and behavior.

The estrangement of young people is not unique to America. Latin American students have been militant, angry critics of their societies for decades; students in Korea, Turkey and Indonesia helped to overthrow their governments. Europeans are also perturbed by the growing phenomenon of adolescent apartness; English students rebel against the august London School of Economics, explicitly modeling their theory and tactics after the rebels of Berkeley.

Even in the Communist world, the rumblings of a disaffected, youthful minority are heard, denouncing hypocrisy, demanding authenticity. Soviet youth do not listen to their official youth organ but to poets like Andrei Voznesensky, whose rejection of a world of poverty and official lies sounds remarkably like voices in America:

When I go down and see
the way some people live,
and look around dismayed,
shame scorches my cheeks
like the back of a flatiron.

How shamefully we hold our tongues,
Or, at the most, we hem and haw.
Lies are written on fat faces
that should be hidden in trousers.

Clearly these are different phenomena, different youth. The Latin or Asian student may face brutal repression and the stagnation of centuries. But he need not be estranged from all his elders, nor from the conventional politics of his nation. The political and intellectual currents of his own country encourage his rage to flow outward, in a passionate reactive nationalism—fighting against the dominant, successful West, and especially against the United States, and against those forces and elements in his own country identified with it. These feelings are shared by parties and movements of all generations in his country. He can protest, he can be revolutionary, without total estrangement. And the role of rebellious youth in Communist nations is to join the battle against bureaucrats, political censors and the hard-core totalitarians, to achieve greater freedom of personal expression, whether in speech or poetry or dress.

This is in many ways a less complex, if sometimes more difficult, struggle than that which faces American youth; still it is producing its own generational separation, as every Communist leader is discovering. Just as George Kennan, the Soviet expert, predicted. The staggering deceits and crimes of totalitarianism have ended up by disgusting and boring everybody, including those who practice them.

But American youth has moved far beyond these battles. He cannot look elsewhere for the sources of his society's ills—for America is not a poor and struggling nation. Nor can he battle for the right to express himself—he has that right; but he believes it irrelevant to changing his land for the better. One spokesman for the young generation has said that the absence of censorship is a sure sign that no one is saying anything worthwhile. Moreover, the youth of other nations can still see their task as the work of economic development—whether by revolutionary change, or by ending the economic domination—even if fancied—of the West. But American youth, like the American nation, already knows an affluence far beyond the distant dreams of young people in other countries. Only he does not know what this affluence is for.

The gap between generations will never be completely closed. But it must be spanned. The bridge across the generations is essential to the nation in the present; and more, it is the bridge to our own future—and thus in a central sense, to the very meaning of our lives. Whatever their differences with us, whatever the depth of their dissent, it is vital—for us as well as for them—that our people feel that change is possible they will be heard, that the follie cruelties of the world will yield, ho grudgingly, to the sacrifices the prepared to make. They must fee there is a sense of possibility.

Possibility must begin with dia and dialogue is more than the fre to speak. It is the willingness to l and to act. To the extent that the only mirror the dissatisfactions of elders, they are raising matters should concern us in any case. T extent that they demand the obser of long-proclaimed ideals, they pe for us the ancient service of the p ets. And as they ask for opportunit contribute to mankind and shape own fate, they lend greater urgency concern that all of us share: tha lives should make a difference to selves and our fellow men.

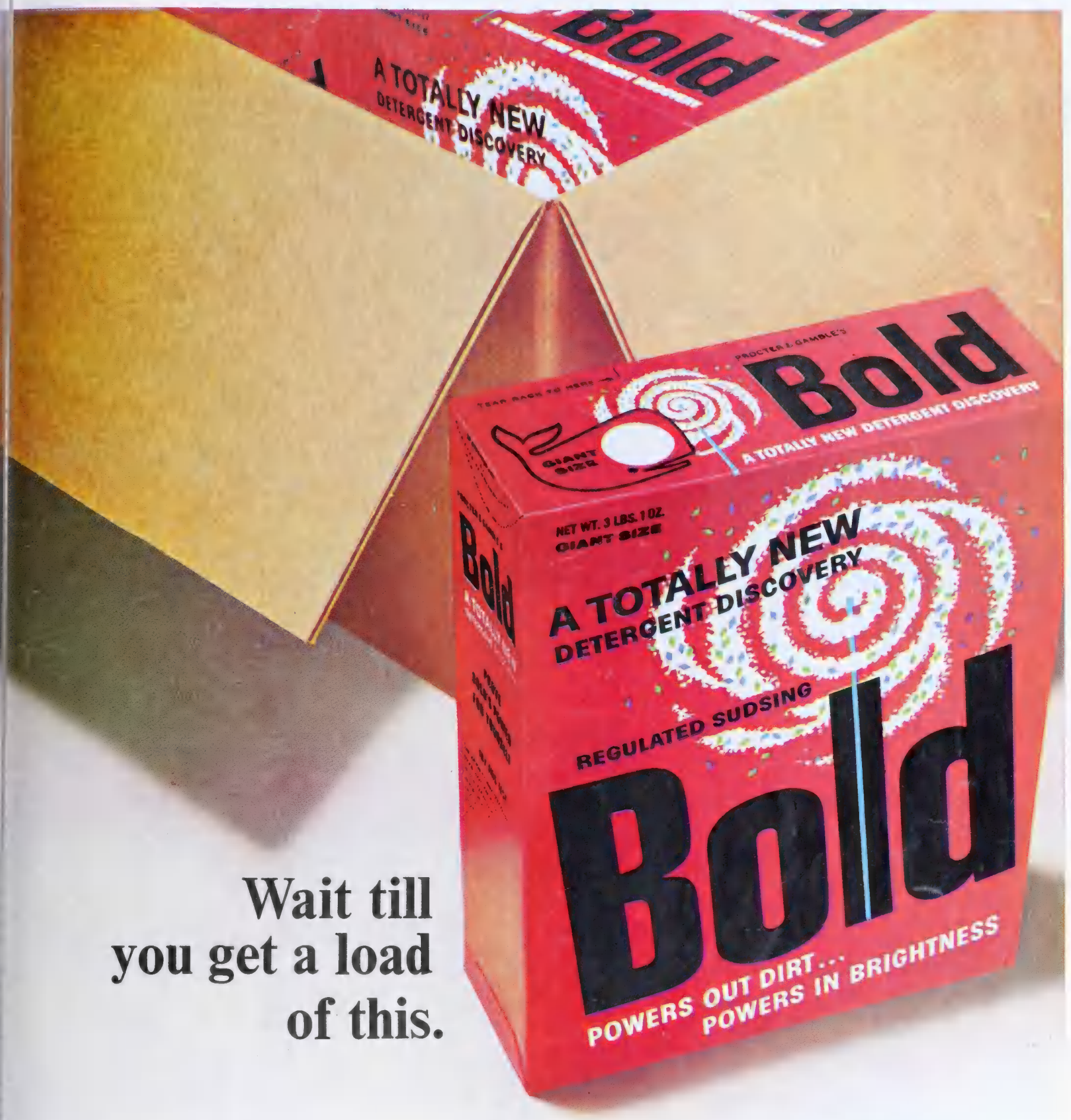
To achieve the vital sense of bility, to take up the challenge our y pose to us, we must remember idealism and morality—in politics, in the conduct of our lives—is not j hope for the future, and must not thing of the past. Even though seem totally estranged, many of youth do propose to improve our soc and not abandon it. In their "free versities" in the United States, the trying to offer exciting alternative conventional education. In the Ne lands the bizarre young "Provos" elected one of their leaders to the sterdam city council, and have off serious, if unorthodox, proposals to some of the city's dilemmas, such a pollution and traffic congestion. We help link the practical idealism of youths with our tradition of moral sent; and we should remember how cult it must be for the young disse of today to have before them only example of the beat and silent ge tion of the 1950's.

We may find some of their ideas practical, some of their views overdr Still, there is no question of their ene of their ability, and above all of t honest commitment to a better more decent world for all of us. It is us now to make the effort, to take t causes as our causes, and to enlist t in our own, to lend to their vision daring the insight and wisdom of experience.

Every generation has its central cern, whether to end war, erase ra injustice, or improve the condition of working man. Today's young people pear to have chosen for their concern dignity of the individual human be They demand a limitation upon ex sive power. They demand a political s tem that preserves the sense of comm nity among men. They demand a gove ment that speaks directly and hones to its citizens. We can win their comm ment only by demonstrating that th goals are possible through personal fort. The possibilities are too great, stakes too high, to bequeath to the co ing generation only the prophetic lam of Tennyson:

Ah, what shall I be at fifty,
should nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?

(For a psychologist's practical suggesti on ways for individual parents and yo people to improve their own communi tions, please see page 36.)



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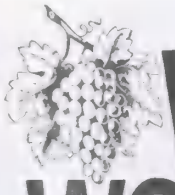
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WINE WOMEN & SO ON

DO YOU KEN YOUR SCOTCH?

Scotch has been the spirit of status for a generation, not only in North America but also in South America, in the big cities of Asia and Africa and all over Europe. Even Paris, the last holdout, has fallen to the Scot's whisky, which has already edged out the traditional *apéritif* before dinner and become a constant source of worry to the French wine folks.

Despite its popularity, how many people really know their Scotch? How does it differ from other whiskies like bourbon, Irish, Canadian, or the popular American blends? What are the basic differences between one Scotch and another? How much must you spend to get a good one? Should a lady offer a gentleman anything other than his regular brand? Or are there certain families of Scotch whiskies sharing some of the same characteristics?

To get the answers we have roamed the Highlands and moors of Scotland as well as the distilleries around Glasgow and Edinburgh, and the wine and liquor shops of a dozen states. In a word, the distinguishing flavor of Scotch whisky, what makes it different from all others, is the "peat reek"—a scent like ancient heather burning. This fragrance comes from sprouted barley that is traditionally dried or "malted" over smoky fires of peat. This is the taste characteristic of the malt whiskies that are always a part—but nowadays often a very small part—of Scotch.

These are whiskies surrounded by lore and mysticism. Years ago on the bonny banks of a little river known as a *burn* a Scotsman told us, "It is not within the ken of man to know what makes one Scotch so fine and another one even better. Some say it is the water that flows through peat and heather and over granite. Others say it is the barley or the type of peat or the shape of the stills."

Nobody knows for sure, but the old-line malt-whisky makers take no chances. If the distillery must be enlarged, they add to the old building. They would never build across the road. There are stories that old ropes are mended rather than replaced. "For it could be the rope," they will say mysteriously. Or the air. Or the chill, the damp, the mists of Scotland. Or the methods of aging in "old wood from the New World."

In spite of this charisma these rich, full-bodied, highly aromatic malt whiskies are used less and less in present-day Scotch—sometimes as little as 20 percent. The rest is very light and delicate grain whisky.

In recent times the trend has been toward lighter and lighter Scotch—lighter in color, lighter in flavor (less malt-flavored), and lighter in alcoho content.

Cutty Sark, the biggest seller acro the country, has built its reputation "lightness." So has *J&B*, a close runne up in sales.

What does "light" mean? Sometim it is hard to say. Color does not affe strength, for in Scotch, because of t nature of the casks, even old whiski remain quite pale.

Generations ago distillers began ad ing infinitesimal amounts of caram coloring. They wanted their whisky look like French cognac. The custo still prevails. Infinitesimal has becom more infinitesimal. Differences in flav have become less and less pronounce

Those who belong to the light-whisk brigade will enjoy such as *Ambassado Black & White, Teacher's, Dewar's Whi Label, Haig, White Horse, Johnn Walker Red, Usher's, Queen Anne* an *Gilbey's Spey Royal. Soul-Bros.*, mos recent arrival to our shores, belongs i this class.

Ballantine's, on the other hand, has more smoky taste. So has *Grant' Hankey Bannister, Old Smuggler, Gra MacNish* and the redoubtable *Re Hackle.*

The big story in lightness right now i the trend toward whisky with less a cohol. The classics are usually bottle in Scotland at 86 proof (43 percent al cohol). But a new type is surging int the market—whiskies made in Scotlan in the same way and often by the sam firms but shipped in bulk and bottled i the United States with an alcoholic con tent of 80 proof (40 percent alcohol There is considerable saving in impor taxes, labor and shipping costs. Th Scotch sells for about $2 less per bottle

What is the public reaction? Well The overall sales of Scotch in this coun try in the last five years increased 5 percent, but the sales of Scotch bottle in the United States rose almost eigh times as fast—443 percent!

Some people make quite a to-do abou the fact that these lighter Scotches are lower in calories. True, but not earth-shaking. By definition the proof of a distilled spirit is exactly the same as the number of calories in an ounce. In a highball made with 2 ounces (4 tablespoons) of 80-proof Scotch, you would eliminate 12 calories, somewhat less than you save by using an artificial sweetener instead of a teaspoon of sugar in your coffee.

Certainly the big factor in favor of the new Scotches must be the lower prices—particularly appealing, of course, to the young householders and party-givers.

Recently we made a series of pleasant comparisons, sniffing and tasting Scotch whiskies bottled in the United States at 80 proof, along with others of much the same nature made, in most cases, by the same companies, and bottled at 86 proof for the American trade. Several of the new 80-proof Scotches came off very well indeed. Naturally their names are not nearly as well known, nor are these whiskies as widely distributed across the nation as the older classics. Many localities have their own brands. So there are problems in making a list. As a starter, however, for your guidance, here are a few that we liked best and found most widely available. They are listed alphabetically: *B&L* (*Bulloch & Lade*) *Crawford, King George IV, King William IV, McColl's, Mackintosh*, and *MacMasters*.—POPPY CANNON

ing in
ne New

out all those dull stand- that turn up on the dinner e too often! Ring in the Year with the resolution dd spark to hot entrées. at more appropriate way with pretty ring molds of atoes, noodles or rice filled hot, delectable meat, fish oultry mixtures? All our recipes are economical, , and (we couldn't resist) to ring the bell with fam- and guests.

ip for turning out rings: sen around the edges out- and inside the ring with a ula or broad knife. Cover a plate. Hold mold and e together. Turn over.

DLE RING WITH CHOPPED F AND ONIONS

udget-wise dish that looks tastes so inviting. All you d to make a meal is a green etable or salad.

-oz.) pkg. medium noodles
gs
up milk
sp. salt
sp. pepper
½-oz.) jars sliced dried beef
0-oz.) pkgs. frozen creamed nions
ps water
sp. Worcestershire sauce
grains cayenne pepper

ok 1 (6-oz.) pkg. medium dles according to pkg. di- tions. Drain. Combine 2 s, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon , ¼ teaspoon pepper and t well. Stir in cooked noo- s. Spoon into well-greased 4- ring mold. Set in a pan taining 1 inch hot water. ke in 350° oven for 45 min- s. Meanwhile "freshen" 2 ½-oz.) jars sliced dried beef covering with cold water. ing to boil. Drain. Cut into aller pieces. Cook 2 (10-oz.) gs. frozen creamed onions ording to pkg. directions, ng 2 cups water and adding tsp. Worcestershire sauce d a few grains cayenne pep- r. When cooked, stir in reshened" dried beef. Turn noodle ring out onto rmed serving plate. Spoon ef and onion mixture care- ly into center and around tside of noodle ring. Serves 6.

NG-AROUND HOT POTATO LAD

earty German fare—this ring spicy hot potato salad filled th caraway-sprinkled frank- rter pieces.

otatoes (about 2 lbs.)
quart water
sp. salt
r 7 strips bacon
cup chopped onion
cup chopped celery
cup vinegar
Tb. water
sp. salt
tsp. paprika
tsp. dry mustard
tsp. pepper
raway Franks:
frankfurters, cut into 1-inch pieces
Tb. butter or margarine
Tb. caraway seed

Peel and dice 6 medium potatoes. Drop into 1 quart rapidly boiling, salted water. Cook, uncovered, over high heat 8 minutes. (Potatoes should be *just* tender—not at all mushy.) Drain, set aside.

Snip 6 to 7 strips bacon into bits. Fry till crisp. Drain on paper towels. Combine with potatoes.

In 2 tablespoons of the hot bacon fat, sauté ½ cup each chopped onion and celery for 5 minutes or until just tender. Add to potatoes. Combine ⅓ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon each paprika and pepper. Bring to a boil and pour over potatoes.

Lightly brush a 4-cup ring mold with a little bacon fat. Spoon the potato mixture into the mold, pressing gently with the back of a spoon. Bake the potato ring in preheated 400° oven for about 10 minutes.

Caraway Franks: While potato ring bakes, cut 6 frankfurters into 1-inch pieces. Sauté in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine along with 1 tablespoon caraway seeds, 5 to 6 minutes or until lightly browned and heated through.

Turn potato ring out on a platter. Fill center with Caraway Franks. Serve good and hot. Makes 6 servings. —POPPY CANNON

Why aren't your feet as sexy as the rest of you?



A silly question.

You have a legitimate reason for not having sexy feet. You ignore them. And you have company.

Millions of women ignore their feet.

Women who spend hours making a wisp of hair casually fall out of place won't spend two minutes on their feet. Why?

Simply because up until now, all a woman could do about unattractive feet was stare at them... hide them... forget them.

Things have changed, thank goodness. Now there's a product named, appropriately enough, Pretty Feet.

Pretty Feet is a pleasant roll-off lotion.

Pour a little on your fingers every day of the week and rub it into your feet. Then see the rough, dead skin roll right off.

Soon you'll have beautiful feet that can wear open sandals... lovely feet that won't hide in the sand at the beach... smooth feet that won't run stockings.

If you're genuinely interested in making your feet as sexy as the rest of your body, send 25¢ in coin to cover postage and handling for a sample bottle of Pretty Feet. Write to Pretty Feet, Dept. LA-1, Chemway Corp., P.O. Box 202, Clifton, N.J. 07015.

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We invented it because too many attractive women have unattractive feet.

FREE!

when you order 6 or more 1968

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By BERKSHIRE

Edited by Ruth V. Noble

Cat • Dog • Horse • Bird • Cape Cod • Kitchen

These delightful week-at-a-glance calendars make the perfect gift — one that will remind your friends of you *every* single day of the year.
Only $2.00 each

Every one of the Pictorial Appointment Calendars will be treasured and kept for years, with its cover in glowing colors and 54 striking photographs in sepia on ivory paper. The animal Calendars have two beautiful color pictures inside, as well. The week-at-a-glance calendar pages are divided into morning, afternoon and evening with plenty of room for noting meetings, appointments, birthdays, etc. They can be used as diaries, too. You will enjoy the inspirational quotations on each page. These distinctive calendars are 6x7¼ and plastic bound to open flat, ideal to keep on the telephone table. At the end of the year the calendar pages can be torn out, leaving a permanent book of lovely photos. They come in gay red gift boxes, all ready for mailing.

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THIS ADORABLE

KITTEN POSTER

by Walter Chandoha

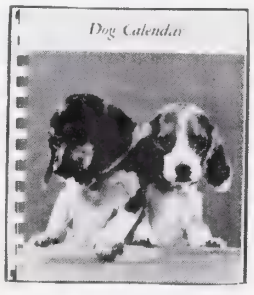


This appealing Poster of a baby kitten with his eyes not yet focused is l tionally famous animal photographer, Walter Chandoha. Printed on qua size 15x22, including generous margins, it is all ready for framing and w wonderful conversation piece to decorate any room in the house. $1.00 for postage and handling when ordered separately.

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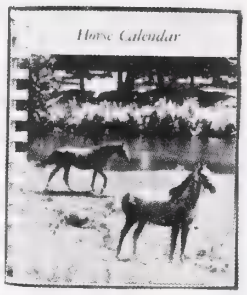
FREE WITH 6 OR MORE CALENDARS.

The 1968 DOG Calendar



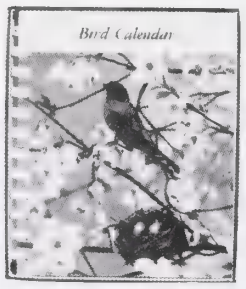
Adorable photos of dogs and puppies featuring over 50 popular breeds, from Afghans to Vizslas decorate this handsome calendar. Beagles and Cockers, Basset Hounds and Welsh Corgis, Poodles and Samoyeds, Boxers and Schipperkes, Foxhounds and Pointers, Setters and Retrievers are among the dogs featured. Contributed by Dog Clubs and Fanciers all over the country, they represent top examples of each breed, including many show winners. The co-editor is Mrs. Muriel A. Babb, noted authority and writer for Popular Dogs magazine. A gift that will captivate all dog lovers, including young fry and grown-ups alike.

The 1968 HORSE Calendar



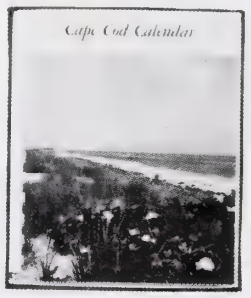
Racing, hunting and Western scenes, combined with appealing portraits and beautiful views of the Kentucky Bluegrass Country, and of the horse farms of Florida make this one of Berkshire's most popular calendars. Polo at the Myopia Hunt Club and riding to hounds in Mexico are pictured. Also many of the great race tracks, like Churchill Downs, Big A and Monmouth Park, and a variety of breeds such as Arabians, Appaloosas, and Palominos. Included are a number of top show horses, many submitted by their owners. This fascinating calendar will make the perfect gift for all horse enthusiasts, both young and old.

The 1968 BIRD Calendar



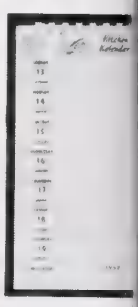
Familiar favorites like the Mountain Bluebird, the Chickadee and the graceful Heron are pictured in this charming Calendar along with rare birds like the Shoebill Stork, the Tawny Frogmouth and the Hoopoe. Portraits of magnificent photogenic Owls and waddling Penguins add humor. The birds come from all over the United States with appealing shots of a southern Flamingo feeding her four-day-old chick to a Long-billed Curlew in Oregon. Unusual birds like the rare Horned Screamer from South America help to make this Calendar educational as well as beautiful. An ideal gift for bird watchers and *all* bird lovers.

The 1968 CAPE COD Calendar



The land of sand dunes and windmills, lighthouses and snug harbors is captured in this Calendar. The charm of the Cape with its historic shrines, old New England Churches, and quaint rose-covered cottages is brought vividly to life. Pictured are Cape sports such as fishing and sailing. All the famous towns are shown from picturesque Provincetown with its fishing trawlers to Woods Hole with the research vessel *Atlantis II* from the Oceanographic Institute. The nearby Islands also are represented — Nantucket with its lighthouses and clapboard houses, and Martha's Vineyard with its charming paneled doorways.

The 1968 KITCHEN Calendar



This practical "Kitchen is designed to simplify t wife's busy life. The conve 11 pad has spacious wee with plenty of room for M the whole family to jot d and memos. It features a detach shopping section o write items as needed. T rated part can then be to taken to market. It come own pencil and hanger so hung on the kitchen wall c useful gift for everyone w house — one that will be preciated. Customers refe "invaluable," "indispensabl convenient calendar imagi

The 1968 CAT CALENDAR *The purr-fect gift for all your cat-loving friends*



Exquisite and amusing cats and kittens by Walter Chandoha, whose photos have enhanced the covers of over 200 national magazines and many books. He is a master at capturing the mood of his subjects, whether wistful or appealing, disdainful or sad. All the popular breeds are shown, from the graceful Siamese to the dignified Persian. The precious pictures are welcome "cheer-er uppers" on gloomy days. This famous calendar is so popular that many cat lovers save them as a permanent part of their libraries. Some excerpts from their letters express their great appreciation:

"I need help! I can't find a Cat Engagement Calendar for 1967. I'm lost without it and the cats." N. Y.

"I can't do without one. They are so handy and I love the cat pictures. Be anxious to hear from you." St. Louis County, Mo.

"For 11 years now we have used one of the Cat Calendar books you publish . . . I would so very much like to keep the set intact and hope that you will have one you could send me." N.Y.

"For years and years now, I have either bought or received as a gift for Christmas your famous 'Cat Calendar' with photographs by Walter Chandoha." Calif.

"Every year I buy a large number of your Engagement Calendars as Christmas gifts, and a Cat Calendar for myself without fail, because they are so delightful and . . . always so very much appreciated by the recipients."

"I have had one of these calendars on my desk each year for a long time past, and it would not seem the same without one!" Baldwin, N.Y.

"Each year I write to see if you will have your Cat Calendar for another year . . . I started getting your Cat Calendar in 1962, and I just can't seem to stop." Seymour, Tex.

"It is unthinkable that I should be without one." Houston, Tex.

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_____ Kitchen Calendars
_____ Kitten Posters at 1.00
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THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

nued from page 20

's father. Now there was a man after heart, but I didn't love him the way e Susie, or anything approaching ut it's some more of the crazy stuff spouted at me the other day. The e idea is ridiculous. However, I do my kids could have known their dfather on her side.

'm prouder of my boys than a banty ter on the prowl, but at their present it does seem they have more need eir mother than they have of me. n they're a few years older and ac- a little more judgment, I plan on aving some dandy times together. I teach my boys the fine points of ng and judo, for instance, which few fathers are in a position to do. if Susie thinks different and wants o start going to the beach, she has to say so.

I will say that my friends have rallied nd. For the past two weeks, even n I was off the premises and on duty, or three of them have been in and of the house all the time. They've ed out our plumbing foul-up, so Susie can now use her washer at the e time I use the sprinkler outside on lawn. One of the guys thought I ht to drive over to Mom's and let e get the news, but I thought not. f them have told me I have a good , the best in their experience, and I ought to get her to come back with kids. I already know that. But I t know how.

Good-hearted as my buddies are, derful fellows every one, they've ested a number of lousy ideas to One of them thought I should find her girl to make Susie jealous, and ffered to see that Susie got the word. n't want another girl, in the first e. I've never wanted any girl but e. She knows that. In the second e, I don't think my buddies know as h about women as I used to think knew. In fact, I've begun to doubt the wonderful times they tell me 've had with dames in bed. If the s were so wonderful, why are they sitting around telling me I ought to my wife to come back?

Another suggestion that might have tle something to it was suggested by partner, a bachelor, who owns a n that we use sometimes for surfing scuba-diving. He said Susie and the were perfectly welcome to be his sts every weekend for the next year. e or twice I've heard her say she ld like to learn scuba-diving. Well, be glad to teach her. Also, if she ts us to go dancing, why, we'll dance. But as the situation now stands, I'm less. She won't tell me what's wrong. unfair. It isn't like Susie at all. An- r female puzzle to me is my Mom. I ays took her side when Pop went on rampage; one time he went at her a poker, and I put him in the hos- l for a week minus two of his front h. Yet now she sides with Susie.

The two women I care anything ut are leagued against me, so it's n I've made some mistakes. If Susie tell me what's eating her, I'll help fix it. She *ought* to tell me, and I n it. It's her duty. She's married to I'm her husband, and I love her."

fter 10 years as a married man, y basically remained a bachelor," counselor said. "He reaped the benefits of marriage without the nuisance of being in any way hobbled in his independence of choice and action. This wasn't altogether his fault; but more of that later.

"When Susie and the boys quit Rory's bed and board and moved in with his mother, he abruptly awoke to the facts of marital life, and discovered in a twinkling that he well might lose something of far more importance to him than his scuba-diving, the joys of his job and the fun of companionship with his unencumbered pals.

"Rory was now in a position to profit by marriage counseling and be guided toward a way out of the domestic dilemma that confronted him. He was in the proper frame of mind to seek and accept advice in his intimate private affairs, often an embarrassing ordeal for a man of his character. For three or four years Susie had urged Rory to make an appointment with the American Institute of Family Relations, and now he got around to it.

"In this people-crowded world, the vast majority of us who want a satisfying existence and are willing to work toward that goal must compromise, make adjustments, take into account the equally keen desires of those close to us, and then strike the best bargain we can. Married couples, dependent upon each other by the very nature of the institution, must come to terms with hard, often unpalatable facts if they are to achieve happiness and success for themselves and each other in their union. Rory was *not* successfully married; he just thought so.

"He had neglected to take into his calculations the possibility that Susie might not be satisfied with him as a husband. This occurred partly because *she* satisfied him, and partly because she unwisely permitted him to rock along for many years in a state of blissful ignorance. When she did complain—Susie was by no means a walking angel—Rory brushed off her complaints as 'ridiculous.'

"When Susie, time after time, failed to spell out in plain words and enlighten Rory about her true, inner reactions to this unhusbandly behavior, his complacency grew, and her inner resentment grew. Rory was too well pleased with his neat combination of bachelordom and marriage to observe any change in her attitude.

"Misled by Susie's sweet-on-the-surface behavior, Rory, who was very male in his reactions, developed a case of 'wife deafness,' tuned Susie out entirely, and stopped listening to her mild, muttered-under-the-breath complaints. She then stopped talking to him about the thoughts and feelings that had meaning for her or about anything that ailed her, felt sorry for herself, sulked, and carried out her duty (as she saw it) while brooding in silence over her injuries and the injustice of life.

"Communication between the couple broke down completely. When a married pair can't communicate with each other, share their private beliefs, hopes, disappointments, they are nearly always headed in the direction of the divorce court—although they may not know it. Susie and Rory were in deep trouble several years before she walked out, but she alone knew it.

"Rory was an intelligent man (if an emotional dumbbell) all wrapped up in a profession that both he and Susie, an intelligent young woman, regarded as worthwhile socially and financially. There was no conflict there. However, the night duty, which Rory had voluntarily elected to serve because he enjoyed his bachelor and divorced male friends, stood close to the top of his wife's list of unspoken grievances. Rory neglected to check in by telephone with the worried Susie, not out of callousness but because of the carefree bachelor attitude she had invited him to maintain: in Rory's view, Susie was 'a woman' and hence in need of masculine sheltering, and he didn't want to 'worry her.'

"There is no question that Rory's line of work was eventful, stimulating, well paid and socially useful. However, Susie hit the nail on the head when she said her husband had a poor job for a family man. Once this factor was clarified to Rory, he put in his application for a transfer to the day-side and traffic control—a transfer his superiors immediately and gladly granted.

"Susie's futile and prolonged sacrifices, theoretically made on Rory's behalf, were unnecessary and exaggerated, very nearly to the point of self-immolation. Almost inevitably, too high a degree of self-sacrifice results in an explosion of the martyred one's ego, and then everybody suffers.

Susie's behavior was quite easy for her to interpret and modify, once she thought the subject through.

"Eleven years after the death of her father, Susie was still haunted with remorse for wrongs she believed, but could by no means establish, she had done him. Early in her marriage she subconsciously attempted to transform Rory into her deceased father, meet all of Rory's wishes and expectations, and thereby turn evil into good—an impossibility. Rory wasn't her father; her father was out of reach forever.

"These discoveries, emotional and practical, made by Susie and Rory, enormously cleared the air. All of us then sat down, and the two came clean with each other, communicated again, found out what each wanted and hoped for. Susie and the boys moved back home. Next, she resigned her regular teaching assignment, and now she works as a substitute, choosing her own days. She is much less tired.

"With increased leisure and sufficient rest, Susie now has a chance to enjoy her sons and her home, although she still isn't as house-proud as Rory.

"Rory's impoverished boyhood explained his financial fears, overweening insistence on obtaining a type of security that no longer exists in this world, if indeed it ever existed. Probably Rory will always be a little uneasy and restive about spending money, but Susie now understands the reason for his 'stinginess' and can take it in her stride.

"Rory's police friends on the night detail still drop around occasionally, pitch in and assist with the heavy carpentering, but he now sees less of them. Susie and Rory and the two boys spent one weekend in his ex-partner's cabin, but nobody particularly enjoyed it. They were asked for a repeat visit, but they declined.

"Susie has learned scuba-diving, and she is crazy about the sport. The boys are learning judo and boxing right now, under Rory's tutelage, instead of having unwelcome instruction pressed on them later on when they're adolescent and beginning to be bored with their old man. Rory isn't exactly crazy about working in traffic control, but he has interested himself in the psychology of how to arrest a speeder without getting the citizen's back up.

"Rory and Susie now have a loving and very successful marriage. Together they earned it." END

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

see pages 64-67



1901 4762 1940 1865 1854 7248 1888 7271

VOGUE 1901 Dior coat and dress; 8–16; $3.50. Coat requires 3⅜ yards of 54-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12.

BUTTERICK 4762 Misses dress; 8–16; $.75. Dress requires 2½ yards of 58-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12. Contrast collar and cuffs require ⅜ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap.

VOGUE 1940 Ricci evening gown with skirt and pants; 8–16; $5.00. Gown and pants require 6⅛ yards of 47-48-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12. (Pattern not available until mid-February.)

VOGUE 1865 Pucci loungewear; 8–16; $3.50. Loungewear pajamas require 10 yards of 40-in. fabric without nap for size 12. (Allow for piecing.)

VOGUE 1854 Galanos dress; 8–16; $2.00. Dress requires 2½ yards of 58-in fabric with/without nap for size 12.

VOGUE 7248 Misses dress and coat; 8–16; $2.00. Coat and dress require 4⅛ yards of 59/60-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12.

VOGUE 1888 Galanos dress; 8–16; $2.00. Dress requires 2⅝ yards of 58-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12.

VOGUE 7271 Misses coordinates: skirt, culottes, jacket and blouse; 8–16; $2.00. Blouse and long culottes require 6½ yards of 40-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12.

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Looks aren't everything when you're looking for the greatest secretary in the world. A short story by William Bankier

THE REPLACEMENT



"You've spoiled us," Mr. Rich said. "We'll never get anybody to replace you. But put an ad in the paper. If we can get somebody by Friday, you can leave then."

A week was short notice, but when Jim came home and told me they wanted him to move to London as soon as possible to replace a suddenly departed research chief, my typing days were numbered.

"Can't you follow him in a month or so?" Mr. Rich said, without much hope in his voice.

"And leave my husband alone in foggy London with Michael Redgrave's daughters in their mini-skirts? Not likely."

On Wednesday, three women came in to apply for my job. One wanted too much money. One was very plain, and Mr. Rich likes a pretty girl in the office. The third could type, but she had airs. Mr. Rich thanked her and sent her away fast.

"I can see it coming," he said. "I'll be typing all my own letters in the evenings."

Thursday morning we had no applicants but one telephone call. Mrs. Drum asked if she could come in at 2:30 that afternoon. I said yes of course to the bold, brittle voice on the phone, and asked Mr. Rich to cross his fingers.

"I'll cross my fingers when I come to them," he said, and shrugged helplessly. Sometimes his jokes are good. When they aren't, he knows it.

Mrs. Drum arrived at twenty to three. I heard her at the switchboard before I saw her. "It's all set. I telephoned this morning. Just tell them Shirley Drum. I'm late, but it wasn't my fault. I came out of Miller's and couldn't get a taxi. And when I did, it took longer than I expected. I didn't realize you were buried away down here so far."

Sophie leaned around from the switchboard and raised her eyebrows at me. I understood why when Shirley Drum walked around the corner. She was wearing a large artificial-fur hat, Cossack style, but apparently shattered by gunfire. Her fleece-lined coat was swinging open over a mauve cocktail dress with a cluster of rosebuds, real ones, pinned and wilting at her waist. She had on olive-green, high-heeled shoes and, above these, heavy white tights, like the Baltimore Colts' practice socks, but with floral embroidery on the calves.

Her mouth was painted on thick the way we all used to do it in the good old days, and the frames of her eyeglasses appeared to be

Illustration by Jack Davis



She snatched the cigarette from her mouth and announced, "I've come for the job." Mr. Rich retreated quietly, and I was on my own.

made of pink candy. She put one charm-jangling fist on her hip, snatched the cigarette from her mouth and said, "I've come for the job. We talked about it on the phone."

Mr. Rich's door closed quietly. I was on my own. "All right, let's see how you like the typewriter." I had to go through the motions, and, after all, she might have been the greatest secretary since Billy Rose.

"Is that an electric?" Her coat hit my desk with the clunk of heavy objects in the pockets. My old standard Underwood lacked legs to flee, but I was sure I saw the keys retract.

"Just a manual, I'm afraid," I said. "Here, use this stationery and copy this letter. An original and two carbons. Carbon paper is here."

Mrs. Drum typed the way they teach you in school. She cranked a set of pages through the roller, moved her face close to the letter on the desk and began to rattle away, volleys of type peppering the paper. Not once did she look at the machine. The letter was completed in less than two minutes, signature and initials put on with flourish, and papers ripped from the typewriter impatiently. There, let's get on with it!

I went over the page quickly:

Dear mr. Hamikton:
In repky tp yours of rge l6th, Ley me advixe you that sevwral of our peoplw quill bw at the conferqbce and thet . . .

"On a strange machine ——" I began.

"It's very stiff. The last machine I worked on was loose, as loose as this one is stiff. There's a simple adjustment you can make on the side . . ." She had the machine turned on my desk and was fumbling with the touch control.

"I'd rather not go into that right now. I see quite a few errors here. We have a special paper for correcting typographical errors ——"

"Yes. I'm familiar with that. You just put it in and type the proper letter on top of the mistake."

"Well, actually, you type the incorrect letter again and the paper whites it in."

"That's what I mean. Do you have a lot of dictation to take care of? My shorthand was never as good as it should be, but I have a system of my own. The main problem is Dictaphones. I see one over there. I never cared much for them because I think a secretary can do so much more when she's in contact with her employer. I it's all the same with Mr. who i Rich? If he doesn't mind, I as soon take down letters and do a draft which h rect; I'm used to w that way, and have

(continued)



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THE REPLACEMENT *continued*

always found it to be satisfactory."

The intercom line buzzed from Mr. Rich's office. I picked up the phone. He was speaking softly. "I can hear through the wall. Get rid of her, will you please?"

Termination of the interview took a while. Mrs. Drum seemed not to understand that we had other people to see and that the job had not been given to her on the telephone. When it did sink through, she became even more aggressive, and when I finally thought she was gone, she came storming back in search of one of the charms from her bracelet. We found it in my ashtray beneath a two-inch ruby-tipped butt.

In the calm after the storm, Mr. Rich came out and sat across the desk from me. "Looks hopeless," he said. "*That* woman was the worst we've seen yet! I may have to ask you to stay next week." I felt sorry for him, he looked so sunk in gloom, but I didn't give in.

"Don't say it. Jim is talking to the airline people this afternoon."

It was just 3:15 when Sophie came back and said, "There's a Miss Irene Coleman at the board. Applying for the job."

Miss Coleman wore a little black coat and a little black hat. She sat across from me with her elbows in and her chin down and her tiny feet together. There would have been room for three more like her on the same chair. Her voice was cricket-thin, and she used words as though she had only a few left.

"Have you ever typed on this kind of machine before?"

"Yes."

"Would you care to show me some work?"

"All right."

The rhythm of her typing was slow and precise. I looked over her shoulder. No mistakes.

I left her alone for a moment and hurried into Mr. Rich's office.

Before I could speak he said, "I know, I know."

"After that other loser," I said, "this one is pure gold."

"Send her in."

She spent ten minutes in the inner office and then tiptoed away. I'm not sure I even noticed her leaving.

Mr. Rich came out a bit later and said, "She's hired. She'll be in tomorrow to learn the ropes."

I fanned my chin. "What a relief."

Mr. Rich massaged his face. He shook his head. "You know, Miss Coleman has nothing. She's not pretty, she's not smart, she's not even young. She has none of the qualities I look for in a secretary. But after Mrs. Drum, it was such a blessing to have someone not ranting away, I had to say yes."

At 4:30 I called Jim and told him the good news. "Let's celebrate," I said.

At a quarter to six I walked into Dalmo's. Jim wasn't there yet. I sat down in our corner booth and ordered coffee. While I sipped, I looked around.

They were sitting at a table near the back wall. Irene Coleman looked the same, but Mrs. Drum had the candy glasses off, the mad hat was stashed somewhere, and she was talking in a normal tone of voice. They saw me coming and froze.

"I had to come over," I said. "You two know each other, then?"

Miss Coleman said, "This is my sister. My baby sister." And she smiled nervously.

"You caught us," Mrs. Drum said, but she smiled. "I'm not downtown very often. Never expected to see you again." The bravado was still in her voice, but the gaucherie was gone. She was and capable.

"Why the phony performance in office?" I asked.

"Because my big sister has tro impressing people for a job. She's a g worker. Better than I ever was. But comes on very drab, and she's been in the shuffle more than once. So I cided to go in this time and create opposite extreme. Make sort of a fr to display her good qualities in."

I said nothing. I was too astonis

"I suppose the deal is off now?" I Drum said.

"Of course not. I think your sist going to do just fine. I won't discuss with anybody." Then I said, "By way, Mrs. Drum, have you ever wo in an office at all?"

"Years ago," she said, "but I ga up because I had a little girl at h who missed me. When she got old enc there was a little boy and then ano girl. I guess I'm just a housewife. talent at all."

I could have given her an argun about that, but Jim arrived just the I went back to the table.

"Who are your friends?" Jim waving at Dalmo, who nodded and be to pour a couple of aperitifs on the ro

"I just met them. The younger could be a very fine actress, but s rather stay home with her kids. other is just a plain secretary like r

"Too bad you hadn't met her week. You could have brought her i your job. Of course," he went on, l ing at Miss Coleman critically, "s hardly Mr. Rich's type."

"Yes," I said, picking up my d and suddenly beginning to laugh l lessly. "But I'm afraid it would take of very unusual circumstances to n Mr. Rich hire someone like her." E

HOW AMERICA LIVES

continued from page 63

fault. I talked him into it." David had given up any idea of being an architect. "He decided he *liked* being a stock boy! He just sat around watching television and drinking beer." And though Kay was longing to have a baby, David wouldn't even discuss it.

Life in the library began to seem "too cloistered," so Kay moved to a job in the art department of a large ad agency. One of the art directors, Gregg, was 15 years older, married, with a family. He was very understanding about Kay's problems at home. His marriage, he said, was also on the rocks.

A month later, Kay decided on a separation from her husband. When she finally went to Mexico for a divorce (it cost $1,000), Gregg went with her: "It was like a pre-honeymoon." He left his wife, and he and Kay moved into an apartment in Manhattan. Gregg's wife wouldn't give him a divorce, however, and when word of their affair finally reached Kay's boss, he asked her to leave.

She continued living with Gregg, but after two years he said their living together would interfere with his divorce, and he moved into his own apartment. Finally, he admitted that he had found another girl, "younger and more uncomplicated," in the same office where he had met Kay. Kay refused to see him again.

Kay is 27 now, although she looks more like 21. The six months since she broke off with Gregg, she says, are "the first time I've been in circulation. I never did use New York the way it should be used. But now I'm too old to 'swing'; I'm settled, in fact, almost sedentary. There seems to be a marriageable age in Manhattan from 21 to 24. Then, from 24 to 30, you're out of the swinging society and can't get married. You're not in limbo, you're just *nowhere.* There must be a better place for me—some place I could use in a more wholesome way.

"It hasn't been all wasted, though. Since I came here at 19, I've gained a sense of self. I don't need to feel someone must love me all the time. I know I *will* be loved. At 19 I had little self-discipline and no confidence. I felt I had to achieve. Every so often I would decide 'what I wanted to be,' and run around and try to be successful at it. Now I have a sense of personal value. My biggest need right now is to be in a married situation with a family. Tl my only goal. But I could have lea the same things—grown up—in a painful way.

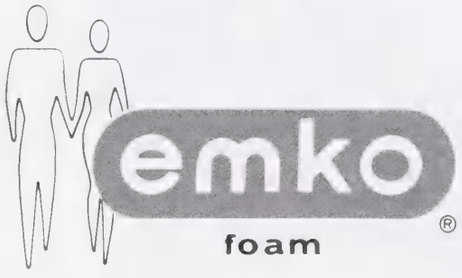
"In New York success is displ through material possessions—a r job, apartment, money. If you l nothing to brag about, your wort zero. The longer I'm here the more quently my own sense of values la I don't want to get married while here. It's hard to find a man doesn't have New York-type values, I'm just aware of the lack of pote for fulfilling my own personal ne The longer I stay here, the less I to change diapers.

"The sort of man I'm meeting no he's a kind that every one of my fri has had experience with. He *must* New York phenomenon. I call him Sincere Bastard. You meet him bookstore or in a restaurant or the catessen. He's very attractive. Since



After four years i Manhattan, Editl Strauss is packin with the help of her mother, to back home to Mil Mass. "Nobody h is oriented towar marriage," she sa

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hope, you go out with him. He ou to some bar he's fond of—dark and quiet. And then you mean, you *really talk*. By the end ening you know each other just 've grown up together. He has n, very poetically, that there's n earth like you. All his life he's to find this girl. He's speechless wonder of it all. At last he's ou. You're going to stay with ays and be His Woman. So . . . lly flip out over this guy and *ust this once, if I didn't have my ust this once I might go to bed on the first date.*

give him your phone number . . . er hear from him again. After a two of waiting, depending on ud you are, you call him very , and he says, 'Who *is* this?' in new voice. He says he's got there and will call right back. r calls. All I know is you can't sincere ones. I guess you have our hopes in the cagey ones." ay is doing more than hoping. tting out. I'm methodically re- g the different areas of the coun- e if I could spend my life there. ut about the people, political nd cultural values of the areas—ook up the average income. I nt to become a predator, though. o get the kind of job that would ne other people the chance to successful at living. No more r' jobs. I'll either go to Cali- Puerto Rico.

even though I've given notice flying down to San Juan in a ks to look it over, I still keep hat some man will come up to say, 'You're not going. You're here with me.'"

STEINBERG: "I always check ut in the Social Register."

Steinberg came to New York ston over a year ago with a set of that sound as if they were writ- ruman Capote and produced by Berkeley. She would try to date lionaires, sow wild oats all over tiful people and be taken only ost "in" places. Incredibly she 2, done it all, thanks to a "one- ind," plus determination and a of luck. Now, with no more o conquer in Manhattan, she's on to Europe: "After all, what eft but a Rothschild? I'm going e in hopes of meeting one from ch branch. This friend of mine s a bank and a string of horses nd is going to introduce me, I

's a blonde pixie with a wide a touch of hoyden. She's always in or out the door dressed in rints and one of her four fur ne mink, two lynx, one pony- ter winning a B.A. in social t Boston University and com- one year of graduate school, ame to New York and found a -year job as a social researcher. t *have* to work, but my father uldn't hold a job for a year, so ing I can to him and to myself. easy job. I don't show up till e morning. It keeps me occupied e to four, when there's nothing o."

oved into an apartment with her girls when her sister left it arried.

ected New York to be a lot of fun—nightclubbing, doing kooky things. That's exactly what it was. I'm leaving because it's senseless to stay another year. It's time to move on. There's no real reason for leaving, but I think it would be repeating the same things I did the first year. It gets boring. The years of unmarried freedom are only three or four, so you have to make the most of them."

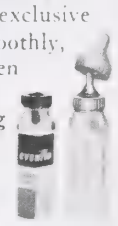
Mada says it took a while to get her social life going at first, because she refused to date anybody but men who were "good-looking, well educated, wealthy and from a good background." Her explanation: "I decided I was just going to date important people. Not for marriage. When you look back and remember your romances, why not remember the best? It's important to know these people in the future. They're always helpful, they're fun, and they never worry about money. You can go anywhere."

Mada recites the list of her New York escorts. Every other name is a household word; one bears the surname of the automobile his family manufactures. Two are children of two of the country's famous political dynasties. Another's family controls a huge financial empire. The less familiar ones are identified by the city of their family seat.

They take her to such high and low spots as Le Club, Yellowfinger, Arthur, the Stewart Models Ball ("boring as hell"), a puppet show in the Village, Hyannis. A particularly *(continued*



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memorable date took her to a pool hall on 42nd Street where she shot a game with Minnesota Fats and Boston Shorty.

How does Mada do it? "I always check out people in the Social Register," she says, pointing to a shelf of "reference books" which include *The Art of Social Climbing*. Once she did make a mistake: "There was this male model who hung around with a fast-moving and fairly bizarre crowd, and I wanted to meet up with them. So I started dating him. Then I found out he had asked me out because he wanted to gain introduction to a group I had access to! Can you imagine—*he* was trying to use *me!*"

What has Mada learned from her year in New York?

"After all this is over I want to live a normal life. I'll get married to a doctor, lawyer or Indian chief. By that stage I'll have outgrown all this nonsense. It's only fun when you're in the process of achieving. I always keep a diary, and every guy I've dated says he'd love to read my memoirs. Whether I publish them or not depends on how bad *I* end up looking. They all eat it up. They'd like to see my perspective and would like to read about each other. They think I'm very inscrutable and are all a bit afraid of me.

"If you took it all seriously, you'd be miserable. I'll do it for a couple of years and get the most out of it. It's stupid. But I go out with people who'll be fun to remember—and anyhow, one of them will probably end up being president or something."

EDITH STRAUSS: "One fellow back home is worth ten here."

Edith Strauss is 27, round-faced, with crisp, bouffant black hair and harlequin glasses, a mini-skirt and a pretty smile. Since she left her secretarial job in Boston four years ago, her annual salary has climbed from less than $5,000 to an extraordinary $8,000 as an executive secretary. But she's going back home to Milton, Mass.

"When I go back, I know I'll be lucky if I make $125 a week. I'm going because it's time to settle down. My boss offered me a large increase to stay. He can't understand why I'm going. I know this is a great place for a single girl. You can make your own life and you're accepted as single, but anyplace else in the world a single girl over 25 is an oddity."

She came to New York because she was bored with the men she knew in Boston. "Once, during the Cuban missile crisis, I went to a party, and all they could find to talk about was comic strips and barrooms. So I moved here along with a girl that I grew up with—it's easier if you come with someone else. We managed to find a one-room apartment, even though it was during the newspaper strike. I looked and looked for a job—one was at a meat-packing company, but I saw all the rows of desks and an old man sitting in the back reading *Playboy*. I couldn't face it. Finally I got a job working for the girl whose job I now have. Now I've got three girls working for me.

"The girl I've been living with all these years got married two weeks ago, and I don't have the ambition to get used to another roommate's habits. Right now I find living alone very lonely. I'm not the type to go out and do things by myself.

"I want to leave for the same reasons I came here. In New York you meet lots of fellows, but I find myself doing the same thing they do—looking over their shoulders all the time to see who's coming in the door. Nobody here is oriented toward marriage. I came here partly because there were more single people and more places to meet them. But half of the fellows I meet never call back, and I don't really want the other half to call. I'm so busy meeting more and more that I don't take the time to know one very well. Right now I'm a little tired of the rat race. I've learned that one fellow back home is worth ten here."

Edith paused to light a cigarette. On the coffee table is a brandy snifter full of matchbooks, all with her name imprinted in gold.

"A lot of the New York fellows take a girl out once or twice and expect them to hop into bed. They feel it's supposed to be part of building the relationship. Most fellows in Boston are looking for more of a relationship leading toward marriage, so they're more cautious in the beginning.

"My parents are very happy I'm moving back. My mother said, even if I live in an apartment near home, at least I'll be close by. But we have a nine-room house, so there's plenty of room th I know there will be a lot to get to. But now my parents recognize as a *person*. I'm no longer an exten of my mother. Realizing this is a g step. We're both ready to accept e other's advice on clothes and thi After all, your parents are the only ple who are really interested in yo may be running a little toward secu but I'm very close with my family.

"I've spent more on clothes tha should. I'm constantly broke. If I d make it to the bank on payday it' over. Every time I go home I fe must have a little off-beat outfit. I w to a wedding in Boston—I had mink stole—and two guys who known me from school said, 'Are divorced?' They figured that to that way I'd have to be either divo or a kept woman.

"I feel that my relationship with city is like any relationship—eventu it becomes stagnant. I don't know w I want except to find someone I w to marry. I wouldn't like to live in York married, and I really love the of life in Boston.

"One thing I know about New Y now—when you come here you d

Editor's Guide

What to Do If You're New in Town

Are you a single girl about to conquer the Big City? The *Journal*'s best advice is to pick a city where you know someone—or where someone you *know* knows someone. Almost any contact may turn out to be unexpectedly welcome, even a 32nd cousin, a childhood acquaintance of your mother, a business associate of your father. It's smart to settle in a city with a college; campus activities such as concerts, lectures and night courses are inexpensive—and a good place to meet interesting people. Write the Chamber of Commerce for a city map and any other information they can supply. Read the local newspapers for a week or two before you go; check the want ads and apartment listings. Don't buy all your clothes before you leave home. Styles may be so different where you're going that your month-old coat looks like an antique. For a going-away present, ask your mother for a good cookbook. And take more money with you than you think you'll need.

When you get to the Big City, try a women's residence or the Y.W.C.A. until you get to know the town and find out where you want to live. Ask people you meet for the most desirable parts of town. Try to live close to the center of activity—even if the rent is a bit steep. If you don't have a roommate, you may find a candidate in your temporary residence or on the bulletin board at a university. Post a note on your office bulletin board. Before you sign a lease, ask a lawyer friend to read it. Make certain the lease contains a clause allowing you to sublet. Have *all* your roommates sign the lease; friendly agreements may break down when a month's rent is involved. Put an additional lock on your door, and don't give the key away. To avoid crank calls, don't list your first name in the phone book—just your initial. Consider renting furniture if you can't afford al you need at first. Shop in small bargain stores and second-hand shops.

Before you register with employment agencies, go to the personne departments of firms for whom yo think you'd like to work. When yo *do* go to an agency, check it out with the local Better Business Bureau. Some agencies specialize in certain fields, such as fashion, publishing, advertising, etc. The yellow pages and classified ads will give you an idea o which agencies you should visit. Ask the employment agent a lot of questions—and don't let him discourage you about the job you want. It's better to find out for yourself whether your hopes are too high. Some agencies may try to talk you into any job as long as they get their fee. Once you've paid the fee and started to work, you may find it hard to change. Take a job in a field that interests you—even if other jobs pay more. Open a savings account, even with a pittance; you never know when you might need the money for something special or unexpected.

Locate a doctor before you need one (call the best hospitals in the city and ask for names of internists on their staffs). If you need a dentist, ask the doctor for the name of his dentist.

Join a ski, sailing, tennis or bridge club; it's a good way to make friends. Join a political club. Find out if your college has an alumnae club in the city, and if your church has programs for young people. Invite those remote friends and relatives to dinner; they will invite you back, and who knows whom you'll meet?

o wild unless you're 18 or 20 and determined to. There's a lot of competition. You're no more popular here than you ever were."

But not all girls feel the way Kay Carson, Mada Steinberg and Edith Strauss do. For these new arrivals, New York is still a land of dreams.

SUSANNE THOMSON: "Maybe I'm brave, maybe I'm stupid."

A cropped thatch of red hair, huge blue eyes, a dash of freckles. Perched on the arm of the sway-backed sofa, wearing denim slacks and a boy's shirt, Susanne looks more like a tomboy than a 20-year-old woman.

Besides the sofa (bought for $15 from a previous tenant) there isn't much furniture in the big, one-bedroom upper East Side apartment she shares with two other girls—one bed and two cots in the bedroom; a spoke-backed chair (a discard snatched off the sidewalk), a record player in the living room, a single empty wine bottle on the windowsill.

Less than two months ago Susanne came to New York for good after commuting several times from her family's home in Toledo, Ohio, to visit her fiancé and his family. Her boyfriend had graduated from college in Toledo, and she had followed him to New York, using her own money from her job with a photographer. After several trips she decided to stay. "I had less than $100," she recalls. "One Sunday I just called my parents and said I wasn't coming back.

"My friends in Toledo told me, 'If you're engaged now, you won't be after you go to New York.' They were right. I came here because I wanted to get to know him better. When I did, I found we had hardly known each other. I decided I wasn't ready to get married yet. When I broke the engagement I got a 23-year-old roommate in Queens from an ad in the *Times*. I only stayed with her a couple of weeks. She was a cleanliness fanatic. She boiled all the water before she drank it and scrubbed all her meat. She'd get mad at me if I left the shower curtain crooked. And I always managed to put the toilet paper on the spindle *backwards!* A girl who lived downstairs alone offered to trade with me, so I moved downstairs for $60 a month."

She tells how she took the first job she interviewed for—as an insurance processor. It pays only $80 a week, but a heavy snowstorm discouraged her from looking further.

Living alone in Queens was "worse than Toledo," so she went to an agency called Mamselle in Manhattan that she'd heard about on television. For $25 for six months, Dorothy Jessop, the owner, helps new girls in the city find compatible roommates and advises them on job-hunting and social activities.

"The first place she sent me was here to meet Mickey and Ann, my roommates, and I loved them right away," says Susanne. "My main problem now is money. I've been eating croutons for breakfast and yogurt for lunch and won-ton soup for dinner. Sometimes Ann's boyfriend brings over some food.

"But I love New York. This is the place where there's the most opportunity and the most to entertain you. My parents thought I'd come back when I broke my engagement, but I decided to stay because I think I can learn a lot here. My parents aren't very happy about it. I never write—I just call home collect. And every time I do my father gets on the phone and says, 'We've left your room just the way it is. You can always come home.' It's sort of sad.

"Eventually I'll get married. I always said when I get married I want to be able to teach my children something. My mother is absolutely fabulous, but she couldn't teach me a thing. Maybe I wouldn't have listened, anyway. Maybe I'm brave, maybe I'm just stupid. I don't know. I guess my best thing is my willingness to try anything—well, almost anything. I'm learning something every day here. Even if I left right now, I feel I've gained something."

JENNIFER THOMPSON: "I have these fantastic dreams . . ."

Jennifer was not naïve about New York. She had learned about Manhattan's social life and elegant stores on occasional weekends during the two years she spent at suburban Briarcliff College. But the past three weeks of job-hunting since she came to stay have been a revelation—and not a very happy one.

"It's all a racket," she says wearily, slumped in a comfortable chair with a Scotch on the rocks in front of her. "You find great-sounding jobs advertised in the paper—'requires no typing, pays $100 a week'—but when you go to the agencies you always find that job was taken two weeks ago. I went to one big agency with a whole list of jobs they had advertised that day, and every single one of them was gone. I've been insisting on $90 a week, which makes it a lot harder. The agencies always try to talk you into a job that's $10 less." She imitated a nasal New York accent. "'It's a *dream* job, honey. You were *made* for it.' I don't say no very well. But $10 a week is $44 a month, and that could buy your food. And it's *so hard* to get a job if you don't have skills or experience. I'm only 20—where could I have got experience?"

Jennifer has another problem. "A lot of people object to my looking so young," she says with a smile, unexpectedly revealing braces on her teeth. "I take a lot of grief about my braces. At first when I got them I wouldn't smile at all. I used to tell people that I'd been in a car accident. That made it seem better, somehow."

Jennifer comes from what is called a "privileged" background—a home in the wealthy Minneapolis suburb of Wayzata, a good private girls' school and then Briarcliff. But even this has proved to be a disadvantage in job-hunting.

"When I go for an interview, they look at my background and I can tell they think, 'This is some girl who's just here for the social side of New York. She won't stay.' And they give the job to the next girl. It really isn't fair. If I get something I like, I'll really work hard at it. I'm determined to live on my own money without help from my parents. That's the main reason I'm here."

Jennifer is moving into an East Side apartment with two school friends. Her future plans are still unformed, but unbounded: "I have these fantastic dreams. I've always wanted to go on an African safari or ski-bum around, but everything is so expensive. My two roommates and I think it would be great to start our own business. We're thinking madly of schemes that might go over—like opening a barbershop or something. Or maybe helping the social lives of new girls in town, because it's so hard to meet new people. We'd throw huge parties to get them all together."

Meanwhile, the grind of job-hunting has been her main concern.

"I've gone on 16 job interviews. The jobs that I was offered ranged from modeling girdles to working for an eye surgeon to entertaining in hospitals. One was as editor of a romance magazine. But I couldn't see myself writing stories like 'Mary Had Her Baby in the Last Pew of the Church.'"

In spite of the three long, discouraging weeks, Jennifer's Scotch is a victory drink, because today she found a job with the dreamed-of $90 salary, as a secretary to a young man in the advertising department of *The New Yorker* magazine.

"My new boss is just neat! When he interviewed me he didn't ask about typing and shorthand. He



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1½ lbs. ground chuck	⅛ tsp. pepper
⅔ cup undiluted evaporated milk	½ cup sliced stuffed green olives
½ cup cracker meal	½ cup chopped onion
1½ tsp. seasoned salt	3 slices American cheese

Mix chuck, evaporated milk, cracker meal, seasoned salt and pepper thoroughly. Shape into six 5½ inch patties. Place heaping tablespoon of olives and onion on each. Fold turnover fashion; seal edges. Bake on broiler pan in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes. Top each burger with half cheese slice. Bake 3-5 minutes longer. FOR SAUCE: Simmer 1⅔ cups CONTADINA® Tomato Sauce with ⅛ teaspoon oregano and ¼ teaspoon tarragon 15 minutes. Serve on burgers. Makes 4-6 servings.

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asked about myself and my activities and if I had any strong objections to drinking and smoking and when I said no, he said, 'I think you'll fit in.'"

RAYANNE JORGENSEN: "I will *not* be a secretary all my life."

She wants to try modeling on the side, she says. "I know I've got the looks." And she has—hair, big brown eyes and a quick, wide smile. She's 5-feet-nine, a svelte 116 pounds, and could do teen-age modeling, though she's 24.

After a year at Mankato State College in Minnesota, Rayanne became a 19-year-old bride. Five years later, on December 29, 1966, she became a divorcée. She's been in New York for four days, staying temporarily at an inexpensive, genteelly run-down midtown hotel while she looks for a roommate and an apartment. She sits on the narrow bed in the closet-sized hotel room with her long legs tucked under her, remembering: "We lived in four different houses while I was married—all around Minneapolis. It seemed like every time the house got dirty, I moved.

"Before I was married I took a trip to New York. I noticed different things that time. I liked the aura, the fun it has to offer, the cosmopolitan attitude. Now I'm noticing more things—objects and people. I dislike the falseness of some people, a gushiness that isn't real."

After her divorce, Rayanne decided she wanted to go to New York. A friend showed her an ad in the Minneapolis paper for a New York secretarial job with the Buhler Corporation. "I interviewed for the job in Minneapolis and got it, and they flew me here. They're even going to help me look for an apartment."

Rayanne looks out the window that opens on a fire escape and a brick wall. Then she says solemnly, "I'm especially interested in the business opportunities in New York. I will *not* be a secretary for the rest of my life."

She makes well over $100 a week, but considers that embarassingly low. She talks confidently about her business goals. "I plan to invest in stocks. I took a couple of investment courses in Minneapolis. By the end, all my husband and I were doing together was our investments. I'd like to be a big tycoon eventually, in something like women's fashions, something creative. I have a keen business sense. I'm going to take German—I always wanted to learn it, and I can take it off my income tax.

"I don't expect too wild a social life in New York, but I want to see plays, go to Lincoln Center, meet interesting people. I'm willing to pay $150 a month for rent, not including utilities. I'd like to live close to the office and have a roommate at first, but I'm not afraid of living alone. I interviewed this girl for a roommate. She was Catholic, and I could see her face when I said I was divorced. Maybe I should live alone.

"My family didn't like my coming here. My mother says I'll be back home in three months, but I won't. It sounds very sentimental, but I'm looking for happiness and a fun time. My main handicap is that I'm shy and lack aggressiveness. If I find someone, I'll marry. Ultimately I want to be a housewife."

Rayanne pages idly through a book someone gave her. It's bound in leather and in gold on the cover is printed:

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT LIFE
BY RAYANNE JORGENSEN

Except for a few pages of writing and some loose photographs, it's blank. **END**

PSYCHEDELIRIUM TREMENS

By Jane Goodsell

Remember when HIPPIE meant big in the hips,
And a TRIP involved travel in cars, planes and ships?
When POT was a vessel for cooking things in,
And HOOKED was what Grandmother's rug might have been?
When FIX was a verb that meant mend or repair,
And BE-IN meant simply existing somewhere?
When NEAT meant well organized, tidy and clean,
And GRASS was a ground-cover, normally green?
When lights and not people were SWITCHED ON and OFF,
And The PILL might have been what you took for a cough?
When CAMP meant to quarter outdoors in a tent,
And POP was what the weasel went?
When GROOVY meant furrowed with channels and hollows,
And BIRDS were winged creatures, like robins and swallows?
When FUZZ was a substance that was fluffy like lint,
And BREAD came from bakeries and from the mint?
When SQUARE meant a 90-degree angled form,
And COOL was a temperature not quite warm?

When ROLL meant a bun, and ROCK was a stone,
And HANG-UP was something you did to a phone?
When CHICKEN meant poultry, and BAG meant a sack,
And JUNK trashy cast-offs and old bric-a-brac?
When JAM was preserves that you spread on your bread,
And CRAZY meant balmy, not right in the head?
When CAT was a feline, a kitten grown up,
And TEA was a liquid you drank from a cup?
When SWINGER was someone who swung in a swing,
And a PAD was a soft sort of cushiony thing?
When WAY OUT meant distant and far, far away,
And a man couldn't sue you for calling him GAY?
When DIG meant to shovel and spade in the dirt,
And PUT-ON was what you would do with a shirt?
When TOUGH described meat too unyielding to chew,
And MAKING A SCENE was a rude thing to do?

Words once so sensible, sober and serious
Are making the FREAK SCENE like PSYCHEDELIRIOUS.
It's GROOVY, MAN, GROOVY, but English it's not,
Methinks that the language has gone straight to POT.



By Gideon Seaman, M.D., and Barbara Seaman

What Sort of Girl does not deem it important to maintain her virginity until marriage? She is likely to be the daughter of a professional—a doctor, lawyer, teacher, or even possibly a clergyman. She is likely to come from a city outside the South, with a population of over 100,000. She may be Protestant, Catholic or Jewish, but she is not very orthodox in her faith, and she does not attend church more frequently than once a month. Her parents are sexual liberals, too—particularly if they are under 45—but they are not quite so liberal as she is.

These are the findings of Dr. Ira Reiss, a University of Iowa sociologist, who has made a national study of the attitudes toward premarital sex currently held by teen-agers and adults. Among college students, he found great variations from one campus to another. At a well-known college in New York State—where most of the students do come from big-city professional families—80 percent felt that premarital sexual intercourse was perfectly acceptable. At a Midwestern state university—where many more of the students came from small towns and from lower-status families—only 34 percent hold this belief.

The generation gap was highly visible in this study. Only 42 percent of high-school and college students felt that premarital abstinence is an important value, but 77 percent of their parents favor premarital abstinence. And the double standard, while not yet dead, may be gasping its last. Only 25 percent of those questioned—teen-agers and adults—believed that boys and girls should observe different values.

Keep This Under Your Hat: Little boys and teen-agers are not the only males who hate haircuts. Dr. Ian Stevenson, a University of Virginia psychiatrist, says that some grown men suffer from such acute barbershop phobia that they can barely keep themselves from running out of barbershops before their turn is due.

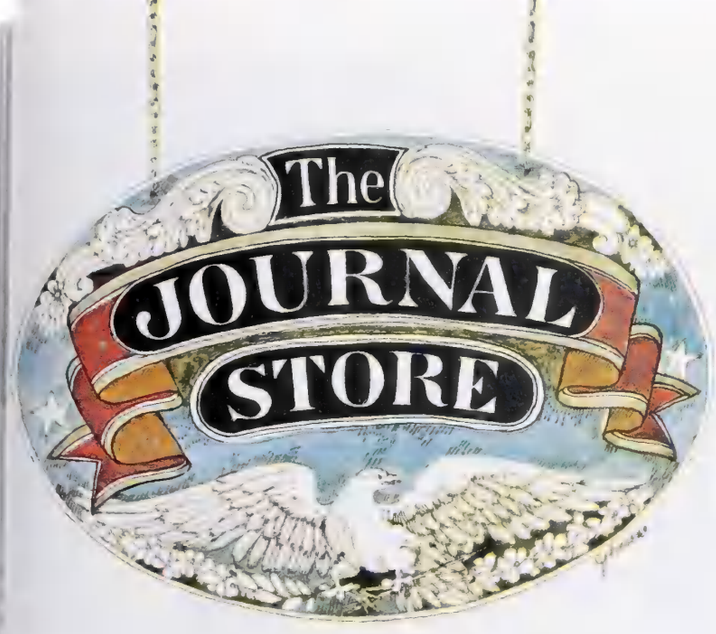
Why? The reasons behind this odd symptom are almost as varied as the hairs on your head. Some men harbor an excessive fear of being cut or mutilated by scissors. Others simply feel they are too busy and important to sit and wait, along with a common crowd; it demeans them. Still others fear the "confinement" of a barber's chair. A few, like their teen-aged sons, feel rebellious toward a society that decrees they must wear their hair in a certain way. And homosexuals may be aroused and made anxious by the close physical contact with the barber.

It's in Your Eyes: Sensitive people have always known that there is a lot to be read in someone else's eyes—but what, exactly? Now a psychiatrist has some answers. Dr. E. Joseph Charny of the Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic in Pittsburgh, has been making frame-by-frame analyses of motion pictures to see how "gaze behavior" is related to other behavior in a relationship.

Here are some of Dr. Charny's findings: When two people engage in a good deal of "reciprocal gazing" this is a sign of a balanced and close relationship. When one breaks off the other's gaze or avoids it, he may not merely feel guilt, or fear intimacy; he may feel the other is asking more than he can give, or giving more than he can return—that is, making emotional demands that the gaze-breaker cannot meet.

Among strangers, there now is scientific backing for the belief that when a man catches and holds a woman's gaze for too long, he is attempting to seduce her, or at least making a "pitch for intimacy." A woman who stares at a man is "after something" also, but perhaps she only wishes to be stared back at and admired. Dr. Charny says that some insecure women fear that they "cannot make the scene in a usual way," and so they do bizarre things like staring at strange men on elevators. This sort of woman is likely to dress in a way-out manner also.

Do You Want to Cause Gossip? What happens when a young married couple continues to live with parents? No law says that they can't. But according to today's standards young marrieds are not supposed to live with their parents. Inevitably friends and neighbors ask, "What's wrong with them?" Usually the young couple moves out, even when they are, for example, students—and even when the arrangement is proving quite comfortable and practical. What happens when a family stops attending church? They will be gossiped about, and this will hurt their standing in the community, or hurt business. Dr. Abraham Rosman, a Columbia University anthropologist, says that such gossip is not pointless. It is one of the most deadly and effective "sanctions" in our society. We have many unspoken "rules" that, when broken, are punished not by law but by tattling tongues. **END**



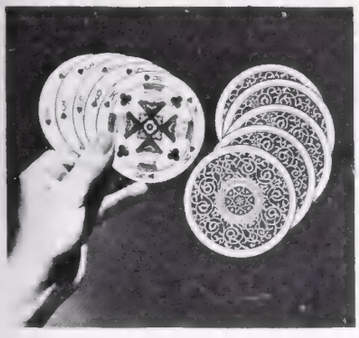
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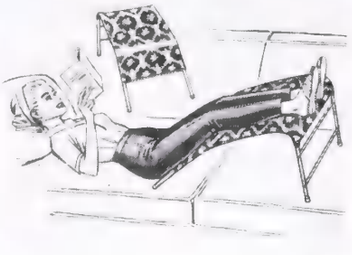
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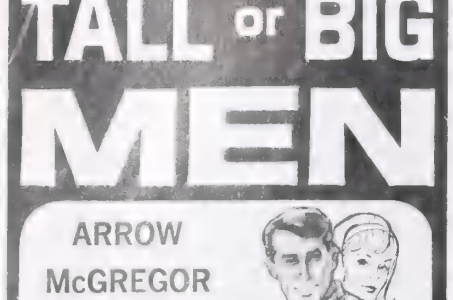
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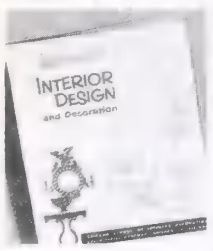
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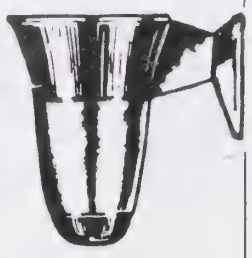
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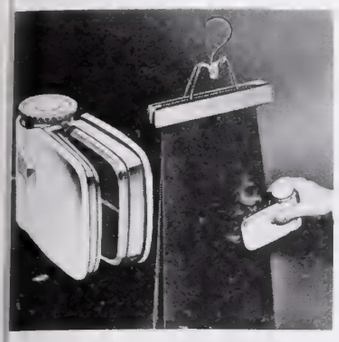
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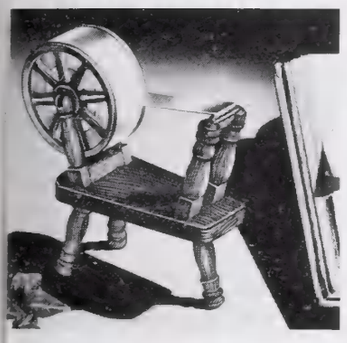
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BUT DADDY!

continued from page 50

per day by 365 days of the year. Answer: 3,650 quarts of milk annually.

I felt sad.

But I wanted to know how much they would drink before they got to be 21 years old. So I had to multiply one year's consumption by 21 years. Answer: 76,650 quarts of milk.

I got a sick headache.

With the compulsion of a masochist I carried the problem to the next logical conclusion—how much did this milk cost? The average cost of milk delivered to the house was 33 cents a quart. I multiplied by 76,650 quarts. Answer: $25,294.50.

My depression deepened.

I asked Pat to guess how much the milk bill was going to be in our lifetime. She speculated a figure that was not even in the right ball park. I gave her the details. She began to perspire. Then she decided to do an arithmetic lesson of her own. It went like this:

Problem: A lady called Pat had a husband and 11 children; how many meals would she have to serve her family until the children were 21 and old enough to cook and serve themselves?

Pat took four meals a day—breakfast, lunch, snack and dinner—and timesed it by 13 people (11 children plus one mother and one father—13 people). She multiplied that by 365 days of the year (4 meals x 13 people x 365 days).

Answer: 18,980 per year.

The result had to be multiplied by 21 years because that is how long it takes kids to learn to cook.

Answer: 398,580 meals.

Just then Father Corcoran, our parish priest, stopped by, unannounced. Pat explained our little arithmetic game. We asked him to look up the cost of serving meals. The only information he could find in an old almanac was how much the Indiana legislature allowed the warden of the state prison for feeding prisoners. The allowance was 53 cents per meal.

Pat worked it out on paper:

398,580 (meals)
x 53c (cost per meal)
$211,247.40

"Oh, my God!" she said. If we threw in all the bubble gum and popcorn at the movies, it would probably run well over a quarter million dollars.

The next day I firmly decided to buy a cow. Milking our cow was quite a distraction. I tried to pass the job off on my wife, but she would have no part of it as long as the cow had a tail. Rather than cut off the cow's tail I thought I would learn how to milk it. As I got experienced, I planned to teach the kids how to do it. It did not work out that way.

In the first place this was a "seven-o'clock cow." That is to say, she had to be milked at 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. every day of the week, every week of the month and every month of the year. All to save a paltry $25,294.50 on my milk bill till the kids got old enough to drink beer.

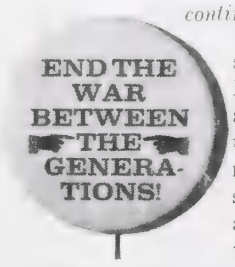
In the morning I dressed as a New York businessman should, button-down collar, gray flannel suit, and, thus attired, milked the cow, drank a fast cup of coffee and made a mad scramble to get to the station on time. Milking my cow was an unwelcome way for a businessman to start any day. Moreover, our cow had contributed a total of 14 quarts of milk, none of which the kids would drink because it was not homogenized like when it comes from the dairy. I didn't know I was supposed to put her calf in a separate meadow or sell it. The calf took all her mother's milk while I was trying to make a living in New York. It was a total loss. I haven't had a glass of milk since. The cow had to go.

I finally donated the cow to an orphanage, and I made a deal with the supermarket to buy milk by the gallon jug, at a much lower cost than getting it direct from a cow's four faucets.

I asked my accountant if I could claim the cow as a deduction. "No," he said, "it's against the law." **END**

GENERATION GAP

continued from page 36



science fiction. Many youngsters are no longer content to experience mind-changing at second hand. They are eager to be in the middle of it.

Another important fact we learned in the Marathons is that the youngsters are not afraid of being in the "hot seat"—to be discussed or criticized by other kids. They trust their peers more than adults. And the kids do *not* coddle each other at all. They "level" and let each other know "where it's at!" Adults are cagier—more masked and quick to see ulterior motives.

Adults must also face that their children have drawn together because the love and security they need was not forthcoming in many homes. One in every four marriages ends in divorce. Even in families that stay together, the home ties are weakening. The youngsters have, in a sense, tried to be parent to one another, and this is a very creative aspect of the current youth scene.

While experimentation with marijuana and LSD and other drugs is frighteningly real, parents should set their minds at rest about sexual promiscuity. The typical hippie hero is not a bedroom athlete or a sexual swinger. The sort of sneaking sexual experimentation envisioned by parents is actually more descriptive of their own generation. Relatively few young people have the same sexual hangups as their elders. They are less apt to think of sex as something separate, but include it as part of being a whole person. Unlike adults, they usually don't "talk dirty" about sex, and in many ways treat the subject more casually than their elders. Inevitably, some teen-agers are sexually promiscuous. But these are mostly pitied or merely tolerated by the others.

What can young people do to close the gap? In our sessions, we have tried to show teen-agers that there is a basic flaw in their hesitancy to get involved. The "hang-loose" philosophy of hippie pundits is simply an unsatisfying way of living. Underneath the desire to stay uninvolved is a fear of everyone's natural aggressive feelings. Young people feel the same sort of shame about aggression that their parents felt about sex. In the Marathons we have pointed out that uninvolvement is a kind of psychological gypsying. Without "hassling," without ever connecting with another person, one can only have fleeting personal relationships.

Since our Marathons show that youngsters are superior to their parents in the accessibility of true feelings, why not let mom and dad partake of these insights by enlightening them about where you are going and what you are doing?

Like parents, the young people also must try to make themselves more emotionally accessible. This means dropping the habit of getting a kick out of bugging parents or trying to worry them.

The generation gap need not be deplored as a symptom of a decadent society. I see it as a challenge, a creative crisis that we can do something about. We can no longer live our lives without examining youth's new values and trying to expand our minds. The gap forces us to recognize and perhaps even experiment ourselves with new ways of life. The youth movement stimulates adults to an appraisal, however agonizing, of the very basis of American life. Perhaps bridging the gap will lead us to a new and better path. **END**

Editor's Guide

How Parents Can Break the Communications Jam with Their Teen-agers

To break the communications jam between parent and young person, it is best to display an attitude of curiosity and openness. Confess that it's painful to feel excluded. Don't have a chip on your shoulder. Don't "pull rank." Don't leave if conflict arises. A parent might try to read a brief news item to a teen-ager about such subjects as hippies, runaways, dropouts, or draft-card burners, and say, "You know what I thought when I read this?" Give young people a chance to display their point of view. Acknowledge, "I guess we do differ about this." Display a desire to know more: "Maybe if I found out more about this I might change my mind. Is there anything I can read about it or a record I can listen to?" The next step might be to go together to a "happening" like a teach-in; the mere act of attending together demonstrates impressive good will. Out of an open meeting of minds (which is best conducted at first by one parent and one young person, not a triangle) attitudes can develop that make for respect rather than indifference or hate. It is a dialogue that should continue on other occasions, perhaps in family groups, always in the interest of keeping communications clear and developing mutual understanding.

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The Richest and the Poorest, page 78.

Shopping Center

FRESH NEW LOOKS TO LIVE WITH. Flower arrangements and plants from The Greenery, 306 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. **Page 57—Kitchen:** Butcher block *counter*, 96x24x2 in., $67.20 from J. & D. Brauner, Inc., 289 Bowery, N.Y.C. Spanish ladder-back *chair* by Forecast House, $55, from Penn Furniture, 214 Lackawanna, Scranton, Pa. *Accessories* from David Barrett, 24 E. 54th St., N.Y.C., D/R International, 53 E. 57th St., N.Y.C., and Soupçon, 147 E. 70th St., N.Y.C. **Page 56—Living Room:** "The Carlyle" *sofa-bed*, 68 in. long, $350, in muslin, from Carlyle Custom Convertibles, Ltd., 1056 Third Ave., N.Y.C. "Sembyo" nylon acrylic area *rug* in Sung White by Regal, 4 ft. 3 in. x 6 ft. 5 in., $125, from W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Ave. & 38th St., N.Y.C. Plexiglas *tables*, 16x13x16 in. high, $60 ea., from Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. White lacquer Parson's *table* with water color painting beneath glass top, by Roe Kasian, 54x20x17 in. high, $398, from Directional Furniture Showrooms*. Framed *drawing*, an original from a collection starting at $250, from Rhoda Sande Gallery, 220 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. Giacometti white plaster *lamp*, $225, and vermeil on brass bamboo pattern *cigarette box*, $150, from Christopher Chodoff, 117 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Cotton *ginghams* (½- and 1-in. checks) 45 in. wide, 89c yd., from Macy's, Herald Sq., N.Y.C. **Page 56—Dining Room:** Plexiglas *table*, 36 in. dia., 29 in. high, by Neal Small, $225, and "Ch'ing" pattern nylon acrylic *rug* in Thai Green by Regal, 5x6½ ft., $125, from W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Ave. & 38th St., N.Y.C. Italian ladder-back *chairs* with natural rush seats, $19.50 ea. (in black and walnut), from The Chair Store, 180 Third Ave., N.Y.C., sprayed silver with #201 Chrome Spray-O-Namel. Seat pads of "Lime Peel" handwoven *silk*, $22.05 yd., from Thiabok Fabrics Ltd.* Silver *paper fabric*, 55 in. wide, $2 yd. postpaid (3 yd. minimum mail order), from Scarabaeus Ltd., 223 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. Mexican tin-framed *mirrors:* small "Baroque" shape, $12.50 ea., from Phoenix-Pan American Imports, 793 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.; large "Keystone" shape, $22.50, and small candle sconce *mirrors*, $5 ea., from Fred Leighton Imports, Ltd., 177 McDougal St., N.Y.C
*Through decorators or the decorating departments of local stores.
YEARS-AGO KITCHENS—pages 58–61. FOSTER POOLE KITCHEN: Waste King *dishwasher* and *disposer;* General Electric *refrigerator, freezer,* and *range.* Formica golden wheat *counters.* Kentile *floor.* Accessories: property of owner and Sample House shop, Dallas, Texas.
LOGAN KITCHEN: KitchenAid *dishwasher;* Hotpoint *refrigerator;* General Electric cooktop and double *oven;* Amtico Delft vinyl tile *floor;* weathered barnwood *cabinets* custom made. Accessories: property of owner.
LINDLEY KITCHEN: KitchenAid *dishwasher;* General Electric *refrigerator, cooktop* and *oven.* Accessories: property of owner.
WORK WONDERS WITH SAUSAGES—page 76. Leading brands to look for are: Armour, Hormel, Jones, Oscar Meyer, Rath, Swift.
MEAL A DAY—page 80. Jan. 3: Manicotti is from *Romeo Salta.* Jan. 5: *Betty Crocker* Orange Chiffon Cake. Jan. 8: Assorted diet drinks are *Sego.* Jan. 9: Minced garlic in a jar from *French's.* Jan. 11: Low-fat milk is *Sealtest "Light 'n Lively."* Jan. 13: *"Country Style Mashed Potatoes"* from *French's;* Lemon sauce made with *Foremost Lazy Puddin'.* Jan. 14: Bacon is *Armour Miracure Bacon;* Muffins made with new *Betty Crocker* mix. Jan. 17: Packet of salami is *Swift's Premium Wafer Thin* brand. Jan. 19: Decorate cookies with *McCormick "Cakemate"* frostings. Jan. 21. Sizzle shrimp in *Holland House Martini Mix.* Jan. 26: Caesar Dressing in a bottle from *Seven Seas.* Jan. 30: Egg Rolls are *Chun King.*

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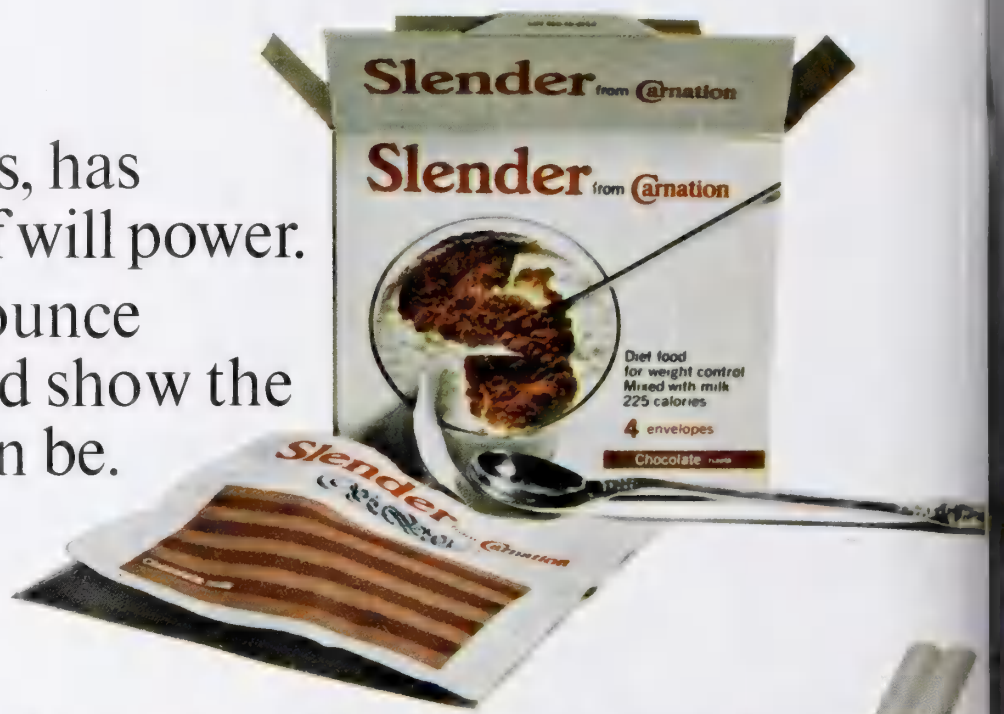
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U AND YOUR HUSBAND
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THAT "BONNIE AND CLYDE"
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A diet, everybody knows, has always been the classic test of will power.

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- ☐ Over-lightened?
- ☐ Brittle and split?
- ☐ Over-straightened?
- ☐ Limp, or lacklustre?

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*condition** by Clairol.
The beauty prescription for troubled hair.

Clairol Salutes the Hairdressers of America during National Beauty Salon Week, February 11-17.

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HOOVER

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Why don't you become a professional Interior Decorator?



It's a high-income field where a woman is in her glory. The demand for decorating services is at a peak, and opportunities are unlimited... even if you use only part of your time. You can train at home without interrupting your regular duties.

BY JANICE TRIMBLE

I DON'T THINK there is another profession today that offers more pleasure or greater ards to a woman than that of interior orating.

t is the ideal place to put your natural love beauty to practical use. You can prepare one of the many attractive positions avail- e or decide to go into business for yourself. Do you enjoy doing your own decorating? ve you ever helped a friend solve a dec- ting problem? Then you have the makings success as a professional decorator.

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A tremendously expanded field

used to be that only wealthy people em- yed professional decorators. That's no ger true. Increasingly large numbers of nemakers now rely on the services of dec- tors. They know that a decorator can pro- e beauty and individuality—and can often e them money, too.

Your work as a decorator is varied and in- esting. It frequently takes you and your nts into plush showrooms and exclusive ops filled with treasures. You move in a rld of fashion, creativity and ever-new llenge.

Designing and furnishing even a single room can earn you hundreds of dollars; larger assignments can earn you much more. Many women do extremely well in just part-time work; their own homes often serve as showcases for prospective clients.

But decorators are busy in many areas besides homes. Their talents are employed in decorating hotel rooms, business offices, building lobbies, clubs and institutions. That's why the profession has grown so enormously.

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What every woman should know about menstruation.

Monthly periods can affect a woman's well being. The body loses precious iron. This can lead to anemia. A 5 foot 2 woman needs *twice* as much iron as a 6 foot man. Vitamins can't replace iron in your blood. But Geritol can!



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NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN ™ FEBRUARY, 1968 VOL. LXXXV NUMB

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Would it?

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*U.S. Department of Agriculture Handbook 102

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The Journal "Voice of Women" Poll

"IF I COULD ONLY CHANGE MY HUSBAND"

Unless your husband is a saint, you've probably wished you could change some of his ways. But exactly what would you correct? In this month's "Voice of Women," *Journal* readers tell everything that they don't like about the men they married.

The unpleasant—but widely accepted—notion that the American wife is a carping malcontent, dissatisfied with the man she married and eternally, shrewishly striving to remake him according to her own tastes, appears to be a myth.

This false stereotype was shattered by the results of the *Journal*'s second "Voice of Women" poll. We asked wives to tell us whether they really want to change their husbands—and if so, how. We carefully drew up a list of 50 marital grievances, ranging from important ones ("I wish my husband would talk to me more") to minor ones ("I wish my husband would remember to put the cap back on the toothpaste")—and asked 628 of our readers to tell us whether these complaints were Very Important, Fairly Important, or No Problem to them.

Thus we gave wives a glorious opportunity to second-guess and criticize their husbands—anonymously and in a socially acceptable way.

The results speak highly for the state of the American marital union. Basically, wives seem quite satisfied with their husbands. To be sure, there is an occasional whirlpool on the sea of matrimony, but even where dissatisfaction exists, the responses to the *Journal* survey indicate that it is constructive and refreshingly unselfish.

Wives tell us that the one thing they would most like to change about their husbands is this: They would like the man of the house to pay more attention to his health. The statement on the questionnaire that drew the greatest response—almost twice as heavy as any other in the poll—was:

"I wish my husband would go for a physical checkup once a year." Forty percent of the women polled said this was Very Important to them; another 14 percent listed it as Fairly Important.

This worry about their husbands' health was underscored by the response to three other statements: 22 percent felt it was Very Important that their husbands stop smoking; 11 percent deemed it essential that their husbands lose weight (18 percent graded this as Fairly Important); and 21 percent indicated that their husbands were working too hard (another 24 percent rated this as Fairly Important).

Second to wanting to preserve their men, wives expressed a desire for more recognition as human beings with problems of their own. For example, one statement on the list read: "I know my husband comes home tired at the end of the day, but I wish he would realize that I am tired, too." Twenty percent of the women surveyed said this was Very Important, and another percent said Fairly Important.

Deficient husband-wife commu cations also drew a strong respon 24 percent of the women affirm that it was Very Important t their husbands talk to them m (an additional 21 percent said Fai Important). When we offered t statement—"I wish my husba would really listen when I tell h something I think is important' 21 percent replied that this was V Important. Wives also want th husbands to be more affectiona 15 percent graded this as Very I portant and 17 percent said Fai Important.

Women apparently would l their husbands to be more decisi and accept more responsibility: percent think it Very Importa that men make more decisions the family, and 23 percent adr that this is Fairly Important them; and 13 percent thought Very Important that husbands ma occasional suggestions about what cook for dinner—and 28 perce considered this Fairly Important.

Wives also seem tired of havi to ask their husbands to take the out in the evening. We made t statement: "I would like it if r husband occasionally would take t lead and suggest that we go out instead of always leaving it to me We learned that 21 percent of t women considered this a Very I portant fault in their husbands; percent deemed it Fairly Importa

Our survey punctured the my that American husbands are boo whose manners humiliate their wiv Actually, only two facets of th husbands' social behavior seemed worry women: 22 percent said it w Very Important that their men go church more often, and 19 perce said it was Very Important th husbands learn to put their cloth away.

Interestingly, the women who we polled voiced hardly any complair about sex. We asked if they wish their men would be sexually less d manding—and 72 percent said it w No Problem. We asked if th wanted their husbands to be mo sexually responsive—and 76 perce replied No Problem.

What else is "wrong" with hu bands? Well, 15 percent of the wiv insisted that it was Very Importa that their husbands stop snoring (a other 14 percent said Fairly Impo tant); but only 6 percent think bu ing twin beds is Very Importa Oh, yes—about that uncapped tu of toothpaste: You can relax. On 5 percent of the wives think this Very Important. Can it be the oth 95 percent feel guilty about leavi the cap off themselves? EN

WIN $1,000 CASH

100 numbers in this issue of Ladies' Home Journal have been chosen to win $1,000 each—and you may have one of them. To find out, just tell us if you want to audition the greatest record album value of the year.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The *Journal* will publish brief letters from reade seeking answers to important personal problems, along with repli from members of our board of experts. We welcome such letters ar greatly regret that only those selected for publication can be answere

Dear Dr. Bettelheim: The other day my four-year-old daughter pointed to a Negro woman and asked, "Why is that lady all chocolate?"

I decided to explain by relating the problem to things my child understands. So I asked her, "Why is your hair brown while your sister's is blond? Why are your eyes brown while mine are blue? Because not all people are the same. Some are brown and some are white and some are red and some are yellow. But the colors aren't so important because people are really the same underneath the colors."

I think I did a good job of explaining race to my little girl. My husband thinks I was too simplistic, too unrealistic. What is your opinion? MRS. IDA MARKS
Philadelphia, Pa.

● *I think you did a very good job in explaining to your little girl, on her level, the differences that exist between people. However, I think your husband is also right. After all, your daughter knew that her hair was brown while her sister's was blond. If she felt this was a sufficient explanation she would not have been so astonished. That she was startled by meeting a Negro suggests that the facts she knew, such as that dogs come in various sizes and colors, did not answer her questions. Because the fact remains that while there are Great Danes and toy terriers, particular people cherish one over the other.*

I suggest that in the future, before you offer any explanations, you ask your little girl why she thinks some people are dark-skinned and some are light-skinned. First explore her anxieties or wonderment about skin color, so that you can then gear your explanations to her particular preoccupation rather than just using your adult's knowledge of the matter.

DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Dear Mr. Brinkley: Why are almost all our Presidential candidates so coy about announcing their intentions? This little game of "Who, *me* a candidate for President?" is almost childishly silly. Do men gain any political advantage from it?
MARJORIE FOUNTAIN
Dallas, Tex.

● *One who wants to be President needs some time before his formal announcement to test out his prospects for support and money. If he finds them lacking, he can still withdraw without embarrassment. But once he announces, he is publicly committed and he is obligated to those who have promised support and money and then he cannot gracefully withdraw. Also, the sooner he becomes an open, announc candidate the sooner he becomes fair gar for political attack, and the more risk runs that the public will become bored wi seeing and hearing him long before ele tion day. It may seem a silly charade, b there really is no other way to do it.*

DAVID BRINKLE

Dear Dr. Popenoe: How do you hand an eternally jealous husband? Mine eve gets suspicious when I go out to pla mah-jongg with my girl friends. When tell him that he is being unreasonable, h answers that his jealousy should prov how much he loves me. But I think ther is a big difference between love and h kind of possessiveness. I love him, but don't know what to say or do anymore—especially since I have never given hir the slightest cause for such jealousy.
NAME WITHHEL
Kansas City, Mo

● *No two cases can be handled exactl alike, but there are three principles to b kept in mind: (1) Make sure that you ar not, unintentionally and unknowingly giving him the slightest cause for jealousy Some women are flirtatious without real izing it! (2) Make every effort to reassur him of your love and devotion, in the wa you talk to him, plan for him, behave wit him. (3) Avoid "appeasement." Don' give in when you are absolutely in th right. If you do, it simply confirms hi suspicion that you were in the wrong! It' not easy to live with a jealous partner, bu if you do everything you can to remove hi basic feeling of insecurity by making him feel satisfied with his wife and home, mak ing him feel admired and desired by you I think you'll find steady improvement*

DR. PAUL POPENOE

Dear Miss Vanderbilt: Should a divorced woman visit the home of her ex-husband? My sister and her boy friend go frequently to the home of her ex-husband and often spend some time sitting in front of his home in the car. I think this is very, very poor taste. My sister's daughter, who attends college, lives with her father and stepmother and my sister feels that she must visit her. I feel that the daughter could get in the car and they should drive away.
DORIS DAVIS
Detroit, Mich.

● *I agree with you. Your sister should phone to tell her daughter at what time she will arrive and then she should remove her from the scene.*

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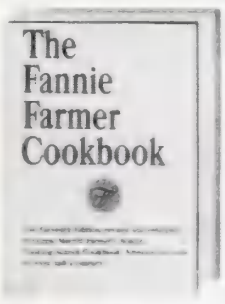
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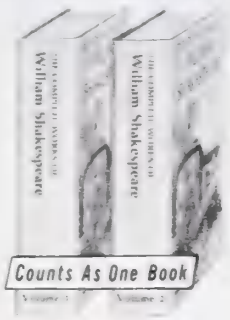
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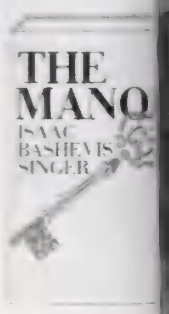
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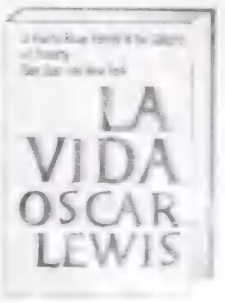
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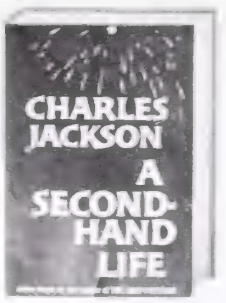
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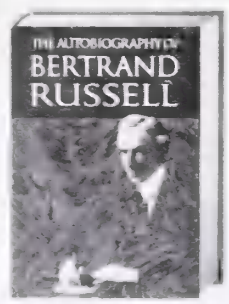
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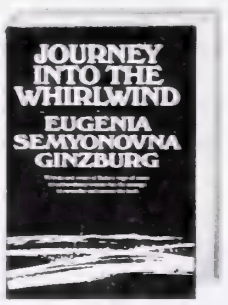
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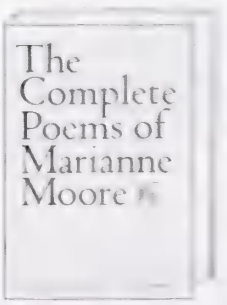
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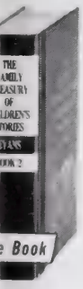
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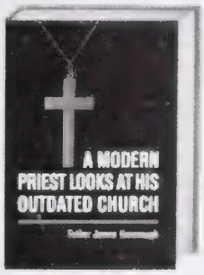
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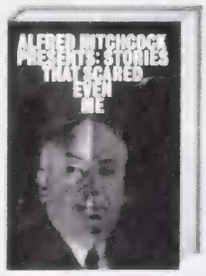
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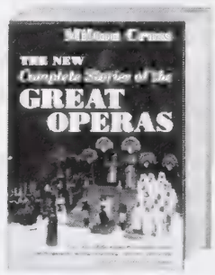
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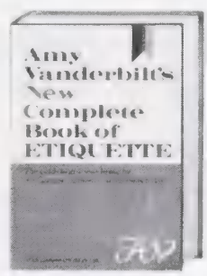
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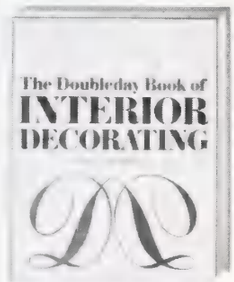
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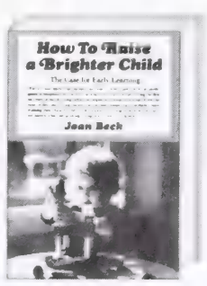
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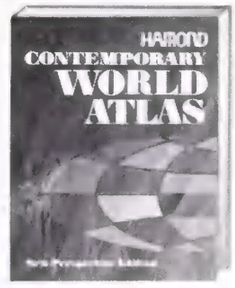
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"WHAT'S HAPPENING"

BY GENE SHALIT



Teen-agers are the largest audience for films, so movie companies cater to their tastes. What kind of films will your daughters be going out to see? You can tell by the titles: *Prudence and the Pill* (you know what pill) starring **Judy Geeson** . . . . *She Let Him Continue* (**Tony Perkins** and **Tuesday Weld**). . . . and *The Touchables* ("four girls sexnap a pop singer"). . . . all from 20th Century-Fox and all "especially designed for the youth market."

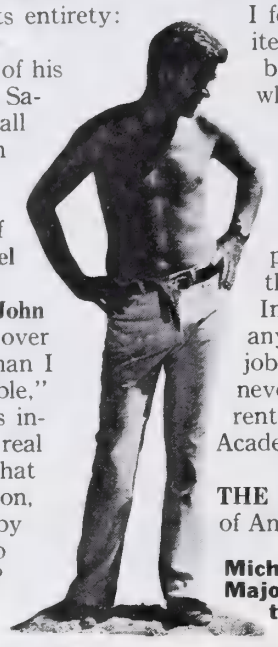
Terence Stamp, the actor men call handsome and girls call day and night, is sated with hip talk. " 'Swinging'—that awful expression," he said as he finished his newest film, *Blue*, with **Joanna Pettet.** "You'd think we'd gone back to the trees." That's exactly where fashion photographers *have* gone—from Twiggy to the newest model rage: **Penelope Tree. David Bailey,** the British photographer who did such smashing photos of the young Jean Shrimpton, speaks out on 17-year-old Penelope: "She's really weird. Almost a caricature of a model. Very thin, and legs far too long for the body. She is a completely original-looking girl, and that is such a nice shock these days." Bailey wants it known that he means it all as a compliment. . . . Twiggy is up from waifdom, Penelope is down from the upper classes. This jaunty, likable girl is a branch of New York's impressive family Tree: Her mother, Marietta Tree, former member of the U.S. Mission to the U.N.

The plots of *Valley of the Dolls* may be hard to swallow, but **Jacqueline Susann's** novel is still a runaway. (Paperback sales are closing in on 9 million copies.) Now she's set with her next novel: *The Love Machine*, which she hopes will turn you on. It purports to take you behind the schemes of the television networks. . . . **Tommy Steele's** smile lights up the whole country in Paramount's new musical, *Half a Sixpence*. If you like singing and dancing (what story?) you'll find this bouncy film a ball. . . . **Arthur Miller's** just-opened drama, *The Price*, is his first in years. Nothing good has happened to him since *After the Fall*, and his friends are hoping *The Price* is right. . . . **Pearl Bailey's** *Hello, Dolly!* is such a triumphant smash that she's signed to stay with the show on Broadway for a year and a half. Consult your travel agent today. New Yorkers haven't had this much fun in years, and when you soar out of St. James Theater grinning, you'll want to rush to the box office so you can get right back in to see it again. . . . The unbeaten and untied team of **Neil Simon** (*The Odd Couple*) and **Mike Nichols** is reunited on Broadway this month with *Plaza Suite*, four comedies produced by **Saint Subber** and starring **George C. Scott** and **Maureen Stapleton.** How can these four plays miss miss miss miss? . . . ABC carries 27 hours of prime-time TV coverage of the Winter Olympics from France, Jan. 4–18. . . . Hair stylist **Vidal Sassoon,** creator of the severe ear-to-chin bias cut, has written his story, *Sorry to Have Kept You Waiting, Madam* (that title could do with a bit of clipping, too). He was born in Shepherds Bush, one of London's little suburbs, where his Jewish mother, instead of handing him a violin, led him to a school for hairdressers. He done good. In his book, published next month, he describes how he was flown from London to New York to do **Mia Farrow's** hair for *Rosemary's Baby*. It took him just half an hour, and he reveals that his cut was $5,000.

Aram Saroyan—whose father, William Saroyan, wrote a best seller called *My Name Is Aram* long before he ever had a son—has written his first book of poems (don't go away) titled *Aram Saroyan*. It will be published next month and is sure to be argued about in certain literary circles (circles so tiny that there is no discernible hole in the middle). With the kind permission of Christopher Cerf, the book's editor at Random House, we proudly present one of the poems in its entirety:

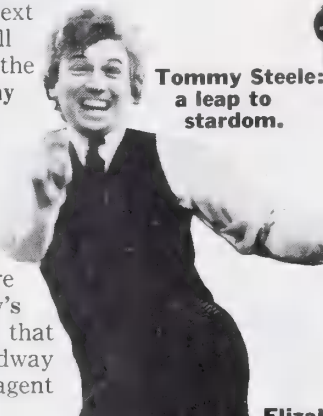
eyeye

Now that wasn't so bad, was it? Some of his poems are shorter, some longer. Aram Saroyan calls them electric. You can call them anything you like, and you can own them for $1.95.



Michael Caine in Majorca as he spoke to the *Journal*.

Gilt slants of sun drench the beach of Majorca off the coast of Spain. **Michael Caine,** wearing white chinos during a break in 20th Century-Fox's filming of **John Fowles's** novel, *The Magus*, talks it over with the *Journal*'s **Joyce Illig:** "The man I play in this film is absolutely non-gullible," says Caine in his rich Cockney. "He's intelligent and mature and that's the real me. Not Alfie." *Alfie!*—the title role that won him an Academy Award nomination, the role with which he's identified by millions. "Everybody always says to me, 'Your image is Alfie, isn't it? That's really you, isn't it?' and I say, 'No,' and they say, 'That's really you, Alfie, isn't it?' There's no such thing as a Michael Caine image, but I just let it continue, because to discourage it would be enormous hard work." . . . The subject of his sudden vast success is raised. "Certainly I enjoy it. Now I can concentrate on somebody and I don't have to worry all the time. Say I take a woman to dinner where the food is marvelous, which does normally mean it's going to be fairly expensive. I can concentrate on her much more if I don't have to worry about the bill, or if I don't have to take her to a cheap restaurant. At cheap restaurants it's like the scene one often sees in movies where it's all pretty ropey but 'so long as I'm with you, darling, it tastes like caviar.' If cod's roe can taste like caviar 'so long as I'm with you, darling,' think how much heightened the experience if she's had caviar that *tastes* like caviar so she can concentrate on *me!*" . . . He walks a bit, gazes out onto the Mediterranean. "I'm a nowhere man. I do feel that I belong nowhere, which is why I'm very happy traveling. There used to be a saying that wherever an Englishman stood was an island. I feel like an island that's sparsely inhabited. I'm not lonely, I have lots of friends, but I don't really feel that I *belong* anywhere." Had he ever played Hamlet? "I've played Horatio, but never Hamlet. I wasn't in Old Vic before the movies, like some of the others were. I couldn't get in then, so why should I now? Why should I take a 38,000 percent cut in salary to do something they wouldn't let me do when I asked? In those days, I never dreamt of playing anything except what would give me a job. Four lines as a policeman would do, never mind about Hamlet. Let's get the rent paid and we'll worry about the Academy Awards later."



Tommy Steele: a leap to stardom.



Elizabeth Taylor: silver & silent.

Mia Farrow: *Rosemary's Baby* and a haircut by Sassoon.

THE SMALL SCREEN SCENE: For millions of Americans, Sunday morning is still a time for funny papers, and if some beloved old-timers aren't around anymore (how I miss *The Katzenjammer Kids*), there are plenty of good ones that are. An hour special, *The Fabulous Funnies*, arrives on NBC-TV February 11, featuring such cartoonists as **Chester Gould** (*Dick Tracy*), **Al Capp** (*Li'l Abner*) and **Chic Young** (*Blondie*). The producer is a zingy young San Franciscan named **Lee Mendelson,** so when the phone rang and a balloon with words formed over the receiver, I knew it must be L. M. himself, calling from his store-front office in Burlingame, Calif. "**Carl Reiner** is our host," said Mendelson, "and we animate him so he shrinks and becomes part of the comic strips." The show is a variety-documentary, and the comedy team of **Burns and Schreiber** is on deck, too. *They're* fabulous funnies. . . . Mendelson is also the chap who thought up and has produced the *Peanuts* specials for CBS. On February 14 he presents his newest, *He's Your Dog, Charlie Brown*. A tough half hour for Snoopy.

The Legend of Robin Hood. This new musical stars **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.,** who has RH in his blood. **Noel Harrison** and **Roddy McDowall** join in singing the songs by **Sammy Cahn** and **Jimmy Van Heusen** (NBC, Feb. 18).

The Fred Astaire Show. The great man's first special in eight years. Don't miss this one. Michael Caine told the *Journal:* "I always remember having it explained to me when I was very young that Fred Astaire was a better dancer than Gene Kelly because Gene Kelly made it look difficult and Fred Astaire made it look easy" (NBC, Feb. 7).

If you go to see *Dr. Faustus* this month, starring **Richard Burton** and **Elizabeth Taylor** (it's based on Marlowe's 1588 play), don't expect the usual team-up. Miss Taylor, playing Helen of Troy, has no lines to speak of. It's Burton's film from beginning to **END**

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3. "Oh, Madge, go on! In dishwashing liquid? Seems mild, though."



4. "Well, it's *more* than just mild. It's wild on dishes."

5. A week later. "Madge, you're a smarty! Dishwashing's a lot different now with Palmolive Liquid."

"Makes the job *and* your *hands* pretty soft. Right?"





Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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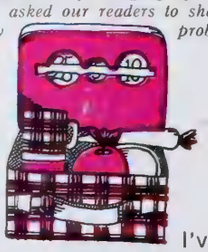
Only Wish-Bone *really* turns wet vegetables into a first class salad!



IF IT WERE MY CHILD

A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone know the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this natural source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other their best solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.



LUNCH BOX BANK: I've discovered a way to keep my children's school milk money from being lost or misplaced. I attach it inside the top of each child's lunch box with masking tape (which is reusable). The money is secure and handy at noon since it's in the box.—Mrs. Alix Fredrickson, Los Altos, Calif.



RIGHT-HEIGHT ROD: When my daughter was learning to care for her clothes, but was too small to reach her closet rod to hang them up, I made a second, lower rod for her. I covered a broom handle with fabric (paper is good, too) and attached a sturdy cord to each end and hung the cords from the closet rod. As my daughter grew, I just raised the rod by shortening the cords.—Mrs. Joseph Barbiere, Miami Beach, Fla.



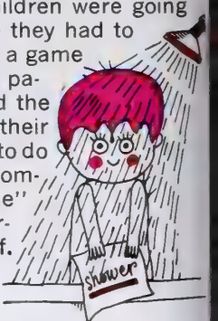
SHOE SPRAY: After I've polished my baby's white shoes, I spray them with hair spray to prevent the polish from coming off on everything (the shoes stay cleaner too). The spray wipes off with a damp cloth for the next polishing.—Mrs. Louise Sullivan, Pittsburgh, Pa.



FATHER'S DAY: For the new father-to-be from the mother-to-be: A life-saver of a package for him at the hospital with all types of needed items. It would have such things as magazines, crackers, fruit, cigarettes, change for the telephone, a list of phone numbers, aspirin, and whatever else he's likely to need (perhaps a tranquilizer).—Mrs. Edith Warner, Fontanelle, Iowa.



IDENTIFICATION SNAPS: So my daughter—and all her friends at nursery school—will be able to tell which supplies are hers, I have pasted small recent snapshots of her on her tablet, crayon box, paste, etc. Since none of them can read as yet, this type of identification saves many mixups and squabbles.—Mrs. J. S. Flatto, Brownsville, Tex.



FAIR GAME: When my two children were going through that stage of complaining every time they had to take a bath, instead of forcing them, we made a game of it. At bathtime we folded up three pieces of paper—one said "shower," the other "bath" and the third "ice-cold shower." The children closed their eyes and took their choice, and, of course, had to do whatever the paper said. They no longer complained, and even looked forward to their "game" at bathtime.—Mrs. Art Niederberger, San Diego, Calif.



BEACH BEDSPREADS: I use large, gaily colored beach towels as bedspreads on my children's beds. They're decorative, wrinkle-proof, and, if the children get them dirty, a cinch to wash—perfect for bunk beds, too.—Mrs. Ann Sokol, New York, N.Y.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and babysitters, as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. Maxey, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., because such submissions cannot be returned.

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5 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
¼ cup butter or other shortening
6½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup (about) milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup coarsely chopped nuts
2 teaspoons hot water

Melt chocolate and butter over very low heat, stirring constantly. Cool slightly. Combine sugar, salt, milk, and vanilla; blend.

Add chocolate mixture; mix well. Let stand, stirring occasionally. If necessary, add milk a teaspoon at a time until of right consistency to spread.

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Sprinkle nuts over top. Blend hot water with reserved frosting. Drizzle over nuts.

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If your doctor recommended a corn oil margarine 2 years ago… read what doctors are reading in their medical journals today.



MEDICINE TODAY

BY PHYLLIS WRIGHT, M.D., WITH DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

ast feeding is rapidly going out of hion. In technologically advanced ntries—the U.S., France and End—one baby in two gets no ast milk at all.

A husband-and-wife research team, s. Michael and Niles Newton of icago, finds that emotional factors largely responsible.

Mothers who nurse tend to be thers who enjoy a form of sexual mulation from their infants. They o are more eager to resume sexual ercourse with their husbands. Conrsely, aversion to breast feeding is ated to a dislike of nudity and sexity; frigidity may prompt breastding failures.

While the U.S. is supposedly in midst of a "sexual revolution," s. Newton and Newton report: ast 20 years ago in rural Mississpi breast feeding in church was actptable; 75 years ago, upper-class men in Indiana naturally took ir babies to afternoon parties to rse them.

"Now, there is a strong taboo on rsing in public or even showing otographs of nursing babies. Bot- feeding in public and pictures of ttle feeding are totally acceptable. us, a young girl often starts breast ding without ever once having a ance to observe another woman do She is ignorant, even if she is inested."

o many tetanus shots add to a ungster's pain, but may not add ich to his protection. Probably, rs Massachusetts Health Departnt researcher, Dr. Geoffrey Edl, one booster shot a year is more an will ever be needed. He studied e existing levels of protection in 45 ldren who were about to get roue or emergency booster shots from eir doctors, and found all already d 40 to 2,000 times the minimum otective level! Barring injury, Dr. sall says that a person who has d his basic tetanus immunizan—three shots plus a booster—ed not have a routine booster for at st ten years.

w and very liberal abortion laws go o effect in Britain on April 1. portions will be available free, unr the National Health Service, or, fee, if performed by a woman's vate physician. The new law perts an abortion if two physicians ree that the pregnancy might reaten the mother's life or physical mental health, or might result in e birth of a physically or mentally normal infant. Damage to the ysical or emotional health of a woman's existing children also will be grounds for terminating a pregnancy, and a "social clause" sanctions abortion for socio-economic considerations such as overcrowded family housing or tensions that might result from too large a family.

Many among a group of 140 youngsters who were referred to Columbia University dentistry professor Dr. Solomon Rosenstein because of rampant dental decay turned out to have had prolonged benefit of bedtime bottles. When a child falls asleep with the bottle in his mouth, his teeth get too long an exposure to the fermentable sugars that are part of sweetened milk and juices. So, after the baby is fully asleep, tip-toe in and try—gently, now—to get him to relinquish the bottle.

German measles, or rubella, during pregnancy takes so high a toll of dead and deformed babies that some physicians want the recently introduced HI—for Hemagglutination-Inhibition—test made a marriage-license requirement. It could be run from the same blood used for syphilis detection, and would show if a woman already has had rubella. She would then be better able to decide what to do if she became exposed to rubella after becoming pregnant. If she'd had the disease already, she could continue the pregnancy, secure in the feeling that the baby would not be deformed. But if she hadn't had rubella, she and her obstetrician well might decide on a therapeutic abortion. In this situation, abortion now is legal in many places.

Head injuries from falls, auto accidents or injury at birth are serious business, and the attempt to avoid them is well worth the effort. Skull fractures occurred in 1,000 of 4,000 youngsters with head injuries who were examined at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. Fractures were more common in children under five.

Often, it is the long-term results of head injury that are the most destructive. In a group of 67 adults who were knocked unconscious—mostly in car accidents—half died without ever leaving the hospital. Three English doctors at the Newcastle upon Tyne General Hospital checked up on the 32 survivors six years later. Many had died. Almost all of the others have permanent behavioral problems or impaired ability to work and take care of themselves. Those who have recovered fully from their injuries all had done so with the help of a supportive, helpful family. **END**



TAICHUNG, FORMOSA—*Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

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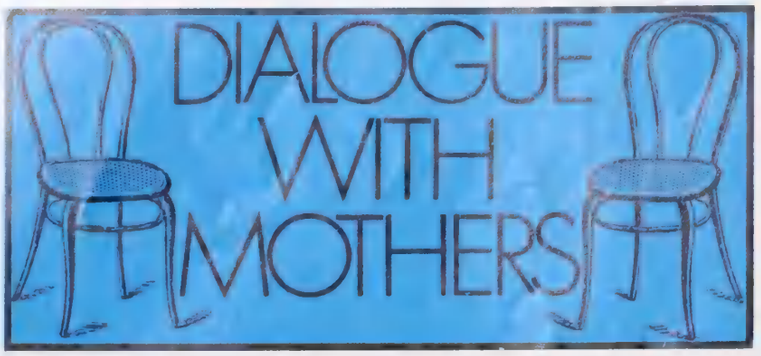
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THE REAL LESSON OF HOMEWORK

By Dr. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

First Mother: My nine-year-old daughter and I often argue about just when she should do her homework. When she does it, she does it well, but the problem is, exactly when should she sit down and do it? Should she come home from school and play and then do the work after dinner? Or should she do it before dinner and then do anything she wants after dinner? How do you organize the time, between the time you come home from school and go to bed?

Dr. Bettelheim: Why is it a problem?

First Mother: Well, for a nine-year-old it's hard to figure out timing—how long it takes to do something and how much help you need and so on. And if she wants my help, then we must decide on a convenient time for us both.

Dr. B.: Why do you have to decide together?

First Mother: Otherwise it doesn't get done. Or it doesn't get done before bedtime. And if it's not done and she goes to school without it, the teacher gets mad.

Dr. B.: That's a risk the child takes.

First Mother: Well, yes. And it's probably a risk that should be taken, because if it happens too often she'll learn how to do it on time.

Dr. B.: You say it's a risk that should be taken, but from the way you talk ——

First Mother: It isn't taken.

Dr. B.: That's right. Why?

First Mother: For one thing, I think it's a good idea to help a child organize her time.

Dr. B.: I'm sorry, but I don't fully agree. After all, we know there are people who prefer to work at night and sleep during the day. Sure, the majority works during the day and sleeps at night, but our big cities couldn't get along if there weren't people who prefer to work at night.

First Mother: But a child's day is somewhat ordered. He has to go to school from nine to 3:15. You can't get away from it.

Dr. B.: All right. So therefore, since the child has no choice in this matter, we conclude that the child should never have a choice in other matters.

First Mother: No, I think he should have other choices.

Second Mother: Isn't part of the problem, too, that the adult feels he's failed if a child gets bawled out by the teacher for not doing his homework?

Third Mother: I think still another part of the problem is that I disagree with some of the homework that's given. I consider some of it simply busy work.

Dr. B.: Let's go back to the lady who raised the question. What's your attitude to the homework your fourth grader is given?

First Mother: I think it's a good supplement to what's going on in the classroom so long as it doesn't take more than 45 minutes to an hour. I feel that children need to learn how to do some work on their own.

Dr. B.: "They need to learn to do some work on their own." What's wrong with that statement?

Second Mother: They need to *want* to do things on their own.

Dr. B.: Exactly. Every human being has to learn to do certain work on his own without being prodded, without being pushed. But obviously this can best be learned around work we want to do. The problem arises with work they don't want to do, or don't want to do at a set time. So, if I have to do something, what's the minimal freedom I'd like to have?

Second Mother: The choice of time.

Dr. B.: Exactly. It makes the forced task a little easier if I at least have some control over the timing. Homework is bad enough for a nine-year-old, but unfortunately we have no freedom about it and I recognize that.

First Mother: I think you've given me some good suggestions—about letting the child choose when she's going to do the homework and to first help the child understand what it's about.

Dr. B.: What is the homework all about? What's your attitude toward it?

First Mother: Well . . . it's something that's assigned in school and should be done at home.

Dr. B.: What I meant was, what was your attitude to homework when you were a nine- or ten-year-old? Did you have homework when you were nine?

First Mother: Yes, and I did it and I enjoyed doing it.

Fourth Mother: I enjoyed it, but I think one of the reasons why is because my parents didn't take any interest in it. They didn't know if I had homework or not, and they didn't check on it, so it was something I did completely on my own. They didn't know what was happening. It was something between me and the class, and it stayed that way.

Dr. B.: All right, so one way we can make homework more acceptable to children is by remaining uninvolved in it.

Fifth Mother: I hated homework, and it was because my parents were so much involved. I was a good girl in their eyes if I did my homework.

Second Mother: The only homework I did was math, because my father could help me with it. I think I would have failed algebra if he hadn't.

Sixth Mother: So there's got to be a little help somewhere if the kid wants it and needs it.

Dr. B.: Yes, but we're not talking about a child who simply goes to the parent and says, "Please go over my spelling," or "Please explain what I did wrong."

Sixth Mother: You think that's OK?

Dr. B.: Yes, as long as you don't start out by saying to the child, "If you want my help, you have to do the homework now."

One reason I have serious reservations about homework is because no child of nine or so can really learn, academically, for more than three or four hours a day, and that should be done in school. There's no place, then, for homework, which doesn't mean there's no place for learning in the home. But learning is something entirely different from homework. There are a lot of things children want to learn, if they can learn them at their own speed and by their own timing; not necessarily schoolwork, but it might eventually extend to schoolwork.

Seventh Mother: We were very fortunate to have had two different kinds of experiences with school. We were in the Philippines for four years, and the grade school allowed a great deal of freedom and gave no homework. I was appalled the first year that my children were there, because I would come to get them from school and they might be playing out on the playground during school hours. But the principal was very patient with me *(laughter)* and eventually showed me that it wasn't retarding my children at all. In fact when we came back here ——

Dr. B.: They did very well.

Seventh Mother: They were advanced a grade at school.

Dr. B.: That's been my experience. You can't teach a grade-school class more than three hours a day. And if you teach them for three hours, with intervals, you can let them play the rest of the time, and no homework. The trouble is that many of our teachers can do so little teaching in class because they have become disciplinarians and custodians of teaching materials, form-filler-outers and checker-ins or checker-outers.

Seventh Mother: Our experience with another child who began kindergarten here, after we got home, has been very disappointing. The teacher in kindergarten told us she was sure we'd have trouble with him in the first grade because he couldn't sit still long enough.

Dr. B.: But in the Philippines they knew that the five-year-olds can't sit still. Which is sound psychological knowledge.

Seventh Mother: And this boy of mine is now in third grade, and still his teachers tell me every year that he can do the work but that he doesn't get it all done. And I've said to the teacher, "Well, as long as he can do it, let's not worry, and let's let him do things with his crayons."

Sixth Mother: What can you do when you feel your children aren't suited to the kind of school situation they're in?

Dr. B.: Well, what *can* you do?

Sixth Mother: I don't know, I just want to make it easy. I want the learning experience to be a happy one for them.

Dr. B.: That, I'm afraid, is impossible. For some children, a certain teacher is very meaningful. For other children the association with certain classmates is very meaningful. But how can you assume that the whole school experience can be enjoyable and meaningful? Who likes the pressure of taking tests and studying for exams? And who likes to see that some other kid is more popular, or preferred by the teacher, and so on? Life is just not a series of pleasant experiences.

Now, if you say we all have to learn to take the good with the bad, and hopefully there will be a few morsels of good in my child's school experience, I think you're being realistic. But if you say, "I want him to enjoy school," then you're being totally unrealistic, and nothing good can come of it. Those teachers in the Philippines knew that if at least part of the school day is enjoyable, then the rest of the school day becomes bearable, and so the children learn rather well in school. Here the principle seems to be: "Let's make the whole day unbearable for the school child," and then we want him to enjoy it all.

Sixth Mother: And then give them homework!

Fourth Mother: Most of my child's homework is punitive. For instance, there's some noise in the room and the teacher counts to five and if she gets to five and the class isn't settled down, then, by George, they come home with all sorts of homework.

Dr. B.: And they're supposed to want to do it. Now, let's ask ourselves: What child likes to do homework? Is there a boy who would rather do homework than play ball?

First Mother: The boy who can't play ball.

Dr. B : Exactly. And in a co-educational system why do girls usually like to do homework? Because that's one thing they're better at than boys.

Second Mother: And it pleases the teacher.

Dr. B.: That's right. The interesting thing is that if you have an all-girls' school, then the attitude to homework of boys and girls is the same—they hate it. But a boy who doesn't prefer to go out and play ball, who prefers to do homework, is a boy who for one reason or another is afraid he cannot play ball well, and that should give us food for thought. If we want to have a boy and not something between a boy and a girl, maybe it should worry us if he comes home and likes to do his homework instead of screaming to go outside. But what concerns me most about homework, and I think what's been brought out quite clearly, is that for many middle-class children it isn't *their* work, it isn't something they can do at their own speed, for their own reasons. It's something the parents pester for.

Third Mother: I had something just the opposite. I had parents who just weren't interested. So I had homework and never did it. I would have liked them to be just a little interested in what was going on.

Dr. B.: Of course, and so you should have. This is a child's natural desire that the parents be interested in what he's interested in. Certainly I have never advised disinterest in what matters to the child. What I object to is pushing the child to do what's of interest to the parent, which is a horse of a different color. Certainly it comes naturally for parents to say, "Well, how was school?" or "How was your day?" Just as husbands and wives ask, "How was your day? What went on?" This kind of interest is very different from, "Go sit down and do your homework. Why don't you get a better grade? When are you going to do your homework?" and so on. This is what brings on the problems we've been talking about. **END**

Dr. Bettelheim is Rowley Professor of education at the University of Chicago's Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School. Each "Dialogue" is based on actual open-discussion meetings Dr. Bettelheim conducts at school with 30 or more mothers from the Chicago area whose children range from infants to junior high school age.



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CASEY AND JOE WERE RIVALS

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Many people think they are incompatible, when they are merely ignorant. Intelligent and sensible in other matters, they have never tried to learn what marriage involves, what cooperation in marriage really means. Often they are attempting to live in the past, but each in a different past. A man has formed an idea of marriage from the example of his own parents. If they were happy he wants to reproduce this pattern; if they were unhappy he wants to produce just the opposite. The same holds for the woman's ideas, with the tremendous difference that her parents were obviously not the same as his parents! They then go ahead, hand in hand, yet trying to go in different directions. No wonder they complain that "You are unreasonable!" Success in marriage depends on forgetting ancestral patterns, abandoning preconceived ideas, starting afresh to build together something different from anything that ever existed before. Successful partners do not ask themselves, "What did I expect?", but "What can we each put into this partnership that will make it a successful marriage?"

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and president,
The American Institute of Family Relations

"Mother and Kenny, the family driver, came in the station wagon last Saturday afternoon and collected me and my belongings," said 21-year-old Casey, long-legged, dark-haired college senior, budding scientist and two years a wife. Casey has clear, beautiful skin and fine brown eyes but is large-boned, above average in height, and firmly convinced she has a rear-end weight problem. "I'm now staying with my parents and have my old room and bath, next door to my kid sister's suite."

Continued Casey after a brief pause, "Joe wasn't on the scene when Mother came for me. At the end of a really *appalling* set-to between us, Joe took off in the car, leaving me behind to cope and pick up the pieces. The way I coped was to phone home and tell my mother that Joe and I were all washed up, and I wanted to file for a no-alimony divorce.

"Mother wasn't a bit surprised. She never was in favor of my marrying Joe, although she was much, much less biased than Daddy. Daddy was livid on the subject of Joe, but when Mother finally acknowledged I had my head set on marrying Joe she gave in, and talked Daddy around. Now it was all over, and as I filled Mother in on the details of what had happened several hours earlier, she quickly joined me against Joe.

"At noon that day Joe had driven home from the University to eat lunch. I didn't expect him, thinking he'd carried a bag of sandwiches I packed that morning. At the time he returned, I was mowing the grass. Several months ago, Joe's parents dropped in on us one Sunday morning, and my father-in-law was so shocked by the condition of our lawn that next day he sent us a power mower as a house present after Joe faithfully promised to use it.

"Naturally Joe didn't keep his promise nor did he take the slightest notice of repeated complaints from our neighbors, most of whom are elderly fussbudgets, as critical of our habits and weedy lawn as my father-in-law. So whenever Joe wasn't around I began cutting the grass. Actually, operating the power mower was fun. I enjoyed it. But when Joe drove up for his lunch last Saturday, I guess he was extra hungry or something. Anyhow, the moment he saw me on the seat of the mower he instantly decided I'd been disloyal and treasonable or something and he erupted like a volcano.

"Joe has a terrible temper. Indeed he was so wild with rage as he jumped from the car, grabbed my arm and jerked me off the mower, he lost his good sense entirely and forgot to switch off the motor. He and I were still tussling with each other when the power mower raced off our property, charged straight across the road and wound up its pell-mell journey in the backyard of the fussiest of all our neighbors. It toppled over, totally wrecked, after cutting a wide swath smack through the middle of a 37-foot bird-of-paradise bush, the tallest and gaudiest I've ever seen.

"After hearing this story and seeing the bruises and scratches on my face and arm, Mother was in no mood to dillydally an unnecessary minute. She insisted on leaving the washer she had lent us, along with heaps of Joe's dirty shirts. She said it wouldn't hurt Joe to do his own laundry.

"The last of my things to be loaded were the animals I keep at home as part of my studies in animal behavior at school. There was Coco, my pet squirrel monkey, and his enormous cage, and two cages of twenty-four rats. The two cats I left behind to keep Joe company.

"My work, which I love, drives Joe up the wall. Joe is also majoring in psychology—he's working for his M.A.—but his field is the study human beings. Joe is three yea older than me and a great de smarter, but he isn't as well orga ized as I am, and nearly everybod says he is less mature.

"Joe is generally at odds with t whole world—he fights with my pa ents, his parents, his uncles, his cou ins, his professors, the neighbors. Th list is endless. Tact is an unknow quantity to him. Consideration f others and tenderness were left o of his nature. During our two yea together, Joe has never once treate me as though I were his cherishe wife. He is so wrapped up in himse and his own needs, wishes and amb tions he hasn't learned a single thin about me either as a human bein or as the person he married.

"Every day, every hour that Jo and I spent together—and we wer often apart—he *murdered* my vanity made me feel like I was six inche tall. I am well aware that I hav heavy thighs and legs, but nearl every morning, if Joe saw me dres ing, he remarked that I had a botto like a battleship and ought to die I'm big-boned, not fat.

"Joe constantly denounces his fa ther, a successful businessman an quite a nice guy, as a money-hungr slob. Actually Joe himself is meaner minded financially than any of ou kinfolk. His miserliness is unneces sary and it's stupid.

"Both of our families are contrib uting $250 a month toward our sup port until we are self-supporting, an both can well afford it; but Joe i such a boorish recipient, he make their generosity embarrassing an painful. He treats their gifts as loans that must be repaid.

"Joe and I don't spend anythin like $500 a month. Whatever is lef over Joe slaps in the bank at interest or else he invests the savings in rea estate ventures. Joe wastes hours o time hunting cheap real estate in vestments or peddling at a modest profit his fractional interest in small holdings already acquired. The time he wastes should be devoted to his studies, and that isn't just bossy-wife talk; all Joe's professors say he spreads himself too thin. I have consistently out-ranked Joe scholastically because I keep up with my assignments, study every day, prepare sensibly for finals. Joe says I'm a plodder, and I guess that's accurate.

"Joe's method is to drop in on a lecture, crack a book, finish an experiment, *only* when he can think of nothing better to do. He counts heavily on luck and last-minute cramming.

"Although Joe has small interest in my scientific field—he groans at the cost of feeding my animals nutritious meals—I am very interested in his field. Two nights a week he does volunteer work with delinquent boys; at the moment the counselors are trying 'reality therapy' in group interviews with 'hard case' youngsters. I have begged Joe to let me monitor a few of the sessions, but he refuses.

"Joe and I never had a decent recreation program. Not only did he hate to spend the money, both of us always seemed too busy for companionship or having fun *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

6 things I learned rom my wife

ince she started reading e National Observer!



ra is a model housewife. But she's the last I would expect to brief me about what is n in the world. So you can imagine my e when Barbara began talking about such s:

at Brezhnev's rise to the top means to ssia and to the rest of the world.
w cigarette smokers are kicking the habit h a new breath-holding technique.
y doctors are warning women against aring a certain type of earring.
w a group of physicians is making use of ,000,000 worth of beer-brewing equip- nt to fight Leukemia.
y many top scientists feel we are falling ind Russia in the arms race.
w a recent stand taken by the American edical Association may have a nationwide pact on abortion laws.
y hobo ranks have declined in America.
y a psychologist says the name you give ur child may be the key to his behavior.
w a new kind of credit card is being used a passport to better medical treatment.
y we may soon have a "memory pill" — d what it will do.
hy you may be paying less for car insur- ce regardless of your driving record.
hy large cities may soon be "off limits" to vate aircraft.
w the U.S. has been giving aid to foreign untries without congressional approval.
hy thousands of people in Iowa, the heart the nation's breadbasket, are suffering m malnutrition.
hy one city's police department is using deo-tape to record criminal confessions.
hy a crew of only 32 men can operate the rld's largest ship.

ere did Barbara get all of this informa- Certainly not from day time television or al paper. No — a short while ago, on a s advice, she took out a subscription to National Observer, the national weekly aper. I could see the change in her almost iately, and when I started reading The al Observer, too, I knew why. It really *s* the news. Each story is not just a collec- facts, but a fascinating, thorough report ts all the pieces together.

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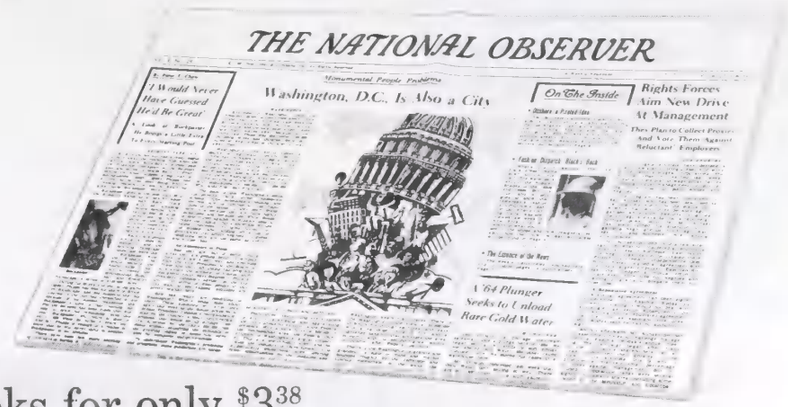
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together. Last year we attended exactly one first-run movie, and that evening was a bust. During the intermission we got into such an argument about one of the characters that I wouldn't go back inside the theater with him. I took the bus home. Joe saw the movie through, but since he had the car he reached there hours ahead of me. By the time I arrived, exhausted by three bus changes, he was in bed sound asleep. He didn't care what might have happened to me. That's been Joe's attitude throughout our marriage; he's gone out of his way to show I bore him and he doesn't love me.

"I haven't seen or heard from Joe since I walked out; he hasn't condescended to phone my parents' place. I miss him badly. I doubt he misses me, even though in some ways I think he needs me. But then I love Joe; I guess I'll always love him. From the very beginning, psychology was a bond between us. I was having teen-age emotional problems when we met back in high school years ago, and Joe helped me solve them. But when I instantly fell in love with him, he didn't reciprocate and said my love for him was nothing but a simple case of transference. He said I fell in love with his advice, with his help and his emotional support.

"For a while I continued to hang around him and then I stopped seeing him. He ran around with many other girls and was even engaged to several of them. But three years ago he had a serious automobile accident, and while recuperating at home, apparently he thought of me and his mother telephoned. For six weeks I was his parents' house guest, and I probably cheered Joe.

"When he was fully recovered we were married—despite the objections of both our fathers and my mother.

"It now seems to me that their opposition might have been well founded, and that maybe Joe and I could be better off with a divorce."

"If Casey thinks I'm going to beg her to come back to me she's got another think coming," said 24-year-old Joe, a young man with brick-red hair, sunburned skin and a pugnacious jaw. "To tell the truth, I'm surprised she isn't hanging on the telephone herself begging me to come for her. I do miss Casey—more than I supposed I would. Her parents are to blame for the fact she has stayed away this long, I'm sure of that. They spoiled Casey badly in her childhood—on the one hand, they overindulged her with material possessions, while on the other they robbed her of the potential to grow and mature.

"I'll admit I lost my temper last Saturday when I drove home and there, big as life, sat Casey operating a dangerous piece of machinery—in defiance of my express commands. I'd just gone through a rotten morning at college, and then at lunch I opened a bag of sandwiches Casey had fixed for my lunch. The bread was spread with a nasty conglomeration of vitamins, pineapple chunks and peanut butter, the gloop she feeds her monkey. Either she made an absentminded mistake or she equated the importance of preparing lunch for me, her husband, with the importance of mixing slop for a monkey. I threw the inedible sandwiches in the nearest trashcan and then stalked home.

"Casey regards herself as an A-1 cook, housekeeper and homemaker. None of her laboratory specimens or numerous pets, except the cats, are housebroken, and every damn one of them has the run of our place. At least once a week I forget the facts of life with Casey and sit down in my favorite chair without looking first, and then discover that some animal has picked it for a comfort station.

"Friday night a week ago I sat on two rats, who were hiding under the cushion. She was much more concerned about possible injuries to the rats than possible damages to my nerves.

"Anyhow, I went home mad on Saturday. Without stopping to think, I pulled Casey off the power mower—it was a fool thing to do—and asked why she felt it necessary to use hazardous machinery, cut the grass behind my back and make me look like a self-centered tyrant in the eyes of our provincial, middle-class neighbors. Our neighbors and my parents are just alike, hopelessly conventional. When my father gave us the power mower, his subconscious motivation was undoubtedly to ally himself with the neighbors and enforce middle-class standards on me. If Father had been intellectually honest, he would have realized I did *not* want his mowing machine and did not wish to cut the grass to satisfy the tastes of a landscape-proud lady across the road.

"My father is a good, well-meaning, hard-working man, now pushing fifty; a typical product of his money-grubbing, materialistic generation. The two of us have very little in common. Father was born and reared on a dirt farm in Yugoslavia, but he yearned to emigrate to this country and make a pile for himself. He and Mother, the daughter of another tenant farmer, managed to get out of Yugoslavia and land in New York shortly before my birth.

"During the period I was growing up as a native-born American, my father was studying ways to get his U.S. citizenship and get rich. For several years we traveled all around the country while my father explored various business opportunities. Finally, when I was eight years old, we settled permanently in southern California, where Dad invested in real estate, including a small farm, and established a family business. Mother was an expert cook; Father employed 'old-country' methods to raise organic crops on his acreage and, by improvising on peasant recipes, she turned his produce into various health foodstuffs, bread, cakes, soups, etc. Their business is now quite large. Although Father didn't get rich in the terms of Casey's father, who has probably doubled the size of a big inherited fortune, he prospered to such an extent that he long ago brought his three brothers and their families to this country.

"By the time I was twelve Father h determined I should follow in his foo steps and eventually take over the bus ness he had founded. To me the idea w revolting. Not only was I bored by t artificiality of his pint-sized, luxury sli of the food industry, I despised ever thing about it. To me Father's financi success seemed pointless, meaningle in an atom-oriented age. When I m Casey I was practically ready for colle and she was just a 14-year-old junio high-school kid, but we had somethi in common. She, too, was involved wit parental problems. I sympathized wi her as another victim.

"At seventeen I'd done a great de of reading in psychology, taken all t available high-school courses, and thoug I couldn't pretend to professional statu I offered Casey my help with her em tional difficulties. For six months or s I saw her every day after school, an by working hard together, we more less got to the bottom of her unhapp ness and scholastic blocks. (In thos days, her grades were lousy!) Casey w too closely identified with her mother– to a certain extent this is still true—an she felt alienated from her father, w devoted the major part of his attentio to business.

"I wasn't at all surprised to hav Casey transform me, her analyst, into father substitute and then declare h love. Probably I was flattered. But for long while I thought of her not as possible sweetheart but as a brain cute kid sister.

"When I entered college – to my fa ther's delight, I originally signed up i the School of Business—I expected t forget her. My studies were unstimulat ing and uninspiring and perhaps as result of this, I fell in love with a lon series of girls, or thought I did. At th suggestion of my roommate, John— will never have a closer man friend tha John—the two of us rented an apart ment off-campus where we threw man weekend parties. Casey attended som of our parties and invariably lingere after the gathering broke up to empt the ashtrays, wash the glasses, tidy th place. Often John and I had to toss he out bodily before we could get to bed.

"Indeed I might never have awakene to the fact I loved Casey, and I *do* lov her, except for a tragedy that happene in my junior year. That September a John's urging—Casey urged me, too— faced down my father, dropped all m business classes and resumed the study of psychology. For several months I wa at peace and profoundly happy.

"But then one foggy night during th Christmas holidays John and I an three other guys got in my car to driv from the apartment back to college Although I was at the wheel, to this da I don't know what *(continued*

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happened. I can't remember. The blank spot in my memory haunts me. I know I hadn't been drinking. I know I wasn't speeding. Maybe I fell asleep the fraction of a second.

"Anyhow, my car left the road and struck the side of a mountain, so gently the car remained upright and the hood was barely crumpled. The three other guys stepped out, unhurt, not even bruised. I was knocked unconscious. John was instantly killed.

"When I came to in the hospital, the nurses tried to con me. They said everybody was fine, that John was asleep in a room on the next floor, but I knew better. I knew John was dead, that I had killed him. And I just couldn't take it. I went into shock, prolonged shock. My nervous system cracked. I hallucinated, heard John's voice, felt him punch me in the ribs in his old kidding way. I seriously considered suicide. At that low point in my life—naturally I had to drop out of school—Casey stepped forward to give me the help I'd once given her, and much more. She was my salvation. She lightened the load of guilt I couldn't tolerate, returned me to a sense of proportion, brought me back to sanity. In the circumstances our marriage was almost inevitable.

"Nevertheless, it now seems to me that Casey and I made a wrong start. We probably should have listened to our fathers and waited until I was established as family breadwinner. As a bridegroom I lacked the advantage of starting off in a strong, dominant role, acting as head of the house like my old man had always done. Because of my nervous condition and continual brooding over John I'm now over that, thank God!—I began life with Casey as a more or less passive, even submissive, figure.

"I can now see where Casey has made a lot of mistakes and where I've made a few mistakes myself. At times I guess I've been too hard on her, too critical. At any rate, she seems to think so. Still and all, with a few minor changes—I'm willing to make changes if necessary—I'm confident we can work through our present difficulty and have a good marriage.

"Casey and I agree on many things. We both want a family of two children. When she graduates from college next June, I hope we can make an immediate start on this. By then I should have my M.A. and be in a position to support a wife and one child. I'm not anxious for Casey to work; if anything she is already much too independent.

"Yesterday her father's lawyers had the crust to call and notify me that she was contemplating a divorce. That's absurd. Casey has no grounds. I don't want a divorce; she doesn't want a divorce. What both of us want is to get back together on an improved basis."

"Casey and Joe soon went back together just as both wanted to do," the counselor said. "However, they found it difficult to improve their marriage until after the three of us had a number of interviews.

"Casey and Joe, as opinionated a young couple as I've ever met, had strong views on practically everything, which they freely expressed to each other at every available opportunity. Unfortunately they talk-talk-talked without communicating. They were so absorbed with themselves and their own academic careers they devoted little time to studying each other. Indeed they seemed like a pair of preoccupied students rooming together for the sake of convenience rather than like man and wife.

"Of the two, Casey tried harder. She did attempt to interest herself in Joe's work only to have him brush her off. However, she was tactless and inconsiderate when she flaunted her superior marks, became Joe's competitor, pressured him to work to the point where he came to regard her as a bossy, domineering antagonist instead of a concerned and loving partner. Also her housekeeping and cooking could have been more sensibly managed, although Joe was reasonably indifferent to domestic shortcomings despite his many criticisms.

"Joe was outrageously critical. As a bride, Casey had a fair-sized ego, which he undertook to demolish with all his might. He criticized her figure, her hairdo, her taste in clothes, her voice; he even objected to the way she ate popcorn and crackers. Quite obviously the fierce criticisms directed toward Casey, at a high cost to her self-esteem and ordinarily sunny nature, were outward reflections of the fierce inner criticisms Joe constantly aimed at himself.

"Although Joe was unaware of it, he had never resolved his relationship with his father, a formidable man who had terrified and awed his son in boyhood and continued to hold him in emotional bondage years after. In spite of all his academic know-how in the field of psychology, Joe failed signally to apply his learning to his own case. He did not perceive that he was still secretly afraid of his father, still emotionally engaged in an almost adolescent rebellion. Subconsciously he desired to please his father while at the same time he wanted to defy and to triumph over the older man.

"This ambivalence was shown pretty clearly in his reaction to the automobile accident. Joe's crack-up could hardly be laid to the single event, tragic as was the death of his roommate. In my belief his disproportionate response to the accident, of which he was legally cleared, resulted from the long strain of years of vainly struggling to assert himself as an individual and be free of the iron autho (he felt) of his father. The load of g he bore, again in my opinion, was g that originated in his feeling that he disappointed his father in rejecting father's ambitions for him to carry the family business.

"This profound inward confusion, inability to decide the proper action take in choosing his future, showed his real-estate dabbling (his father dabbled in real estate), in his time-wa ing, vacillation about his studies. had *not* cut his parental ties nor had independently chosen the career of psychologist—he just imagined that had. After our counseling sessions, was too intelligent to evade the tru

"At that point he did break lo from his father, and in a very amia interview. His father was by no mea the money-hungry tyrant Joe had long envisioned. The single intervi eased Joe's life enormously. Casey h a slight hang-up with her mother, as J had jealously observed, which was eli inated without undue effort. The moth didn't wish to interfere in the marria and willingly stopped showering daughter with presents that gave offe to her son-in-law. It wasn't long bef Casey and Joe relaxed with both sets parents. With the newly acquired ad feeling of ease, Joe stopped feeling holden to the two families for his boa and keep. He then began to study wi a free mind, concentrate on his re concerns, abandon his foolish real-esta ventures and curb his penuriousness.

"He deliberately put a stop to most his criticisms of Casey. He took her some of the evening sessions with t delinquent boys. She was careful not offer unsolicited opinions on the work progress and Joe found it as pleasant explain his work to her as she found to listen and admire his brilliant e position.

"Casey now has her B.A. degree a Joe has his M.A. He has a good job a psychologist working with disturbe boys, a job deeply satisfying to hi Casey isn't working at the momen Yes, she is expecting the first child the two children that she and Joe ha allotted themselves." EN



"Oh, for heaven's sake, can't you play dead and please the child?"

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HOROSCOPES: HOW CREATIVE ARE YOU?

By Sybil Leek



ARIES March 21–April 19. You are happiest when involved in constant physical activity and leading an active social life. This highly charged Mars-directed design for living can defeat your creative instincts, but your drive to be always looking for new activities can lead to great spurts of artistic endeavor if you will only cut down on part of your socializing. Pinpoint what activity you would most like—perhaps metal working, enameling, jewelry designing—and, most difficult for you, be determined in finishing the project at hand. If necessary, give yourself a time limit to complete the job and don't allow anything to divert your efforts. Before you seek a new activity, learn to master the one you have begun.



TAURUS April 20–May 20. Taureans are not noted for creativeness, but with your Venus-influenced love of beauty, and an ability to work hard, you are able to develop your own form of creativeness in music, sewing or writing that will greatly satisfy you. Many of you love music and may find, with the help of a teacher, you have an unsuspected talent for singing or playing an instrument. Some Taureans can show talent in short-story writing and playwriting. You have great ability with your hands, and dressmaking would also be a good activity for you. You would be able to put your favorite material and pattern together in a money-saving project that would appeal to your practical mind. Once you have made a decision to go ahead, you are conscientious about reaching your goal, but guard against becoming too involved or obsessed and dulling your creativity.



GEMINI May 21–June 21. You are among the world's best conversationalists, knowing a little about many subjects. It is difficult for you, however, to be attentive to one specific subject long enough for you to understand it in depth. The duality of your nature under the sign of the zodiac twins compels you to be involved in at least two projects at once, sometimes pulling your creative energy in different directions. You are, though, able to become accomplished in many areas, if you discipline yourself. Particular areas of talent include work with paper—Japanese origami, mobiles, creative writing, music composition. Since you are most comfortable with two projects going at once, try to settle on one to keep your mind busy and one to keep your hands busy—and you should accomplish both.



CANCER June 22–July 22. You are a great home lover and find most contentment in working to make it more attractive. The more ambitious Cancerians, in fact, will make a study of interior decoration and become very professional at it. Many of you are addicted to antique collecting, which easily extends to a creative interest in restoration of antiques. Such work can be a form of relaxation that will satisfy your aesthetic needs and appeal to your money-saving instincts. As a child of the moon, the moon creates a particular fantasy within you that can lead you into the creative world of writing poetry and fiction. This influence of the moon also means that you are easily distracted by people around you—remain true to your original goal and your own desire to be creative.



LEO July 23–August 22. Your love of the dramatic suggests an area for you to develop your creative talents, in acting as well as production and stage management. Display and designs of all types, metal work, dress design, cooking are areas you can confidently work in. One danger: you may forget that even with talent and hard work you may not attain the success you expected and therefore drop the project. You will do well to listen to advice from a friend who realizes you sometimes reach too high too quickly. It's possible that an activity may become a profession, which will cause conflict because it will take you away from your home; at that time, you will have to make the important decision of which world you would be happiest in.



VIRGO August 23–September 22. Creative activity doesn't come easily to you, but you do have many latent talents in addition to your powers of reason from Mercury and love of beauty from Venus. Although you may lack ambitious drive, if you can overcome your timidity and tension, you may become proficient in areas that require sensitivity and meticulous discrimination—music, research, detailed drawing. And, in some areas, the technical and artistic creations of others need your careful touch to make them effective. If you can eliminate your fears and use your analytical power to assess your abilities, you can put your latent abilities to work. Realize you have a need for others, but do not let your "service-to-others" attitude in any way deplete your own energy.



LIBRA September 23–October 23. With Venus accenting your love for beauty, your creative instincts are apt to show up in almost everything you do—in the home and professionally. Painting, sculpting, interior decorating—all are open to you. It is in the struggle for harmony within yourself that your creative talents can be harmed—sensitive emotions lead to inspiration, yet can also cause nervous tension. If you use your abilities professionally, your domestic life may suffer and you must adjust. Be moderate in your social life and use that excellent Libran reasoning to compromise pleasure with work, for the best of both worlds can be yours.



SCORPIO October 24–November 21. You have dynamic energy given to you by Mars and the mental agility necessary for creative originality—especially in literature and poetry. However, you are under opposing influences that tend to make you alternatively constructive and destructive. Use your iron will power for self-understanding and control to put your energy to work starting new and positive ideas. Once you have begun, you can achieve results more quickly than any sign of the zodiac. You are apt to require admiration of your creative efforts from friends, and any form of rejection may depress you; but, given time, you will recover your good spirits and go on to other successful creative projects.



SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. You are assured, being ruled by Jupiter, of some success in whatever you attempt—especially in creative activity. Jupiter also gives you a reflective ability to use your past experiences in your new work. You must be careful, however, not to wallow in contemplation and sink into a state of unproductive inertia. Avoid this and you can achieve outstanding results in philosophical writing, poetry, music and dancing. You will achieve best results if you allow yourself enough time to work in your own style and concentrate your energies on your chosen activity.



CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. Your ruling planet, Saturn, may prevent any really creative work in your early years because of financial upsets. Try not to be overcautious lest you become unable to recognize a point of security when it is reached. Few of you will get a deep personal satisfaction from artistic work unless it is in some way practical, like re-covering furniture, dressmaking. Your direct approach to subjects can be channeled toward research and writing. Include your friends in your projects and accept their encouragement, which you need to spark your energies; take their advice as being well meant and not a destructive form of criticism.



AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. You are the visionary people of the zodiac with a flair for originality and inventiveness given to you by Uranus. With Saturn giving you strength, you are able to be inventors, creative writers, composers, style setters in fashion and design. You are not afraid of creative activity and you can easily produce a wealth of work, but your lack of business sense, because your mind goes swiftly from one project to the next, may allow others to profit from your work instead of yourself. Being independent by nature, if you become professional, you may feel a partner would end your freedom, but one could be a benefit to you in a business venture.



PISCES February 19–March 20. Pisceans have made vast contributions to the artistic world and most of you are happiest when able to give a great deal of time to your chosen creative activity. You are highly emotional, but this, of course, is necessary for most truly productive artistry. Your changing emotions mean that you will usually be trying two things at once—music, poetry, sculpture, painting, writing—but you often produce your best work when you are under pressure. Take sufficient time to learn the disciplines of your art and be careful that Jupiter and Neptune do not give you unjustified optimism. You are always a contrast between strength and weakness, and although it is almost impossible to obtain a balance, your resilience can turn weakness into a satisfactory form of creative enterprise.



Skin Beauty That Defies Time

Complexion beauty is not a quality that is necessarily a gift bestowed at birth—very often it is a precious asset achieved primarily through basic understanding of the skin and its daily care. Today the remarkably simple process of smoothing a tropical moist oil over the skin is able to bring long-term perfection and outstanding loveliness to the complexion.

This tropical beauty fluid has been scientifically evolved to help keep the skin young and flawless, an essential supplementary aid even when body processes begin to slow down with the passing of time or when skin fluids become inadequate due to the demands of temperature extremes.

Very often a spell of harsh weather might be responsible for drying out the skin. Sometimes a parched condition is caused by years of unintentional neglect. Most frequently, though, it is simply that the glands tend to become less energetic after the age of twenty-five and consequently manufacture only a fractional quantity of vital skin fluids. The purpose of the revolutionary tropical moist oil is to assist nature in boosting these natural fluids and so give your complexion a fuller measure of health and beauty. In America especially, where skins are characteristically dry and delicate, its potential is particularly appreciated.

When this moist oil is applied to the complexion surface its phenomenal beauty benefits are immediately utilized. Even the particularly devitalized complexion is instantly able to profit from its rich isotonic values, and it has an osmotic pressure that takes a conserving quota of oil and moisture directly down to where it is most needed, a homologous blend of beautifying elements to help nature quickly restore the balanced functioning that brings the complexion its fine texture and youthful appearance.

The flower-like freshness of your complexion depends to a large extent on the plentiful supply of moisture to the plasma colloids, the skin's water carriers which, when dry, cause river-beds of eroded cells to show on the face in the form of wrinkles. The beauty fluid promotes stimulation and replenishment of the plasma colloids from within, having a hygroscopic ability to attract and draw moisture to the skin from the air and encouraging a wonderfully dewy bloom on the complexion.

In tropical countries this unique moist oil is known as oil of Ulan, in England and other parts of the world as oil of Ulay. In America it is available from druggists as oil of Olay. It serves as an excellent powder-base, keeping make-up matt for hours without retouching whilst beautifying and protecting the skin. Above all, it offers every woman a complexion of unsurpassing beauty which she can cherish successfully through the years.

Beauty Skin-Care Consultants Recommend

To take advantage of the beautifying properties of this moist oil and to give your complexion smoothness, clearness and youthful loveliness always smooth on a film of oil of Olay over the face and neck before applying make-up. Besides cherishing and beautifying, the Olay oil will ensure that your make-up has a perfect matt beauty.

Advertisement



BY JOYCE KUH. Can you catch diseases from your pets? Many doctors and veterinarians are concerned that you can, and that the transmitting of diseases from pets to people is on the rise due to an increase in the number of pets and wider travel of animals between nations. Such a disease is called zoonosis.

Dr. Robert H. Huffaker, an administrator at the U.S. Public Health Service's Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, Ga., says that he gets several inquiries a month on the subject. While it is *possible* to contract several diseases from pets, Dr. Huffaker thinks that it doesn't happen too often and that the enjoyment of owning pets certainly outweighs the risk involved. He does have some advice for pet owners about avoiding the most common communicable diseases.

Most cats and some dogs have ringworm infection at one time in their lives. Dr. Huffaker recommends, "If a child gets ringworm, have the cat or dog checked by a veterinarian immediately." Once *both* cases have been treated (it's easily cured), the infection won't bounce back and forth from child to pet.

Salmonella infection is another disease that a child may get from some pets—primarily turtles, chameleons and other reptiles. This happens when a small child puts rocks from the turtle tank in his mouth or the turtle crawls on kitchen cabinets near food. Dr. Huffaker's best advice is to let a very small child have a dog or cat, and wait to give him a turtle when he is old enough to know to keep rocks out of his mouth.

Parakeets, parrots and other psittacine birds may transmit psittacosis (parrot fever), which is not too serious in children, but may be very serious in older people. Keeping the birdcage clean helps keep the disease from spreading if the bird has it. And feeding the bird food impregnated with antibodies (available at pet shops) for a *few* days about *once a year* should clear up the disease if he is harboring the germs.

Rabies is the one disease that most people realize they can get from pets, and Dr. Huffaker reiterates strongly, "Keep your dog immunized."

Catnip, *and whether or not your cat should have it, is still a subject of debate among experts. Some feline specialists say cats love it so much that it's cruel to deprive them of it. Others answer with an emphatic NO when asked —it's a narcotic, they say, and therefore harmful.*

The truth seems to be that no one really knows, or can agree on, what catnip does or does not do for a cat. I like a narcotic; cats sniff it, then around, go through contortions, generally act drunk. But they can e very nicely without it. In fact, so poor cats have no reaction at all catnip.

Dr. Robert Stansbury at the Frisk Cat Clinic says that catnip has medical value, and it certainly is addictive. (Catnip tea was once used remedy human ailments such as too aches and colic.)

If you want to send your cat on own psychedelic trip, catnip (or c mint) comes dried, powdered, stuffed toy mice, compressed in an aerosol c in pure extract, and just fresh off plant. You can even encourage him use a scratching post by putting a f drops of the scent on it.

Dr. Stansbury does not think t cats should necessarily have catnip, b he thinks it does them no harm. And adds, "It probably gives the owners much pleasure to give catnip as it d the cats to receive it."

You may think Rover looks either cu or silly in his little red boots, but th do serve a purpose in wintertim Snow won't hurt your dog's paw but the rock salt that is scatter over the streets will. If putting four boots on Rover is too much of struggle, Mrs. Ilse Bing, New Yo City's traveling dog groomer, recom mends covering his paws with petr leum jelly to keep the salt from bur ing. "Not too heavy a coat," sa Mrs. Bing, "it will get all over yo rugs," but just enough to protect hi without being messy.

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



Mrs. Richard Slayton of Wilbraham Massachusetts, caught her kitte Muffy, smiling for the camera.

(Do you have a favorite pet picture Send it to Pet News Editor, *Ladie Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Ave New York, N.Y. 10022. Picture will be returned if you enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope



CUT IT OUT!

You shouldn't be scrubbing, scouring, scratching your bathroom with old-fashioned gritty cleanser.

The newest, easiest way to clean is with Dow Bathroom Cleaner. Dow *lifts* dirt off like no gritty cleanser ever could. Just spray on Dow. In seconds, the rich, white foam digs *under* dirt and *lifts* it off. Sanitizes too. One fast wipe and you've cleaned everything right through to shine.



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CUT IT OUT!



can't beat'em, join'em.

ones. (Always have been.) Because only Creme Toner has 32 delicate blonde shades to choose from.

Here, our blonde has mixed two delicate Creme Toner shades—Extra Lite A and Baby Pearl—for her pre-lightened hair. (She's also wearing Clairol



lip color and make-up for blondes.)

If you'd hate to find her the other female in your foursome, think about Creme Toner. After all, we live in a highly competitive age —as any girl on the block can tell you

32 Clairol Creme Toner Blondes

You've got a fight on your hands



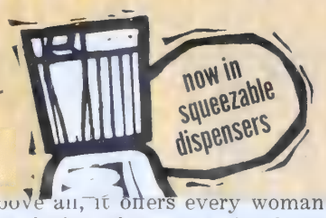
Housework is more than a chore. It's a constant fight against chapped hands, dry skin, painful cracks and irritation.

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Dermassage cools the burning sensation. Helps heal the cracks to relieve the irritation. And most of all, moisturizes thirsty skin instantly.

Our advice—be a winner over work-weary hands. Soften often with



nature in boosting these natural fluids and so give your complexion a fuller measure of health and beauty. In America especially, where skins are characteristically dry and delicate, its potential is particularly appreciated.

When this moist oil is applied to the complexion surface its phenomenal beauty benefits are immediately utilized. Even the particularly devitalized complexion is instantly able to profit from its rich isotonic values, and it has an osmotic pressure that takes a con-

Above all, it offers every woman a complexion of unsurpassing beauty which she can cherish successfully through the years.

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Advertisement

PROJECT: YOU

Here, highlights from our Rochester makeup clinic ("One-Day Beauty Makeover for Women Who Work," page 55), our participants dressed for the occasion in smocks and scarfs printed with the phrase the Journal made famous: "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman." And, just as we demonstrated to the young women here—by putting the tools, techniques and cosmetics in their hands—never underestimate the power of what you can do for your own good looks with knowledge and practice.





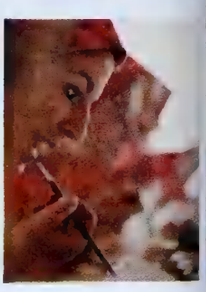
One of the most important secrets of any successful makeup is choosing a base as close to your own skin tone as possible. We suggest using a liquid base because it's easiest to blend (you test the color by dabbing a dot of it just under jawline, near the ear). Always apply to a clean skin you've prepared for makeup with a moisturizer. Smooth on carefully from hairline to neck—be gentle with the delicate skin under eyes. And since eyes today are the focal point of the face, never overlook eye-liner, eye shadow and mascara. If there's time, a few well-sketched "Twiggies," too, to augment the lower lashline. They have a magic effect for detracting from undereye shadows.







Eyebrows should be neatly plucked, slightly arched and should end where a brush held to side of nostril intersects (demonstrated above). Lipstick applied with a brush defines mouth more accurately, stays on longer. But remember, after you've shown the world your new face, don't take it with you. Cleanse at the end of each day.



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n Our Trip to Rochester

Catnip, *and whether should have it, is still bate among experts. cialists say cats love it cruel to deprive them o swer with an emphatic —it's a narcotic, they fore harmful.*

The truth seems to really knows, or can agr

Ritz Feather
eanser
Sn Skin Lotion
Jnder Make-up
e, translucent
our Kits
dow brow pencil
ein Illumination
cake eye-liner
Max Factor Erace sticks, lip gloss cake
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If you can't beat'em, join'em.

A lot of girls become blonde—by one means or another—before they become Clairol Creme Toner blondes. (Hairdressers are our informers.) Evidently they find just being blonde doesn't make it.

The Clairol Creme Toner blondes are the great ones. (Always have been.) Because only Creme Toner has 32 delicate blonde shades to choose from.

Here, our blonde has mixed two delicate Creme Toner shades—Extra Lite A and Baby Pearl—for her pre-lightened hair. (She's also wearing Clairol lip color and make-up for blondes.)



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The 32 Clairol Creme Toner Blondes

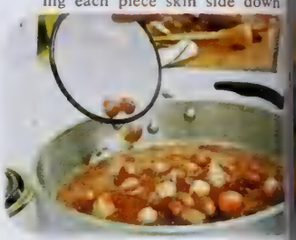
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invites you on a food lover's "tour" of provincial France...





First the chicken is browned, sta ing each piece skin side down



Then chicken and shallots are cor bined and simmered together.



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Big, beautiful 208-page book measures 8½" by 11" and contains:

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- Authentic recipes for the famed regional dishes of France, plus fascinating facts on the customs and cuisines of different provinces.
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For a special luncheon or a dinner hors d'oeuvre, *crepes* are filled with a creamy blend of mushroom *duxelles*, plus chicken livers, shrimp or ham and artichoke hearts.







as your free 10-day introduction to Foods of the World

Here is an invitation to take a delightful kind of journey through the provinces of France. You may stop and "visit" such fascinating places as an open-air market in Gascogne or a charming old inn on the road to Chartres. And you'll "collect" authentic recipes all along the way for the simple, hearty, superbly flavorsome regional specialties of the land.

Perhaps one of the first you'll try will be a savory *Cassoulet* . . . the stew of meats and beans so famous in Languedoc. Or you might be in the mood for something sweet and light . . . such as a *Soufflé au Grand Marnier*. The choice is yours. And you'll probably want to try every delicious hors d'oeuvre, soup, entrée and dessert in *The Cooking of Provincial France*.

Famous authorities show you the way

Your guides are M. F. K. Fisher, the gifted author and expert on French country-style cooking; Julia Child, television's famous "French Chef"; and Michael Field, one of America's first-rate cooking teachers. With the big, beautiful volume they helped to create for TIME-LIFE BOOKS, French country-style cooking is wonderfully easy. For the book doesn't just tell you how—it actually *shows* you—with step-by-step picture directions.

The book also brings you a knowledge of fascinating regional traditions and cuisines, and how they differ from province to province. It describes pleasant French customs that can make even the most casual meal a refreshment for the mind and spirit as well as the body. And it suggests ways to adapt and use some of these intriguing customs in your own home.

The Cooking of Provincial France is Volume I in FOODS OF THE WORLD—a remarkable, new, illustrated library from TIME-LIFE BOOKS that offers authentic recipes and fascinating cooking lore from all the major cuisines of the world. This is the first series to picture, in the beautiful full-color style of TIME-LIFE BOOKS, exactly how to prepare the most delectable dishes of many lands. Each volume is the work of experts in the cuisine of that particular country. Before inclusion, every recipe has been tested in our own kitchens under the supervision of Michael Field. It would be a pity to soil these handsome, permanently valuable books. Therefore, every volume comes with its own handy spiral-bound Recipe File, like the one shown here that comes with *The Cooking of Provincial France*. The Recipe Files comprise a useful library-within-a-library, and are included for your convenience, without extra charge.

Sample *The Cooking of Provincial France* with our compliments—and no commitment

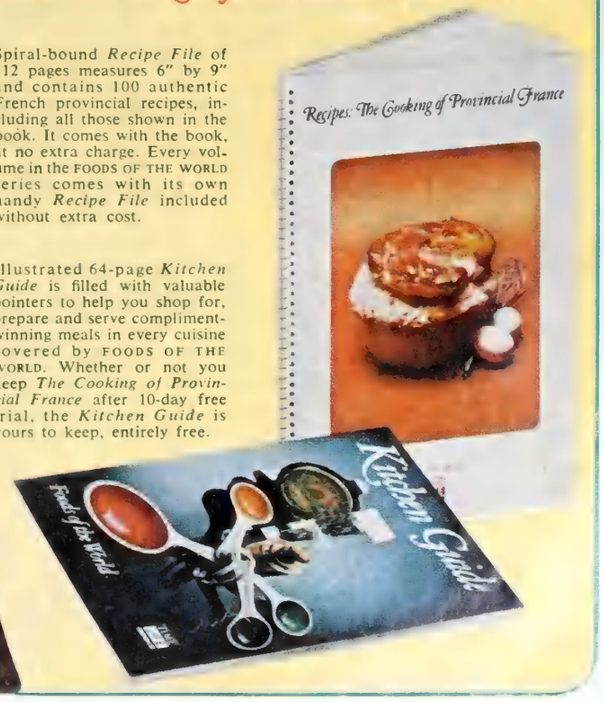
To give you an idea of the pleasures that lie ahead in FOODS OF THE WORLD, we'd like to send you the first volume, *The Cooking of Provincial France*, for a 10-day free examination. Then, if you wish, you may return it and owe nothing. But if you do want to own it, it is yours for considerably less than such a handsome book would ordinarily cost. Thanks to the vast facilities of TIME-LIFE BOOKS, substantial savings are realized and passed on to you. You pay only $4.95, plus shipping and handling. Then you will be entitled to receive another volume in the series for free examination every two months, and to keep it, if you wish, at the same low price. But by accepting this invitation, you make no promise to buy anything. To receive the first volume for 10-day free examination, simply mail the postpaid order form, or write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 0215, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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By Sylvia Porter

Q: We have $300,000 in auto liability insurance for bodily injury for any one accident, but we have only $5,000 in coverage for property damage. We had a close call on a superhighway recently and nearly collided with a huge horse trailer—which could have cost us thousands of dollars above and beyond our present property damage limit. Do you think $5,000 in coverage is enough these days?
A: It's adequate for the vast majority of accidents involving property damage today, but may not be sufficient for a few such as your near-collision. If you want to increase your protection, here are typical costs (although the specific amounts vary from state to state):

Coverage	Cost
$ 5,000	$30
10,000	33
15,000	35
20,000	36

Q: Is there any way at all for an individual or a family to cut the soaring cost of medical care without sacrificing good health?
A: Aside from taking out health insurance, here are three basic rules to hold down your medical costs:

1. Take only the drugs and medicines your doctor prescribes.
2. Ask your physician where you can buy the drugs he prescribes at the lowest possible cost.
3. Try to avoid costly health crises by going for regular medical and dental checkups as suggested by your family doctor.

Q: In a recent issue of the *Journal* you gave as one requirement for a "blue chip" stock that the company must have a long, unbroken record of dividend payments. How can I find out which specific companies meet this qualification?
A: Some 570 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have paid at least one cash dividend every quarter of every year for at least 20 years. Ask your broker—or any member brokerage firm of the New York Stock Exchange—to provide you with a list of these companies.

Q: Should a child be expected to pay for his college education through a loan that he would have to repay after he graduates—or should a parent make the financial sacrifice to pay for the child's education?
A: You are asking a very delicate question. But the fact is that the college loan for which your child may be eligible would probably not provide enough to cover the entire cost of his education. The trend today is toward paying for college through a variety of means—including cash, loans, earnings from part-time jobs and scholarships. If you cannot afford the entire cost of putting your child through college, discuss the matter with him (or her) and try to work out a plan whereby the financial burden will be shared by all concerned.

Q: The economic attitudes of today's "swinging" generation appall me. All the kids seem to be on an endless spending spree, and when they run out of money they charge it or borrow more. Why doesn't someone teach them some of the good old rules about saving their money, living within their means, and repaying their debts promptly?
A: But they have been taught, and the fact is that the great majority of younger Americans today are diligent savers. Most begin a serious savings program while they are in high school—in many cases to help pay for their college education. Only an estimated one in 14 U.S. high-school students today fails to save money regularly.

As for repayment of debts, young Americans in the 18-to-30 age group who buy autos on the installment plan are as good credit risks as those in most older age groups.

We are living in an era in which we have record sums of money to spend, and in which intelligent installment buying—particularly by younger Americans—is the overwhelmingly preferred means of acquiring goods and services.

Q: My husband and I were married last year, and we have just taken over a fairly prosperous family farm in the South. I think we can afford to have lots and lots of children because raising a farm family is so much less expensive than raising a family elsewhere. But my mother-in-law keeps telling us it's a lot more expensive than I think, and my husband is starting to agree with her. Can you help me with some facts?
A: Yes, it is cheaper to raise children on a farm than in the city or suburbs. But it still costs an estimated total of $21,850 today to raise one child decently on a farm in the South, until the child is 18, and this estimate does not include any unusual medical costs (such as orthodontia) or the cost of sending a child to private school—or sending him through college. These "extras" easily could total another $20,000—bringing the overall cost of raising just one child through college to well over $40,000. You can do the multiplication from there.

Q: What is the difference between an "add-on" loan and a "discount" loan, and which costs more in terms of *true* annual interest?
A: An add-on loan is one in which the total amount of interest you'll owe is added to the sum you borrow. For instance, if you borrow $1,200 for one year at a stated interest rate of 6 percent, $72 is added on to the loan at the beginning and you repay the $1,272 in monthly installments.

A discount loan is one in which the total interest you'll owe is deducted in advance from the amount you borrow. To use the above example again, only $1,128 of your $1,200 loan would be available to you. In terms of true annual interest, this type of loan is the more expensive of the two. Here's a table to show you the difference for a one-year loan:

Stated interest rate			True interest rate
5 percent	add-on		9.2 percent
6	"	"	11.1 "
8	"	"	14.8 "
5	"	discount	9.7 "
6	"	"	11.8 "
8	"	"	16.1 "

Q: My husband has just taken his first job as a salesman, which pays well enough to put him into the maximum Social Security tax bracket. But, assuming he works steadily for the next 40 years, I figure that under the law he'll end up paying a lot more Social Security taxes than the total amount of benefits he'll be eligible to receive when he retires. Is Social Security as lousy a deal as it looks to me?
A: Almost surely not—particularly when you consider that as his wife you'll also be eligible for thousands of dollars in Social Security benefits when he retires. Moreover, you and your children will be eligible for survivors' benefits in the event of his death before retirement—and he will be eligible for disability benefits throughout most of his working lifetime. Out of every $1 he conbributes to Social Security taxes today, 28 cents go to pay for disability and survivors' protection.

Q: I am intrigued by an ad I saw for a correspondence course in practical nursing—leading to a degree. The school guarantees high-paying jobs upon completion of the course, but the $400 price tag is more than I can afford. Are scholarships available for home study?
A: Scholarships are plentiful for students in accredited nursing schools, which is where you should apply if you want to become a nurse. The correspondence course you describe is not on the level, because it is impossible to qualify as a practical nurse through home study alone. Moreover, legitimate correspondence schools do not guarantee jobs.

Q: My husband and I love to sail, and we are considering buying a new ketch costing about $2,800. But there is a possibility that my husband may decide to go back to college, which might mean we would have to sell the boat. How much money could we expect to get back after, say, a year or two?
A: A boat in this price range depreciates only about $400 in the first year, and quite a lot less than that in successive years.

Q: I'm a single working woman, aged 45, and so far I haven't put one penny aside as a retirement fund. But if I started now to deposit $50 a month in a savings account, how much income would that provide when I retire at age 65?
A: At an interest rate of 5 percent, your total accumulated savings and interest would build an account that would pay you an income of $161 a month for 15 years—or until you are 80.



Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered here as space permits.


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Addressing Invitations

I am addressing my wedding itations. My future mother-in-'s list in many cases does not lude proper first and second nes. Should it be "Mrs. Sam lson" or "Mrs. Samuel Wil-n"? I would hate to write "Mrs. nuel Wilson" if the real name s just "Sam." Should I address invitations exactly as she has m written on her list?

You must check with your ther-in-law-to-be immediately d be sure that you are not using knames. Especially in the uth, however, some nicknames actually proper names. When u do not know what an initial nds for, it is better to omit it—example, Mr. and Mrs. Harry ith, rather than Mr. and Mrs. rry R. Smith.

The Non-drinker

I don't drink, because I don't e to. I have noticed a question-g look from people when I re-e a drink, as if they think I am alcoholic. Sometimes they ask if my mother or father was a nk. Sometimes I just carry a nk to keep the peace. Can you e me an answer that will really it them up?

Say that you don't drink be-use you don't like to. If they sist and ask personal ques-ns, reply with the question that stopper—"Why do you ask?" that fails, walk away. Never l you must accept an alcoholic nk, even to carry.

The Groom's Name

I have a boy by a first mar-ge His father died, and my son shed to keep his father's name ien I remarried. What name ould I use on the invitations to wedding? Since we have moved d made all new friends, no one ows about the difference in mes. I feel that the past is dead d why bring it all up again.

Close friends certainly must ow that your son has a different me. Your new friends, receiving dding invitations or announcements, can be told he is a child by your previous marriage. It is certainly not necessary to make any further explanation.

Poor Taste

Q: I read in the local paper that a luncheon was given for a young bride-to-be at a restaurant by 12 men, including her father, and one of the bridesmaids. The bride-to-be was given a chiffon-and-lace gown and peignoir. This seems in very poor taste to me. I would like to hear your opinion.

A: The gift was unfortunate. It might have been suitable from the bridesmaids, but not from a group of men. But men, untutored in these matters, are very likely to turn to black-lace underwear as the perfect gift. Let's hope they all read this page.

The Place Plate

Q: Please explain the difference between the standard 10-inch dinner plate and what I've heard referred to as a "place plate." Is the "place plate" preferably of contrasting china? Could it be all white if the dinner set is all white? Or, are dinner plate and place plate one and the same?

A: The place plate is always different from the rest of the china, but it should go well with it. It is sometimes quite elaborate, and in the days of plentiful help it was always on any formal table so that at all times there would be a plate in front of the diner. Today, with highly formal service almost impossible, most people who have place plates like to use them for buffet service. You can also use them to serve the first course.

Business Question

Q: I was recently elected president of a large organization. I am happily married, and my husband has been a constant help with my extracurricular work. Most of my associates know him. How should my business card read—Mrs. Mary Ruth Bauer or Mrs. John Bauer? I dislike the former version, but there are times—for example, in filling out various forms—when that name must be used. Since I work almost entirely with men, I would like to let them know gently but firmly that I am still married.

A: Although it has become customary for married women, divorcées and widows to be known in *business* as "Mrs. Mary Jones," you may certainly use your social name in business if you prefer, especially as you and your husband seem to be involved in the same organization.

Salutations

Q: My husband and I celebrate our anniversary each year by dining out. Last year, friends were dining at the same restaurant and treated us to an after-dinner drink. This year a friendly gentleman at the next table extended the same warm gesture. What should our acknowledgment be?

A: Bow and smile and say, "Thank you." You should not be expected to share such a celebration with strangers. If your friends send you an after-dinner drink, they don't expect to be invited either. Everyone will understand if you want to have the evening to yourselves.

Gift Wrapping

Q: I have a gift shop and sell a number of books to be given in case of bereavement. Is it appropriate to gift-wrap the book, or should it be given just in a box?

A: It should be wrapped as would any other book to be given as a gift. The paper should be very conservative.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to JOURNAL *readers: "Teen Manners," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners," and "Office Etiquette." Send 25 cents in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*



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Bishop Pike's late son, James

Bishop Pike's Conversations with the Dead

Can we communicate beyond the grave? Yes, insists this noted clergyman, who says he has spoken to his dead son. Here is a participant's eyewitness report on his experience. By ALLEN SPRAGGETT

Last September, when Bishop James A. Pike was cleared of heresy charges by the general convention of the Episcopal Church, one prelate was heard to say dourly: "What will he do next?"

It is unlikely that this right reverend churchman could have imagined communication with the dead. But that same day Bishop Pike, in a séance televised nationally in Canada, said he had talked with his son, James Pike Jr., who committed suicide in February, 1966, at the age of 22. And I was mentioned in the press reports as having abetted this attempt to call up the dead on prime-time television.

Bishop Pike first told me of his belief that it was possible to communicate with the dead when we both attended the Pacem in Terris ("Peace on Earth") conference in Geneva last May. He was there as head of a theological contingent and I as a reporter. Out of our conversations grew my idea for a television séance, which triggered the biggest psychic news story since a Colorado housewife, under hypnosis, claimed to have lived before as an Irish lass named Bridey Murphy.

Even before our Geneva talks I knew that Bishop Pike had a strong interest in extrasensory perception and related phenomena. He had written the foreword to my recent book, *The Unexplained*, a survey of the weird world of the psychic. However, this knowledge had not prepared me for the amazing story Pike told me.

A series of "strange physical occurrences" began in March, 1966, Pike said, about two weeks after his son shot himself in New York. They took place in the apartment near England's Cambridge University that Pike had shared with his son for six months while pursuing advanced theological studies. The most spectacular incidents involved the inexplicable movement of physical objects, such as books and personal effects of his dead son. The occurrences were witnessed by two others besides Pike—his personal chaplain, the Rev. David Barr, and a woman secretary.

The episodes started one morning when all the clocks in the apartment were found to have stopped at the same time—8:19. "This could be the hour in London that corresponds with the approximate time my son's death occurred," Pike told me.

Then groups of safety pins suddenly appeared throughout the apartment, all open to the position of the hands of a clock at 8:19 and arranged in a half-circle pattern.

Books—usually involving some special connection with Pike's dead son—began appearing where they had not been before—and had no business being.

"I'd turn away from my desk for a moment," Bishop Pike told me, "and when I turned back there would be a hymn book opened to a hymn about life after death, or a prayer book opened to a passage that I knew had special meaning for my son."

The bishop described two especially dramatic incidents that he seemed to regard as the most conclusive evidence. While he and the other two witnesses—the Rev. Mr. Barr and the secretary—were discussing whether the strange things that were happening could be contacts from the dead, they suddenly heard a tremendous commotion from two closets at the far end of the room. Flinging open the doors, Bishop Pike found one closet in a state of total disarray—"clothes strewn everywhere, as if a cyclone had hit it"—while the other was in abnormally meticulous order, as though somebody had just rearranged it. Then, during another discussion among the three witnesses, one of them said, "If only we could see something actually happen while it was happening!" Suddenly the younger Pike's shaving mirror propelled itself off the top of a chest of drawers, and slithered—not dropped—to the floor.

After counting 60 separate incidents of this type, Bishop Pike consulted a British friend, the Rt. Rev. Mervyn Stockwood, Anglican Bishop of Southwark, an outspoken believer in spiritualistic phenomena. Bishop Stockwood advised Pike to visit a London medium, Mrs. Ena Twigg. Pike went, accompanied by the Rev. John Pearce-Higgins, a canon of Southwark Cathedral.

Mrs. Twigg—with whom I have had sittings on London visits—did not know Bishop Pike's identity, but gave him messages that he accepted as emanating from his *(continued on page 50)*



Allen Spraggett is religion editor of the Toronto Star, Canada's largest daily newspaper. He is a member of the Society for Psychical Research and author of The Unexplained, *a new book about extrasensory perception and the occult.*



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dead son. The strange occurrences in the apartment, he was told, were his son's frantic efforts to attract attention, to prove he was still "alive"—and to induce his father to do what he finally had done: seek help in communicating with "the Other Side."

The medium said the younger Pike was sorry he had taken his life and had not wanted to hurt anyone. He said he had been under great strain at college and his mind had "just snapped." He recalled that when he had parted from his father at the airport in New York, he had a premonition something dreadful was going to happen.

Pike had several sittings with Mrs. Twigg, and, later, back in the U.S., with other mediums. In all these séances, he told me, "conversations appeared to emanate from my deceased son."

Bishop Pike's story got me thinking: What would happen if he and a medium were brought together on television?

For the medium I chose the Rev. Arthur Ford, 71, the world's greatest clairvoyant. Ford is an ordained minister of the Disciples of Christ—the church to which President Johnson belongs—and he has demonstrated his powers over the past 40 years. Parapsychologists (scientists who specialize in the study of E.S.P.) have studied him and pronounced his psychic gifts genuine; these include the late Dr. Russell G. MacRobert of New York, a neuropsychiatrist, and Dr. Ian Stevenson, former head of the department of psychiatry and neurology at the University of Virginia.

Pike and Ford had met each other only once, very briefly, and they agreed to participate in an experimental séance for W-5, the major public-affairs program of the Canadian Television Network.

The unprecedented ceremony took place September 3, 1967, in CTV's Toronto studios. Before the actual séance began, Ford, Pike and I discussed on camera the connection between psychic phenomena and religion.

"On the basis of the evidence you have examined," I asked, "do you believe in communication with the dead?"

"Oh, very much so," Pike replied. "On this empirical basis—that communication with the dead, although not absolutely entailed by the data, is the most plausible affirmation one can make from the data. The sensible affirmation is: First, that there is a life after death; and, second, that on occasion—not always, not invariably, but on occasion—there can be communication between those beyond and those living."

I asked Arthur Ford what a medium is and how he functions.

"I'm a kind of transmitter between the living and the so-called dead," he replied. "This happens generally when I'm in trance. Then my spirit control, Fletcher, speaks through me." Ford says that Fletcher was a French-Canadian whom he knew briefly as a boy. He has been acting as Ford's telephone operator on the Other Side ever since Ford developed his powers.

As Ford prepared to go into a trance, I asked him to explain the ritual.

"I blindfold myself," he said, as he wrapped a black handkerchief around his eyes, "simply because it's easier for me to go to sleep. After I'm asleep Fletcher will come, and I hope something happens. To go into trance I simply visualize the face of Fletcher. And then I use certain yoga breathing techniques and his face comes gradually closer until it merges into mine. At that point I feel a slight shock and lose consciousness."

Settling down in his chair, Ford began to breathe heavily. His head sank forward until it rested on his chest. Then he shuddered slightly. Slowly his head rose.

"Hello," he said.

The voice was the same as Ford's, except for a slight difference in diction and the trace of a French-Canadian accent.

"My name is Fletcher," the medium continued in slow and deliberate tones. "The only people I can talk for are those who come from the Other Side because of you, because you're here today. They don't walk into the room as you do. I see a light, a great mass of light—if light can have mass—and I watch this light. And suddenly it begins to condense and take form, and it takes the form of people."

At this point the medium digressed for a moment to describe the mechanics of communication. The dead do not communicate with him by sounds, he said, since (*continued on page 115*)

WAKE UP, AMERICA



THE SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT E.S.P.

By Lawrence LeShan, Ph.D.

More and more people have been made increasingly aware of E.S.P.—extrasensory perception—by the wide publicity given to Bishop James A. Pike's claim that he had communicated with his dead son.

The Pike case is very interesting. Arthur Ford, who served as Pike's medium, has worked under laboratory conditions and has demonstrated paranormal abilities. In trance he sometimes reveals facts that he could not have gained through normal channels.

The problem of where Ford gets *this information is very difficult. It could be through E.S.P. It also could have come from spirits, from the "souls" of people who have died and in some way "survived" death. Either is possible, but from a scientific viewpoint, since we know E.S.P. exists and we do not know if spirits exist, we must proceed on the more provable assumption that the source was E.S.P.*

However, the fact that a man of Bishop Pike's stature believes that Ford's information came from the spirit world indicates that we cannot disregard the possibility of communication beyond the grave. Part of the strength of this idea comes from the "feel" you get when investigating a serious medium. The voice claiming to be the surviving spirit shows so much information, and "feels" so much like the deceased person, that you must credit the belief that it somehow still "is" that person. This feeling is often extremely convincing—but hard to evaluate scientifically.

To make this evaluation easier, science is trying to learn more about E.S.P.

At Maimonides Hospital in New York, a sleeping man is awakened whenever the electrical currents of his eye muscles show he is dreaming. He speaks his dream into a tape recorder while it is still fresh in his mind. At the other end of the hospital, an experimenter concentrates on a picture, chosen at random after *the subject was asleep. Later a panel of judges compares the transcripts of the subject's dreams and the group of pictures; the judges try to tell from the dreams which picture the experimenter was concentrating on. The judges are usually quite accurate; they are able to demonstrate that there was E.S.P. communication between the dreaming man and the experimenter far across the hospital.*

At The City College, New York, a psychology professor asks his students whether they believe that E.S.P. is possible. Then the entire class tries to guess the time on hidden clock faces. Those who said E.S.P. is possible do better at this guessing than the laws of chance would allow. The others do not do nearly so well.

At Dr. J.B. Rhine's Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man, outside Duke University, a woman who has shown E.S.P. ability in a series of tests tries to guess the order of a pack of special cards. Her guesses are recorded. The next day the pack of cards is thoroughly shuffled by a special machine. The order of the newly shuffled cards is recorded and compared with the woman's guesses, made the day before. They prove much too accurate to have occurred by chance.

At the Newark College of Engineering, a wife sits in one building with a researcher. In another building is her husband, accompanied by another scientist who records even the most minute physiological changes. The two buildings have synchronized clocks. At a prearranged time, the wife is shown pictures at the rate of one a minute. Some pictures are extremely upsetting. Later a comparison of the order of the pictures shown to the wife and the records of the husband's physiological changes demonstrates that he showed more physiological change when she was looking at the disturbing pictures than he did when she was looking at the benign ones.

These are just a few examples of the serious research now going on in the field of parapsychology—scientific endeavor involving researchers in the United States, England, Russia, Czechoslovakia, India and many other countries. Besides the places already mentioned, E.S.P. studies are going on at the University of Virginia School of Medicine, Rockland State Hospital in New York, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and England's Oxford University. Psychologists, psychiatrists and physicists are in the majority, but philosophers, mathematicians, biologists and a slowly growing class trained in parapsychology itself are also represented.

Of course, there are *E.S.P. frauds and "nuts." Every new field has them until it becomes scientific and respectable. If someone tells you that he can "do E.S.P." at will, or can do it regularly enough to perform on a stage, he is a fake. It* cannot *be done this way. It does* not *appear on command. But careful scientific research shows there* is *such a thing as E.S.P.*

What do we really mean by E.S.P.? Basically, this: Sometimes people have information that they could not have obtained in any manner we can conceive of. They could not have heard it, seen it, read it. They could not have figured it out from other information they might have had. In short, it is impossible that they knew it. But they did.

How this can happen we just do not know. It simply cannot be explained in any "physical" way. The idea of something like "radio waves" is appealing, but does not make sense. Radio waves cannot go forward in time. But E.S.P. tends to disregard time, just as the "gifted" subject working with E.S.P. pioneer Dr. Rhine guesses the order of a pack of cards that will not be shuffled until the next day. For this and equally sound reasons we must rule out explanations relating E.S.P. to physical possibilities as we know them.

Research today is not much concerned with "how" E.S.P. happens. Instead researchers in "psi"—the common scientific name for E.S.P.—are concerned with "When does it happen?" and "Under what conditions does it occur?" and "What kinds of people show it the most often?" (The answer to the last question seems to be, "Healthy, outgoing people with a zest for life. People who are not afraid of new things or new ideas.")

What is E.S.P.'s possible benefit to the human race? We do not yet know. It might be useful in some forms of communication between earth and a spaceship, but the chances are that radio will always be more efficient. For communication on earth itself, the telephone will probably be better.

We do know, however, that the study of E.S.P. is of the greatest possible significance. It indicates that there is more to man than we know of today; that he is not "locked up" irrevocably in his own skull; that he is "more" and "bigger" than just his brain and nervous system; that he has other ways of reaching out and being with his fellow human beings than the ways we ordinarily use. Of what use is this new science of E.S.P.? One might ask: "What use is a baby?" **END**

Dr. LeShan is a psychologist now studying the science of parapsychology on a research grant. He is also Research Consultant for the Program in Psychiatry and Religion at the Union Theological Seminary in New York City.

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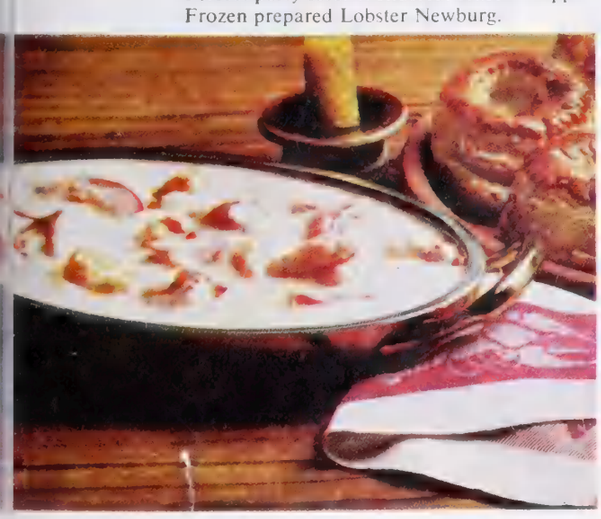


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THE INSIDE STORY OF CLEVELAND'S HISTORIC ELECTION

The Women Behind Carl Stokes's Victory

By Lois Wyse. When Carl Stokes of Cleveland, the great-grandson of a slave, defeated Seth Taft, the grandson of a President, and became the first Negro ever to be elected mayor of a major U.S. city, people whispered that Black Power made all the difference. But the whisperers were wrong. The big difference was woman power.

But not the usual woman power.

Sure, there was the candidate's wife. Shirley Stokes is pretty, well groomed, and decidedly a campaign asset.

But, in addition, Carl could count on a dedicated female trio, three women who were politically naive—who had no practical political experience in the ward-by-ward, get-out-the-vote sense. Three women with different backgrounds, different talents, but one thing in common—the desire to elect Carl Stokes. The women are Mrs. Robert Hays, Mrs. Albert H. Dyson Jr., and Mrs. Duane G. Willis.

Of the three, Lois Hays was associated with the Stokes campaign for the longest time. In fact, Lois was involved in Carl Stokes's first attempt to become mayor of Cleveland in 1965, when he lost to Ralph Locher by 2,100 votes. Lois was treasurer of that campaign.

Lois first met Carl Stokes in the early 1960's when both served on the board of a Cleveland hospital. She had also been an active volunteer in the Council of Jewish Women and had started the Council on numerous mental-health projects. Because Carl was committed to Lois's brand of politics, she went to work for him as soon as she was asked. After Carl lost the 1965 election, Lois never asked him if he planned to run for mayor again. She knew he would.

So she went to work. She started a campaign in advance of the campaign. Since she is part of the Establishment in Cleveland, she was uniquely qualified. Lois gave interesting small dinners at her home, and invited the attractive young Stokes couple and the people who would someday be helpful in Carl's election. The first person she won over to Carl's cause was her husband, Bob, an investment banker and a Republican who is so much a Republican that in all his adult life he only once voted for a Democrat for President, "and I still kick myself for doing it."

During the Hough riots of 1966 Lois and Bob Hays asked white community leaders to come to dinner with Carl Stokes at their home so that the white leaders could go back to their downtown offices and assure the Establishment that responsible Negroes were concerned and involved with the welfare of the Hough residents.

Carl still marvels at Lois's commitment to his campaign. He says, "She was the first prominent white to be identified with the campaign, and she did it at great personal risk. Yet she has acted as if this were just another community effort. But this support has probably cost her more personal friendships than all the unpopular causes she ever espoused. And no one will ever know what it cost Bob."

In assessing her role in Stokes's 1965 and 1967 campaigns Lois says her greatest contribution has been her ability to serve as a communications funnel from the white community to Carl Stokes. As chairman of the financial committee in the 1967 campaign she collected money fr "people who up to this time thoug that if they gave $10 to a politi campaign, they were doing pret well." Lois brought in hundred- a thousand-dollar contributions.

As any politician can tell y there are two things needed to w elections: money and votes.

Margot Dyson knows this, too.

Margot has been identified wi promoting good education in Cle land. She is the wife of a doctor a the mother of two children. Like L Hays, Margot is well educated, e tremely personable. Unlike Lois Ha Margot Dyson is a Negro.

Margot was not attracted to t Stokes campaign until a few wee before the 1967 primary. But wh Dr. Kenneth Clement, the Dyso friend and Carl Stokes's campai manager, asked her to do somethi to help, she did. No one had to t her what to do. She had it all figur out. "In the first place," reason Margot, "members of the Neg community had never been asked f money in a political campaign. I f the obvious thing to do was to get t little man (*continued on page 11*)



Shown with Carl Stokes, the new mayor of Cleveland, from left: Mrs. Albert H. Dyson Jr., Mrs. Robert Hays and Mrs. Duane G. Wi

28 calories.
tastes like a million.



Fruit Fluff

envelopes (4-serving size) D-Zerta® Low Calorie Strawberry Gelatin Dessert (or Cherry or Raspberry)
cups *boiling* water
cups drained Dole Low Calorie Fruit Cocktail (1-lb. can)
envelope D-Zerta® Low Calorie Whipped Topping Mix, prepared as directed on package.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. until thickened; set aside 1⅓ cups wl. Fold fruit cocktail into aining gelatin; spoon into 12 ert glasses. Chill until almost firm. eserved gelatin in larger of ice and water; beat with ry beater or electric mixer until y and thick. Spoon over -gelatin mixture. Chill until set. each serving with 2 tablespoons pped topping. Makes 12 servings; alories each.

50¢ says our 28 calorie dessert tastes like a million.

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The photo of the lady above was actually taken by the Anscomatic Cadet Camera. Just a sample of the way yours will look.

Flash cube not provided; for illustrative purposes only.

ONE-DAY BEAUTY MAKEOVER FOR WOMEN WHO WORK

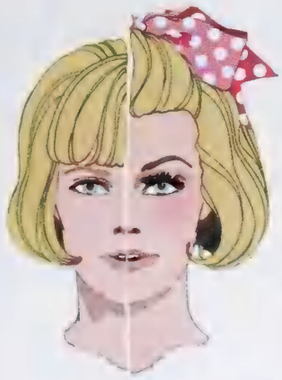
his is the story of seven young women who discovered the ood-looks assets that were hidden by do-nothing makeup nd vaguely wrong, vaguely right hairdos. It begins with our eauty staff—accompanied by makeup expert Mark Traynor nd hair wizard Monti Rock—flying to Rochester, N. Y., where ey help bring about new-image changes for some of the Xerox orporation's most important representatives—the receptionists who meet everyone who goes there. The girls are eager for beauty self-knowledge, admit they aren't doing their looks justice. Our troupe studies, advises, helps each girl to help herself. Mark conducts a makeup clinic (below). Monti decides whether to cut or not to cut. The happy ending: a new beauty outlook for all. Here and on the next pages we highlight each young woman's big difference.

By SUSAN HARNEY, Beauty Editor



Photographs by Santé Forlano; drawings by Garie Blackwell

AROLE FOX: "I'd like to emphasize my eyes more," she tells s. We agree. Decide all features need definition. Not enough ontrast between pale complexion, pale eyes, pale hair. And quared-off bangs give the effect of closing in her face. Monti perates by combing bangs straight back, tying into a knot the crown with a big hairbow. That, plus more width at the mple, and her face now takes on a more oval shape, her neck seems longer. Mark's makeup gives her features the contrast they need: A color-giving base, highlight and shading, A-to-Z eye makeup, including false eyelashes, lots of rosy Gleamer beamed into her cheeks. Glory of the new makeup, it doesn't hide the sprinkling of freckles she and we approve of. Carole complains that her lips are always chapped. We suggest she use Blistex, and slick on natural lip gloss several times a day.



Here, two sides to compare: the big-difference change, right, bangs slicked back, hair poufed at sides, features well defined with makeup and a new emphasis on eyes.







Beauty tip: Brown brow pencil is best for blondes. (We used Clairol's Just for Blondes.) Shining face Gleamer beams color to her cheeks. (Revlon's here.)


Home Improvement
Spruce up the place in the spirit of fun, with a print from Lady Scott... a whole collection of unserious fashion... in matching 2-ply bathroom and facial tissue. Take your pick in Camellia Pink, Bluebell Blue, Antique Gold, Fern Green.
Lady Scott®

JULIE TIERNEY, we notice immediately, has not been making the most of her best features—her remarkable round blue eyes, fair complexion and a widow's peak that deserves more attention. Her hair—which she has been cutting herself—needs proper shaping. Monti begins by switching part from right to left (it gives her face a better balance), brushing hair back from brow to show off Julie's widow's peak. He then trims away bunchiness at back of her neck, finishes with a natural effect at nape. Never should hair have a sawed-off look in back. To bring out her eyes, we tried these extra effects: a paled-down line of brown shadow in crease of lids (a more deep-set look) and, along lower lids, a series of feathery "Twiggies," stroked on with brown cake eyeliner and continued around outer corners to upper lids—this trick emphasizes the natural round shape of Julie's eyes.

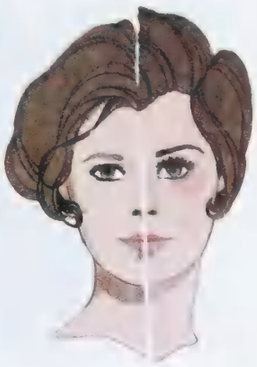






We used cake eyeliner (Estée Lauder) to draw the line at crease of Julie's eyelid—brushed on in one stroke with lots of water





Julie's new look plays up round blue eyes and a pretty widow's peak.

DONNA KRAUSE asks, "Please cut my hair." Monti answers, "That's exactly what I had in mind—you don't need all that hair. Besides, it does nothing for your eyes—which are great." Donna's bouffant hairstyle does lack a "look." We decide on a really short cut. At first, Donna thinks it would be "too extreme for Rochester," but bravely decides to try it. We were right all the time. The contemporary look of a short cut is perfect for Donna's well-shaped head, long neck and marvelous black-brown eyes. Mark helps along the results by playing up her eyes, while playing down her other features. In addition to full eye makeup he adds long, thick eyelashes that extend from inner to outer corners; under her lower lashes, brush-strokes on a fine black line that extends beyond outer corner of each eye; below it, "Twiggies." Donna is incredulous at the change. "Is that really me?" she keeps asking.

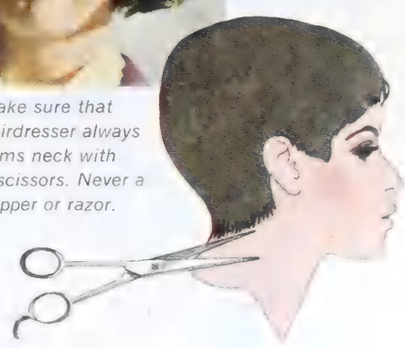


A short haircut like Donna's draws immediate attention to the eyes. False eyelashes are the surest way to add emphasis. Donna looks great with the full lashes we chose.









Make sure that hairdresser always trims neck with a scissors. Never a clipper or razor.

RONA HOCHHAUSER tried short hair a few years ago and it made her "feel like a little boy." So, never again, she decides. "I really prefer my hair long—and so does my boyfriend." We do, too. But point out that at its present length her hair is overwhelming her natural pretty-girl features. We think an all-one-length blunt cut will do the trick, reverse her part from left to right side b cause her hair falls more becomingly that way. Where Ron hair dips down in back, in a horse-shoe shape, Monti trims it a length slightly shorter than that at the sides. Mark adds a of blusher at each temple, to narrow her face slightly.



Rona's hair was much too long in back—it had no swing, hid her neck.







After reshaping, Rona's features were no longer overpowered by too much hair. The slight flip at the ends is another prettying change.

DEMARIS CARLSON needs to wear a full head of rollers to bed every night to keep her naturally curly hair manageable. She hopes we can come up up with a prettier, easier-to-maintain hairdo. We think her hair is too heavy, layer it, urchin-style. Result: a hairdo that has marvelous shape, disciplines the curl, does wonderful things for her face. And a happy good-bye to the rolle to-bed routine. Now all Demaris need do to keep her hair looki just-so is brush thoroughly in the morning—and for a bit of heig at the crown: three rollers at the top. We suggest she use electr heated rollers called Kindness, which do the job in minut



New short-cropped cut adds inches to Demaris's neck.







From overnight curlers to just three rollers in the morning—for height at the crown.

For makeup details, see "Project: You" on page 38

If your bath oil floats like chicken soup, pull the plug and read this ad.

(You can learn a lot from these tiny tubs.)

We built these little ten-inch tubs to show what happens when you pour a capful of bath oil into the water.

Most bath oils just float on top of the water in blobs and globs. Like chicken soup.

Softique® bath oil is different. It doesn't just float. It swirls through the water like a soft lush cloud.

Softique makes you softer and smoother all over.

Now, are you going to treat yourself like a woman? Or are you going to treat yourself like a noodle?



Softique is different.

Make a clean break  with the past.

Graduate to a **flameless electric range** that cleans its own oven.



Why spend hours stooping, scrubbing and scouring to clean your oven? Why not graduate to a modern flameless range...with an oven that cleans itself electrically? It's so easy to use. Set the controls and—zingo. The oven cleans itself. (And drip pans.) All *you* do is whisk away a little powder. You'll notice, too, that a flameless range keeps your kitchen clean, cool and comfortable. And because electric cooking is so automatic, you'll cook with pleasure. So see your appliance dealer about a flameless electric range...with an ingenious oven that cleans itself. Make a clean break with the past...and graduate to another appliance that adds to the joy of Total Electric Living.

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"HUSBANDESE"—THE NEW LANGUAGE OF INTIMATE PERSUASION BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE □ BY DR. HAIM GINOTT



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Haim Ginott, psychologist and author of the best-seller* Between Parent and Child, *has been demonstrating the art of talking "Childrenese" on numerous television programs. So we asked him to write about "Husbandese," his friendly new language for wives to reach their husbands, and vice versa.*

While strolling on the beach, Linda, aged 13, asked her mother: "Mom, how do you hold a husband after you have finally gotten him?"

Mother thought for a moment, then bent down and took two handfuls of sand. One hand she squeezed hard: the sand escaped through her fingers. The tighter she squeezed, the more sand disappeared.

The other hand she kept open. The sand stayed. Linda watched her mother in amazement and said quietly: "I see."

Linda's mother had dramatically demonstrated a fundamental truth: Force is the opposite of love.

Another wife, Mrs. Arnold, came to this realization just in time: "My husband became very irate recently, because I had accepted a dinner invitation with a couple he dislikes. As we were driving to their home, it occurred to me that I often force him to be with people he doesn't enjoy. Normally I would have pouted or even promoted an argument. Suddenly I realized that he had a right to have his preferences, and that I should respect them.

"So I told him, 'You know, I really want to apologize to you. I understand how you feel, you just don't care to be around this couple. I am really sorry.'

"He looked at me surprised, and his anger completely dissolved. He said, 'Well . . . thanks for being so understanding.'

"This was a victory for both of us!"

No husband and wife deliberately decide to create a miserable life for themselves. Few people plan or plot domestic discord. On the contrary: Most couples are determined to have a good marriage. Yet, in spite of best intentions, bitter battles break out. Husbands and wives find themselves escalating wars they don't want.

The tragedy of such "communication" often lies not in the lack of love but in the lack of skill. Our everyday methods are not suitable for communicating in the family. For loved ones, we need special ways of relating and conversing.

One secret is to grant in fantasy what you cannot give in reality. The following incident happened in my presence. A wife was window shopping. Her eyes were glued to an exquisite-looking evening gown. The price tag read $250. The woman was smiling as though she were imagining herself in the beautiful dress.

A harsh voice was heard: "You know our budget. We can't make ends meet as it is." The atmosphere changed instantly. The woman's face fell. She gave her husband a deadly look, and followed him silently to a nearby restaurant.

I said to myself: "Even if they order filet mignon, they will eat poison. The mood of the evening has been spoiled beyond repair."

This incident deserved a happier ending. Even with a limited budget, the husband could at least afford to be sympathetic. He could have said: "I wish I had the money to buy you this dress." He could have granted in fantasy what he could not give in reality.

It must be added that this method works only when the response is genuine. It does not work when used to exploit or to manipulate.

Another secret is that cold logic does not warm the heart. "I don't understand why my wife is so angry with me," said one husband of my acquaintance. "I am a patient and reasonable man. I listen to her with attention, and I am trying to be helpful. I dislike emotional outbursts and loud arguments. I strongly believe that domestic disputes, like international problems, can best be solved through reason."

Mrs. Barton told me: "My husband prides himself on being an intellectual. He thinks and theorizes and has the correct facts and figures. He sees all sides of every issue, and tries to be impartial. Yet, I often feel furious with him. His cold logic drives me crazy.

"If you make a comment or ask a question, he puts you through an inquisition. He wants to know where you found out what you told him and how you know it is so. He follows every turn in your train of thought, and then demonstrates that you are on the wrong track. He has a brute intellect. I wish he were less like a computer and more like a human being."

Outside the home, logic and reason are effective tools to cope with life. At home, however, such tools fail. Cold logic does not warm the heart. In family relations it is more likely to bring winters of discontent.

What helps and what does not help in close human relations? A group of young wives discussed this *(continued on page 122)*

Photograph by Peter Kenner

"Kim was a lovely and devoted husband and a marvelous father," says Eleanor Philby. "But my life with him taught me that no one can ever really know another human being."



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Harold Adrian Philby, known to all as "Kim", is the most remarkable spy in the history of espionage. For 30 years, from his days at Cambridge University, he was a dedicated Communist. Yet he became head of the Soviet section of the British Secret Intelligence Service and its chief liaison with the American Central Intelligence Agency. In these posts he was able to keep the Russians informed of the most vital and secret information of both nations. He did this not for money but out of devotion to the Communist cause. In 1951 he learned of the impending arrest of two other Russian agents, his classmates Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, and was able to warn them. They escaped to Russia. Philby was accused of leaking this information, and even though the British could find no conclusive evidence, he was removed from his post. By 1955 he had been cleared and returned to intelligence work. For the next seven years he again served his Soviet spymaster and British Intelligence. In 1963 new evidence was found that Philby was a traitor, but before he could be arrested, he had fled to Russia, and his American wife joined him there. Now, for the first time, she tells her story.*

We had flown over miles and miles of trees. For the last hour I had not seen a single light in the blackness below. It was September 26, 1963, and below lay Moscow, where I was to join my husband, Kim Philby—a confessed spy for the Soviet Union.

Now we were landing, and I was exceedingly frightened. The airport bus met us. In the poor light I could see three men in hats and unusually long, heavy dark coats standing in the middle of the field. Suddenly I heard Kim's dear and familiar voice say, "Eleanor, is that you?"

He gave me a big hug, and together we walked to a car. As we settled in the back seat, all my fears, the piled-up tensions of months of uncertainty, the horror of discovering that my husband was not the man I thought he was—all this was blotted out in the sheer pleasure of seeing him again. I burst into tears.

My agony had begun eight months earlier in Beirut, Lebanon. I had been married four years to Kim, a distinguished English journalist. On January 23, two of our best friends, Glen Balfour-Paul, first secretary of the British Embassy, and his wife, Marny, invited us to dinner. That afternoon, however, Kim left our flat, saying he would be back around six. He rang up an hour later. Harry, Kim's youngest boy, who was then 13, took the call. I remember him calling out, "Daddy's going to be late. He says he'll meet you at the Balfour-Pauls' at eight."

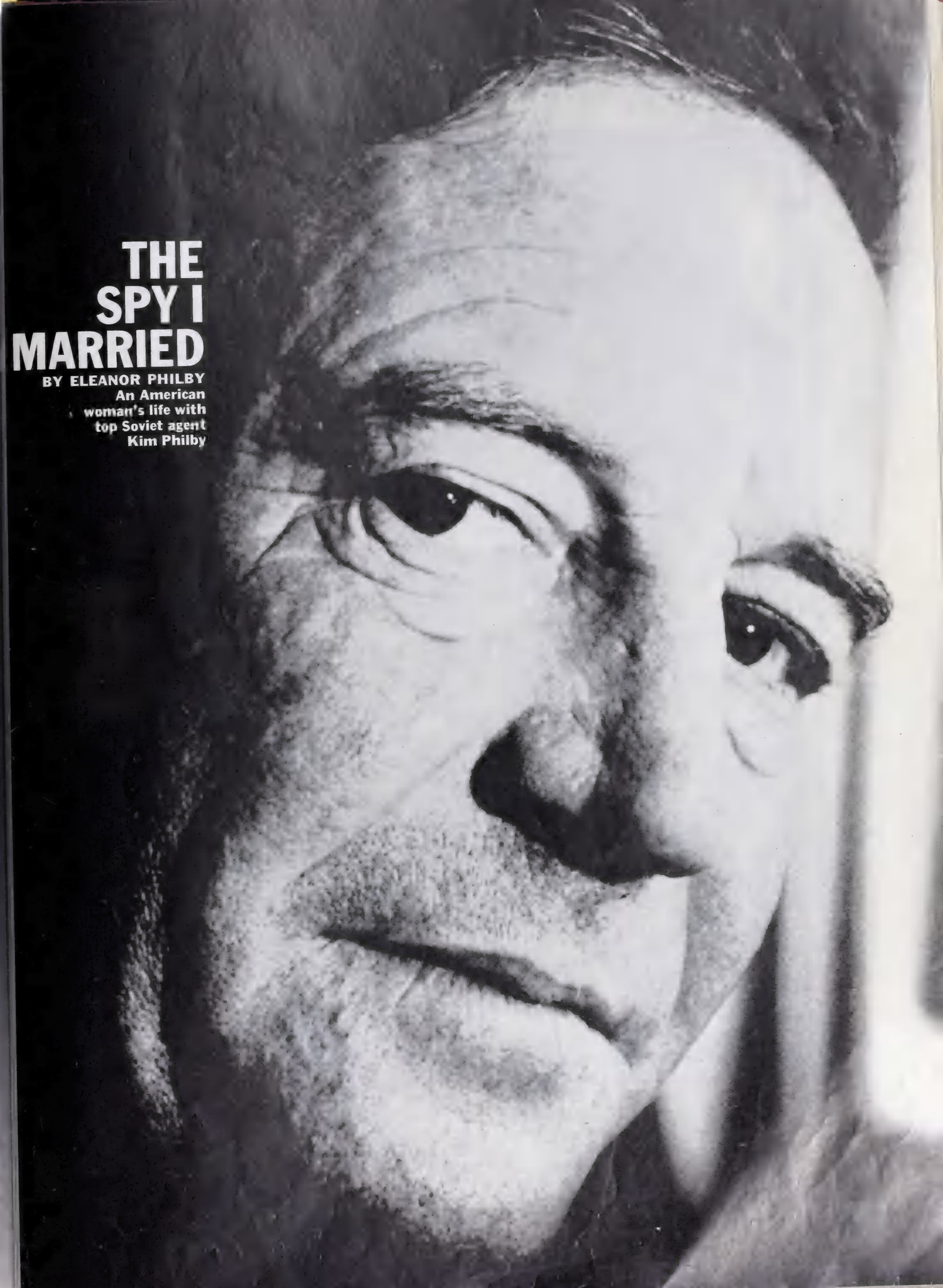
But he did not appear at eight, nor 8:30, nor 9:30. I telephoned home to ask the kids if Kim had rung. He had not. Worried, I decided to go home. When Kim had not turned up by midnight, I rang a man I shall call X, the new Intelligence chief at the British Embassy. I had always known that Kim was connected with MI6, British Intelligence, and when I thought he was in trouble, my first instinct was to go for help to his secret "friends."

X told me to do nothing until morning, but since he seemed very interested in knowing if anything of Kim's was missing, I went through the whole flat. I found nothing—except a brand-new unused British passport in Kim's name. I spent the rest *(continued on Page 116)*

From the book "The Spy I Loved." Copyright © Eleanor Philby, Patrick Seale, 1967, 1968.

British spy Donald Maclean and his wife Melinda (below) befriended the Philbys in Moscow. But eventually Kim (right) preferred Melinda to his wife Eleanor.





THE SPY I MARRIED

BY ELEANOR PHILBY

An American woman's life with top Soviet agent Kim Philby

YOUR OWN AMERICAN DESIGNER FASHIONS



BILL BLASS
In a schoolgirl mood (breton hat and all), stripes—action-pleated from the hips. Of satin-finished wool by Anglo. Vogue 1906. Hat, Archie Eason.

Photographed by Nevil Weir

That fabulous American-designer dress you've admired—make it yours (minus the whopping-big price tag). All it takes is a little sewing know-how and the designer patterns here. Then splurge on the most luxurious fabrics you can find: poufy brocades, bright silk linen, satin-striped wool.

And get in step with the best-dressed women in America—in a Bill Blass, a Galanos, an Oscar de La Renta. **By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor**



GALANOS
Disarmingly feminine, belted lightly above the waist. Of Onondaga silk linen. Vogue 1945. La Mode brass buttons.

GALANOS
Softly, the shirtdress zips into view, with the casual twist of patent leather sashed right at the waist. Of giant-printed cotton piqué by Chardon Marché. Vogue 1946. Archie Eason hat.

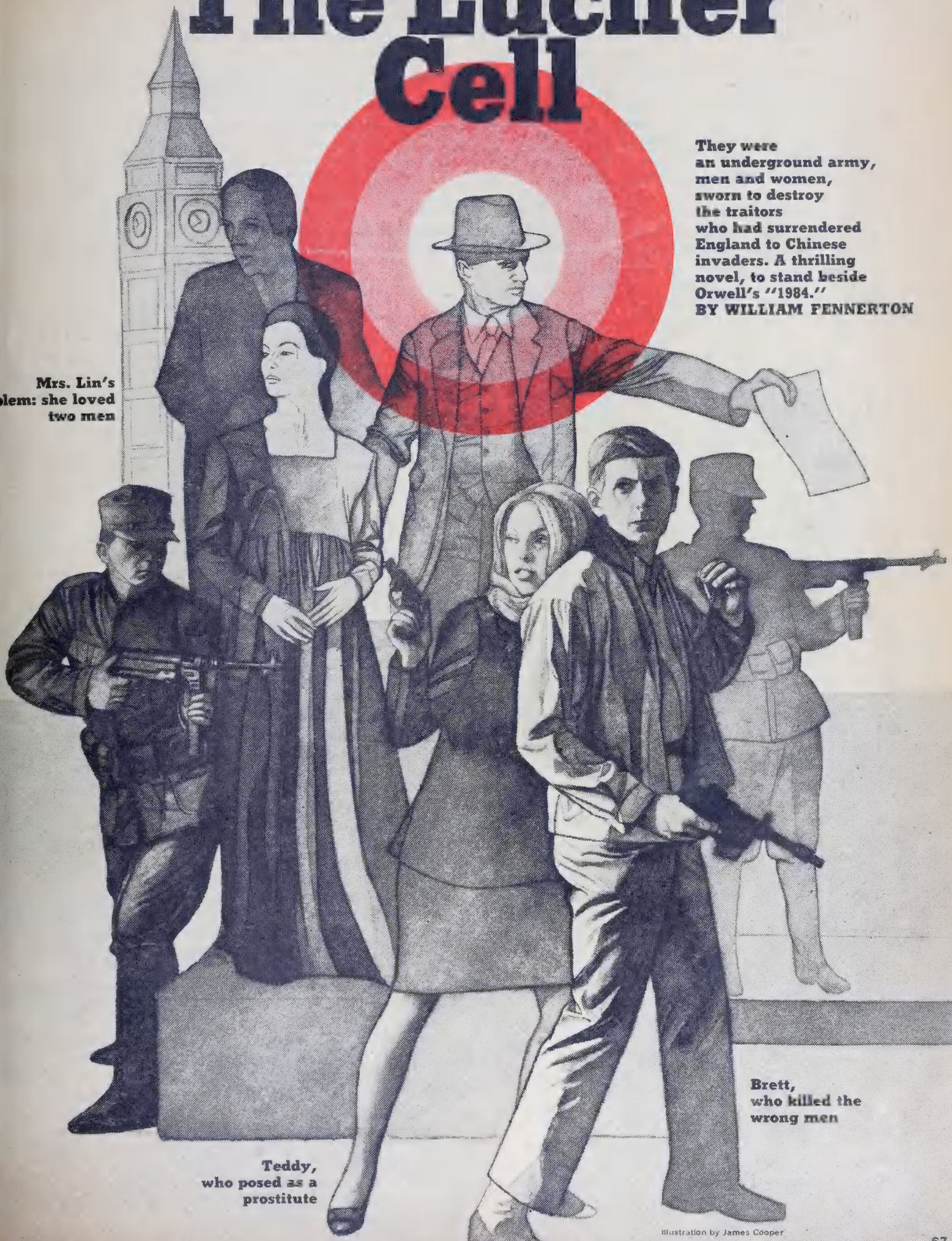


OSCAR DE LA RENTA
The late-day dress:
pure and simple; precisely
seamed. We've stopped
short of the knees; you
can make the evening length.
Of Whelfab's poufy yellow
cotton brocade. Vogue 1909.
Backviews on page 111

The Lucifer Cell

They were an underground army, men and women, sworn to destroy the traitors who had surrendered England to Chinese invaders. A thrilling novel, to stand beside Orwell's "1984."

BY WILLIAM FENNERTON



oblem: she loved two men

Mrs. Lin's

Brett, who killed the wrong men

Teddy, who posed as a prostitute

Illustration by James Cooper

Brett climbed the fog-smeared steps of the Freedom Square tube station and handed his Inner London pass to the soldier at the top of the steps, barely glancing at the man's face. It was never wise to stare at them; they believed it took something away from them. *Kwangtung*, thought Brett, watching the slanted eyes flicker across the tattered pass. Certainly from South China—too squat for the north, face too pale. London was unpopular with the southern Chinese. They preferred duty in the remoter counties, where they could raise chickens and grow their own vegetables. In London there was always a hang-dog look about them; you'd have thought they were being punished.

Brett took back the pass, carefully, not grabbing, and lengthened his stride. It was important to arrive on time for the twice-weekly indoctrination classes at Bragitprop. *Less than 48 hours to go*, he thought with exhilaration. *I wonder if a traitor like Servison has premonitions.*

Prue was hurt. Now the plot would fail without a new girl.

He crossed the road to the Gallery of Economic Achievement, one more shabby figure among a world of shabby figures. And yet he was different, and he knew it; in his hand he held a fragment of history. As the gallery doors swung to behind him he felt the thrill in the backbone that always, with him, preceded a killing.

In the London office of the British Agitation and Propaganda Bureau, a hundred chairs stood before a low platform. A blackboard and maps hung on the wall. Brett saw Scamp Carver reading a textbook in a back row, and took the nearest vacant seat. Scamp and his Sing-La truck were part of the fleet that delivered the propaganda material which Brett helped to edit at *The People's Times*. The two men had natural cover. If you didn't have natural cover with a man you could not be seen talking to him very often.

It had often surprised Brett that Scamp was five years younger than himself, had in fact only just turned 30. He might have been 10 years older, with his seamed face, his broken nose, and his stocky body. It was manual labor that had built that body, thought Brett—manual labor and the fighting in France with the Expeditionary Force; and one could throw in Carver's retraining for really dirty work in the underground Lucifer cell ——

Those idiotic code names! In 48 hours he would be Lucifer, signaling to Nimrod the results of an assassination plot. Tonight he was Brett, loyal collaborationist of the Servison government, and beside him was sitting not a member of the Lucifer cell but Scamp Carver, government truck driver, past obscure, future impenetrable.

Presently Carver turned around and held under Brett's nose his dog-eared copy of *Our New Britain*. He put his thick finger on a paragraph. "The New Britain represents a revolutionary dynamic force of a new type in Western Europe, a force which, shaking off hereditary opposition to the Communist ideal, is forging ahead. . . ."

Scamp Carver's voice was pitched low. "Prue's been 'it by a truck. They took 'er to the 'orspital."

Brett felt sudden pressure in his throat. Prue Carver, key to the whole operation, knocked out less than 48 hours before they were set to attack. He saw the lecturer fumbling with papers at the entrance to the room. There were vital questions he had to ask.

"They ran her down deliberately?"

"Not so as I 'ear. There was another girl with 'er. A Sing-La truck—yer know 'ow them Chinks drive. Knocked Prue into the gutter, this other girl says. There was an ambulance there within the minute, and they took Prue away."

"If the ambulance was there that fast, what makes the girl think it wasn't deliberate?"

"The truck driver was doped to the eyebrows, she says."

Brett looked into Carver's face. It was haggard, and there was anguish round the eyes. "Is Prue likely to die?" he asked flatly.

"Yer a bit too sharp sometimes," Carver said. "Yer forgetting Prue's my wife. Yer too tough sometimes, Adam."

"Don't call me Adam. Not here. Answer my question."

"The other girl says Prue was alive when they took her away."

The lecturer had mounted the wooden platform. In dozens of hands red-covered copies of *Our New Britain* were opened to the assigned page. The lecturer's reedy voice broke into the classroom silence with its ritual message.

"You have been studying," he said, "some of the Revolution's effects on the class struggle. Since we'll soon be helping to celebrate the Chinese New Year, it would seem a suitable moment to review the history of our beloved country during the past ten years."

Our beloved country, echoed Brett to himself. And what exactly does our beloved country mean to you, you miserable pygmy? Where were you when the Expeditionary Force in France was cut off from its supply lines and left to hide in the hills, and live like beasts for years on end? And what will you do now, you running dog, when you know that resistance groups in Europe are reforming, that the Chinese are already pulling out of Germany and Italy and the western parts of Russia, and that right here under your feet the Home Army is burrowing its way into the open? Is that why your voice trembles?

I'm running ahead of things, Brett thought. Less than 48 hours to go—and no Prue Carver! Bouncing, capable Prue, veteran of the Basingstoke troop-train derailment, and the liquidation of Stoddard-Crawle! Unless he found a substitute for her the operation would fail.

". . . and so we see that never in the history of armed conflict has an advance been so swift, so overpowering, and on so gigantic a front, as that carried out by the Chinese Armed Forces ten years ago."

The lecturer's voice faltered. *Well, it might*, thought Brett. *And never*, he thought, *has a retreat been so disastrous as the one the Chinese Armed Forces are going to begin when the big counterattacks come in from Australia, Africa and the Americas.*

". . . the efforts of the bourgeois powers to stem the mighty flood of the people's advance into the capitalist Soviet Union and Western Europe, into misgoverned India, and into the corrupt Middle East, were confined to cowardly nuclear attacks on the cities of the Chinese People's Republic—attacks which, under pressure of world opinion, were almost immediately halted . . ."

Now just a minute, Mister Lecturer. Correction, please. Most of us in this room remember why the nuclear bombing stopped. Cowardly attacks on cities? There was one warning bomb in the Gobi Desert, and another in the sea off Wenchow. The answer was three million dead—but not in China, Mister Lecturer. Irkutsk and Smolensk were razed, the Chinese published the photos. They did the same with Bologna and Lyons, well-known places, bound to impress simple minds. Oh, yes, pressure of world opinion is right. You couldn't expect us to go on "warning" the Chinese after that, could you? Just for the record, Mister Lecturer.

The lecturer stepped away from his map, flicked a nervous smile at the half-filled hall, and hurried out a side door. It was the interval. Bragitprop supplied free glasses of Britlem, a fizzy, lemony liquid. When Scamp Carver had taken his glass from the trestle table, Brett joined him under a wall chart showing the ever-increasing enrollment in the Party.

"Very interesting material today," Brett said breezily. He dropped his voice. "We're going on with the job, but I need a girl."

"I got yer one. The girl what was with Prue."

Brett said sharply, "You've spoken to her?"

"She's one of us. Belongs to Vulcan."

A plump, red-faced woman in an ancient fur coat strolled past with extreme slowness. Scamp said, "This is what I call a real refreshing drink."

"Very healthy, very healthy indeed," said Brett fatuously. He watched the woman move out of earshot. "Where do we meet?"

"Frith Street, outside number thirty-one, six o'clock tomorrow evening. She'll be wearing a gray raincoat and one of them pullovers that go right up round the neck."

"All right," said Brett. "What about yourself—and the truck?"

"It'll be a Sing-La, like I told yer. I know where to pinch one without it being noticed for a couple of hours."

Out of the corner of his eye Brett saw the woman in the fur coat approaching again. He had learned to distrust members of the

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dispossessed middle class. There were too many of them trying to earn remembered comforts by spying for the government.

"I thought the lecturer put it very well indeed," said Brett, "especially as regards historical inevitability."

Roland Servison parted the red velvet curtains that covered the large window of his office and looked out at the sparse lights of London. This view from the 15th floor made the Prime Minister feel all-seeing. It had been a master stroke to move from the cramped house on Downing Street into a modern building. Here he was surrounded by solid walls, protected by guards on every floor. To himself he said softly, "For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy names' sake lead me and guide me; pull me out of the net they have laid privily for me."

He gazed at the lights in Red Park, and beyond at the gray mass of the Chinese Military Governor's Residence. He had not had an audience with the Governor for weeks. No matter; within 48 hours he would be seeing him at the Festival reception.

He took a cigar from a silver box. For a few minutes he stood deep in thought, smoke curling around his soft cheeks and the tufts of gray hair that emphasized the balding dome of his head. He pressed a button on his desk. Soon there was a knock at the door, and the Principal Private Secretary entered.

"Ah, P.P.S.," said Servison amiably, almost as if the visit were a surprise to him. It was his habitual form of greeting.

"Sir?"

"This reception day after tomorrow at the C.M.G.'s. It was you who handled this office's list of suggested invitations, I take it."

"Naturally, sir. As usual. You'll recall ——"

"Yes." Having cut his assistant short, Servison said nothing more for the moment. The P.P.S. knew that Servison believed in the efficacy of silent confrontation. It no longer rattled him. The P.P.S. was a skeptical man in middle age who in his youth had been regarded as promising. But the sap had long since gone out of him, together with the spring in his step.

"Then I can assume," Servison went on, in his well-rounded voice, "that the list was forwarded in the form we agreed."

The P.P.S. was too tired for evasions. "The invitation to Mrs. Lin Mei-yao was deleted from the list, sir." He knew at once that Servison was embarrassed.

"Thank you, P.P.S." said Servison softly. "You really have the most *remarkable* gift for coming to what you believe is the point."

He was staring at the P.P.S., wondering how far he could trust him. He did not feel at ease with senior members of the established Civil Service. They'd deserted in the thousands when the occupation began, and many had gone underground. Impossible to read those scaly faces.

The wintry sun shed pallid morning beams across the rickety gas stove as Brett dropped a bag of tea in the boiling water. Through the window of his one-room apartment he looked down into the courtyard. Below him played Chinese children with soup-bowl haircuts, children of junior Chinese officials—the clerks, the technicians, the minor police informers.

If Helen and I had had a child, Brett thought, *it would be down there now.* A collaborationist's child. It was odd to realize that Helen had helped to make Lucifer. Thank Heavens she had never made a child. He removed the teabag from the water, poured the results into a tin mug, and let his eye rove over the room—narrow bed, plain wooden table, a case holding the latest edition of the C.M.G.'s speeches, and the unfinished manuscript of his own *Introduction to Mandarin Syntax for the New Briton.*

His eye moved to the photographs above the bookcase. The faculty building at Hong Kong University, where he had worked (in ignorance of the impending catastrophe) to justify his research fellowship in Chinese language and literature. And Helen—after all, he no longer hated her for her stupid infidelities. No harm now in keeping her photograph, with its girlishly earnest face. And finally the house, a compact and practical house, an adequate garden, a sun porch . . . and, of course, a front door.

The door in the photograph was a very ordinary door, with a brass knocker. The visitors on that particular night, the night that Brett recalled whenever he looked at the picture, had not used the knocker. A Chinese sergeant had simply shot out the lock. The blow with the gun butt across his skull, even after 10 years, still gave Brett headaches from time to time. And he could still hear Helen's scream from upstairs as the soldiers burst into her room.

He turned away from the photograph and reached behind the door for his worn navy-blue coat. At *The People's Times* he had to punch a clock. Unless he hurried he would be late.

"Morning, Brett."

"Morning, D.E."

"Nice little job for you this morning. Right up your street. Full of clever words, I don't doubt." The Duty Editor deposited in Brett's hands three sheets of paper covered in Chinese characters.

"It's about rubbish," said the D.E. He looked at Brett out of the side of his eyes. It was the nearest he would ever get to hinting that he had a low opinion of the work he did, and didn't Brett sometimes feel the same?

He closed the door of the Duty Editor's glassed-in cubicle and crossed the main newsroom, where typewriters yammered like guns, to the Translation Department. Nodding to the former phonetics lecturer who shared his desk, he sat down and studied the pages of Chinese characters given him by the D.E. Presently, hesitating over a word here and there, he began to write with his stub of pencil, matching cliché with cliché, platitude with platitude.

"Keynote of the Spring Festival celebrations this year," he wrote, "has been the unbounded confidence in the fulfillment of the second Five Year Plan. At the same time, the Chinese Military Government wishes to warn the loyal population of the New Britain to practice economy. There are many wastrels who belittle discarded copper and iron, old rags, bones, old bottles, worn-out shoes, chicken feathers and human hair. During the summer the Prime Minister of the People's Government, Mr. Roland Servison, will personally set an example . . ."

Brett looked at the words he had written. There was only one thing for which Servison would serve as an example, and it would not be as a collector of worn-out shoes. Provided there were no mistakes, no betrayals. Provided the new girl turned out all right. Provided Servison didn't alter his plans tomorrow night.

Turning his collar up against the thin rain, Brett shouldered his way through the men loitering around the stalls in Frith Street. Most of the stalls dealt in drugs—opium in square white packets, a fair amount of hashish. There were the usual souped-up cigarettes, and a new thing called Hang-Fu, which the Military Government was thinking of withdrawing; a steep rise in murders had followed its introduction three months previously.

Near the door of No. 31, Brett saw not one girl but two, leaning against the iron railings. Both wore gray raincoats and silk scarves, both swung handbags in the half-bored, half-nervous gesture that went with the job anywhere from Tokyo to Torquay. The nearer girl was a blonde with heavy spots of rouge on her cheekbones. She stared at Brett owlishly. "Hello, ducks."

"Hello."

"It'll be 600 yuans for an hour."

He said vaguely, "I'm not so much interested in just an hour. I was thinking more of ——"

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the other girl take off her scarf. The blonde made a face and tap-tapped away on her high heels. Brett looked at the other girl. Eyes clear, young and round in a tanned face, cheekbones high, chin determined. He had not bargained for such loveliness.

"Where can we talk?" he asked.

"Here on the street for a few minutes—to make it look right. Then upstairs." She nodded at the house behind her.

"That other girl—who is she?"

"She's a pro. I pay her a bit every month, and she and her boss let me stand out here. They think I'm an amateur."

Brett stared. "You mean you don't—you're not ——"

She laughed. "I don't and I'm not. Ask the men in my cell. This is the way I meet them, though."

"Whose cell?" His voice changed. Now he was addressing a subordinate, a suspect recruit.

"Vulcan's."

"I expect you often come across my old friend Mike Forester—he's been with Vulcan ever since the start."

She laughed tolerantly. "There's no such person in Vulcan's cell. That's a trick Vulcan's fond of himself."

Still he did not smile. "Who am I?"

"You're Lucifer."

"Who do you know in my cell?"

"Only Prue—Prue Carver and her husband." Her hand fell softly on his arm. "And my name is Teddy Lane. Let's go upstairs—make it look right, put your arm round my waist."

The hall and stairway smelled of ancient meals and wet overcoats. Turning left at the top of the stairs, she guided him to a door at the end of the passage. He walked inside the tiny room. Thin frayed curtains covered the window. The bed was tidily made up, one end of it softened by a couple of cushions. Propped against the wall behind it was a Teddy bear with a blue bow round its neck. On the wall over the bed was a print of the Mother and Child.

Teddy went to a spirit stove and clattered teacups. As the stove lighted she slid off her mackintosh and tossed it onto the bed. "Won't you take off your coat, too?"

His coat joined hers on the bed. He sat back again, in his old brown jacket. "This is where you bring Vulcan's people?"

"It's the only place we have left. You know, I haven't cleared this with Vulcan. Haven't had time."

"Leave that to me. I'm only borrowing you for a few hours." He stared at the line of her neck as she bent over the stove, at the narrow waist and suddenly widening hips. "I don't suppose you realize what you've volunteered for. What experience have you had?"

"The same as the rest of Vulcan's cell—getting resistance fighters out of France. I've been over there six times." She poured out boiling water, brought him a cup.

"This," he said, "will be different. How much did Prue—or Scamp—tell you?"

"They just said it was a job that mattered."

"It does. We're going to kill Servison."

She came away from the stove with another cup and two pieces of bread. She handed him a slice and sat down cross-legged on the bed next to the coats. He was very aware of her.

"Anything Prue can do, I can do," she said.

"Prue Carver has helped kill a lot of people."

"I know. She works for Lucifer."

They smiled quickly at each other. He realized that he had stretched out his hand and laid it on hers. He drew back and glanced at the print of Mother and Child.

"You don't go along with Servison's religion?"

"The religion he invented is a fake—stolen churches! Where I go, we have a lookout on the door. The priest works all day as a milkman. We have to steal the communion wine. Whenever I see one of Servison's fat 'peace vicars,' I cross the street."

Brett finished the tea and the bread, and looked at her for a long minute in silence. "My name's Brett," he said. "You can call me Adam. But not in the street."

Her smile lit up her eyes, in a way that made his hand falter as he set the empty teacup on the floor.

"I'll take you on," he said. He brought a sheet of paper from his pocket, and a pencil stub. "Come and sit next to me," he said.

She came at once, and he could feel her thighs through the thin serge skirt. Her arm in the sleeveless blouse lay against his shoulder. Black straight hair brushed against his cheek as he penciled cryptic notes describing her role. It was only an iron self-control that took him from the room at last with nothing more than a handshake. He was already on the stairs before he realized that he had forgotten his overcoat. He went back, knocked on her door and walked in. She was sitting on the bed, crying, a handkerchief pressed to her eyes.

"Why ——" he began.

"Because you'd gone." She stood up slim and straight, and walked toward him. He held her close, and the tears stopped.

Walking briskly along Lenin Avenue, he was halted twice at improvised military check points and asked for his Inner London pass. Evidently the C.M.G. was feeling more jumpy than usual. At the Circus he turned right. The church was crammed with the evensong congregation. Most of the worshipers were elderly. The New Liturgy had not caught on among the young. Perhaps spiritual salvation had become meaningless to them along with other concepts such as "freedom," "democracy," and the perennial rumors of imminent liberation by Americans.

Brett forced his way through the crowd and edged to his right, toward a man in a dark-gray overcoat. With the rest of the congregation he began to mouth aloud the prayer that the ruddy-cheeked "peace vicar" was leading.

". . . and preserve us from the machinations of imperialists, warmongers, from all those to whom peace is an abomination . . ." Without changing the drone of his voice, Brett said, "Prue's been knocked over by a truck. I've had to get another girl."

The Honorable Oliver Tableforth, second son of the Earl and Countess of Trimm, the rapt expression on his bland, bespectacled face unchanged—"I trust, dear friend, that the new girl knows her stuff. Who is she?"

"She's with V. I'm borrowing her. We'll do a dry run in the park tomorrow. You have a meeting place for afterwards?"

"You'll come to my mother's," Oliver said. "The usual cellar. Uh, Servison has started suspecting his staff again; I must watch my step. I have a feeling, dear friend, that the reprisals will be no fun at all. Servison will turn mean, you'll see."

No one knew how many innocent people had been shot out of hand, or left to molder in Rectification Camps. Most people were prepared to pay the ghastly bill for Home Army successes—the Basingstoke troop train derailment, for example—but became hostile and apathetic in the face of viciously punished failures. The Servison operation was the biggest thing yet. Upon its success depended the timing of the final push from across the Atlantic, and the fighting will of the population when that push came.

"Let us turn for a moment," thundered the voice from the pulpit, "to the bonds which mystically link the teaching of Confucius and Christian faith, recalling how the whole Chinese ethos of ancestor worship is reflected in the Old Testament . . ."

How he wished, thought Brett, that he could arrange better opportunities to talk to Oliver Tableforth. He was by far the most intelligent member of his cell. The serene, rather bovine face, expressing fatuous bonhomie, masked an ice-cold appreciation of strategic issues. Oliver's post as a clerk in the protocol department of Servison's office made him a vital source of information.

The peace vicar was running down, and now there was a hymn, "'neath Albion's blue and peaceful skies." As the voices around them rose, Brett said, "I must know at once of any last-minute changes of plan. I'm counting on S. leaving for that reception at the C.M.G.'s between six-thirty and seven. I can't keep my people hanging around indefinitely—especially not Scamp, with the truck."

"How many do you propose to use, dear boy?"

"Only five—me, Scamp, the girl, Vickers and Moore. It's as many as I dare risk. We may have casualties."

Oliver caroled in a high baritone, "Ne'er stood our land where she stands now, in bosom soft enfurled."

"And I'll need a report on the first reactions in the P.M.'s office. Pick up some information before you come to the meeting afterwards. It may affect our next move."

The lamp on the desk bathed in a pool of yellow light the typescript of the address that Servison was to deliver over Radio Albion. Flicking over the pages, the Prime Minister read the phrase, "The struggle has not been won without compromise and occasional suffering." He crossed out the word "compromise."

Probably not one in a million of his fellow countrymen, thought Servison, could imagine the scruples he had had to stifle before becoming Prime Minister. It had taken true British guts, he reflected, to see that a Chinese occupation of Great Britain would offer in the long run greater security for his people. No longer could the Americans use the British Isles as a springboard for war in Europe.

"For thou art my rock and my fortress," the Prime Minister murmured. "Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me . . ."

He picked up the receiver of his private phone, and dialed a number.

A woman's voice said "Hello?" No one in these days gave their names straight away. He used a neutral tone.

"I should like to speak to Mrs. Lin Mei-yao, if you please."

"Mrs. Lin speaking"—a pause, a gasp of pleasure. "Oh, Roly, is it you?"

"My dear! I thought for a moment it might be the maid."

"How lovely to hear you, Roly!" The voice was warm, shimmering with contented surprise.

Servison said, "You know, May, it seems an age since I last saw you. But recently there have been so many ——"

"A whole week, you wretched thing!"

"I know, my dear, and I've been feeling miserable about it. Also"—he dropped his voice—"I want you terribly, May. I thought that perhaps tomorrow ——"

"After the reception at the C.M.G.'s?"

"It would be—convenient," he said.

"Roly, it's the oddest thing." The excitement in the voice had gone flat. "There's been some sort of muddle, I don't seem to have received a card for the reception."

"But that's ridiculous," he said. "You were certainly on my list, as usual. I'll get my staff to look into it."

"And let me know it's all right?"

"There'll be a card on the way to you tonight," he said confidently. "But in any case, we meet at your flat immediately after the reception—right?"

There was a pause. "Of course, Roly darling."

"May, something's happened to your voice."

The laugh again. "It was that 'in any case' which worried me for a second," she said. "Yes, Roly, I'll be here after the reception—in any case."

After she had put down the receiver, Mrs. Lin walked to the window and drew back the silk curtains. Below her, the street lamps in Solidarity Square cast blurred shadows onto the façade of what had once been the United States Embassy opposite. There were ghosts there, beckoning her to join them. *I, too, am a ghost,* thought Mrs. Lin, *because I do not belong anywhere anymore.*

She turned to look at the photograph on the wall opposite. It had been taken a year and a half ago, at the garden party given by the general commanding the Inner London Garrison. In the reception group she stood next to her husband the General, parasol in hand. The photo showed him to be a handsome man. Lin Hsiochuan, conqueror of Calcutta and New Delhi, sometime Governor of Greece, military overlord of London and the southern counties—an imposing career. She had loved him the day she met him, a fortnight after she had flown with her family from California to Peking, in the belief that, Communist or not, China was where she belonged now that its great hour of armed missionary endeavor had struck. Of course, it was easy to say she should never have married the General, that their backgrounds were impossibly different.

Then Roly; it began as a flirtation, the California kind, but the General did not understand. He only understood fighting. That is why he had the courage to insult Roly in his own office, to tell the Chinese Military Governor that he was divorcing me whatever the consequences. I wonder what the consequences have been for him, back in China? They say things are going badly there now—that the sense of mission has died out, that the generals have been savagely punished for the defeats, that great fleets are assembling in Australia to land on the Kwangtung coast.

Brett had spent most of the morning in his room, working at the *Introduction to Mandarin Syntax*. Now, as he wandered about Red Park looking among the crowds of workers for Teddy Lane, his head was beginning to ache. Then he saw her sitting on a decayed green bench, rocking the baby carriage.

He sat down beside her. "Well done, finding this bench."

"I've already had three men trying to pick me up."

"Including the baby?" He glanced into the carriage. The ears of the Teddy bear protruded above a coverlet.

"Did you have any trouble getting the carriage from Carver's?"

"It was in the cellar, as you said. Scamp helped me get it past the janitor. Said I was borrowing it for the day."

"You'll have to take it back to be filled with guns—you realize that." He slid his hand down, over her shoulder, until it was around her waist. She moved a little closer to him.

"Why did I have to bring the carriage just for a rehearsal?"

"I want anyone who's watching to get used to seeing you with it. After I've left, walk about with it. Make yourself a familiar sight. Then take it back to Scamp and disappear for a bit. At a quarter to six collect the carriage—it will be full of guns. Come in through the park gate between twenty past six and twenty-five past. Walk down the path over there"—Brett pointed. "You'll see a parked truck, a Sing-La. That will be Scamp. A few yards past the truck, sit down on a bench. As you see Scamp swing the truck across the road, leave the carriage and walk away in a lady-like fashion. At eight o'clock we'll all meet for debriefing."

"Where do we meet?"

"You come to 18 Sackville Street, go down the basement steps and in the right-hand door. If you go in the left-hand door you'll find yourself in a Chinese Officers Club." He paused. "Did Vulcan issue you all with Prompt capsules?"

"Oh, yes." Her voice was matter-of-fact. "The whole cell got them. I thought it was standard."

"So you know what to do if you're caught or wounded." He tightened his grip on her waist.

"You're terribly intense," she said. "Do you have to be Lucifer all the time? And so bitter about the Chinese?"

"I'm only bitter about Servison." He was aware that his voice sounded tired. "He *deserves* killing. He's the greatest traitor this country has ever produced. He has sent hundreds of thousands to death or imprisonment, and sold this country to the Chinese, lock, stock and barrel. Besides, his death will give the people something to be triumphant about, for once."

She touched the handle of the carriage, rocking it. "When the Americans come, will they bring the King back?"

"He'll be here in the first wave, you'll see." He drew her close, and kissed her.

If you were caught or wounded, you swallowed poison.

The weather was a stroke of luck. Walking in the darkness toward the Piccadilly gate of Red Park, Brett was swathed in gusts of fog. At the sixth bench on the right there was just room to sit alongside a supine figure. He said, "Five past six, right?"

An arm moved, a wrist. "Six past, I make it. Been lying here since ten to. Damn near frozen."

"Be glad for the fog. Seen the others yet?"

"Vickers is four benches down, like you wanted him. I don't know about the girl or Scamp."

"Scamp will be along with the truck any time. He's coming in from the Independence Corner end."

The prostrate figure sat up. A lock of dark hair fell across a narrow forehead. "Why do it that way, conspicuous? Why not have him come into the park from the Residence end?"

Moore had always been slow, reflected Brett. Slow but sure and loyal. "The Residence end is sealed off because of the C.M.G.'s reception. That's why Scamp has to come in from the top end."

He had explained this before. Moore had forgotten it. That was typical of Moore, too. There were worse faults. He went on: "I've heard nothing more from Oliver, so we can count on Servison coming through shortly after half past six. In a few minutes you can begin walking toward the road."

Moore was silent for a moment. "What do you reckon our chances are—honest, like?"

"We'll win in a walk," Brett said. "And we won't lose anyone." He stood up. "I'm going to talk to Vickers." He strode onward past the line of benches—one, two, three. On the fourth, wearing what had once been a modish fawn-colored duffle coat, was a lean man with thinning hair and a conspicuous Adam's apple.

"Evening."

"Any question, Vickers?" The park lay empty around them. The fog and the chill had driven casual strollers toward the gates.

"No questions."

"There's only one change. The girl won't be Prue Carver. Don't let it put you off."

"It takes more than that to put me off."

Brett had never felt at ease with Vickers. He had taken him from the survivors of the Apollo cell, which had been shattered by an informer's work some eight months previously. But Vickers was an outstanding sniper, and, besides, he had guts.

Brett said, "How's your marksmanship tonight?"

"It's not a question of marksmanship, this sort of thing. Just short-range work with automatics." He might have been commenting on an unfair practice in the hunting field—the voice prim, the inflection slightly rising.

I'll talk to Nimrod about him, Brett thought, gazing into the wisps of fog that drifted through the trees. *No sense in working with a subordinate I don't understand or sympathize with.*

His mind went back to the first meeting with Nimrod, seeing it all again in seconds. A whiteboard cottage on a low hill, and to his right a faded sign: CREAM TEAS. To the buxom woman who opened the door, Brett had said, "I have been sent by Mrs. Pettifer at Laurel Cottage for a dozen eggs."

The woman said in a mechanical tone of voice, "Did Mrs. Pettifer say what she wished to do with the eggs?"

"Six are to be used for a cake and six for boiling for breakfast."

"The handyman will see to your wants," she said dourly. "Round in the shed at the back." The Home Army had been full of that sort of rigmarole in the early days.

Behind the little house there was a vegetable garden and a weathered lean-to with a door and a single window. A face looked out the window—a fiftyish face, the eyelids heavy, the white-streaked hair brushed straight back. The door opened. Brett stepped inside. The man sat on a kitchen chair at a wooden table.

"I'm glad you were punctual." He flicked open a notebook. "I think I've got all I need here. Twenty-five, Chinese expert, good athletic record, no dependents." He looked up. "That's right, isn't it—no dependents?"

"I had a wife."

"Yes, I know about that, too. Forgive me—there isn't time for tact anymore—there isn't time for anything except building an organization."

"Yes, I'd heard ——"

"We always had help before, but this time even the Russians are no good to us, with their cities smashed. They went soft some years ago, probably from the time they all went around carrying furled umbrellas." He looked at Brett sharply. "A sure sign of ideological crack-up. You'd noticed?"

"I'd never thought about it."

"Such details are pointers to bigger things. And as to the Americans—they've run true to form as well. When a million Europeans were butchered every time the Yanks dropped a warning bomb anywhere near China, the President started getting sentimental about Western culture and quit. One day, with luck, we'll get a real savage in the White House who doesn't care two straws if every university and art gallery in Christendom is burnt to the ground." The voice altered suddenly. "You know my name?"

"No."

"Much better that you never know. I'm going to introduce code names. Call me Nimrod. You will be"—he studied the notebook—"you will be Lucifer. See you live up to it."

"What exactly does Lucifer do?"

"Ah," said Nimrod, with an amused smile. "I was wondering when you were going to ask me that." He leaned back on the rickety chair, hitched his thumbs in the waistband of his trousers, and told Brett what Lucifer did.

Now, 10 years later, Lucifer stood in the fog in Red Park, looking without sympathy at the tense figure of Vickers.

"And you're sure you have no questions?" Brett repeated.

"None," said Vickers. "I don't have to be told things twice."

Nimrod said, "You will be Lucifer; live up to it."

"Good hunting, then. I'm going down to the road now. You can follow in a minute."

The path that ran by the side of the road, when he reached it, was slimy with mist. From somewhere to the left he could hear the ring of marching feet—Residence sentries positioning themselves for the reception. What was it Nimrod had said three weeks ago, at the annual meeting of cell leaders? Most of the hour had been devoted to discussing the Servison operation. Afterward, while the others were drinking tea brewed by their bodyguards on a spirit lamp, Nimrod had taken Brett aside.

"This Servison job," Nimrod had said, "is a decisive step in invasion and liberation. I don't know if you've heard, but they've at last kicked out that cultural character in the White House and got themselves a real brute of a man, dressed completely in animal skins and carrying a cudgel by the sound of it, who's had enough of the love-making, cares nothing about reprisals, and is coming in with everything he's got. So Servison's assassination is a political move on an historic scale. You've grasped that?"

Now, out of the writhing fog to his right, a truck growled down toward him, a Sing-La from the note of the engine. As the heavy vehicle came level he made out the silhouette of Scamp hunched over the wheel. The truck moved on, its red taillight receding into the mist. Brett began to follow. From somewhere in the distance he could hear drunken singing. Otherwise the night was abnormally still. He might have been in the countryside.

Then again he saw vehicle lights, faded yellow ones this time, coming toward him. A hundred yards away the vehicle stopped. That would be the Sing-La again—Scamp had turned it round as planned. A few yards beyond Scamp the girl and the baby carriage should be stationed. Moore and Vickers would be idling toward her. There would be no grouping until the very last seconds.

He walked on, exhilarated at the imminence of action. One uncertainty remained, the size of Servison's escort. Brett had counted on only two armed motorcycle outriders. Three months of observation had established that Servison took only two outriders with him when he attended social affairs after dark.

There was a roar of motorcycle engines. Brett quickened his pace toward Scamp's truck. Single headlights on either side of the road, a pair of lights in the middle—Servison was coming.

He heard the deeper roar from the Sing-La as Scamp put his foot on the accelerator. The dim headlights veered away as the truck pulled across the road, broadside to the approaching car. Brett sprinted the last few yards to the baby carriage, grabbed under the blanket with his gloved hand and took his gun.

One gun had already gone. That would be Moore. He glimpsed Scamp doubling round the back of the Sing-La, making for the baby carriage. He couldn't see Vickers. The girl would have run for the trees already.

Servison and his escort must have been doing 50 miles an hour. The screams of brakes slashed through the fog like knives. Tires slithered across the surface of the road 15 yards from the Sing-La. The motorcyclist on the far side of Servison's car lost his balance and went over on his flank. Brett saw Moore's distorted shadow on the residence wall. The motorcyclist, who had begun rising to his feet as the first of Moore's shots rang out, slumped over the bellowing engine of his machine.

The safety catch on Brett's submachine gun was already released. One hand on the magazine, he fired while the second motorcyclist still had his hand on his holster. For an instant the man stood completely immobile, his mouth open; and then, as if a trap door had been opened beneath him, he went down.

Suddenly Brett staggered. It felt as if he had been hit on the head with an iron bar, but he knew it was a bullet and that it had grazed his skull. He stumbled to the Prime Minister's car. Already Scamp was there on the far side. The driver, revolver still clenched in one hand, was visible through the reputedly bulletproof glass that Scamp had demolished at close range. There was blood all over the driver; he was dead. He must have had time to fire just that one

shot, thought Brett, as his head exploded with pain. It had been a near miss.

Moore and Vickers were nowhere in sight. Brett moved round to Scamp's side of the car and wrenched at the rear door. It was locked on the inside. Brett placed the muzzle of his gun against the window. Scamp did the same. Suddenly there was a third gun there, too. Brett glanced sideways, and Vickers nodded at him. The detonation rocked the big black car. Glass dissolved into a jagged hole. On the back seat, cowering into a far corner, a dim white face screamed into the darkness.

Brett heard sirens. He pointed his gun at the face.

"Good night, sweet Servison."

Long before the smoke had cleared he had pulled his gun from the window. Scamp and Vickers were already running into the trees. Tossing away the submachine gun, Brett heard it strike something soft. He checked his run, turned back, and stared into protuberant eyes that peered glassily back at him. It was Moore, quite dead. The sirens were rising to a crescendo. Brilliant headlights swamped the road. Brett ran and did not turn back.

Strange, he thought, as he gained the shelter of the trees, that young driver must have fired twice, not just once. Strange he had found enough time to fire twice. But the strangest thing of all, he reflected, as he slowed his run to a casual walk, was that Moore had been shot in the back of the head.

"... and so the house was a good investment, though I remember Doggy made a tremendous fuss about buying it," observed the Countess of Trimm, puffing smoke from the Happy World cigarette she had rolled for herself. She looked at Brett's cup. "More tea?"

"Not yet, thanks."

"There's plenty left in the tub, dear boy." She looked at the steaming caldron at her side. "I'm supposed to be taking it to the Chinese drivers, but they're all drunk as newts. They *do* drink a lot, don't they?"

"Yes, Madge, they do."

The Countess tucked wisps of white hair up beneath the white table napkin she had tied over her head. "Of course," she continued, "Doggy never really liked town. He kept slipping off to the country whenever he thought I wasn't looking. The children were all growing up and making a good deal of noise. Oliver was by far the noisiest, oddly enough. He's turned rather quiet, since. I don't know why. Is he coming tonight, by the way?"

"Yes," said Brett. He sipped his tea. "What time is it?"

"About eight I should think. My God, Adam—you've got blood on your head!" She came swiftly round the table and bent his head back under the overhead light.

"It's nothing," he said, pushing away her hand.

"It's taken away a bit of skin and some hair. A bad graze, my lad. Who was it this time?"

"Servison, the Prime Minister."

"Squalid little man. Did you kill him?"

"Yes."

"I never could trust a man who wore brown shoes with blue suits." She fished into the pocket of her pinafore. "Fortunately I have some gauze and adhesive tape."

She cut a length of tape, brought water from the tap, and dabbed about for a while. "It doesn't show much," she said. "And I've got rid of the blood. It looks like a clean cut. Like a bullet."

"It *was* a bullet. And it hurts."

She regarded him with a curious expression. "I suppose you know you're a bit concussed. You're not really in a state to hold a meeting. You ought to be in bed."

"There's nothing wrong with me at all."

"That's your opinion, and I won't try to change it. Was my son with you when you killed Servison?"

"Oliver doesn't come on active jobs. He's our link man with the P.M.'s office." Then, realizing she would have preferred her son to have been there, he added, "His job is the most important of all."

There was the sound of a door opening and being banged to again, then footsteps in the long stone passage. It was Scamp Carver. The broken nose cast an undulating shadow over the seamed cheek. He walked over to the tea caldron. "Evening, Madge dear."

The countess said, "I'll pour out—how many will there be?"

"Five altogether," said Brett.

"I'll leave enough, and be back in half an hour with more. Give my love to Oliver."

She picked up the caldron and made for the inner door. As she opened it, the sound of Chinese voices singing and shouting wafted down from somewhere above. Scamp Carver looked at Brett.

"Me, you, Oliver, Moore, Vickers, the girl—that makes six. Yer asked for only five cups."

"Moore's dead. I found his body just as I was leaving."

Scamp's cup banged down hard on the table. "Yer joking! Moore got one motorbike escort, you got another——"

"There was the driver."

"The driver never fired a shot."

"He must have fired twice—once at me and once at Moore." But Brett no longer believed it. He wondered why he ever had. Everything was crystal clear to him now.

"I 'it the driver with my first burst," said Scamp doggedly. "'E never even got his gun pointed."

There was the sound of the outer door opening again, a confusion of footsteps. Framed in the rough arch that led to the passage stood Vickers and Teddy Lane.

Vickers stepped forward, pulling off his coat. "Sorry we're late," he said cheerfully. "Ah, there's tea!"

The girl walked in, her large, round eyes glancing diffidently from one man to another. "I nearly went to the wrong door," she said. "He stopped me just in time." She pointed at her companion.

"His name's Vickers," said Brett. He smiled at her, and absently put his hand to the adhesive tape on his head.

"What is it?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Nothing. A scratch."

The door at the end of the passage opened. Oliver Tableforth came in, his necktie askew. He picked up a cup of tea. "It wasn't Servison you killed," he said.

Vickers leaped to his feet with an exclamation. Scamp said, "What do yer mean, we didn't get him? I——"

"You killed the Principal Private Secretary," said Tableforth. He set his cup down with a bang. "I stayed in the P.M.'s office as long as I could to check up. That's why I'm late."

"But how could such a thing have happened?" Vickers' voice was petulant. "After all the planning we——"

"Sit down, Vickers," said Brett harshly. He turned to Oliver. "You're sure Servison intended to go to the reception—up until the last minute?"

The big man nodded. "I'd been in touch with his own secretary on a routine matter only ten minutes before. Something made him send the P.P.S. at the last second."

Brett felt a wave of depression sweep over him. Things had gone wrong for him. They had gone even more profoundly wrong for one of his companions in the room. He said softly, "How long have you been with us, Vickers?"

Vickers was visibly surprised. Fingering his tie, he said, "Well, uh—ever since the Apollo group was broken up."

"Do you remember how the Apollo group was smashed?"

"I understand they were informed on."

"Did they ever learn who the informer was?"

"What's all this in aid of?" Vickers' voice was soft but steely. "I don't like your tone."

"Vickers, let's try to reconstruct what happened in Red Park tonight. The plan was for Moore and myself to take care of the motorcycle escorts, and for you and Scamp to go straight for the car and get Servison. Moore got one escort, I got the other—but you were nowhere to be seen."

"I was right there at the car window with you!"

"You appeared out of the night at the very last second. Why was that?"

Vickers coughed. "I had a little difficulty getting the gun out of the baby carriage. I was slow, and I'm sorry."

Brett touched the plaster on his head. "You tried to kill me and you *did* kill Moore."

Oliver Tableforth was on his feet. "Look here, Adam, dear boy, Vickers helped you shoot the man you thought was Servison. You've just said yourself he was there!"

"At the very last second. He'd been hanging back, expecting

Servison to have a large armed escort. When he saw that we were winning, he joined in like a good little playmate." Brett jerked his head and said fiercely, "Right, Vickers?"

"If this is the way you treat a loyal . . ." the words petered out in a wordless splutter.

Brett leaned back in his chair and looked at Tableforth. "Vickers would never have tried it if he hadn't known Servison was expecting an attempt on his life, and had taken precautions."

"That's a lie!" Vickers' face was contorted.

Glancing at Teddy Lane, Brett saw her eyes fixed perplexedly on his. Scamp broke the stillness.

"What 'ave yer got to say for yerself, Vickers?"

Vickers was breathing fast. "This is a most despicable accusation," he said furiously. "You've never liked me, Brett, and now you're trying to cover up an operational failure with ——"

Brett interrupted curtly. "No one else could have fired those shots at Moore and me. Now I want to know what else you told Servison. Did you give him our names?"

"I told him nothing. And I didn't fire at you and Moore." He glanced desperately around. "My aim was bad tonight."

"You're rated as a marksman."

"All right, it's true I shot Moore, but it was an accident! That motorcyclist Moore hit—he looked dead, but he wasn't. I saw him reach for his gun. I took a chance on a long shot, and just then Moore moved into the line of fire. It was an accident! Then I took another shot at the motorcyclist—the bullet must have grazed you. Everyone was so far away, there was a lot of movement, and ——" He looked wildly from one to the other.

"*Two* bad-luck shots," said Brett icily. "You're a liar, Vickers, and a traitor." He stood up and came round the table. At the same instant Scamp Carver seized Vickers by the arm, bending it behind his back. Vickers tried to scream, but Scamp's other hand was already over his mouth.

Oliver Tableforth intervened. "Adam, aren't you perhaps taking this too far? Isn't it possible ——"

"I've got the organization to think of. Stop arguing and follow me. I need your help." Brett turned to the girl. "You stay here. And don't let Madge back in until we're finished."

"Finished?"

A warren of corridors and small vaults opened off the main cellar. Once used for the storing of wine, they were now full of empty bottles, and packing cases. They frog-marched Vickers down to the farthest vault from the street.

When they came back, Teddy Lane was still sitting at the table. She said, "Are you so sure he deserved that? Perhaps he didn't give us away. How—how did you do it?"

"A Prompt capsule," Brett said. He turned to the other two. They were white and panting. "Sit down, we have to work things out. Oliver—what was it you started to tell me about Servison?"

"I think he went to Mrs. Lin, although the rumor in the office is that he's tiring of her."

"Could he have taken an escort?"

"His driver would be armed. Usually, the car stays parked near Mrs. Lin's place until morning."

"What's her address?"

"Number twenty-four, Solidarity Square. A lonely flat."

"Ever been there?"

"Yes, I was sent round with an invitation to the May Day parade last year. There's an armed porter in the hall downstairs. You couldn't get through that way. But a fire escape runs past the window of a small study at the back. We could try that."

"Yes." Brett thought for a moment. "You'd better come with us, Oliver. If you climbed the fire escape, would you know which was her flat?"

"Of course. There's a Queen Anne escritoire just inside, a silver candlestick with a green silk lampshade and a lot of rather poor ecclesiastical prints on the walls."

"Then you'll come." Brett turned to Teddy. "I don't need you on this. You can go home."

It's true, she thought—I actually do love him.

"I'd like to come, I could keep watch or ——"

"—or attract the attention of every militiaman in the neighborhood. No." He looked around at the intent faces. "It's our job to make sure that Servison is really killed. Go back to your rooms now and sleep. Six forty-five at the fire escape."

Teddy walked over to Brett. "You've been hurt, and you're tired," she said. "Come to my place. You could sleep on the floor. But later tonight—I have some work to do first.

"Thanks, I will." He bent down and kissed her forehead.

"There," said a voice at his elbow, "you really do make a cozy pair." Brett straightened up. The Countess was holding out what looked like a gaudy scrap of orangy-brown tweed.

"A hat to hide your bandage," she said. "Doggy used it for shooting on the estate."

"It looks sort of conspicuous."

"Not as conspicuous as the bandage."

When Mrs. Lin answered the doorbell, Servison stood there in his black overcoat. She stumbled into his arms, thinking, *I actually love him, it's true, and it keeps hurting.* She helped him into the sitting room.

"I didn't expect you for ages."

"I know, May. I thought I'd skip the C.M.G.'s party. Anyway"—he laid his hand on her neck—"I had a more congenial appointment."

She sat on an upholstered couch, gently removed his hand from her neck, and stroked it. "It was sweet of you, Roly. Especially as I didn't get an invitation to the C.M.G.'s after all." She looked at him questioningly.

"You didn't? I specifically gave orders ——"

"The important thing is that you're here—I'll fix you a drink."

She rose and went to the sideboard. As she busied herself with bottle and glasses, a thought struck her so heavily that she felt staggered. She turned and said, "But you must have been sure I didn't get an invitation. Otherwise you wouldn't have known I was still here at home."

"I came on the off chance," he said, and his eyes slid away. Silence stretched out like a twilight.

The telephone shrilled in the hall. It was for Servison. He was away for fully 10 minutes. When he came back, he picked up his glass and said, "A terrible thing has happened, May, my dearest. I hardly know how to tell you."

She stared at him and paled. *I know what he's going to say*, she thought. *Don't let him say it yet—I've got to remember what it's like to be happy just for a few hours.*

"Then why tell me?" she said at last. "Don't you see I just want you to sit down and talk, and love me a little?"

"There is a time for all things, my dear one"—his hand touched the tight-fitting dress where it curved over her breast—"and there will be a time for that. But for the moment I am deeply shaken." He paused. "They tried to kill me."

She put her hand to her mouth.

"That phone call was from my office." He looked into his glass, took a sip, and swallowed the rest in a gulp. "My car was ambushed in Red Park. Obviously they thought I was in it, on my way to the C.M.G. They shot the two motorcycle escorts, the driver, and my Principal Private Secretary, whom I'd sent to represent me." He crossed to the bar and refilled his glass. "I've ordered a very complete program of disciplinary measures."

"You mean reprisals?"

"Disciplinary measures." He passed thick fingers through the tufts of hair that stood out at the sides of the bald dome.

Rattling northward in the tube, Brett kept the patched side of his head turned toward the window. The earl's preposterous shooting cap lay furled on his knees. He had been wearing the cap when he stepped into the train, but it had brought stares.

After the first stop at People's Court Road, the man sitting next to Brett stood up. Another took his place. He was about Brett's own age, the chest unnaturally heavy under layers of thick jerseys, the face loose, the head growing directly out of *(continued on page 105)*

A NEW FASHION STAR IS BORN

She's new—she's news—she's Faye Dunaway—off to a fast getaway ever since she stole the picture as Bonnie in "Bonnie and Clyde." And her quality is strictly stardust—the kind that makes fashion designers rush to their drawing boards to try to capture its essence. Already, her Bonnie-look—an evocation of 'thirties fashion—has caught on—as significantly as Garbo's slouch-hatted Ninotchka-look once did. Here and on the next five pages, we show her (with the men in her movie and real life) in the kind of cool, self-assured clothes she has inspired—a contemporary mixture of 'thirties, 'forties and today, plus those appealing man-tailored touches that always somehow make femininity more feminine. By TRUDY DWETT, Fashion Editor.

Photographs by Jerry Schatzberg. Hairstyles by Richard Stein of Henri Bendel. All fashions available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

Introducing Faye Dunaway and the contemporary-flashback look she inspires: long-jacketed suit, brief, pleated skirt, tailored cotton shirt. Suit of rayon and flax "linen." By Luba for Elite, 5-13, about $70. Betmar beret, Berkshire tights, Golo shoes.

ONCE UPON A TIME, like two years ago, brunette-turned-blonde Faye Dunaway was earning $85 a week acting in an off-Broadway play. Then, in an incredible 18 months, she completed five movies, including the box-office blockbuster, "Bonnie and Clyde," and two yet to be released: "Thomas Crown and Company" (co-starring Steve McQueen) and "The Extraordinary Seaman" (opposite David Niven). Now she is besieged by offers of $250,000 a film, and the ceiling is not yet in sight. □ What makes Hollywood's Sammys run after Faye? "She is a consummate actress rather than film star in the old sense," says her "Thomas Crown" director, Norman Jewison. "She's beautiful, interesting and exciting. Julie Christie, with whom she is being compared, is nowhere near as versatile. Faye is a much more mature leading lady. She's not a kid, she's a woman." □ At 27, Faye has risen to the top through a rare chemistry of good looks, enormous talent—and fierce drive. "If your ambi-



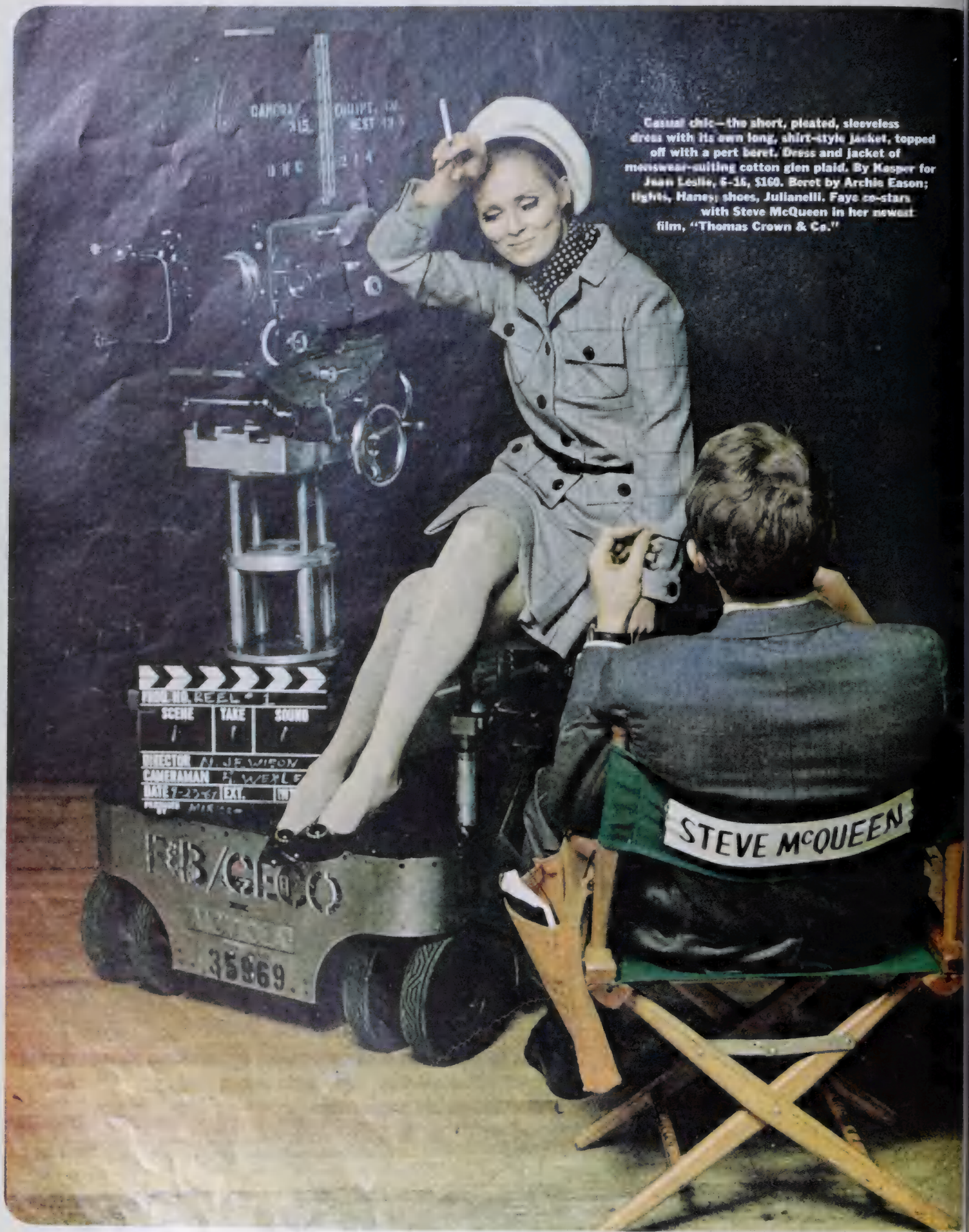
The dress for all escapades—flouncy skirt, blousy sleeves, flowing neck-bow, of brown and black striped silk surah. The vested interest, black rayon/acetate crepe. By Gayle Kirkpatrick, 4-12, $125. Earrings, Mimi di N, Sapphire tights, Mademoiselle shoes. With Faye on the road to fame paved by "Bonnie and Clyde," her co-star and producer of the film, Warren Beatty.

tion is only to achieve some nebulous result like fame and what it's supposed to bring, it's no good," she says. "But if the ambition rises out of a passion—if you dig what you're doing—then the ambition is a tremendous help." Miss Dunaway the actress has a sure and dedicated sense of herself. At the first sign that her career was beginning to move, she borrowed $2,000 from a friend, offering post-dated checks as security, to acquire a new wardrobe because "I know I'm going to make it and I need the clothes." On a movie set she will tirelessly repeat scenes, giving each a different nuance, simply seeking the characterization that works best. Her instinctive drive spills over into her personal life. After watching her play a game of Monopoly, friends quickly dubbed her "The Barracuda." Even while relaxing in slacks and a shirt, sipping champagne, with hillbilly ballads, Ray Charles or The Mamas and The Papas blaring in the background, she



Bang, bang, it's back—the gangster look, wide lapels, wide tie, wide-brimmed hat, wide pinstripes and all. Double-breasted coat with half-belt in back and matching front-pleated skirt of navy and white wool worsted. By P. R. L., with silk shirt, 4-16, $110. Hat by Halston; tights, Kayser; shoes, Charles Jourdan. Faye co-stars with David Niven in "The Extraordinary Seaman."

transmits all the nervous intensity of a Thoroughbred poised in the paddock. For a photographic sitting, she spends four or five hours making up her face, concentrating on her eyes. "That's nothing," says a former date. "Wait till you're picking her up to make an 8:30 curtain, with the taxi meter running downstairs, and she yells, 'I'll be ready in a minute!'" ☐ Faye once wanted to be a teacher, but playing the title role in a University of Florida production of "Medea" convinced her that she would rather be an actress. She transferred to the Boston University School of Fine and Applied Arts and later joined New York's Lincoln Center Repertory Company. One night, in an emergency, she went on in a lead role and attracted the notice of casting director Allan Shayne. When Shayne subsequently needed an actress for the off-Broadway production of "Hogan's Goat," he chose Faye. The movies discovered her shortly thereafter. She played a



Casual chic—the short, pleated, sleeveless dress with its own long, shirt-style jacket, topped off with a pert beret. Dress and jacket of menswear-suiting cotton glen plaid. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, 6-16, $160. Beret by Archie Eason; tights, Hanes; shoes, Julianelli. Faye co-stars with Steve McQueen in her newest film, "Thomas Crown & Co."

thrill-hungry teen-ager opposite Anthony Quinn in "The Happening," then a Southern farm wife in Otto Preminger's 'Hurry Sundown." When actor-producer Warren Beatty and his director, Arthur Penn, began looking for a girl to play Bonnie Parker, the Texas gun moll of the 1930's, they reviewed a screen test Faye had made for Preminger. Beatty was hesitant. He had imagined Bonnie as short and plump, but Penn convinced him that 5-foot-6, 123-pound Faye would be ideal. She was. ("Faye is going to be one of the greatest stars of all time," says Penn.)

It has not been so easy for Faye Dunaway, the person. There have been many tensions in her life: a broken home (her parents were divorced when she was still an adolescent), the suicide of an actor boy-friend, all the loneliness and insecurities of a demanding career. As a child, Faye was an "Army brat" who never really had a permanent home. Perhaps because of this, one of the first things she did with her



Simple as that—the cardigan suit, jacket long as a sweater and sashed above the waist, skirt, short-short and pleated. Of pink wool gabardine with its own gray silk crepe shirt. By Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat, 5-13, $145. Hanes stockings; Julianelli shoes. Faye appears here with her real-life leading man, fashion photographer Jerry Schatzberg, who will direct her next film.

Photograph by Neil Costa

movie money was to rent an apartment overlooking Central Park. But she has been too busy to furnish it; there is a bed, a record player, and little more. Faye refuses to hire a decorator, though. "I want to do it myself," she says. "I want it to be mine." □ She has had little time to develop deep relationships with men. "It sounds naïve," she says, "but I thought if I became known, everything would automatically fall into place. I had put up with all the hangups because one day I was sure it would all change, that everything hinged on success—and it didn't." Psychoanalysis, plus the steady company of New York fashion photographer Jerry Schatzberg, have helped. "I swing," Faye says, "but I want to swing on a solid guy's arm." Now her only definite plan is to make a low-budget film with Schatzberg. "If I go broke again, I'll do a movie for $300,000," she says, "but I don't have to think about that now. I can concentrate on myself."—Peter Maas

How America Lives

Sherwyn Bloome (below) is a Chicago policeman who lives two lives. He catches crooks by day and runs his own lucrative wedding photography business in his spare time. He's one of 3,900,000 Americans who keep busy—and keep their budgets balanced—by moonlighting on second jobs.

The Moonlighters

By Bill Davidson



In 18th-century Britain and Colonial America, a "moonlighter" was a night raider, roaming around in search of plunder. As a modern-day moonlighter, I have been called worse than *that*—mainly by people who are too lazy to engage in the practice themselves. What I do to arouse their ire is to hold down a full-time job and pick up a little additional loot by performing extra work on the side—after hours. The U.S. Department of Labor, which issues an annual report on the activities of people like me, calls us by a more polite name—"multiple jobholders." I like that better.

My own multiple jobholding starts with my primary work as a magazine writer and editor, but I also write and deliver a news commentary on the NBC Radio Network twice a week and write books (currently I'm at work on my fourth). My wife, Muriel, is a moonlighter, too. She writes magazine articles as her main source of income and also appears on TV panel shows. In her spare time she is writing a novel.

Like most moonlighters, neither Muriel nor I *enjoy* working so hard. But with mounting economic pressures, it's the only way we can afford the few luxuries we care for and still pay our taxes and monthly bills. We have a charming restored Colonial farmhouse in the country, two cars, a small aluminum fishing boat and an old English sheepdog named Henry who eats four pounds of food a day. Six years ago, even with our combined incomes, we had none of these things. Like most Americans, we found that outlay was just barely ahead of income. That's when we decided that we *had* to become moonlighters. Today America has 3.9 million moonlighters. The typical multiple jobholder is a family man between 25 and 44, working part time on his second job in an industry or occupation different from that of his first job. A third of the multiple jobholders are self-employed on their extra job. Moonlighting is most prevalent among teachers, postal workers, policemen, firemen, farmers, in that order. The most popular moonlighting jobs are in the service industries, retail stores and construction work. Those who are self-employed in their extra jobs most frequently go in for television or watch repair. The average amount of time spent moonlighting per multiple jobholder is 13 hours a week. A national *Ladies' Home Journal* survey indicates that most moonlighters are similar in outlook as well as motivation. Walter Olzewski, for example, tea bookkeeping at Glenville High Schoo Cleveland, for which he is paid $9,200 a y but he gets another $1,200 for serving as school's athletic director in the afternoon addition, Walter and his wife, Virginia, in their early 30's, operate a fried-chi franchise in their neighborhood. They their own cooking. Virginia runs the during the day and Walter takes over at n and on weekends. The business gives the extra $6,000 a year. They're working h but they don't mind. It thrills them that t three small children "don't have to grow in the Polish ghetto, as we did."

Corporal Sam Kincaid of the Kansas Police Department is happy, too. In addi to his regular job, Kincaid and his wife m age a trailer court, in exchange for which live there rent-free. When he's not on dut a cop, Sam also works as a special investig for the Jackson County Welfare Departm looking into complaints and suspected fra lent claims. Between his two jobs, Sam grosses $200 a week. All the Kincaids' in gences—a downtown movie, a meal at a taurant, an occasional vacation trip—made possible by the moonlighting mo

But some of the most imaginative m lighting of all is done in Chicago.

On a recent Saturday, Sherwyn K. Bloo one of Chicago's five leading wedding pho raphers, was hard at work with his cam recording a marriage ceremony at a S Side Chicago church. Sweating profu Bloome, a powerfully built 42-year-old who many think looks somewhat like Ma Brando, expertly and unobtrusively man lated lenses, lights, meters and the o accouterments of the professional photo pher. But then he leaped upon the stag capture on film the bride throwing her quet. His jacket flew open, and a gasp a from several guests. For Bloome was wea at his belt a .38-caliber Smith and We police-special revolver.

Sherwyn Bloome is, in fact, a sergeant the Chicago Police Department, and reg tions require that police officers carr weapon with them at all times. Altho authorized "moonlighting" is legal in Chicago Police Department (in lieu of raises the Superintendent was unable to tain for policemen), it is frowned on in other American cities. Moonlighting is bidden by the Los Angeles Police, for exam

But Sherwyn Bloome is an exceptio fine photographer, and a good cop, too. has been awarded three citations for bra in action. He not only is proud of his moonlighting ("I'm able to give my fa things I never would be able to on just police salary,") but also points out that brunette wife, Blanche, 36, and their children moonlight, too.

"Each of us holds at least two jobs," Bloome plains. "Blanche runs the house and she ns my photography business. My daughter, dy, who is 14, goes to school, but she works enings and weekends as a baby-sitter and a ther's helper. In addition, she also picks up tra money and earns free horseback riding, ich she loves, by cleaning out stalls at the ble she goes to. Steven is only 10 but he lps me in the photography business—and o works part-time in a drugstore."

"On the whole," says Blanche Bloome, 's usually chaos around our apartment. I ess you'd have to call us a family on the n." All this hard work has become a way of e for the Bloomes, and as Blanche says, Ve wouldn't know what to do with our- ves any more if we had a nice, quiet eve- ng at home."

Home for the Bloomes is their sprawling, l-fashioned 7½-room apartment near Lake ichigan on Chicago's North Side. On one pical evening, Sherwyn was in his office- udy in his pajamas, watching television th one eye. The other eye was on a set of ore than 100 color photos on his lap. He was potting" the prints with opaque water col- s, removing unwanted details.

Blanche was also watching TV in the udy—and at the same time tediously atching up the numbers of a set of prints th the negatives. The phone kept inter- pting constantly as she took calls arrang- g for Sherwyn to see prospective wedding ents or to deliver finished jobs.

Judy was in her bedroom, doing homework, lking on the phone to boy friends, and from me to time making calls to set up baby- tting and stable-cleaning jobs. She kept reaking into the study, munching peanut- utter sandwiches, to help out with a $300 achine that stamps "Photography by loome" in gold in the lower right-hand cor- er of every finished photograph. Steven, dustrious and well behaved for a nine-year- d, finished *his* homework and came in, eat- g, also to help with the stamping machine.

At 9 P.M., Sherwyn trudged down to the asement, where he maintains a shop for his notography business. Still in his pajamas, he ent to work at his dry-mounting press, hich adheres wedding photographs to the ages of an album without glue. Upstairs, lanche spread dozens of photos around the oor while she brushed off sandwich crumbs nd checked them to eliminate partial bodies nd the like

She was now out of communication with herwyn, but Judy and Steven kept scurrying ack and forth between the living room and ne basement to get her husband's decisions n how to crop the photos. Great quantities f food were consumed during the fulfillment f their missions, since it was impossible for ther youngster *(continued on page 101)*

otographs by Archie Lieberman



Bloome went out on his own in 1965. He now averages $350 a wedding.



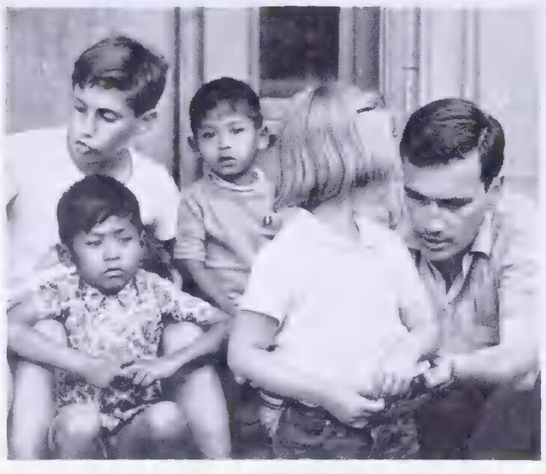


He earns $10,020 a year as a cop—and almost that much shooting brides and grooms.





Sherwyn works hard on his sideline, but has also received three police awards.





With his kids and friends (left): Bloome's children all moonlight—and so does his wife Blanche (right).

THE COMPLETE BEAN COOKBOOK

Hail to the homely, inexpensive, nourishing bean! And hail to *The Complete Bean Cookbook* ($5.95, Prentice-Hall) by Victor Bennett of San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Nob Hill Restaurant. This authoritative book includes a witty "Homage to the Bean" by Senator Everett M. Dirksen, as well as 450 recipes for delicious dishes like those at right. Top to bottom: Lentils Creole; Soy beans and Salmon; Friday Stew; Shrimp, Chicken and Bean Sprouts; Butter Beans and Pork Chops. Below, our bean primer, based on the book's glossary. Senator Dirksen's essay and selected recipes, on page 96.



Red Bean: Related to the kidney bean, red in color and a favorite for Mexican dishes and chili.

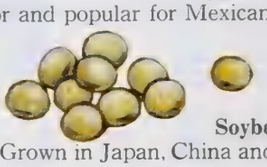


String Bean: (Often called green bean.) Any of certain varieties (like the Snap Bean shown here) grown for the pods, edible when young.



Cow-Pea Bean: A sprawling herb related more to the bean than the pea family. The seed is used for food. Popular in the South.

Pink Bean: Related to the kidney bean. Pink in color and popular for Mexican dishes.



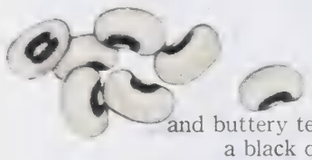
Soybean: Seeds yield oil, flour and milk. Grown in Japan, China and the United States. Crisp, nut-like flavor. Also used as a base for soy sauce.

Garbanzo Bean (Chick-Pea): Nut-like flavor, keeps shape well when cooked. Commonly pickled in vinegar and oil, with chives, and served as an appetizer or tossed with a green salad. Excellent as a main or side dish.

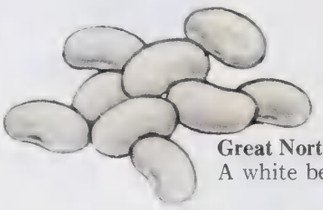




Pinto Bean: Variety of mottled field beans of the same species as the kidney bean.



Black-eyed Bean: Pleasant, sweet, pea-like flavor and buttery texture. Singular appearance: a black dot on a yellow background. Often cooked with ham hocks or pork jowls in the South.



Great Northern White Bean: A white bean grown largely in Idaho.



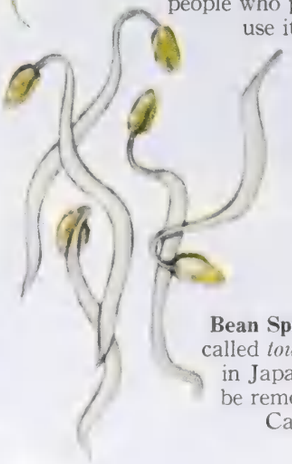
Fava Bean: *Vicia faba*, when green and tender, has a sweet, strong flavor. When mature and dried, has a tough skin and is large and rippled in appearance. When they are split and shelled, they are popular with the Portuguese, Italians and other Mediterranean people who puree the cooked fava for soup, or mash and use it in the main course of dinner or side dishes.

Cranberry Bean: Sweet, strong flavor; has a plump shape almost like the cranberry fruit. Combined with cabbage in Italian cookery; a favorite bean for succotash. Also known as the Roman bean.





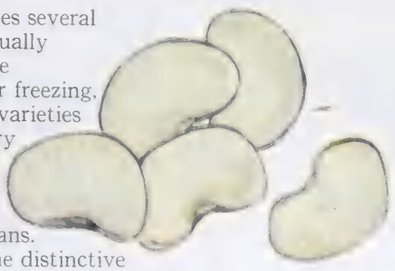
Kidney Bean: Kidney-shaped and red in color. Closely related to the small white, Great Northern, black, pink, red, cranberry and pinto. A favorite for Mexican dishes.



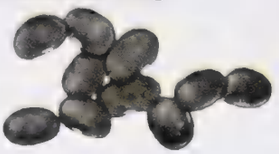


Navy Bean: Known as the small white bean. Bulk of the crop is used for Boston baked beans.

Lima Bean: The name embraces several flat-shaped beans that are actually different varieties. There is the Fordhook, a type preferred for freezing, and several other large green varieties usually served fresh. In the dry form, two varieties are most popular—the standard or large dry lima and the baby lima. Actually they are different beans. Only the standard lima has the distinctive nut-like flavor that sets it apart from all others.

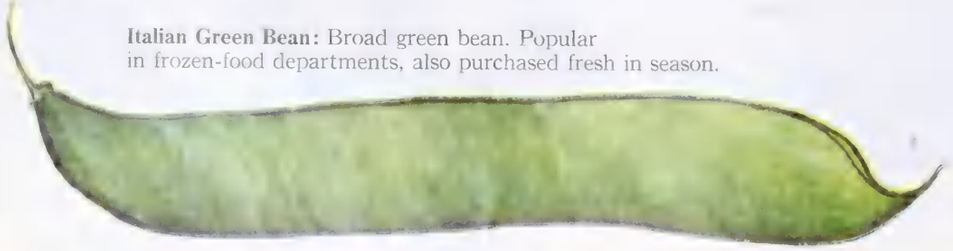


Bean Sprout: Sprouts of green beans, called *tou ya ts'ai* in Chinese, *moyashi* in Japanese. Heads and tails should be removed before sprouts are used. Canned bean sprouts should be drained before using.



Black Bean: Often used in a rich, thick soup—especially in the South. Also known as the turtle bean. Used in Oriental and Mediterranean cooking.

Italian Green Bean: Broad green bean. Popular in frozen-food departments, also purchased fresh in season.



Photograph by Elbert Budin; illustrations by Gyo Fujikawa.
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Journal Cookbook of the Month: No. 27 of a Series



Pumpernickel Muffin-Buns. Add dark molasses, yeast, caraway seeds, liqu gravy browner to rye-muffin mix.

Sesame-and-Onion Muffin-Buns made from a rye-muffin mix. Just a hint of onion—and garlic, maybe.

Cider Muffin-Buns. Or you could use apple juice. A pinch of spice, chopped nuts, then a brown sugar glaze.

Marmalade-and-Raisin Muffin-Buns start with an orange-muffin mix.

Dill Muffin-Buns from a cheese-muffin mix with yeast added and bits of bacon.

Old-Fashioned Cheese Muffin-Buns from a corn-bread muffin mix with onions added and "store cheese."

Cinnamon-Apple Muffin-
(second from left), made from a new muffin mix of the same name.

Photograph by Elbert Budin



Anadama Muffin-Buns from a corn-bread mix with yeast and molasses. Diced ham is optional.

Glazed Cranberry Muffin-Buns. There's cream cheese and cranberry sauce inside and out.

Hidden Kiss Muffin-Buns . . . from white dinner-muffin mix with a secret cache of strawberry jam.

Shiny Blueberry Muffin-Buns (second from right). A blueberry-muffin mix with an orange-flavored corn-syrup glaze.

The simplest, most basic and still one of the best—a piping hot muffin-bun made from a white dinner-muffin mix.

Muffins? Buns? 20-Minute Magic!

Whoever heard of making buns—or even individual loaves of bread—in 20 minutes flat? With real, grandmotherly, light-bread fragrance . . . the delicate, bouncy texture that only yeast can give! No waiting! No rising! No shaping! Use a mix (there are wondrous new ones on the market). Dissolve a packet of yeast in the liquid, warmed. Proceed as always. Here, a few of the miracles. Recipes on page 98.

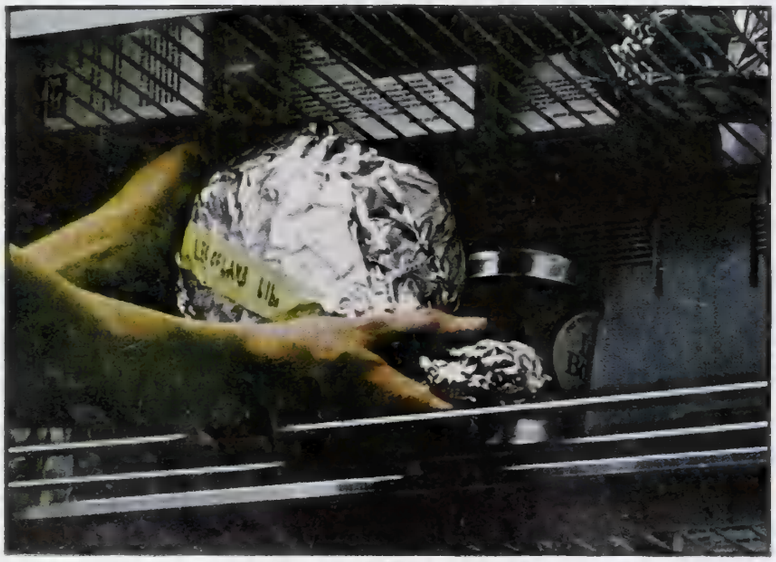
HOW TO COOK MEAT RIGHT FROM THE FREEZER

How many times has it happened to you? You've forgotten to take the meat out of the freezer and it's hard as a rock! Or a dinner party materializes and all the meat in the house is frozen solid. And you've heard all those stories that say if you cook frozen meat it gets over-done outside, stays raw on the inside, ends up dry and stringy.

Dry your tears . . . there *is* a worry-free way to cook frozen meat so that it turns out tender, juicy and evenly cooked. We've developed a Master Plan, illustrated below.

If your meat is frozen, of course it's going to take longer to cook than if you had thawed it—generally 1½ times the normal cooking time. So if you get home at 6, pull out of the freezer smaller cuts of meat, like steaks. Compare the cooking time on our chart to the time you would have to wait for meat to thaw. You'll bless this new technique.

Read over these basic steps in our Master Plan, shown here with a lamb roast. Then turn to the chart on page 94 to bone up on all the details for every kind and cut of meat. On page 92 begin party-special recipes using meat cooked right from the freezer. □ By POPPY CANNON, Food Editor



1 Remove the wrapped meat from the freezer. Check the *unfrozen* weight of the meat—marked on package before freezing. When frozen, meats weigh 1½ to twice as much. Place frozen meat in a large roasting pan that has been lined with heavy-duty aluminum foil. Leave a generous overlap of foil at each side so that meat can be enclosed in a tent of foil. (Here we add that the best way to freeze meats is to remove the supermarket wrappings and cover with heavy aluminum foil, carefully removing as much air from the package as possible. *Always* mark the package with the kind and weight of meat. For further protection and ease in handling, place foil-wrapped packets in freezer bags. If meat is not covered properly, it often gets a "freezer burn." Then *no* cooking method can save it from becoming dry and stringy.)

Photographs by Arthur Beck. For shopping information, see page 106.



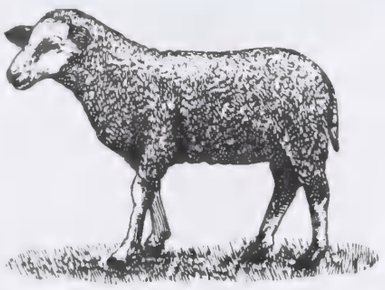
2 Fold foil across the top, bu do not fold the sides. Thi way meat will stay juicy but steam can escape so meat is no "steamed." Place in preheated 375° oven. Calculate cookin time from chart on page 94.

3 After one-third of the cook ing time has elapsed, brus meat with a little of the seasoned oil (see our recipes). Re fold foil as above for second third of cooking time.



4 When second third of cook ing time is over, make sur the meat is completely thawed by inserting a cake tester t the bone. If completely thawed, turn back foil so meat i completely exposed. Brush frequently with remaining sea soned oil. The meat will brown during this period.





5 The cooking time is over and your once-frozen meat is triumphantly tender, juicy and evenly cooked! Finish it up as described in our recipes. Here the leg of lamb, which has been basted with a mustard and garlic-seasoned oil, is garnished with artichoke hearts (also from the freezer) mixed with sautéed pine nuts if you wish. For our master cooking chart and a host of recipes that star rock-frozen meats, please turn to page 92.

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1. Birthday of Bridget, sweet Irish saint who searched long for her mother, a slave from whom she was taken at birth. Found her in the mountains making butter. So we must all have sweet whipped butter tonight, with homemade bread.

2. Blessed are candles on Candlemas, especially when scented with clove or cinnamon. To match the food?

3. Sausage and garlic, apples and oysters were favorite foods of good St. Blaise. Find them all in our Quick Pinto Bean Casserole (page 97).

4. Discovered in Helen Corbitt's *Cooks for Looks* (a treasury of delicious slimming thoughts) . . . Cinnamon Grapefruit: sprinkle spice on sweet pink grapefruit halves, bake at 300° for 10 minutes or until edges brown and fruit sections puff.

5. Turkey Supper without a bird? Buy new slices with giblet gravy, frozen. Make crusty stuffing from a mix, adding 1 beaten egg; bake in well-greased custard cups at 325° for 20 minutes, turn out, brown side up.

6. Latest cocktail-party craze—Onion Fondue: Heat 1 cup dry white wine or vermouth with 1½ cups water. Add 1 (1¾-oz.) envelope onion-soup mix, 1 large clove garlic, crushed. Cook 10 minutes, add 6 Tb. flour mixed with ½ cup water. Cook till thickened. Sprinkle with ½ cup Parmesan cheese. Use as a hot dip for cubed cooked meats, shrimp, toast.

7. Broccoli Time. Have you tried low calorie mayonnaise or Russian dressing instead of Hollandaise or lemon butter?

8. For the Boy Scouts of America (they're 58 years old today) a highly energetic munching treat—pitted California dates.

9. If you love a little butter on your potato, without calories or cholesterol—new imitation-butter-flavored salt.

10. Hail to Charles Lamb, whose name is associated with . . . no, not lamb, but his story of the accidental discovery of the glories of Roast Pork.

11. Electrifying for Edison's Birthday . . . Sangritas before brunch: Shake with ice 3 cups orange juice, ¾ cup lemon juice, ⅓ cup red wine, ⅓ cup grenadine syrup, 2 tsp. salt. Quaff with or without a tequila chaser, to the clatter of a mariachi band.

12. For his birthday the ladies of Salem, Illinois, sent fruit pies to President Lincoln in Washington. Like cherry and apple . . . how about boysenberry? (There's a new canned filling.)

13. Grant Wood, whose name has become synonymous with Middle Western American Gothic, would have loved our Cheese Muffin-Buns (see page 100).

14. Sophisticated hearts for Valentine's Day are French Coeurs à la Crème, made by blending 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, into 2 (8-oz.) pkgs. softened cream cheese. Press into cheesecloth-lined heart-shaped molds—wicker, china or metal—with holes in the bottom. Let stand refrigerated at least 6 hours.

15. Most elegant of salads, Belgian endive.

16. Friday Stew made from beans . . . dried Navy beans in the original recipe (see page 96). By substituting 2 (1-lb., 4-oz.) cans cooked white cannellini beans, stew's on in half an hour.

17. Steak on the spur of the moment, even though it's solid frozen! Steak will taste just as good—some say better. Read the whole wild story on page 94.

18. How to achieve a Creamed Onion Casserole in a mad hurry—use 2 (15½-oz.) cans New England Style Onions with Cream Sauce. Follow directions, then add 2 Tb. sherry, ½ cup toasted, slivered almonds, 1 Tb. grated lemon. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

19. Rosy rhubarb, a lyric of spring. Always perfect, never mushy cooked this way: Boil 1 cup sugar with 1 cup water till clear. Add 1 lb. (2 cups) fresh rhubarb cut in inch-long pieces. Boil. Cook uncovered till pieces just look transparent. Cover, let stand 5 minutes.

20. Fifty-one years ago today we bought from Denmark our Virgins—Islands, that is. There we learned of this Danish Asparagus Pudding. Heat 1 can condensed cream of asparagus soup (undiluted) with 2 Tb. tapioca, until tapioca bursts. Off heat, beat in, one by one, 4 egg yolks. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake at 375° for 40 minutes. Serve instantly.

21. Brotherhood Week. Fine time for Hidden Kiss Muffin-Buns (see page 98).

22. Thursday before Lent. Known as "Drunkard's Thursday," which reminds us, there are all sorts of new morsels to serve with drinks—or soups or salads. Try Buttons and Bows, Onion Waffles, Cheese Pokes.

23. In Ponti, Italy, they celebrate Polentone with *polenta*, weighing 1,000 pounds! We make a tiny one by adding 3 cups water to 1 (1½-oz.) pkg. dried mushroom soup, cook 5 minutes, add 1 cup yellow corn meal mixed with 1 cup cold water. Cook and stir till thick. Off heat, add 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs.

24. California avocados coming big and beautiful. Give them garnish role. Glorious are crescent avocado atop New York's Spar Pavilion Salad of Lobster (2 cu combined with ½ cup each fr diced raw pears, apples, bana (yes!). Toss with a bay leaf, 2 ta spoons vinegar. Serve with Ros Dressing—add a speck of tarra and Worcestershire sauce, 1 ta spoon each sherry, ketchup and he cream to 2 tablespoons mayonna

25. For Caruso's Birthday—mix bean salad Italiano. Comes ready chill in a can.

26. For Collop Monday . . . coll (How about cutlets of breaded ve Now they're frozen.

27. Great news for dieters on P cake Tuesday . . . a new skinny sion of maple syrup with calo cut from 200 to a slim 85 for a juicy quarter-cup serving.

28. Fritter Wednesday . . . and most ethereal corn cakes! Like t puffy omelets. To 4 slightly bea egg yolks add 2 cups kernel corn tsp. salt, 1 *tsp.* flour. Fold in 4 sti beaten egg whites. Fry by tablespo fuls. Serve hot and puffy out of frying pan onto the plate.

29. On this day of Leap Year Pr lege, it was once required in Scotl that a girl about to propose n wear a red-flannel petticoat t shows. For supper—Red Flan Hash, what else? Make it by adc ½ cup drained canned beets, fin chopped, 1 small onion, fin chopped, to 1 can corned beef hash. Form into patties and broil on both sides.



Romantic dessert for St. Valentine's Day . . . classic Fren Coeur à la Crème, a creamy cheese concoction shown here wi candied cherry and mint garnish and cherry preserves. For recipe see No. 14.

Noo, Noo, Noodle-O's



Noo Campbell's Soups

Two Sooper Noo Noodle Soups!
Every bowl has oodles and boodles of circular noodles. Spoonable, unspillable, non-skid noodles—so there's never a slip 'twixt the bowl and the lip!



Noo Chicken Noodle-O's Soup!
Tender chicken in a bright, full-flavored broth with lots of little noodles-in-the-round.

Noo Tomato-Beef Noodle-O's Soup!
A whole noo noodle treat with good ground beef in a sassy tomato soup. And a whole mob of Noodle-O's.



M'm! M'm! Good!

FEBRUARY

MEAL-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
 ENDIVE	 GRAPEFRUIT	 BROCCOLI	 RHUBARB	**1.** BRIDGET'S DAY Raw Vegetable Relish Irish Lamb Stew (canned or frozen) *Homemade Bread Whipped Butter Cheese and Apples	**2.** UNDER SCENTED CANDLELIGHT Fillet of Sole in Wine Sauce (frozen) Rosy New Potatoes †Corn and Peas with Tomatoes (frozen) Cucumber Salad Peach Pie (frozen)	**3.** FEAST OF ST. BLAISE Hot Tomato Juice Cocktail *Quick Pinto Bean Casserole Tossed Green Salad Bowl Lemon Turnovers (packaged)
4. SUNDAY BRUNCH *Cinnamon Broiled Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs Country Sausage Cakes Toasted English Muffins Blueberry or Black Raspberry Preserves Coffee or Tea with Milk	**5.** IMPROMPTU PARTY *Sangritas Cheeseburgers Coleslaw Waffled Potato Chips Lime Sherbet *Mexican Almond Cookies	**6.** COCKTAIL CRAZE Celery, Radishes, Raw Cauliflower *Onion Soup Fondue *Assorted Muffin-Buns Deep-Dish Cherry Pie (frozen) Hard Sauce (jar)	**7.** SUPPER FOR THE SEVENTH *Cornish Hens with Mushrooms and Grapes Broccoli †Turkey-flavored Rice (pkg.) Romaine Salad Ice Cream Roll (frozen)	**8.** INDOOR COOKOUT Grilled Frankfurters Brown 'n' Serve Club Rolls Chilled Sauerkraut, Pickles, Relish Dates, Figs, Fresh Pears Hot Chocolate	**9.** DIET-CONSCIOUS DINNER †Popcorn with Butter-Flavored Salt Mugs of Tomato Soup Hickory-Smoked Pork Chops (packaged) Dietetic Apple Sauce Leaf Spinach (frozen) Low-Calorie Chocolate Pudding (pkg.) †Low-Calorie Whipped Topping (pkg.)	**10.** LAMB'S DAY Vegetable Juice Frappé with Yogurt Topping *Loin of Pork with Apples and Apricots Candied Sweet Potatoes (frozen) Mustard Greens (frozen) Raisin Pound Cake
11. BIRD-LESS TURKEY DINNER †Turkey in Giblet Gravy (frozen) †Corn-Bread Stuffing (pkg.) Cranberry and Orange Relish (jar) Whipped Potatoes Baby Brussels Sprouts Fresh Fruit Salad	**12.** LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY *Oyster Chowder †Corn Sticks (frozen) Fried Chicken Golden Squash Boiled Potatoes in their Jackets Bread and Butter Pickles Boysenberry Pie	**13.** MIDDLE-WESTERN JOY Carrot and Celery Sticks Green Bean and Ham Casserole Tomato Aspic Salad (canned) Thousand Island Dressing (bottled) *Old-Fashioned Cheese Muffin-Buns Hot Fudge Sundae	**14.** VALENTINE BUFFET Assorted Relishes and Pickles *Orange Glazed Duck Watercress and Onion Ring Salad †Creamed Peas and Potatoes (frozen) *Coeur à la Creme* with Cherry Preserves Crisp Crackers	**15.** ENDIVE IS IN Endive and Julienne Beet Salad *Broiled Lamb Chops Rissole Potatoes (frozen) Baby Lima Beans (canned or frozen) Sliced Oranges in Champagne (or ginger ale)	**16.** STEW ON FRIDAY Sardine and Pimiento Platter *Friday Stew *Dill Muffin-Buns Raw Spinach Salad Lemon Chiffon Pie (packaged)	**17.** STEAK FOR SUPPER *Steak with Corn and Cherry Tomatoes Thin-Cut French Fries (frozen) Red and Green Cabbage Slaw Pineapple Sherbet
18. FOR SUNDAY NIGHT Consommé Madrilene (canned) *Veal Chops with Rosemary *Creamed Onions French Cut Green Beans with Mushrooms (frozen) Fresh Fruit Bowl	**19.** HAIL TO PIEPLANT Vegetable Soup (canned) †Chicken Baronet Green Salad *Rhubarb Compote	**20.** VIRGIN ISLAND SUPPER Cold Meat Platter *Danish Asparagus Pudding *Black Beans and Rum Celery Sticks and Sliced Onions Lemon Flake Cake (mix) †Coconut Almond Frosting (mix)	**21.** BROTHERHOOD FOOD Chinese Egg Drop Soup (packaged or frozen) Hungarian Stuffed Cabbage (frozen) French Cut Green Beans Belgian Baby Carrots Italian Purple Plums *Hidden Kiss Muffin-Buns	**22.** DRUNKARD'S THURSDAY Cocktails—Alcoholic and Otherwise †Buttons and Bows †Toasted Onion Wafers †Cheese Pokes Beef Teriyaki (packaged) Bean Sprout Salad Preserved Kumquats on Vanilla Ice Cream Ginger Wafers	**23.** POLENTONE FESTIVAL Antipasto Platter (Salami, Tuna, Olives, Shrimp, etc.) *Ponti Polenta with Cheese and Mushrooms Garlic Bread Mixed Vegetable Salad Italian Dressing Biscuit Tortoni (frozen)	**24.** SATURDAY LUNCHEON Hot Gazpacho (canned or homemade) *Spanish Pavilion Lobster Salad Avocado Garnish †Cheese Dinner Muffins (mix) Drained Canned Pears with Hot Butterscotch Sauce
25. CARUSO'S BIRTHDAY †Chickarina Soup with Tiny Meatballs Manicotti (frozen) Sautéed Chicken Livers with Onions Spumoni Almond Macaroons	**26.** COLLOP MONDAY Sliced Radish Salad French Dressing with Mint Breaded Veal Cutlet (frozen) Sliced Potatoes in Sour Cream Artichoke Hearts (frozen) *German Chocolate Cake (from a mix)	**27.** PANCAKE TUESDAY Beet Aspic (canned) on Chicory Leaves Buttermilk Pancakes (mix) †Low-Cal Syrup Shoulder Ham Steaks Fruit Cup	**28.** FRITTER WEDNESDAY Shrimp Cocktail *Delicate Corn Fritters with Syrup Scalloped Apples (frozen) with Heavy Cream	**29.** LEAP YEAR SUPPER Cream of Chicken Soup with Garnish of Sliced Water Chestnuts *Red Flannel Hash Bottled Barbecue Sauce Collard Greens (frozen) Frozen Eclairs	 PANCAKE TUESDAY	 FRITTER WEDNESDAY

*See Recipe Index on page 126. †New product. see Shopper's Corner on page 106.

Illustrations by Gyo Fujikawa

Begin with this

and add this

and this

and this

and this

and this



and you've got a sandwich
that's a sandwich.

If you add this.



The realcheese.
No-kidding, natural
Swiss with taste—so you
won't forget it's there.
Did you notice its name is Kraft?

See Kraft Music Hall, Wednesday Nights, NBC-TV

HEESE IS
KRAFT

FROZEN MEATS

continued from page 87

HOW TO COOK FROZEN MEAT

Our Master Plan on page 86 tells the basic steps for roasting large cuts of meat right from the freezer. Smaller cuts, like steaks, chops, and quartered chickens and ducks, can be cooked even faster, under the broiler. Our Modified Master Plan for Broiling is given below.

First, check our chart on p. 94 for the correct cooking method for the cut of meat you plan to use. Then look over the recipe (below) that applies to that cut of meat.

DO-AHEADS BEFORE FREEZING

1. Always mark the weight of meat on the package. Our cooking times are based on weight *before it is frozen.*
2. Always wrap chops, individual steaks and quartered poultry separately before freezing so they don't stick together.
3. Wash and dry all poultry before freezing.

MODIFIED MASTER PLAN FOR BROILING SMALLER CUTS OF FROZEN MEATS

1. Check the thickness (and, for large steaks, the weight *before freezing*) of the frozen meat. Calculate the cooking time from our chart.
2. Preheat broiler, placing pan at least six inches from flame.
3. Place *unseasoned* frozen meat under broiler. Broil 2 minutes on each side to seal in juices.
4. Turn meat back to first side. Brush with half the seasoned oil (given in the proper recipe for each kind of meat). Broil the required amount of time given on chart. Turn to second side. Brush with remaining oil. Broil for remainder of cooking time.
5. As a double check for doneness—cut into meat near the bone and check tenderness and color.
6. If the meat becomes too dark near end of cooking time, cover lightly with foil. Continue broiling for the prescribed time.



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LEG OF LAMB WITH ARTICHOKES

This seasoning is appropriate for all roasted and broiled lamb.

1 (5¾-lb.) frozen leg of lamb
Seasoned oil:
½ cup olive or salad oil
½ cup unsifted flour
½ cup dry mustard
2 tsp. garlic powder
1 tsp. salt
Vegetable garnish:
2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup pine nuts (optional)
2 Tb. fresh lemon juice
½ tsp. salt

Roast 1 (5¾-lb.) frozen leg of lamb according to Master Plan on p. 86 and Chart. After ½ cooking time, score fat into a diamond pattern. Brush with seasoned oil made by combining ½ cup olive or salad oil with ½ cup unsifted flour, ½ cup dry mustard, 2 teaspoons garlic powder and 1 teaspoon salt, as directed in Master Plan. Cooking time will be 3 hours 20 minutes.

Prepare garnish just before serving by cooking 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen artichoke hearts according to label directions. In a skillet in ¼ cup butter or margarine, sauté ¼ cup pine nuts. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ teaspoon salt. Heat 2 minutes longer. Gently stir in drained artichokes. Cook 2 minutes.

To serve: place lamb on serving platter. Surround with artichokes. Serves 6–8 generously.

LOIN OF PORK WITH APPLES AND APRICOTS

1 (5-lb.) loin of pork
Seasoned oil:
½ cup olive or salad oil
2 Tb. soy sauce
2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 tsp. powdered sage
2 tsp. onion salt
½ tsp. pepper
Vegetable garnish:
1 (8-oz.) pkg. dried apricots
1 (8-oz.) pkg. dried apple rings
4 cups boiling water
2 cups sliced onions
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. powdered sage
¼ tsp. pepper

Roast 1 (5-lb.) frozen loin of pork according to Master Plan on p. 86. Brush with seasoned oil made by combining ½ cup olive or salad oil with 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons powdered sage, 2 teaspoons onion salt and ½ teaspoon pepper, as directed in Master Plan.

Cooking time will be 4 hours. Prepare garnish 30 minutes before serving. Cover 1 (8-oz.) pkg. dried apricots and 1 (8-oz.) pkg. dried apple rings with 4 cups boiling water. Let stand covered for 30 minutes. Drain well.

Meanwhile sauté 2 cups sliced onions in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Cook 5–7 minutes or until just tender. Stir in drained apricots and apples, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon powdered sage and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cook gently 3–4 minutes longer or until apricots and apples are very hot.

To serve: place pork on serving platter, surround with apricots and apples. Serves 6–8 generously.

CORNISH GAME HENS WITH MUSHROOMS AND GRAPES

The seasoning is appropriate for frozen chickens whether you roast broil.

6 (12-oz.) frozen Cornish game hens
Seasoned oil:
½ cup olive or salad oil
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. pepper
Garnish:
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 cups medium-s fresh mushroo (½ lb.)
2 cups green seedless grape (½ lb.)
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup brandy

Roast 6 (12-oz.) f zen Cornish game h according to our Mas Plan on p. 86. Br with seasoned oil m by combining ½ cup ive or salad oil with teaspoon salt, 1 teasp nutmeg and ½ teasp pepper, as directed our Master Plan.

Cooking time will 1 hour. (Check after minutes. If there gizzards inside, rem them.)

Prepare garnish j before serving by s téeing in ¼ cup but or margarine 2 cups r dium mushrooms lb.). Cook 5–7 minu or until just tender. A 2 cups green seedl grapes. Sprinkle with teaspoon salt. Sauté 3 minutes longer un heated through. Gen heat ¼ cup bran Ignite and pour o mushrooms and grap



To serve: Place he on platter. Surrou with mushrooms a grapes. Serves 6.

ORANGE-GLAZED DUC

2 (5-lb.) ducks
Orange glaze:
1 cup orange marmalade
1 cup orange juice (fresh or reconstituted frozen)
2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
Watercress

Roast 2 (5-lb.) duc according to Master Plan on p. 86.

Brush with orange glaze made heating together 1 cup orange marm lade, 1 cup orange juice, 2 teaspoo salt and ½ teaspoon pepper, as directe in Master Plan. Cooking time will 3 hours.

To serve: drain ducks very well. Ga nish with watercress. Serves 6–8.

ROAST TURKEY

1 (10–12-lb.) turkey
Seasoned butter:
1 cup butter or margarine
¼ cup finely grated onion or 2 tsp. onion powder
2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper

(continue

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FROZEN MEATS *continued*

Roast 1 (10–12-lb.) turkey according to Master Plan on p. 86 and Chart Prepare seasoned butter by melting 1 cup butter or margarine and adding ¼ cup finely grated onion or 2 teaspoons onion powder, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper.

Remove giblets after 1–1½ hours cooking time. Baste turkey with some of butter mixture. Re-cover but continue to baste frequently.

After two-thirds cooking time, turn back foil to expose turkey. Continue to baste frequently using remaining butter mixture and drippings in bottom of pan.

Cooking time will be 6 hours. Serves 12 generously.



BROILED LAMB OR VEAL CHOPS

6 double lamb chops (1 inch thick) *or* 6 (1½-inch thick) veal chops
Seasoned oil for lamb:
½ cup olive or salad oil
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. powdered thyme
½ tsp. crushed rosemary
½ tsp. pepper
Seasoned oil for veal:
½ cup olive oil
2 tsp. marjoram
2 tsp. oregano
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper

Broil lamb chops 6 inches from heat as in Modified Master Plan on p. 92.

After first 2 minutes brush with seasoned oil made by combining ½ cup olive or salad oil with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon powdered thyme, ½ teaspoon crushed rosemary and ½ teaspoon per as directed in Modified Master P Cooking time will be 10 minutes side for rare lamb. Serves 6.

For veal: proceed as for lamb acc ing to Modified Master Plan and ch

After first 2 minutes brush with soned oil made by combining ½ olive oil with 2 teaspoons marjora teaspoons oregano, 1 teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon pepper. Cooking time wi 15–17 minutes each side. Serves 6.

SIRLOIN STEAK WITH CORN AND TOMATOES

1 (3½-lb.) frozen sirloin steak (1½ inches thick)
Seasoned oil:
¼ cup olive or salad oil
1½ Tb. dry mustard
1 Tb. drained horseradish
½ tsp. celery salt
¼ tsp. pepper
Vegetable garnis
2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen kernel corn (slightly thawed)
1 tsp. salt
¾ tsp. powdere sage
¼ tsp. pepper
1 basket cherry tomatoes

Broil 1 (3½-lb.) frozen sirloin s (1½ inches thick) according to M fied Master Plan on p. 92. Brush seasoned oil made by combining ¼ olive or salad oil with 1½ tablesp dry mustard, 1 tablespoon dra horseradish, ½ teaspoon celery salt ¼ teaspoon pepper, as in our Mod Master Plan on p. 92. Cooking time be 12 minutes *each side* for rare m

Prepare garnish just before servin cooking 2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen ke corn, slightly thawed, in ⅓ cup w Cook over very low heat in a tight-fit saucepan. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ spoon powdered sage and ¼ teasp pepper. Shake occasionally while c ing. When corn is just tender add ch tomatoes. Cook gently 5 minutes lor Add a little water if necessary to pre sticking.

To serve: place steak on serving ter and surround with corn and matoes. Serves 6.

CHART FOR COOKING FROZEN MEAT

TYPE OF MEAT	METHOD OF COOKING	COOKING TIME	INTERNAL TE
BEEF ribs, thick sirloin, round, rump	roasting at 375°	20 minutes per lb. plus additional 20 minutes for rare	140°
STEAKS chuck, sirloin, 1-inch thick	broiling 6 inches from heat	10–12 minutes *on each side* for rare	...
LAMB ribs, leg, shoulder	roasting at 375°	30 minutes per lb. plus additional 30 minutes for rare	150° fo pink
chops (double)	broiling 6 inches from heat	9 minutes per lb. on each side for rare	...
PORK	roasting at 375°	40 minutes per lb. plus additional 40 minutes	170°
chops (¾ inch single)	broiling 6 inches from heat	12 minutes *on each side*	...
VEAL	roasting at 375°	40 minutes per lb. plus additional 40 minutes	170°
chops (1 inch)	broiling 6 inches from heat	15–17 minutes *on each side*	...
CHICKEN			
whole (broiler-fryers)	roasting at 375°	45 minutes per lb.	...
quartered	broil 6 inches from heat	17–20 minutes *on each side*	...
Cornish Hen (12-oz.-1 lb.)	roasting at 400°	1-1¼ hours	...
DUCKS	roasting at 400°	30 minutes per lb. plus additional 30 minutes	...
quartered	broil 6 inches from heat	20 to 30 minutes	...
TURKEY	roasting at 375°	30 minutes per lb. plus additional 30 minutes	185–190°



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gs up so nice and easy, you'll never mind cleaning the oven again. And, if you get some on your pretty little hands, just wash it off with water. So, to the store with the money-saver coupon. And get Dow. What an oven cleaner!

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COMPLETE BEAN COOKBOOK

continued from page 83

Homage to the Bean

By Senator Everett M. Dirksen

From "The Complete Bean Cookbook"

It was as many years ago that a very dignified and slightly belligerent Senator took himself to the Senators' Dining Room to order bean soup, only to discover that there was no bean soup on the menu. This dereliction called for an immediate declaration of war, and the Senator promptly introduced a resolution to the effect that henceforth not a day should pass when the Senate was in session and the restaurant open that there would not be bean soup on the calendar. It has, therefore, become an inviolate practice and a glorious tradition.

There is much to be said for the succulent little bean. In fact, there is much to be said for any kind of a bean, be it kidney, navy, green, wax, Kentucky, chili, baked, pinto, Mexican or any other kind. Not only is it high in nutriment, but in that particular kind of nutritious value referred to as protein—the stuff that imparts energy and drive to the bean eater and particularly the Senators who need this sus- [illegible] when they

Its oils are further broken down for use in house paints, and the soya cake can now be compressed so hard that it makes door handles and other gadgetry.

Some day some historical bonepicker seeking a subject for a thesis that will live as long as Shakespeare will hit upon the lonely bean. What a welter of knowledge he will develop in his research! I am sure he will come to the conclusion that without the bean the earth would have long since slipped into orbit and disappeared among a galaxy inhabited by bean-eaters. Hail to the bean!

BEAN RECIPES

ED. NOTE: Many packaged dried beans have already been partially cooked before packaging, so the cooking times may be shorter than those given in the recipes. Be sure to read label directions on dried-bean packages carefully.

SOYBEANS AND SALMON (pictured, p. 83)

- 1 cup dry soybeans
- 5 tablespoons oil
- 4 slices fresh salmon, about 1½ pounds
- 1 stalk leek, cut into small sections
- 4 slices fresh ginger
- 2 tablespoons rice wine or brandy
- 3 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon sugar

Soak soybeans in water to cover overnight. Drain.

Heat oil in large skillet and fry salmon to light brown on both sides.

Add leek, ginger, wine or brandy, soy sauce, sugar and soybeans. Cover tightly and simmer gently over medium heat for 25 minutes.

Serve either hot or cold. *Serves 4.*

ED. NOTE: The texture of soybeans should always be a little crispy—it doesn't mean they need more cooking.

FRIDAY STEW (pictured)

- 1 pound dried navy beans
- 1 cup potatoes, diced
- 1 cup carrots, diced
- 1 cup onions, finely chopped
- ½ cup fresh parsley, finely chopped
- 2 cups tomatoes, finely chopped
- ½ cup oil
- 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper

Soak beans overnight. Next day, using soaking water and enough extra, if necessary, to cover, place beans over medium heat and cook for 1 hour. Add all other ingredients and cook for 1 hour more or until everything is cooked tender.

Serve hot as a main dish in bowls. *Serves 4 to 6.*

SHRIMP, CHICKEN AND BEAN SPRO (pictured)

- 4 tablespoons peanut oil
- 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 2 pounds raw shrimp, shelled and deveined
- 1 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 cup bamboo shoots, sliced
- 1 cup cooked chicken, thinl sliced
- 4 cups chicken broth
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon mo sodium glutar
- 2 cups fresh be sprouts
- 1 teaspoon suga
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch

Heat oil in a he skillet and sauté ga shrimp, mushroo bamboo shoots chicken for 5 minu stirring constantly, high flame. Place i large kettle. Add cups broth, salt monosodium glutam Cover and cook 5 r utes over high fla Add bean sprouts cook 2 minutes mor

Mix together sugar, cornstarch remaining broth. into kettle and c gently until the sa thickens. *Serves 6 t*

LENTILS CREOLE (pictured)

- 1 cup dried lentils
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 sweet peppers, minced
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 cups canned tomat
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepp
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Cooked rice or noodl

Cover the lentils w boiling water and s for 50 minutes. T boil in salted water ab 1½ hours, and drain

Melt the butter i saucepan; add gr peppers and onions cook slowly until butter browns.

Add the tomato pepper and sugar, t the lentils and simm 30 to 40 minutes.

Serve over rice noodles. *Serves 4.*

BUTTER BEANS AND PORK CHOPS (pictur

- 4 pork chops
- Salt and freshly groun black pepper
- 1 tablespoon oil
- 3 cups cooked large dried lima beans
- 1 large onion, thinly sliced
- 1 large, green sweet pepper, thinly slice
- ⅓ cup hot water
- ⅓ cup ketchup

Sprinkle pork chops with salt and pep to taste and brown in hot oil on b sides. Put lima beans, onions and gr pepper in layers in a casserole. Sprin each layer with salt and pepper to tas Top bean mixture in casserole with browned pork chops.

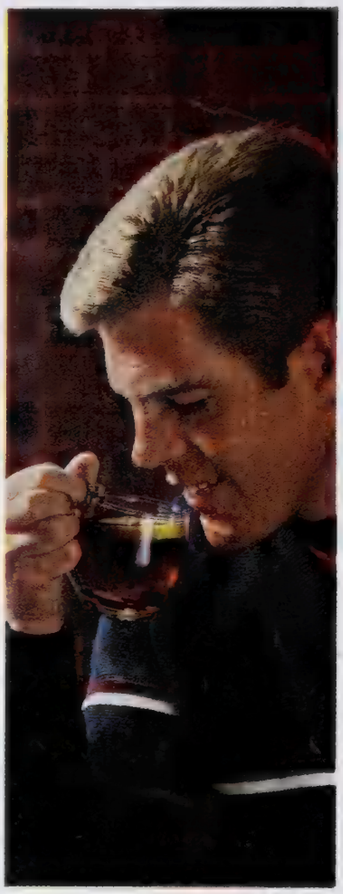
Add hot water to frying pan, stir ketchup and pour over pork chops. Ba in moderate 350° oven for 1 to 1 hours, uncovered.

Serve from casserole. *Serves 4.*

ED. NOTE: If the casserole appears to getting dry, cover for the last 30 minu of cooking time to keep liquid fr cooking away.







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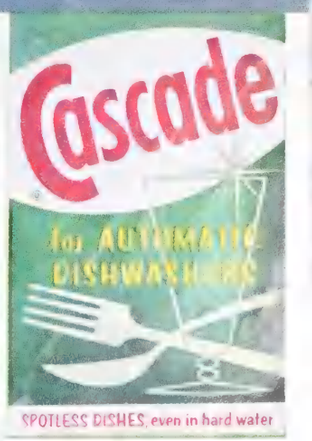
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MUFFIN-BUNS *continued*

brown sugar and butter or margarine, melted; ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Spoon topping over muffins and bake 5 to 8 minutes longer or until muffins are browned. Serve piping hot. Makes 12.

DILL MUFFIN-BUNS

- 1 envelope active dry yeast
- 1 cup milk, warmed
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. dried dill-weed
- 1 (13.75-oz.) pkg. cheese dinner-muffin mix
- 1 cup cooked, crumbled bacon
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted
- 1 tsp. more dried dillweed

Add 1 envelope active dry yeast to 1 cup warmed milk. Stir until yeast is completely dissolved. Stir in 1 egg, slightly beaten, and 1 teaspoon dried dillweed.

Add yeast mixture to 1 (13.75-oz.) pkg. cheese dinner-muffin mix. Beat according to package directions. Fold in 1 cup cooked, crumbled bacon. Fill well-greased muffin tins half full. Bake in a preheated 400° oven 15 minutes. Brush top of rolls with melted butter or margarine that has been mixed with 1 teaspoon dried dillweed. Bake 5 minutes longer or until muffins are golden brown. Serve piping hot. Makes 12.

GLAZED CRANBERRY MUFFIN-BUNS

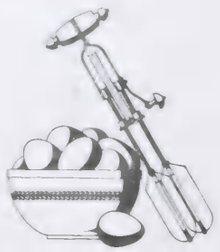
- 1 envelope active dry yeast
- 1 cup milk, warmed
- 1 egg
- ½ tsp. grated lemon peel
- 1 (13.75-oz.) pkg. white dinner-muffin mix
- ½ cup chilled, cubed cream cheese
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 cup whole-berry cranberry sauce

Add 1 envelope active dry yeast to 1 cup warmed milk. Stir until yeast is completely dissolved. Stir in 1 egg, slightly beaten, and ½ tsp. grated lemon peel.

Add yeast mixture to 1 (13.75-oz.) pkg. white dinner-muffin mix and beat according to package directions. Add ½ cup chilled, cubed cream cheese and ¼ cup sugar. Stir until just blended. Carefully fold in ½ cup whole-berry cranberry sauce.

Fill well-greased muffin cups half full. Bake in preheated 400° oven 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly brown.

Brush top of muffins with ½ cup more whole-berry cranberry sauce that has been well stirred. Bake 5 to 10 minutes longer or until well browned. Serve piping hot. Makes 12.



SHINY BLUEBERRY MUFFIN-BUNS

- 1 envelope active dry yeast
- ½ cup milk, warmed
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. grated orange rind
- ½ tsp. allspice
- 1 (13-oz.) pkg. blueberry-muffin mix
- Pulp of orange, coarsely chopped
- 2 Tb. corn syrup
- ¼ tsp. cardamom

Add 1 envelope active dry yeast to ½ cup warmed milk. Stir until yeast is completely dissolved. Stir in 1 egg, slightly beaten, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, and ½ teaspoon allspice.

Prepare canned blueberries from 1 (13-oz.) pkg. blueberry-muffin mix according to directions. Add yeast mixture to muffin mix and stir only until dampened. Gently fold in prepared blueberries. Fill well-greased muffin cups half full. Bake in a preheated 400° oven 15 minutes. Brush top of muffins with a glaze made by mixing pulp of one orange, coarsely chopped, 2 tablespoons corn syrup and ¼ teaspoon cardamom. Bake muffins 5 minutes longer or until golden brown. Serve hot. Makes 10 to 12.

MARMALADE-AND-RAISIN MUFFIN-BUNS

Note our new, quick way to make raisins get plumper faster. Cover with cold water, bring to a boil and let stand about 5 minutes. Drain well. Blot dry.

- ½ cup milk, warmed
- 1 envelope active dry yeast
- 1 egg
- 1 cup water
- ½ cup seedless raisins
- 1 (14-oz.) pkg. orange-muffin mix
- 2 Tb. each orange marmalade and white corn syrup

In ½ cup warmed milk (about 105°) dissolve 1 envelope active dry yeast, stirring until yeast is completely dissolved. Add 1 egg.

Add 1 cup water to ½ cup seedless raisins. Bring to boil. Cover. Let stand 5 minutes. Then drain and blot dry on paper towels. To 1 (14-oz.) pkg. orange-muffin mix, add yeast mixture and plumped, drained raisins. Stir until just dampened.

Fill well-greased muffin cups half full. Bake in preheated 400° oven 15 minutes. Brush muffins all over with 2 tablespoons orange marmalade that has been mixed with 2 tablespoons white corn syrup. Bake 5 minutes longer or until muffins are golden brown. Serve hot. Makes 10 to 12.

CINNAMON APPLE MUFFIN-BUNS

- ½ cup milk, warmed
- 1 envelope active dry yeast
- 1 egg
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg
- ⅛ tsp. cloves
- 1 (14-oz.) pkg. apple-cinnamon muffin mix
- 1 Tb. confectioner sugar

To ½ cup warmed milk (about 105° add 1 envelope active dry yeast, stirring until yeast is completely dissolved. Add 1 egg, slightly beaten, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, and ⅛ teaspoon cloves.

Combine yeast mixture with 1 (14-oz. pkg. apple-cinnamon muffin mix, stirring only until batter is well dampened.

Fill well-greased muffin cups half full. Bake in a preheated 400° oven 15 to 20 minutes or until muffins are golden brown. Remove from cups and sprinkle all lightly with 1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar. Serve hot. Makes muffins.

OLD-FASHIONED CHEESE MUFFIN-BUNS

- ⅔ cup milk, warmed
- 1 envelope active dry yeast
- 1 egg
- 1 (12-oz.) pkg. corn-muffin mix
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 cup cubed Cheddar cheese
- 1 egg white

To ⅔ cup warmed milk (about 105° add 1 envelope active dry yeast, stirring until completely dissolved. Add 1 egg, slightly beaten.

Combine yeast-egg mixture with (12-oz.) pkg. corn-muffin mix and ½ cup chopped onion. Stir only until corn meal is well dampened.

Fill well-greased muffin tins half full. Top with 1 cup cubed Cheddar cheese, dividing evenly among muffins. Bake in preheated 400° oven 15 minutes or until golden brown. Brush once or twice during baking with 1 egg white, unbeaten. Serve piping hot. Makes 10 or 12. EN



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GF GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



...nued from page 81

...ss the refrigerator without reaching ...e for a snack.

11 P.M., Blanche and the children ...in bed. Sherwyn continued to work ... 2 A.M. The following morning he ...at 5:30. By 8:30, dapper in his plain ...es, he was at his desk in Police Head... ...ers (he currently is an expert as... ...d to administration in the Pa... ...Division).

Bloomes' combi... ...n of wedding pho... ...aphy and police ... came about in an ...itous way. Until he ...well into his twen... Sherwyn had never ... a camera, other ...the family Brownie. ...on Chicago's teem... Vest Side, his orig... ambition was to ... the slum and be... ...e an artist. This ...did not gratify his ...nts. Like most Jew... immigrants, they ...ed their children to ...me professional ...le. Their younger ...Michael, is a doctor ...interning at Iowa ...University Hospi... ...out their first-born, ...wyn, went directly ...h Manley High ...ol into the Marine ...s in World War II. ...erwyn landed with ...th and 3rd Amphib... Corps on Saipan, ...an and Okinawa. ...ough he was under ...in several battles, ...nly injury was mul... fractures of the ... suffered in boxing ...ches with anti... ...itic tormentors. In ... he resumed his ca... as an art student, ...he Art Institute of ...ago and the Amer... Academy of Art, ...king as a taxi driver ...is free time. That ...mer he was admitted ...he University of ...consin. Though he ...ked at three jobs— ...ing a taxi and a ...k and loading bread bakery—he found ...as able to save only ...a week. It was then someone told him ...e were openings in Chicago Park Dis... Police Department (later consoli... ...d into the regular Chicago police ...e), and that if he passed the tests, ...ould make $251 a month. Bloome ... the exams, expecting to be a just long enough to make sufficient ...ey to go to college, but he liked ...ce work so much that, by the end ...he first year, college was forgotten. ...herwyn met Blanche in 1948. She only 18, and working as the secre... ... to the director of the Anti-Defama... League when her organization de... ...d to open a booth at a big veterans' ...vention. Being the prettiest girl in office, Blanche was put into the booth for decorative purposes. She was spotted there by Bloome, who was a delegate from his AMVETS post. The courtship lasted four years, mostly because Blanche had nagging doubts about a cop's ability to make a satisfactory living. That's when Sherwyn first began his moonlighting, working after hours as a clothing salesman in department stores. "I finally couldn't resist anymore," says Blanche, "and we were married on October 25, 1952. We didn't even have enough money for a honeymoon trip."

When Judy was born in 1953, Sherwyn's police take-home pay was only about $4,000 a year. By the time Steven arrived in 1957, the Bloomes' total income had jumped to nearly $7,000 because Sherwyn had backed into moonlighting as a photographer. In 1953, the Park District had decided that there should be a camera in each of the four district stations to get photographic evidence for prosecuting criminals. Bloome, still a uniformed patrolman, remembered his art ambitions, and decided that photography was an extension of art. He volunteered to take training in the handling of his district's new camera.

The decision almost immediately paid off. A Bloome photograph of a mugging victim was so graphic that a judge took one look at the picture of the man's battered face and sentenced the perpetrator of the crime to one to three years in the penitentiary. Bloome soon became recognized as one of the top amateur photographers in the city.

He turned pro in 1955. It was his habit, while working his beat, to drop in at the Belden Stratford Hotel for coffee, and one day the hotel's caterer, Ann Strauss, said, "Why don't you try to make some money out of this hobby of yours? There's a fortune in wedding photography." Mrs. Strauss told him about the city's leading practitioner of wedding photography, Phil Mlodinoff. Bloome went to see him. "I'll work for you for nothing if you just teach me the business," he told Mlodinoff.

Mlodinoff hired him—for nothing. In his off-duty hours Sherwyn assisted Mlodinoff for months. After a while, the maestro paid Bloome $10 a job, and finally, when Mlodinoff felt Sherwyn was ready to solo, he raised him to $25.

"By 1959, I was eighth-string catcher on Mlodinoff's team," Bloome says, "but I was making an extra 50 or 75 dollars a week. When I was on police duty at night, I handled afternoon weddings. When I worked from 8 A.M. to 4 or midnight to 8, I did the evening weddings."

By 1965, Bloome was Mlodinoff's No. 1 assistant, but he was still making only $25 for shooting an entire wedding. "Up to this point I had been nagging Sherwyn to leave Mlodinoff and go into the wedding photography business on his own," Blanche recalls. "I *knew* he could do it, because people kept calling the house asking for Sherwyn to do their weddings, but Sherwyn kept telling me, 'I'll do it when I'm ready.' I thought he never would, but when he came back from teaching a course at the Winona School of Professional Photography in Indiana, he walked in and said, 'I'm ready.' Then *I* flew into a panic, but three days later I knew we were going to be all right. Sherwyn got his first job as an independent wedding photographer. I'll never forget the date. It was October 23, 1965. I'll never forget the check, either. It was for 425 sweet dollars."

Blanche didn't know it at the time, but that first check marked the beginning of *her* moonlighting career, too. Sherwyn set up his business in their apartment, but he acquired all the equipment and supplies of a big-time studio. Such an operation required a full-time staff—and Blanche became *it*.

Today she puts in up to 16 hours a day on the job. In the morning, after Sherwyn and the children have gone, she does her housework from 8:30 to 10. Then she begins making her telephone calls to prospective clients, which average about 10 a day. She works on proofs and albums, rushes out to take orders and make deliveries, and keeps the financial records and supplies in order. She has developed her own delightfully chaotic method of doing things—including one of the most unique filing systems on record. She piles her partially completed orders on the mantelpiece in the living room. Orders that are ready to be delivered are lined up neatly on the coffee table.

In odd hours she works at her primary job of wife and mother. Monday is heavy-cleaning and marketing day. Dinners are prepared as soon as the afternoon phone calls are out of the way. Laundry is done at night when Sherwyn is out on calls.

(continued

We challenged every oven cleaner made to match this one in speed, ease and cleaning power:



[We've had no takers.]

And Jifoam's exclusive formulation and method of application are protected under United States Patent #3,335,092.
© Shelco, Inc. 1958

Sherwyn's schedule is hardly less hectic. Barring a police emergency, he leaves headquarters at 5 in the afternoon, has dinner with Blanche and the children, naps for an hour and then sets off on his rounds, delivering photos and attempting to drum up new business.

Most of Sherwyn's weddings are on Saturday and Sunday, and his busiest months are June, August, September and December, although he says, "The wedding business fluctuates with the moon, the state of the economy and the demands of the military draft." Frequently, he has more wedding assignments than he can handle himself and, to fill in, he hires as assistants four other professional photographers.

Sherwyn normally spends about eight hours at a wedding. His minimum guarantee is $135, but he averages $350 per job. His take has been as high as $800 for a single wedding. His final fee depends, of course, on how many prints and albums are ordered after the proofs are seen by the bride and groom and their families.

Once, he had to take off immediately after the bridal dance to command a police task force rushed to O'Hare Airport to keep crowds away from the scene of an airplane crash. On another occasion he arrived to do a wedding and was startled when he recognized two undercover men from the Intelligence Division of the Police Department among the celebrants. One of them cornered him in the men's room and said, "We know what you're doing here, and it's OK. Just act as if you don't know us."

Puzzled, Bloome began working. He had no idea what was going on until after the ceremony, when the bride said to him, "I want you to take a picture of me with Uncle Tony." She rushed into the crowd to get Uncle Tony, and when she returned she had in tow a man whom Bloome knew immediately as Tony Accardo, the Chicago Mafia chieftain. "I gulped and looked for the Intelligence Division men," Bloome says. "I caught the eye of one of them, and he winked and nodded. I took the picture of Uncle Tony, and my police friend took a picture of me taking the picture of Uncle Tony. I understand that that shot, cropped down, is the best Accardo photo they have in their Intelligence files."

Today, Sherwyn Bloome makes $10,020 a year as a police sergeant (he now ranks high on the list for promotion to lieutenant). In its first year, his photography business grossed $22,200. Little of this was profit. In addition to paying for supplies, processing and the fees of his four assistants, he also bought $8,000 worth of equipment to enable him to keep pace with his big competitors. In 1967, however, he photographed more than 100 weddings, and with smaller outlays for supplies and equipment figured to make a net profit of nearly as much as his $10,000 police salary.

Blanche says, "When I was younger I had dreams of Cadillacs and big houses. Now the dreams have been replaced by reality. What I like now is that we have enough money to pay the kids' medical bills and that we were able to take our first vacation in 17 years last December. It was like the honeymoon we never were able to afford when we got married.

"Sherwyn *always* made sure I had pretty clothes to wear, and I have a closetful, so being able to buy clothes doesn't thrill me. I *would* like to buy a house where we could have a boutique-type photographic studio on the first floor, and I *would* like to send Judy to a ranch where she could ride horses all summer, and I *would* like for all of us to take vacations in Europe. But most of all I want to see my kids grown and on their own, with nothing to worry about."

Such aspirations were the principal subject of conversation at the Bloomes' one evening. I had returned home with Sherwyn in his air-conditioned Ford convertible after a day and a half of police and photographic rounds. As he drove to his garage behind the apartment house, he sounded his regular signal, a joyful beep-beep-be-beep-beep, on his car horn, and Blanche and the two children ran down to help him unload the camera equipment from the automobile.

We sat down to a sumptuous dinner, which Blanche had somehow managed to cook in the midst of her telephone calls and photo sorting. Between huge mouthfuls of food, Steven discussed his future. "Right now," he said, "I help Dad for nothing because he's so good to me. But later, when I'm old enough, I'm going to be his assistant and make enough money to work my way through medical school. After I'm a doctor, I might become a medical photographe

Judy said, "I'm going to college to a teacher. I want to teach the fou grade. When *I* was in the fourth grad had a blast." Asked whether her paren backbreaking work schedule made l feel deprived in terms of not being w them enough, she said, "Not at They're always there when I need the Dad makes sure to have dinner with every night during the week, and wh he's been working too many weeken he takes one off ev once in a while to horseback riding w me. Besides, what's unusual about mo lighting? All my frien parents do it, too."

"I never thoug about that," mus Blanche, "but most the people I know hold down two jobs guess it's becoming new way of life. The Steve, who's an engin with an electronics fi but he works in an pliance store as a sa man two nights a w and Saturday. Sidne a TV director in daytime and an acto the stage at night. Fr die and his wife o and manage a rest rant, but he's a m cian on weekends."

Sherwyn said, don't know how ma guys in the Police D partment are moonlig ing, but I think th are hundreds, mayb thousand or more. Th have to get written p mission, but as long the extra work does interfere with their du they usually get it. T only things they're allowed to do is dr taxis, tend bars or private investigating guard work in unifo I know one man w works as a magician club benefits, anothe a licensed embalmer, most of them are sa men or run repair sho Most interesting is t we've got dozens of m who work as cops day and teachers night—or vice ver Sometimes it's hard tell whether they moonlighting cops moonlighting teacher

After dinner, the nightly confusion gan. Photographs and camera equipm were dragged out. The two telepho went into incessant use. The Bloom a seven-job family, were at work.

That's the way with us moonlight As a Government Report said: "T moonlighter is not a scamp but a sca goat, not greedy but in need of ad tional income."

That's exactly what I try to tell neighbors when they hear two ty writers clacking away in my house in middle of the night. E

Turn the page for David Brinkley's c ments on this How America Lives.

How about eating out in?



At Brennan's, in the heart of New Orleans' historic French Quarter, a dinner favorite is Shrimp Romanoff. Here's how to make it with Betty Crocker Noodles Romanoff.

1 pkg. (4-serving size) Betty Crocker Noodles Romanoff
1 can (4½ oz.) shrimp, rinsed and drained
1 cup shredded Swiss cheese
1 tbsp. chopped chives

Heat oven to 350°. Prepare Noodles Romanoff as directed on package except—increase milk to ½ cup.

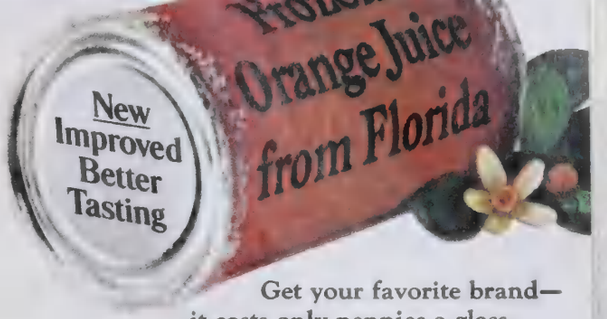
In 1½-quart casserole, layer half the noodles, the shrimp and cheese; top with remaining noodles. Sprinkle with chives. Cover and bake *15 to 20 minutes. 4 servings.* Dinner rolls and a garden-fresh salad round out the meal.

Note: 1 can (6½ oz.) tuna, drained, can be substituted for the shrimp.



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DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL:

WHAT A LITTLE MOONLIGHT CA DO FOR YOU

People do not hold down second jobs just to make extra money, says David Brinkley, in his monthly commentary on How America Lives. They do so mostly to satisfy social, emotional or aesthetic needs not fulfilled on their regular jobs.

Teachers and policemen and others who are wor more than they are paid are the most active moonlighters, a it is always explained that their regular jobs simply do not p enough. Undoubtedly, they are not paid enough—and m families can use the extra money. But, as one who also doe little moonlighting, I think there is more to it than that.

Voltaire instructed us that "work keeps at bay three gre evils: vice, boredom and need." It is interesting to note th he listed need as the *last* of the evils. So, I suspect, would lot of moonlighters.

To work 40 hours or less in a week that lasts 168 hou leaves 128 hours open to vice and boredom. Even among tho pure souls never tempted to vice, the specter of boredom always there. And even eight hours asleep every night s leaves 72 hours every week to be occupied with somethin That is enough time for an awful lot of vice and boredo whether or not there is any need.

I think it is mainly that energetic and ambitious peo simply do not find full satisfaction in a job that takes up l than a fourth of their time, so they devote their other hours other work and call it moonlighting, telling themselves th need the money. Maybe they do, but I think that often, if n always, they also need some physical, social, emotional aesthetic satisfaction not found in their regular jobs.

I know a public-school teacher who works at night playi a guitar and singing folk songs in a nightclub. He needs t money, but after a day in a room full of children he also nee the adult conviviality he finds at night, and he needs to e press a side of his personality that is submerged all day.

Look at Sergeant Bloome in this month's How Ameri Lives. Isn't it clear that his moonlighting brings him satisfa tions he does not find in police work? Oh, he says he needs t money, of course, and no doubt he does. But he is an energe and ambitious man with a taste for the creative and artist Around the police station there is not enough of that satisfy him—and so he finds it in moonlighting.

A second job can be chosen with greater selectivity th the first job, since it often is not an absolute economic nec sity, and so the moonlighter can choose one to satisfy so need not satisfied elsewhere, and he can make a little mon by usefully absorbing the hours, energies and drives 40-hour week leaves unused.

Even before Voltaire, the standard vices included sloth sitting around in a lazy, suety heap, idling away every week perfectly good hours that will never appear again. If that a vice, it is also a bore—perhaps the greatest evil of all.

It is totally unsurprising that we have 3.9 million moo lighters. Among a people as energetic as we, it is a lit surprising that we don't have even more.

David Brinkley

hen dogs
eed a new trick

etty Crocker Scalloped Potatoes
g Kabobs. And succulent slices
atoes in a velvety sauce. Care-
easoned with herbs, mellow
ar. Good show. Good eating.





the book. "I have it. You played with me as a boy at the Whitestone Pond. It must be—why, it must be a quarter of a century."

"I'm afraid I don't remember," Brett said stiffly. But he had remembered. He remembered a fat little bully, a head screwed straight onto the hunched shoulders.

"Give me a moment," said the man, "and I'll even get your name." He flicked his fingers. "It began with B, something like ——"

"My name's Bloxton," said Brett.

"Bloxton. Of course!" He laughed shortly. "You once pushed me into the pond. You wouldn't remember."

"No. Anyway, it's very shallow."

"It wasn't so much the wetness . . ." There was a pause.

Brett said, "That book of yours." He wanted to get away from the man's memory of the boy at the pond.

"The book? Oh, yes." The man flicked the pages. "Po Lu-yen. Read any of him?"

"A little. He's a best seller, isn't he?" He knew perfectly well Po was a best seller. The government saw to that.

"A magnificent poet, in my opinion," said the man, his eyes flickering. "Only wish I could read him in the original Mandarin. As it is, I'm stuck with bonesetting."

"Bonesetting?"

"And massage, of course. Little bit of acupuncture on the side." He looked aslant at Brett. "Ever tried moxibustion?"

"I'm afraid I've never heard of it."

"Cauterization with moxa leaf powder. I was just thinking—well, old man, that thing on your head . . ." His voice was drowned for a moment as the train accelerated out of the station called Collective Farm. "An adhesive tape is never adequate, especially since you haven't cut away the hair."

Brett wondered for a moment if the man had X-ray eyes. "How did you know I ——"

"Reflection in the car window, dear fellow."

In the long, drawn-out silence that fell between them, Contentment Park came and went. The train began slowing for Harbin. The man roused himself. "Getting off here? So am I."

Brett expected the next question. It came after they had laboriously climbed the interminable flight of steps at the side of the long-disused elevators.

"Look here, old man," the bonesetter said. "Come along to my place and I'll cut away some of the hair and take a look. Rusty nails can make a lot of trouble ——"

"It was a clean nail."

"Come along with me, there's a sensible fellow. Just one little thing"—he looked around, as if he were actually searching—"I ought to ring my wife and tell her we're on our way. She isn't used to visitors. Now where can I——"

"The telephone booths are over there," said Brett, pointing.

He waited 15 seconds, loitering by an empty newsstand. Then he moved swiftly up to the telephone booth, keeping behind the occupant's back. He saw the thick finger inserted into the dial three times at the same point. Brett walked quickly to the fog-drenched street, pulling Doggy's cap over his head. *Another name for the militia black list,* he thought. Bloxton, *(continued)*

E LUCIFER CELL

inued from page 74

shoulders. As the train gathered d again, the man took a tatter-ked volume out of his pocket. He turning in Brett's direction. At Brett knew they had met before. turned his face to the window, but already the other man's voice was in his ear, inaudible to other passengers.

"We've met before, I believe." The tone was deferential. "A very long time ago. Oxford perhaps?"

"I was at Cambridge."

"Then further back still—Marlborough? No. But we must be getting warm." The man slapped his knee with



"Just looking, thanks"

when a sole needs a mate

Try Betty Crocker Au Gratin Potatoes
Once you try 'em, you're hooked.
Tender potatoes in a delicately seasoned sauce, with blue cheese and Cheddar.
What sole could find a better mate.





suspicious injury on scalp, denying childhood acquaintance, probably unsound on Pa Lu-yen. Yes, Comrade Militiaman, Bloxton. I'm delaying him at Harbin station.

Brett's eyes were caught by lights in a row of windows. A night eating cooperative for factory hands: there would be a washstand at the rear, and soap.

The few customers took no notice of him, but he was confronted by a large, middle-aged woman. Then, quietly, "I suppose you want to clean up that mess on your 'ead."

She walked behind the counter to a door at the back, and beckoned. He followed her through the door. It was over before he had time to cry out. He sat gasping, sweat pricking through his shirt.

"Good boy," she said. "And only a teeny-weeny bit of 'air came away with the tape. How'd you get that cut?"

"A nail—a nice, clean nail."

"Rubbish! Is this stuff stinging, love?" she was pouring from a bottle of antiseptic. "Give over," she said, imploringly. "I'm on your side, see?"

She produced a comb, moved hairs about. "I'm parting it on the other side. That 'ides the cut nicely."

"Thanks."

"Look after yerself, love. Got a wife?"

"I've got a girl." He glanced at a wall clock, and followed the woman to a back door. As he passed through he kissed her quickly on the cheek.

Fog wrapped around him possessively. He crossed the road and through damp grass to a bench hill overlooking a pond. Sudd heard voices, a snatch of song, He passed his hand across his re hair, making sure it remained i

There were three of them, tw men in the brown plastic jacket youth movement, and a crop blond girl in the blue tunic issued lective farm workers. Brett cur luck—vigilantes! They came ou swirling mist more quickly than expected. The bigger of the two staring wolfishly down at him, light in his hand.

"Just look what we've got here

The girl studied Brett. "Pass movement pass, comrade?"

Brett pulled out his I.L. car younger man stepped forward a it. "Inner London," he said. "N on the Heath," he said hostilely is classified an agricultural area.

"I'll get back to the other sid road if that satisfies you." Brett st out his hand for his card. But t had passed it on to the others.

"Who are you, anyway?" as older man.

"Brett, Adam."

"We can see that. Where work? What are you doing u alone on a festival day?"

"I work at *The People's Times* to live here—just thought I'd lik how it looked now."

"In the fog, at night?"

"That's how I remember it be

There was suddenly another l his face. The younger man said, " exactly did you live?"

"Fifteen West Heath Road."

"West Heath Road's the oth of the pond."

"I went there first and then on here. I'd like my pass back"- held out his hand. The girl glan easily at her companions. They n She gave Brett the pass.

The older man with the cropp asked, "Party member?"

"Yes. Number 1448677."

"Card."

Brett produced it. The man ins it and handed it back. There was ceptible change of atmosphere. did not want it to change aga stood up. The younger vigilan staring at him. Suddenly, venom voice, he said, "I've always thou Party is too large. We shouldn' taken even the half of them. It's discipline."

The girl's eyes were appreh "Let's go up to the Club," she sai him come with us—he's a comra

"It's good of you," said Brett q "But I ——"



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Zig Zag Party Torte: Split 2 yellow cake layers. Spread ¼ cup jelly between each layer. Frost top and sides with vanilla frosting. Stir ¼ cup jelly; spoon strips of jelly on top. Draw knife across jelly to form design. Berry good!

See "The Kraft Music Hall," Wednesday Nights, NBC-TV.

KRAFT

Journal Shopping Center

HOW TO COOK MEAT RIGHT F THE FREEZER—pages 86-87. La shown on Spode's Henri IV oval meat p Freezer and range are by Frigidaire.
MEAL A DAY—page 90. Feb. 2: F Corn and Peas with Tomatoes from *Bird'* Feb. 5: Sangritas made with *Calvert* Ma Tequila. Feb. 7: New Turkey-flavored *Rice-A-Roni*. Feb. 9: *Durkee's* Imitation ter-Flavored Salt; *D-Zerta* Whipped To Feb. 11: *Ralston-Purina* Honeysuckle Sliced Turkey in Giblet Gravy; Corn Stuffing is *Pepperidge Farm*. Feb. 12: Corn Sticks from *Aunt Jemima*; Boysen Pie Filling by *Comstock*. Feb. 14: Cre Peas and Potatoes are *Bird's Eye*. Fe *Lipton's* Chicken Baronet. Feb. 20: *Pill* Coconut Almond Frosting mix. Feb. 22: *Crocker* Buttons and Bows; Old L Toasted Onion Wafers; *Kellogg's* Cheese F Feb. 25: *Progresso* Chickarina Soup. Fe *Swan'sDown* German Chocolate Cake Feb. 27: Low-Calorie Syrup from *Log*

e older man said, "But what? You
l the suggestion. It was made in a
adely spirit."
e Agricultural Collective Club,
in branch, was housed in one wing
dilapidated building on the edge of
leath. There were warm lights shin-
hrough the curtains and sounds of a
as they showed their Party cards
e guard at the door. He was an old
uniformed but timid, his belt and
l holster hanging from a hook on the
of his cubbyhole.
ey found an empty table and or-
l Britlem from a sulky woman at-
ant. For a moment they sat in si-
, savoring the warmth and the
ub around them. There were voices
the neighboring table.
es, Red Park. Pumped full of lead."
owards! Under cover of fog."
o doubt about it. Definitely Servi-
from what I gather from a man
——"
loody traitors! Only one answer
Reprisals."
e older vigilante, Brett noticed,
sitting quite still. Brett took out his
and stuffed it with tobacco. A fig-
eated itself heavily to his left, and
npleasant voice said, "Didn't ex-
to find you here, old man."
ett raised his eyes. The bonesetter!
ame with friends," Brett said
bly.
e thick body swiveled toward the
antes. "The comrade and I met to-
t on the tube. Knew each other
s ago—playmates, you could say."
ett glanced toward the entrance of
all. No one stood between him and
loor.
e girl said irritably, "Who are you,
ay?" and for a second Brett had
urious feeling of having an ally.
told you," the bonesetter said,
a childhood friend of Comrade
ton here."
loxton?" The girl's face puckered.
've got it wrong, comrade. The
is Brett."
o, Bloxton," said the bonesetter.
ett knocked out his pipe on the heel
s boot.
We've seen his card," said the girl,
ed with her victory. She sipped her
and made it bubble with the straw.
y name's Brett," said Brett to the
y, smiling face. "You got it wrong.
show you my card."
y wife," said the man, "would
been pleased to help. It was a bit-
isappointment when I left the phone
and found that you'd disap-
ed."

younger vigilante was listening
y. "In what way," he asked
ly, "did the comrade here need
"
would be about ten long paces to
loor. Brett estimated. Then there
the guard at the entrance. He un-
ed his legs and placed both feet
ely on the floor.
here was an injury," said the bone-
r in an offhand tone. "A recent
d, if I am any judge."
e vigilante, his eyes on Brett's,
"There's no sign of it. First you get
ame wrong. Now you get physical
ls wrong."
think the comrade has now parted
air on the other side, and that in
st hour the adhesive tape has been
ved." The bonesetter smiled at
.
was a question of timing now,

merely of timing. There would be a wrong moment to run, and a right moment. The vigilante was already stretching out his hand to touch Brett's hair.

Brett reached the doorway in eight paces, instead of the ten he had allowed for. Then there were six more strides through the coat-filled hall to where the old guard loitered at the door of his cubbyhole. There were shouts from the rooms behind. In the second that it took Brett to clear the entrance he glimpsed the guard turning uncertainly to where his pistol holster hung on a nail. Brett was over the stone wall that gave onto the Heath and deep into the trees beyond before the first shots were fired.

"Tell me more about the Devil, Roly," said Mrs. Lin.

"The Devil?"

"The fellow that whispers about a quiet life." Half an hour previously she had cleared away the supper things. Then she had gone into the bedroom, showered, powdered and painted, and changed into light-gray silk pajamas and a brocaded jacket. When she came back into the sitting room her step was buoyant, and her eyes unusually bright.

"The Devil," she said. "I thought he wanted you to settle down and marry some good woman—your phrase, Roly." Her smile disconcerted Servison; it seemed forced.

"You remember that first time we met?" he asked. "It seemed incredible, then, that we should become . . ." he hesitated, groped delicately for a word.

"Lovers," said Mrs. Lin quietly. "Yes it did seem incredible. Did you expect that one day Lin would have a quarrel with you in your own office?"

Servison said, "He behaved incorrectly. But General Lin was in many ways a remarkable, admirable man."

She thought, *Does he expect me to go back to the General? He must know I can't go back anywhere now—not to the General, not to California, and certainly not to China. Nor can I go on living here alone, abandoned. It's already desolate enough* . . . Servison was still speaking.

". . . a time when every public figure must review his personal connections, however painful the process may be, a time when even the most precious relationship imperils the image that is a vital part of . . ."

A chill breath of air caught her cheek. She turned and closed the window, drawing the silk curtains. When she faced him again, eyes glistening, he was saying, ". . . been thinking the matter over from every possible angle. Uncharitable though it undoubtedly is, a large section of the population views association with our Chinese friends and allies as being a kind of . . ."

He paused.

"Betrayal," she said.

He looked down.

"Of course, we can take our time about this and"—he stood up suddenly, and came toward her— "and continue to see a great deal of each other."

"You mean, you still want me as your mistress for a while. So long as I keep out of the way."

His face stiffened.

She playfully caught his hand and kissed his cheek. With her soft lips against his ear she whispered, "Roly darling, I think you're being tremendously sensible. I really do. And for once I'm going to be sensible too."

Half an hour later the phone rang in the hall. Servison was asleep, snoring lightly. Mrs. Lin slipped away from him and went to answer the call.

Brett pushed open the Frith Street door, the smell of damp coats hitting him full in the face. At the top of the stairs he turned left, and knocked gently at the last door.

"Come in," Teddy said.

The light from the small room behind her threw deep shadows under the high cheekbones. She was smiling. Reaching out, she drew him into the room.

He sat down suddenly on the battered velvet-covered chair. Protruding springs dug into his thighs like reproaches.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

He told her of his *(continued)*



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BARBECUE SAUCE *(Makes 1 quart)*

- 1 cup chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 3½ cups CONTADINA® Tomato Puree
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ¼ cup light molasses
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt

Sauté onion in oil. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer uncovered 15 minutes. BARBECUED CHICKEN: Heat 3 tablespoons butter in shallow pan. Season 3½ pounds frying chicken pieces. Place skin side down in pan. Bake at 425°F. for 25 minutes. Turn; cover with sauce. Bake 35 minutes longer. Baste once. Serves 4-6.

FROM THE 8 GREAT TOMATO FOLKS



escape. "But it was a mess. They even got a look at my card. Which means they'll pick me up sooner or later. In my flat, or at the office. But I have nothing to lose."

"What do you mean," she said, "nothing to lose?"

"It would be irresponsible to survive."

She walked to the bed, jumped onto it, and reached up to the tinted Mother and Child. It opened like a porthole.

"Here," she said, "do it with this. If you've got to do it at all."

He turned the pistol over in his hands, and slipped out the magazine—twelve rounds. The gun needed oil, but the barrel was clean. He slid it into the inside breast pocket of his shabby brown jacket. For the first time he wondered whether it really mattered all that much about getting Servison.

A minute or two after Scamp Carver reached the corner of Solidarity Square he identified the house he was looking for, No. 24, its arched doorway illuminated by the pavement lamp. Twenty yards farther on, a mews ran away to the left. He could just make out the shape of a large black car, the driver slouched over the steering wheel, asleep Carver crossed the street. In a moment he heard slow footsteps in front.

"Oliver."

"I got here early." The Honorable Oliver Tableforth was wearing a closely buttoned overcoat. "I hardly slept—kept thinking about Vickers, wondering if Adam hadn't made a mistake."

"I've wondered, too," Scamp said. "Time to move across the street. Adam will be somewhere over there. Remember, you skip up that fire escape first, and find the right window. You're sure you'll know the room when you see it?"

"Oh, yes indeed—that Queen Anne escritoire with the silver candlestick. Those second-rate church prints . . ."

The man asleep over the driving wheel of the limousine awoke much too late. He shouted once, briefly, into the damp morning air. Brett jerked a finger at Oliver Tableforth and then at the fire escape in the courtyard. "Up!" he said.

Oliver began to climb. One floor, two floors, three floors. He paused opposite a curtained window and turned to look down. Two figures on the steps below, and below them the car's roof, dimly visible. He felt dizzy.

"This one?" He heard Brett's impatient whisper.

"Not sure, dear fellow. But try it anyway."

Brett slid the thick blade of his pocketknife under the old-fashioned sash. The metal catch fell back with a loud snap. Brett raised the lower half of the window with his fingertips and pushed aside dusty curtains.

Tableforth made an effort to focus his eyes. Modern office furniture, typewriters, a shelf of files. He shook his head.

"Wrong. Try the next one up."

The catch on the next was stiffer. Brett stepped back.

"I'm going to break the glass. out."

It went in at the first lunge of I boot, leaving long, jagged spl "This it, Oliver?"

Tableforth peered in the wi Queen Anne desk, candlestick green lampshade, the prints . . .

"Right, Adam."

"Then in with both of you."

Tableforth felt someone, Scamp ably, give him a slight shove fro hind. Then he was tumbling int room, and as he fell he knew th glove on his right hand had been r from wrist to fingertip. Blood f from the tear in thick spurts. N had noticed. He fought back an whelming desire to shout.

Brett was already at the door study, turning the handle. He wl to face the other two. "Wait! stepped into the corridor beyond. second he was back.

"Scamp—with me. Oliver, stay in the hall and watch the main There'll probably be a guard some outside it. Shout if he tries to ge

Tableforth followed Scamp and into the hall, feeling sick and When they had disappeared do short corridor to the right, he turn face the outer door of the flat. I from his gashed hand was dri steadily onto the magnificent carp

Servison was still alive. His expre was perplexed. The sheet had pulled tidily up over his chest and and there was a blanket as well. V Brett laid his hand on it he felt the s wetness. With Carver he stood lo down for a moment at the unma face, and at the contrast supplied b neck below.

The long, slightly curved knife gone right through to the pillow their astonishment, the face s There was a lifelike lilt to the voice it had little volume.

"An ambulance. Get me help."

"Too late," said Brett mechani He pulled at the knife and dropped the floor. There were gasping so from the bed.



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"I don't care whose idea it was, it's got to come off."

r're the guards, aren't
etch an ambulance."
t said, "We came to kill
ervison. I see we came
. Who did it?"
l hath delivered me to
godly, and turned me
to the hands . . ." The
topped.
ll, who would you im-
lid it?" said Mrs. Lin.
od in the doorway of an
ng bathroom, smiling
bly. She had put on a
id-white striped shirt
le gray slacks. Her face
avily made up. "I apol-
she said, "for not being
hen you arrived. I've
been a well-organized
, you see. My husband
vays complaining about
n't know if you ever met
ery much the military
of course. Tended to
vomen as if they were
but I daresay there
aults on both sides. It's
iat I cheated. On the
iand, he left me alone
h . . ."

she advanced a few
nto the room, pirouet-
n the heels of her flat
shoes. They stared at
eechless.
ly here was different,"
d, gesturing toward the
Very attentive, but no
ty, none at all. Between
id me, I'd been abso-
miserable these last few
" She looked at them,
concern on her serene
But already I feel much
and it's wonderful hav-
eople here again. Do
ke these slacks?"
oluntarily they looked
Carver nodded.
hundred yuan, but of
the material was im-
," she went on. "I
t felt so happy in ages. I
bad night, I don't mind
ing it. I lay awake all
ie and wondered if I had
rength—and quite sud-
toward dawn, I realized
I didn't make up my
fast *you* would all be
id perhaps you wouldn't
ainlessly. You see, I was
s to spare him any pain."
gan to laugh, gently at
hen wildly. Brett took
mly by the arm.
op it," he said harshly.
told you we'd be here?"
gazed around vaguely.
no told you we were com-
He shook her.
ny, the telephone call, I
—yes, last night. I an-
l it. Roly was asleep, the
The gentleman at the
end wanted to speak to
n person. I said no, Roly
sleep." She giggled.
lam." At the sound of
's voice, Brett swung
. "Adam, she's off her
We ought to ——"
ist one minute." He
l back to Mrs. Lin. "I
to know what the man
The man on the phone."

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"He said to tell Roly they were coming at six forty-five, and to be sure to have the building surrounded."

"And you told Servison that?"

"Told him?" She began to laugh, uncontrollably. "What would have been the point?" She gasped, tears streaming down her cheeks. "He was mine, don't you understand? Mine! I wanted to have him all ready for you when you came! Don't you see, you foolish, ungrateful man?"

Brett turned to Scamp. "Ring for an ambulance," he said.

"Too late," said Mrs. Lin, "I sent the guard for one. He'll be back any minute."

They heard the rattle of the apartment door handle at the other end of the corridor. A man in a slouch hat stood there. He fired once at the already sagging figure of Tableforth. Then Scamp Carver was thrust roughly aside as Brett's own gun came up. The stench of powder was still in Scamp's nose long after both the figures in the hall had stopped moving.

The Honorable Oliver Tableforth could hear Brett's voice from what seemed a great distance, saying, "Servison's *continued*

dead. She never passed on your message."

"I see," said Tableforth quietly. "One should never trust a woman with a message, should one, dear fellow?"

"You let me execute Vickers when it was really you ——"

"I didn't have the courage to admit it in the cellar, and suddenly it was too late. When you killed Vickers I made up my mind to die. Coming here seemed as good a way as any. After all, it was only a question of making sure Servison was warned. My idea was to be killed with the rest of you, so no one would remember me as a traitor. I was loyal to you for years..." There was a long silence. At last Oliver Tableforth dimly noticed a hand pointing a largish object at him. The detonation was the last sound he heard.

The moment Brett arrived in *The People's Times* office, the Duty Editor handed him a couple of pages of Chinese Military Government stationery covered in Mandarin.

"Right up your street," the D.E. said. But distantly—perhaps he already knew. Perhaps the message had come through that he was to keep Brett occupied until the militia got there. Brett went to his seat in the Translation Department. As he worked he felt the gun in his breast pocket rubbing against his writing arm.

The former phonetics lecturer who shared his desk cleared his throat, hesitated, then took courage. "There's something funny in the air," he said. "Had you noticed, Brett?"

A sudden cacophony of sharp-edged sound broke upon his ears as the Teletype machines in the newsroom sprang to life. There were shouts and hurried footsteps on the stairs to the composing room. The Duty Editor came running, and slapped a document in front of Brett. His voice was high-pitched and agitated.

"Bash this out as quick as you can," he squeaked. "We're bringing out a special edition. Now get cracking."

Brett worked at the translation 20 minutes, then read over in a rapid mumble what he had written.

"The office of the Chinese Military Government deeply regrets to announce to the loyal people of the New Britain that their beloved Prime Minister, Mr. Roland Servison, died in his sleep early this morning at his country residence. The cause of decease was heart failure. A State Funeral will be held on Wednesday next, after which the National Assembly will meet to choose a successor. Meantime, the Ministry of the Interior, together with the Chinese Military Government, calls upon the people to ignore totally unfounded rumors of violence in connection with the Prime Minister's death, and to go about their business with their customary composure during a period that will necessarily be one of reorganization."

Brett stopped reading and looked at his office mate.

"I wonder," said the lecturer, "what that means—a period of reorganization."

"Reprisals," said Brett.

He stood up and walked out. So they're not going to hurry. They'll pick us off one by one, quietly. He touched the gun beneath the worn cloth of his jacket. *Wait a bit. Let them come to you.*

In half an hour he reached the Kennington People's Housing Commune. The porter looked out from his box. "Visitor in your room," he said. "Has a search warrant from the militia."

The door of his room was ajar. He came up to it silently and pushed at it gently with the side of his arm. In his other hand the gun lay tight along his thigh.

"Don't shoot," said a voice from the general area of the bed. "I loathe loud noises." It was Nimrod.

Brett thought he looked older and a good deal thinner. Something very wrong. He said, "You were taking a risk, coming here."

"My militia card is a good forgery." Nimrod cleared his throat as if embarrassed. "I don't make it a habit to discuss personnel," he said, "but you and I are almost the last of the original crowd. You aren't the youngest anymore. I'm easily the oldest and beginning to feel it—you know about my bad lung. I'm a man in a hurry. That's why I came round to see you now."

Brett brought out his pipe, tobacco and matches. "It's been a bad time. Everything went wrong."

Nimrod watched the smoke from Brett's pipe curl upward, and coughed. He held a handkerchief to his mouth. "Not everything went wrong," he said at last. "In the first place, Servison is dead!"

"It wasn't us who killed him. It was a jealous Chinese woman who made up her mind at the last minute. And we've been planning for months. For months."

"Just so he's dead. Don't you realize—"

"I'll tell you what I realize," exploded Brett. "I realize that I executed an innocent man, and shot one of my best friends. And now I'm on the run."

"That's enough," said Nimrod, and his voice was the old voice, strong and demanding. "Let's be clear about one thing. You are no longer on the run. Get rid of that gun, you won't be needing it. There has been what they call a reorganization."

"I know, I translated the story."

"But you haven't seen the implications. So far as this operation is concerned, the risks are over. The official version makes that clear."

"They couldn't admit that Servison was stabbed by his mistress, but that doesn't let us out of the attempt in the park—and they know my name."

"You oversimplify," Nimrod said resignedly. "You're not on the run, the ones who are running are them."

"Them!"

"The ones who are being reorganized," said Nimrod drily. "Including anyone so foolish as to persist in the counterrevolutionary belief that there was an assassination attempt in Red Park last night. Nothing at all happened in Red Park last night. If anyone is misguided enough to believe that there was an attempt on the Prime Minister's life, then he is clearly subversive. That is the way the music is now being played, Adam. The score has been extensively rewritten. The peaceful death of the late lamented Prime Minister couldn't have come at a more convenient time."

Brett stared. "You mean ——"

"I mean that the Minister of the Interior is carrying out the reorganization, and that the people being reorganized are Servison's men. Most are being shot. Others will go to Rectification Camps. There will be no reprisals on the population as a whole. There is nothing to take reprisal about. Anyone who denounced you as being involved in an attack on Servison would be signing his own death warrant. *There was no attack.* It is all very simple."

"They're mad," said Brett slowly. "Stark, raving mad."

"All we can be sure of is that someone at the top has made a very quick decision: to make Servison's death an opportunity to remove the hard-liners, and keep their own noses as clean as they can

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the day when they have to answer
t Servison and his men have done
ast ten years. So your luck has
ven with me. And no general can
o ignore a lucky lieutenant when
s to the spring campaigns."
ng campaigns? What on earth
talking about, Nimrod?"
talking," said Nimrod, eyes
ng, "about the next move. You're
kill the C.M.G. In broad day-
a manner that leaves no doubt
who did it."

ing westward through dark
where the gray shadows of peo-
traffic moved with the sluggish
quence of a dream, Brett was sud-
truck with the realization that if
big enough physically, it would
ible to know for certain about
or about anyone. All he could
re in his own pygmy world, was
e was safe now. But if he were *big*
—ah, then he'd know everything:
se of the lines of march, the de-
from the column, the whys of al-
es contracted and dissolved. Such
of giant stature would recognize
nce the loyal and the treacherous;
uld the man care? No, thought
At the end he would kick the
p over and move on.
as growing chilly. Once again
of returning fog grasped out at
m side streets. Brett pulled the
his overcoat more tightly round
. Fumbling in his pocket, he re-
red with annoyance that he had
t of tobacco. They distributed
World only on Fridays, which
he had two days to wait. He dug
e depths of his pouch and col-
he last grains between his finger
using for a moment, he glanced
he gigantic poster-paint picture
Chinese Military Governor, sus-
high above London's night
Acrid smoke from his pipe curled

in the darkness toward the enormous bland face towering 50 feet above.

"Enjoy the view," said Brett aloud. "We'll have you down and in the fire before the Yanks get here."

The Sing-La truck came out of the black-damp nowhere and missed him by the width of a knife blade. He staggered back, and fell into the gutter. It was not until he had picked himself up and stood, mud-stained and panting, staring at the truck's disappearing taillight, that he began to laugh. **END**

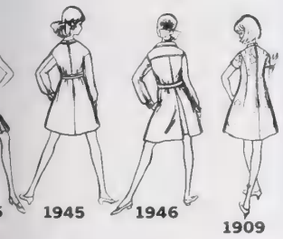
LOVE SONG

By Patricia Livingston

O what it cost me
to keep my hands
quietly
at my sides,
my mouth from telling you
kisses
and wild, wordless tales
spinning with desire.
O what it cost me
not to come every day
to watch you,
to take away your coat
and wrap myself in it,
to touch your sleeve
and your hand
and know the shape of your life.
O what it costs a dancer
not to dance,
a singer
not to sing.

TERN BACKVIEWS

ages 64–66.



E 1906 Misses dress; NEW sizes $2. Dress requires 2⅞ yds. of fabric with/without nap for size

E 1945 Misses dress; NEW sizes $2.50. Dress and belt require x. 3⅛ yds. of 45-in. fabric with/ ut nap for size 12.*

E 1946 Misses dress; NEW sizes $2.50. Dress and belt require x. 4 yds. of 40-in. fabric with/ ut nap for size 12.*

E 1909 Misses dress; NEW sizes $2. Dress requires 3⅛ yds. of fabric with/without nap for size

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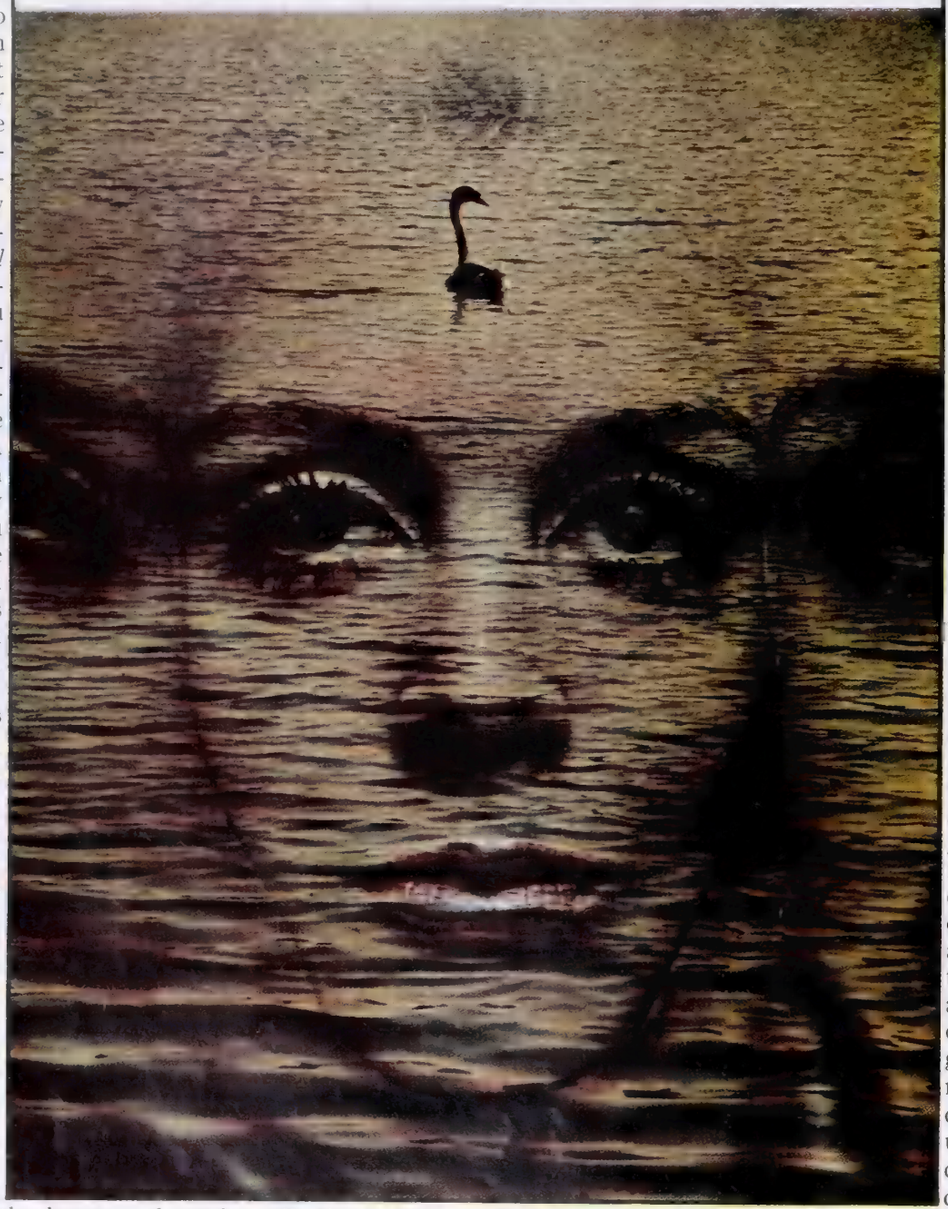
SOMETHING NEW FOR YOUR PEACE OF MIND

By Severin and Peggy Peterson

PSYCHEDELIC EXERCISES

Exercising is more than a way to lose weight or harden flabby muscles. It can bring you a sharper awareness of your own body, so that you can bring it to life and not just spend each day existing in a hollow shell that houses your "self." Pioneer work on body awareness is being done at the Esalen Institute, a remarkable retreat at Big Sur, on the scenic central California coast. People from all walks of life come to Esalen seeking personal change—a couple seeking fuller meaning for their marriage, a teacher searching for more rewarding working methods. Historian Arnold Toynbee, psychologist B.F. Skinner, philosopher Alan Watts, architect Buckminster Fuller and 100,000 Californians have participated in at least one of Esalen's activities.

Esalen offers several paths: paths that lead to new ways of lying, sitting, breathing and moving; paths of silence where the senses learn to taste, touch, see and hear in imaginative new ways; secret paths that wind into inner imagery and the landscape of contemplation. What follows are a few Esalen-developed excursions into this new world. These exercises, specially designed for *Journal* readers by two Esalen Resident Fellows, will take you on a mind- and body-expanding psychedelic trip—without drugs. Use your own inventiveness to weave these exercises into your day. A hot bath before taking a body excursion is good. Try to do the exercises when you are rested and fresh; before and after you sleep is an ideal time. Let your feelings direct you. Hike at your own pace—unaided by chemicals.



Photograph by Ray Kellman

1. Traveling Through Your Senses

Close your eyes or blindfold yourself and concentrate on listening, feeling, or smelling. Try to use just one sense at a time. The longer you spend with your eyes covered, the more acute your other senses become. Blind people have developed their other senses to a much greater extent than normal people can imagine. Take trips through the house and yard without using your eyes. On one trip touch everything you can to see how it feels. Other special trips might focus on how the parts of the house and yard smell, the sounds around you, or paying attention to your body movement.

2. Tap and Slap to Awaken Your Senses

Stand with your eyes closed. Let your hands go up to your head, keeping your fingertips and wrist joints supple. Now tap your head with the fingertips of both hands; use a springy, lively tap, lighter or stronger as needed. Pause and enjoy the effects of your tapping, wherever you can feel them, until they subside. Then tap your face in the same way, always pausing to sense the effects.

This technique may be extended to the rest of your body. Slap with your whole hand instead of just fingertip-tapping. First slap just one arm. Be awake to the idea of the slapping as well as t way it feels. The slap can be quite hard without hurting. pause and let both arms sink slightly—don't drop them complete so that your body can absorb the stimulation you have give Now compare how your two arms feel—whether you notice difference between the one you have slapped and the other The only way you can really know the self-awakening effec slapping is to experience them.

3. The Sights of Sound

With your body at rest and your mind alert, close your eyes listen to a rich, evocative piece of music. Let yourself go into it absorb it. Pay attention to your feelings as you and the music i weave. Next, imagine you as a movie producer wh the feeling tone and the s track for a movie and is searching for the setting. Let your fee evolve into images of t places. It will heighten sense of imagery.

4. Take a Yoga Break

Lie on your back on floor. Keep your heels gether and your hands to your sides. Lie this for a while. As you do, to become aware of how are resting on the fl There is something at stretching out on the f that gives you more ene than lying on a bed or co Try it yourself; you'll cover the difference.

5. Looking Without Trying Find Something

Place before you an ject that is of interest you—a leaf of a tree, a small piece of cloth. your eyes caress each that you see—let your e touch it. Keep your m open to let the object Erase the distinction betw the object's coming to and your going to the ject. Become one with item. Stay with the obj directly experience it w out cultivating thoug about it. When you get tracted or disinterested, aware of that. Stay with y difficulty; go through it, a go on. Start with 10 or minutes and gradually crease the time to 30 m utes. Set a timer or ala clock so you won't st clock-watching.

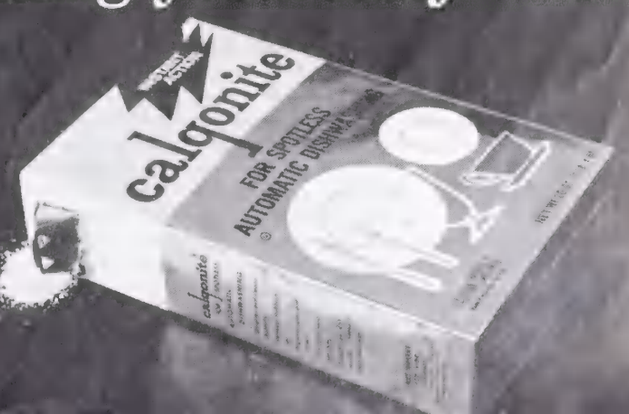
6. Watching Your Thoughts

Get into a comfortable position. Close your eyes and focus y attention on your breathing. Count your breaths, from one to t and then start with one again. When thoughts come and distract y from your breath-counting, start counting over again. A use method for getting thoughts out of the way is to let them come a go, neither encouraging nor discouraging them—just watch them they enter and leave your mind. Don't become involved in y muscles, tensions, or any body feelings. Stay alert; if you feel yo self getting drowsy, rouse yourself. The object is to become m alive. The result is an aliveness that frees your mind so that you c use it more effectively. The experience becomes quite *(continu*



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PSYCHEDELIC EXERCISES

continued

profound if you practice it each day for two weeks. Begin with 15 minutes, then increase the time to half an hour, then an hour. Again, use a timer or alarm clock to avoid clock-watching.

7. Be a Cat

Before you get out of bed in the morning, stretch and move your whole body. Make your legs as long as possible. Stretch your arms and feel the pull in your torso. Imagine yourself to be a cat stretching after a nap.

8. Be a Cobra

Lie flat on your stomach with your hands placed as if you were going to do push-ups. As you take a deep breath, raise your head backward, letting your head lead your whole body so that your back is arched like a bow. Your pelvis should remain on the floor, but your stomach will be off it. The whole movement should be executed smoothly, so that you can feel each vertebra move. As you exhale, lower your body to the floor. Repeat this three times. This exercise is good for backaches due to overwork or standing for a long time.

9. The Instant Tension-Relaxer

Lie flat on your back. Concentrate on one arm and lift it about a foot in the air. Hold it aloft until you cannot keep it there any longer. Then lower it—slowly. When most of the weight of your arm is in contact with the floor, "let go"—relax the tension so that the arm settles back. Immediately shift your attention to your other arm. Raise and lower it in the same way. Then repeat the procedure for your legs. Raise each leg about two feet and hold that position as long as possible, then lower it slowly. When it is just about to touch the ground, let go of it. Do the same thing with your head. Lift it as far as you can, hold it there as long as possible, etc. Now pay attention to your breathing. Watch it for a while, then take a few deep breaths—noting the movement of your stomach. If you still feel tension, repeat the whole body cycle. The relaxation-giving key to using this exercise lies in the immediate shift of your attention from the part of your body you have just released to the part you intend lifting next.

10. "Turn On" by Just Breathing

When you wake up in the morning, or at any other time, lie on your back and place your hands on your stomach. Become aware of your breathing. Watch it for a while, then try breathing with your abdomen. By letting your stomach out, air will be sucked in. Then release the air gradually. Pause for a few moments, then repeat the whole cycle as many times as you wish. See how far down toward your pelvis you can place your hands and still feel the movement of your breath. Then sit up and again place your hands as low on your stomach as you can feel your breathing—and continue to "breathe with your stomach." Then come to a standing position and again feel the movement of your breath. Focus your attention on your breathing at different times of the day. If you do not feel your breath already in your stomach, take a few deep breaths. Also, when you feel tense, nervous or bored, consciously take several deep breaths and you will notice how the tension or boredom dissipates.

This breathing exercise also gives you more energy. There is one caution: if you are not accustomed to this kind of deep breathing, you may get an "oxygen high," by inhaling more oxygen than your system is used to. Breathing is a real "turn-on," so handle with care.

11. Firing Up Your System

Stand in an open area. Bending your knees as little as possible, try to touch the floor with your hands. Do this again, letting your breath flow naturally with the movement. Now stand upright again, lift your arms in the air and stretch your body backward, arching your back as much as you can. Do this three times. Next, stretch down and back three times. Breathe deeply and make any kind of sound you wish. Try to let this sound get louder. After this, stand still and appreciate how your body feels. Play some music and let your body be moved by it (rather than letting yourself move to the music). This exercise is good before housework (which requires full body movement).

12. Finding Your Inner Screen

Get into a comfortable position. Close your eyes and look at the white or lighter areas that you may immediately find on your "inner screen." Now start suggesting to yourself that you shut out all the sounds that you are aware of and will become aware of. If you are distracted, concentrate on—and go back to—that white area. Stay with this for as long as you feel that sounds are your main involvement. Next, suggest to yourself that you thrust away all the thoughts that you have. In this phase, try to have your area of light form a white circle. When your thoughts occur, just observe them. Let them come and go just as they occur. When you are able to clear the flow of thoughts from your mind, imagine your white circle changing into a dot. Stay with this until your time limit is up. Allow 30 minutes for this exercise. Set an alarm clock or timer so you won't be concerned with time. When you are finished open your eyes slowly, arise and walk around. You will appreciate the freshness and newness of your surroundings.

13. Do-It-Yourself Psychedelics

Here are some more far-out excursions for your senses.

Buy a "Slinky"—one of those children's toys made out of a metal coil. Tie a string to both ends of the coil and hang it around your neck. Now hold the string over your ears and strike the metal against objects of different sizes, shapes and materials. The vibrations you hear should be like deep organ pipes—a real "trip," for your ears.

Take an old-fashioned kaleidoscope (without the bits of glass—only the mirrors) with you on a walk through the park or your garden. Look at the plants and flowers through the kaleidoscope. You will see them as you have never seen them before.

NOTE: The authors wish to acknowledge the work of the following colleagues in the development of these exercises: George Brown of Santa Barbara, California; Bernard Gunther, Stanley Keleman, Edward Maupin, and Michael Murphy of the Esalen Institute; Magdalene Proskauer of San Francisco; Charlotte Selver of New York City, and Charles T. Tart of Davis, California.

For further information on the work being done at Esalen, write to the Esalen Institute, Big Sur Hot Springs, Big Sur, California 93920. END

THE INSIDE STORY OF CLEVELAND'S HISTORIC ELECTION

continued from page 52

involved. If he made a cash contribution, no matter how little, he would go to the polls to protect his investment."

So Margot got a group of women together. They were all residents of the predominantly Negro inner-city area. The women talked about ways they might raise money—dinners, concerts, lectures. "The more we talked, the more I knew we were on the wrong track," recalls Margot. "The expense for this kind of event would have been so high we wouldn't have netted much for the campaign."

Then Margot remembered the old Pyramid Club craze: All it took was five or six women to get the pyramid started. They were the Steering Committee. They then got 100 women to be captains. Each of the 100 captains in turn selected nine women each to head teams. Each of the 900 women recruited four women for her team. The goal was to have each woman collect $10 for Carl Stokes. It meant a goal of $46,000 for the 4,600 members. They called their campaign The Feminine Touch because they would touch the pride of a lot of people, introduce a feminine note into the campaign, and do what men say they do best—get the dollars.

Women who had not known how to participate in the campaign learned that they could. Easily. Some gave 10 cents. Some gave 15 cents. No contribution was too small to be accepted. Ten days after the start of The Feminine Touch, the women of the inner city had collected over $25,000 for candidate Stokes.

"We collected more than money," says Margot. "We collected good will for Carl, too. He is going to get more citizen support than any previous Cleveland mayor. Thirty-five percent of the population that has never before been involved in a campaign is now broadly involved."

But involving the Negro voter was only part of the job. Even if Carl Stokes had received 100 percent of the Negro vote, he could not have been elected. Because, on the other side of the Cuyahoga River, on Cleveland's west side, lives an almost totally white population. In 1965 they gave Stokes 2,623 or 3.2 percent of their vote.

Could the West Side deliver more votes? One woman thought so. Her name is Mary Jayne Willis, a West Side suburbanite and friend of Lois Hays. Mary Jayne learned the facts of political life in the League of Women Voters, the group that works for issues, not candidates. The day Carl Stokes filed his petition, Mary Jayne called Lois, and a Sunday meeting with Carl and Mary Jayne was arranged on Lois's back porch. Mary Jayne had no organized plan for getting votes. She just knew she wanted to help.

When she and her husband, Duane, left the Hays's that Sunday in August, she turned to him and said, "I'm appalled. What can we do in 79 days?" Duane answered, "Try to get votes on the West Side."

With techniques learned in the League of Women Voters, Mary Jayne and her good friend Nancy Keiser went to work. They went to Stokes headquarters and gathered all the independent voters' petitions that had been signed. They put the names of each signer in the p ward on a map of the West Side. this they picked ward leaders, f speaking dates for Carl, and set a The goal was to increase the 1965 on the West Side by 400 percent— 2,623 votes to 10,000 votes.

They ran a motorcade and rally West Side park and recruited their bands to park cars and direct traffi

Says Nancy: "We had trouble ge West Side headquarters. Whereve went the rent was too high or p didn't want to rent to 'that candida When they finally selected headqua bricks were thrown through the win on three successive Saturdays, an weekend there was a fire bomb.

At one rally young children sh up carrying a sign that read, "Cleve Loves George and Lurleen."

"Why are you doing that?" a Mary Jayne.

"A man paid us," said one boy.

"Lady," piped up another boy, " are George and Lurleen?"

As organizers, planners and wor Mary Jayne and Nancy listened to talk, debate and meet people. "Car a kind of charisma," says Mary Ja "I must have heard some of his spee about 25 times during the campaign they were new each time."

Among those who helped in the paign were the Protestant churches though the churches did not end either candidate, they did make a able their facilities for candidate m ings. And they urged church membe attend. A Catholic priest who w newcomer to town asked if there m be a candidates' debate in his chu But the priest was threatened. Altho the debate he inspired did take plac was held at a local high school.

"It was a very tense rally," re Mary Jayne. "We wondered what would say. But he walked in front o those people, smiled that big smile said, 'I really don't have anythin tell you people. I just came here so could see I don't have horns and a t

"That was magic," said Mary Ja "You could see the expressions chan

When the voting for the primary en and the ballots were counted on West Side, Mary Jayne and Na found they had attracted 10,466 v for their candidate. The West Side sults were in early, and on primary e tion night when Carl Stokes was trai Ralph Locher by 9,000 votes he co dently predicted victory because he seen the West Side figures. He picked up almost 8,000 votes more t he had in 1965, the year he lost by 2, votes.

On general election night it was har to gauge the results. At one point Sto trailed Taft by more than 50,000 vo It was not until 3 o'clock the follow morning that Carl Stokes knew for tain he had won. His margin of vict was 1,600 votes or 0.6 percent out total vote exceeding 255,000.

Was it the West Side vote, the pe who crossed racial lines who put Stokes in office? Or was it the suppor the business community that gave m people the confidence to vote for Stok Was the Negro turnout the differen In Cleveland the politicians say it ha be all those reasons. And it was won who made votes out of all those reas

In Cleveland today no one undere mates the power of the women in Stokes campaign. E

tinued from page 50

se obviously depend upon a larynx
l other physical equipment that
y no longer possess. They "speak"
a kind of "projection of their
oughts." Presumably this is like
epathy between two living persons,
l subject to the same difficulties and
garies. This would explain why "me-
mistic" messages often take the form
non-verbal symbols
at must be in-
preted—pictures ("I
a side of wood; oh
, the name is Wood-
e"), strong emotions
feel great joy"), or
n a sense of move-
nt or direction ("I'm
ing," or "I feel I am
ving east"). It would
o account for some of
distortions in me-
mistic communica-
is; information often
s garbled in tele-
hic transmission.

n the next 30 min-
s, Arthur Ford gave
hop Pike a number
messages purportedly
anating from dead
ed ones and friends.
ne of these were in-
sely personal, and
e couched in some-
at cryptic terms
'here are things I
n't say plainly on tele-
on," one communi-
or said), but were
dily understood by
e. Others seemed triv-
-but only, I submit,
he careless observer,
e their declared pur-
e was to establish
identity of the pur-
ted communicator.

Here are some of the
tements made by the
dium, followed in each
e by the facts as re-
ed by Bishop Pike or,
was necessary in some
tances, after being
cked out by research.

EDIUM: "There are
o persons who come,
oung man and an el-
ly man. . . . The boy
ks radiantly happy
l is very eager. But
says that before he
ne over he was con-
ed and mentally dis-
bed and that he was
bed by the older man
make the adjust-
nt. . . . There is a Slavic background. . . .
e older man says he was called Elijah,
omething like that. I can't quite get
. . . In their earth life they were
y fond of each other."

CT: "My son was one-quarter Rus-
n," said Bishop Pike. "The older man
his grandfather who died before my
. He was named Elias, the Latin vul-
e name for the Prophet Elijah."

EDIUM: "This person says he wants
speak to you because, he says, you
re or less followed the same path he
He was older than you. He says he
chaplain at some university before
were. . . . People tried twice to make a bishop of him but failed. . . . I get the name Pitt . . . Louis Pitt."

FACT: Bishop Pike said that the Rev. Louis Pitt was, as he recollected, temporary chaplain at Columbia University before Pike succeeded him. "It would take more time than we have here to explain Louis Pitt's connection with the episcopate," said Pike, "but it fits exactly what was said. I mean, always a bridesmaid but never a bride."

MEDIUM: "There's an old gentleman here who's with your son on the Other Side. He wants you to check something out, something that will prove his identity. The old man has two cats that formerly belonged to his son. The son's name is Donald MacKinnon, the same name as his father. And there's something about Corpus Christi. . . . The son lectures at Cambridge, and your son says he used to drop in on his lectures occasionally."

FACT: Prof. Donald MacKinnon is a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Bishop Pike attended his lectures while studying there. Whether his son also dropped in on them, Pike does not recall, but his son *was* with him for most of the time at Cambridge.

Bishop Pike said he knew nothing about MacKinnon having any cats. But when I talked to Prof. MacKinnon by phone, I asked him if he had ever had two cats. "That's extraordinary," he said. "I did have two cats as pets when I was a boy, one black and the other gray. One was named Mewger. The gray disappeared about three years before my father's death in 1933—and the black one acted strangely the day of my father's funeral. It darted out of some place in front of the coffin as it was being carried out of the house."

MEDIUM: "Your son says he has a delightful elderly lady with him named Carol . . . Carol Rede. . . . You were associated with her in some way. She held an official position of some kind when you were in the cathedral. You didn't know she was over here, but she is. She says some time when you go back to California, she has a brother there, in Carmel . . . a retired major."

FACT: Carol Rede was secretary to Episcopal Bishop Horace Donegan of New York when Pike was dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. She died, unknown to him, in September, 1964. She had a brother, Ross, a retired captain, who lived in Carmel. He died a year before his sister.

MEDIUM: "This person who comes calls himself the—what is it? The . . . ecclesiastical . . . ecclesiastical panhandler. What does that mean? Do you understand? He says he died in the act of baptizing or performing some other rite of the church. He had a heart attack. You succeeded him. He says some people called him 'The Ecclesiastical Panhandler'. . . . I get the name . . . Black . . . something like that. No, it's Block . . . Karl . . . Karl Block. . . . He wants to give you another piece of evidence. . . . He says one of the best pieces of land he ever bought as bishop was called El Bispo or something. . . ."

FACT: "Karl Block, the fourth bishop of California, was my predecessor," said Pike. "He died of a heart attack in the midst of an ordination service. He used to call himself 'The Ecclesiastical Panhandler.' He was proud of his ability in buying property for the diocese. El Rancho del Obispo is the diocesan conference center on the Russian River."

Pike's "son" spoke at considerable length about his suicide and his state of mind prior to it. He expressed gratitude for the love his parents had shown him, and begged them not to blame themselves for what had happened. "Thank you, Jim," Bishop Pike murmured.

When Karl Block purportedly communicated, besides talking real estate with Pike, he said: "You did a magnificent job in the diocese and you have a magnificent job yet to do. You will not suffer any more indignities. You are merely putting into words what the majority of your fellow bishops think but dare not speak because they are afraid to jeopardize themselves."

That last remark is interesting in the light of Bishop Pike's overwhelming vindication by the Episcopal general convention and its ruling that makes future heresy trials virtually impossible.

Immediately after the séance I asked Bishop Pike how he interpreted the messages. Could they be attributed to advance research on Ford's part, as some skeptics doubtless would suggest? Or, at the most, to mind-reading on the part of the medium?

"I don't see how research by the medium could very well have brought out the role of Donald MacKinnon in my life," Bishop Pike said. *(continued)*

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"I knew him well at Cambridge, and his thought had great influence on me. And the fact of his having had two cats—if that checks out, well, I don't see how research could explain that.

"And the Louis Pitt connection with the episcopate would take an awful lot of research to dig up—if you could do it. It's not the kind of thing one finds in newspapers. If one went back and did a great deal of research, I suppose one might find evidence of this, and also of his connection with Columbia.

"Karl Block was very proud of his knowledge of real estate and the purchase of the diocesan conference center, this place called El Rancho del Obispo, was a spectacular thing. I don't know how one would dig out the fact that Karl Block purchased that. That was a good many years before I came there. The diocesan records may not even have credited the bishop with that purchase."

Of the theory that all the messages might be explained in terms of telepathy by the medium, Pike said: "Well, that would be wonderful enough. But some details are definitely beyond what I knew myself—in my conscious mind, at least, and in some cases in my unconscious, I suspect. For instance, I did not know of Carol Rede's death. It came as a great surprise to me."

Then Bishop Pike set forth his reasons for believing the messages were authentic communications from the dead.

"The details are quite cumulative. They are not just bits and pieces, an assortment of facts. They add together, they make a pattern. Not only that, but all the data seems to constellate around given persons. There is a consistency to the communications. They ring true. Also, the persons who purportedly communicated had one thing in common: They were, in varying ways, connected with the development of my thought. They knew me at particularly significant points in my life—turning points.

"It is too much to ask for proof of life after death. But the evidence is strong enough to warrant a modest leap of faith—as in science—and to make a faith-affirmation: There is a life after death."

Many disbelievers are not convinced. One pointed out that Britain's *Who's Who* lists one of Donald MacKinnon's recreations as "cats," and commented: "A fact hardly difficult to research."

The most impressively evidential message that came in the séance—one that concerned matters that had never been published—was erased from the film because of its intimately personal nature. It contained alleged facts of which Bishop Pike had no knowledge. However, painstaking research by the bishop's staff has verified most of the details, and research is continuing to pin down the remaining loose ends. In this instance, Bishop Pike says the facts seem conclusively to go beyond anything the medium could have discovered by normal means.

The public reaction to the Pike-Ford séance was mixed. Bishop Pike's critics naturally denounced this latest "aberration." They did not agree among themselves, however. The theological conservatives said that communication with the departed shouldn't be practiced, while the liberals insisted that it *couldn't* be. Fundamentalists charged that Bishop Pike had confirmed their worst suspicions about him by backsliding from heresy into black magic. More typical was the reaction of churchmen who, having earlier accused him of being too skeptical about such dogmas as the Trinity and the virgin birth of Christ, now accused him of being too credulous about spiritualism. Quipped Pike: "Having been under a cloud for believing too little, it's at least a change to be faulted for believing too much."

Some critics were quick to attribute Bishop Pike's experiences to "grief reaction," "wish fulfillment," and Freud only knows what else. Pike himself rejects such "remote-control psychoanalysis." He revealed to me that he had undergone genuine psychoanalysis for three years with a leading San Francisco psychiatrist ("not as a patient but for self-exploration," he explained), and received a clean bill of mental health—both before and after the unusual experiences that started his psychic quest.

Bishop Pike says that his empirically based belief in life after death and communication with the deceased, though it has enriched his faith, is "not central to my theology." Nor has it led him to overemphasize the world beyond at the expense of the one we live in. "I believe in ongoing life," he explains, "but one world at a time, if you please." **END**

Editor's Guide

How to Get Information About ESP

For readers interested in learning more about E.S.P., the *Journal* recommends: *Lectures on Psychical Research*, by C.D. Broad (Humanities Press, Inc. $10), *Extrasensory Perception After Sixty Years*, by Joseph B. Rhine *et al.* (Bruce Humphries, Inc. $5.95); and *Challenge of Psychical Research: A Primer of Parapsychology*, by Gardner Murphy (Harper & Row, $6).

For further information, and a more detailed bibliography, write to Lowell Meister, Executive Editor, Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., 29 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019. It is also possible to join the American Society for Psychical Research. For $10 a year a member receives the society's *Journal*, a quarterly publication that includes reports of experimental work, articles and reviews of current books in the field; *Proceedings*, a publication containing longer articles; and admission to a series of lectures in New York. For details, write the Executive Secretary, American Society for Psychical Research, 880 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021.

THE SPY I MARRIED

continued from page 62

of the night on the terrace and watched the sun rise. As dawn broke, I wrestled with the terrible fear that my happy life with Kim was over.

I had married Harold Adrian Russell Philby on January 24, 1959. Kim was 47 and I 45. "You will never regret marrying an Englishman," the registrar told me as I signed the marriage certificate on my wedding day.

I first met Kim at a crowded bar in a Beirut hotel, six weeks before the 1956 Suez war exploded. At the time, I was married to *The New York Times'* chief correspondent in the Middle East. My husband had known Kim in Spain, where they had covered the civil war, and just before going off on a trip, he told me that if I should meet Kim I was to introduce him to our friends and do what I could to help him. So, in the bar when a friend pointed Kim out to me, I asked him to join us for a drink.

What touched me first about Kim Philby was his loneliness. He knew no one in Beirut. His wife and children were in England, and he lived out of town in a small Lebanese mountain village. He was of medium height, very lean, with a handsome, heavily-lined face. His eyes were an intense blue. I thought that here was a man who had seen a lot of the world, who was experienced, yet who seemed to have suffered. I found myself talking freely to him—and he soon became one of our closest friends.

In the spring of 1957, I started seeing him alone, without telling my husband. It seemed to me that I had never met a kinder, more interesting person in my entire life.

Kim got on well with my husband, and my daughter adored him. He taught her to recite the names of all the British monarchs back to King Alfred. (When Kim's defection was announced, one of my friends burst into tears: "But he taught your little girl the Kings and Queens of England," she sobbed.)

Gossip about my friendship with Kim must have reached my husband's ears, for one Sunday my husband told Kim he was no longer welcome in our home. Earlier that year my mother had died in Seattle, so I decided to sail to America with my daughter to look after my father. Before I left I told Kim that I would take immediate steps to get a divorce.

Some months after I arrived in America, I received a cable from Kim. He told me that his wife had died and asked me to marry him. I accepted.

Kim was a most attentive husband and an extremely easy man to live with. In spite of his occasional stutter, which some people mistook for repressed violence, he was not at all tense or restless. He was a domesticated, civilized man who enjoyed reading, listening to music and cooking.

I am sure he had to do some cruel things in his long Intelligence career, but I can scarcely believe it. He was anything but hard-boiled and insensitive. He could not bear to see anything killed. I remember one day the maid threw a mouse down the toilet, where Kim found it swimming about. He plunged his hand in and saved its life.

To me, he was a divine husband. I can still hear his voice calling out in the early mornings: "Tea, darling, on the terrace!" I used to lie in bed thinkin this was too good to be true.

Now Kim was gone. Had he left me Where could I look for clues to his di appearance?

Several weeks before Kim vanished his lifelong friend in MI6, a man w shall call Y, had suddenly turned up i Beirut, where he had previously bee Intelligence chief. He invited Kim an me to dinner. I had been deeply worrie about Kim for weeks; he had bee drinking too much. Now here was friend from Kim's past, whom I though I could confide in. At one point Kim le the table, and I was on the verge of sa ing to Y: "Something is worrying Ki terribly. What the hell is going on?" Bu I did not and the opportunity passed.

Unknown to me, Y had been sen from London to confront Kim with ne evidence conclusively incriminating hi as a Russian agent. The evidence ha come from a high-level Soviet Intell gence officer who had defected to th West. Y's delicate task was not to hau Kim in for punishment, but to exploi their friendship by getting him to talk

On January 6, an urgent telephon call from the British Embassy sum moned Kim to a meeting with X, th new station commander. Kim did no go. Later, in Moscow, he told me: "Th minute that call came through, I kne the balloon was up." Apparently th British were trying to draw him ont Embassy territory, where they coul arrest him.

And now, a little more than two week later, Kim was gone. At seven the nex morning, X was on the phone and w agreed to notify the police. I wen through another 24 agonizing hours Then a letter from Kim arrived.

"Don't worry," it said. "I will be i touch with you soon and everything wil be all right. Keep smiling and go to you sculpture classes at the American Uni versity like a good girl. Tell my col leagues I'm on a long tour of the area."

Kim told me to look in the family Bible, and in his strongbox. I opene the Bible and found a fat wad of Leba nese bank notes. Kim's strongbox hel personal documents, none of them ou of the ordinary.

Fearing that my apartment might b searched—by either the police or th press—I decided to deposit Kim' strongbox with the British Embassy fo safe-keeping. But, puzzling over Kim' reference to the box in his first letter I soon had second thoughts. Sure enough, a closer search revealed a cache of dollar bills hidden in the base of the strongbox.

The week Kim disappeared, Y arrived. Of course he wanted me to tel him all I knew. "You do realize your husband was not an ordinary man?" Y said—the closest he ever came to saying that Kim was a Russian spy.

Then, in mid-April, a scruffy little man rang the doorbell early one morning and thrust a large envelope into my hand. It was a message from Kim—a three-page, typewritten letter. He urged me to read it carefully, memorize it and then burn it in the bathroom water heater, carefully stirring up the ashes. But the letter was too long, and far too complicated, for me to memorize. So I carried it around for a couple of days before destroying it in the way he had instructed.

The envelope also contained $2,000. Kim instructed me to buy round-tri

ets to London for myself his two children. Actu- this was merely a ruse. ead, I was to go to the ch Airlines office and make arations to fly to Prague. cross the road from our se was a narrow, crooked r. At the end of it was a k, white wall. Kim in- cted me to write in white k on this wall my date of rture to Prague. I should se a spot high up the wall, rd the right. He asked to give him at least 10 ' warning of our departure . If I ran into difficulties, s to mark the wall on the with an X. Kim also told a dear friend of his would alling on me and that I to trust him completely.

major obstacle was that ry, Kim's 13-year-old, had passport. He had been in Washington, D.C., his er in India, his grand- er in Ceylon, his great- dfather in Burma. His sh nationality had not fully established. This a problem Kim seemed to overlooked. How was I get Harry through the anese passport control? only hope was to get the sh and American consuls elp. They were uncom- ising: They would only Harry a travel document would fly to London.

was not really sorry to this. Kim's last letter had inced me that he was in of the Iron Curtain coun- , but I had no intention aking the children there out knowing what sort of hey would have.

mehow, I had to let Kim v my decision. One morn- at three o'clock I crept n the stairs with a piece halk in my hand. The was deserted. I found wall. High up on the left cribed a large X, to indi- that I was in trouble.

r over a month nothing ened. No mysterious Rus- called. So I made prep- ons to leave for London. out a week before my ed flight, the doorbell

A tall, thick-necked, eyed man stood on the hold. He spoke fluent ish, but he looked un- akably Russian.

m from Kim," he whis- l. I let him in quickly. was nervous and impa- continually glancing l to see if we were alone. 's just fine," he said. sends his love. He wants o join him. I'm here to you."

e Russian pleaded with leave with him, but I my head. "I'm not go- t's too late. You've come ate. I'm very sorry. I've get Harry back to En- . He has no papers, and British will only give him a passport if we fly straight to London. It's the only way out."

I told him how impractical my instructions had been. Every move I made was watched. I couldn't go within a hundred yards of the Czech Airlines office without raising the alarm.

"Come with me and everything will be arranged," he said. He offered to bring me all the money I needed. My own funds were running out, but I refused his offer.

After he left, I telephoned Y at the British Embassy, as I had promised, to tell him that my long-awaited visitor had called.

On May 31, 1963, with great secrecy, we left the apartment and flew to London. When the plane landed, Kim's children were whisked away by relatives with whom they were to stay. An official car sent by British Intelligence drove me to the flat of Kim's sister Patricia, who had very kindly asked me to stay with her.

As soon as I could, I lunched with Y. He said that Kim was an active Communist agent and that I should on no account contemplate going to *(continued)*



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Moscow. Y's chief joined us after lunch. I told him that I believed Kim had been kidnapped, but he was very insistent. "We have definitely known for the last seven years," he said, "that Kim has been working for the Russians without pay." By the end of the afternoon I was in tears. Much against my will I had to begin to think along the same lines.

While all this was going on I was waiting hopefully for a message from Kim, but none came. This was the most depressing thing of all. I toyed with the idea of calling the Russian Embassy, but I did not have the nerve. On July 30, 1963, Moscow reported that Kim had asked for—and been granted—Soviet citizenship and political asylum in the U.S.S.R. Heartsick, I flew back to America.

In early September the miracle happened—a letter from Kim. He urged me to come to Moscow to see for myself what it was like. He assured me that if I did not like it there, I would be free to leave. He urged me to return to London, call at the Russian Embassy and tell them who I was; they would arrange my journey. Money would be waiting for me.

Finally, I made up my mind. I was going to Russia. I went to the Russian Embassy in London and wrote on a calling card: "To his Excellency the Russian Ambassador." And on the back: "If you have a minute to spare, I would like to see you." A few minutes later, I was ushered in to see a man who rose courteously and said he was very pleased to see me. "We have heard that you want to go to Russia."

I said, "Yes."

"When would you like to go?" When I told him in three or four days, he said: "We should like you to be ready the day after tomorrow." I was rather taken aback, and asked whether such speed was necessary. He said it was. He opened a desk drawer, took out an envelope and handed it to me. "Go and buy yourself some very warm clothes."

In the envelope I found 500 pounds. I bought a camel's-hair coat, sweaters and tights, boots and a turban, and fur-lined gloves for myself and Kim. Two days later, I left London on a Russian airliner.

Now, as we sped away from the Moscow airport, Kim held my hand. He seemed thinner and rather worn; I had almost failed to recognize him. I had never seen him in a hat before. The dark-blue felt he was wearing belonged to Guy Burgess, another English spy who had taken refuge in Moscow. Burgess had died the previous month, and now Kim wore the hat out of sentiment.

Next to the driver sat a fortyish man, who was to be one of the few Russians I ever got to know. I soon learned that he was Kim's chief contact and colleague in Russian Intelligence. I knew him as Sergei. His English was fluent, and I grew to like him very much.

We drove swiftly to Kim's flat. Sergei came in for a glass of champagne, but after a few moments he bade us a discreet farewell.

Kim lived under an assumed name in an enormous gray building in a gray residential suburb some 15 minutes by subway from the center of Moscow. (I have promised never to reveal his address or the name he goes by.) There were four rooms: a living room, a study for Kim, a dining room and a large bedroom for Kim and me—but no double bed (the Russians don't believe in them).

The kitchen was modern and well equipped: a washing machine from Czechoslovakia, a vacuum cleaner from Romania, a floor waxer (unworkable) from Yugoslavia; only the refrigerator was Russian.

Kim knew I adored birds, and had already bought me three: a gold-colored canary and a pair of blue and green budgerigars in a charming hand-made cage.

Kim wanted to know about all his children, but he said very little about himself. He was still the same lovable, completely charming, sentimental man I adored, and our feeling was mutual. However, a tiny strip of no-man's land, which had not been there before, now separated us.

Almost the first serious thing we did was to put on paper a detailed account of my experiences with the British and American security authorities. I guessed this was information Kim's Russian friends wanted.

I told Kim how, from photographs provided by Y's chief, I had identified Kim's mysterious friend who had called on me that early May morning in Beirut.

Kim was angry. Thanks to me, the Russians had lost a valuable agent. "What a pity!" he said, "he was one of my greatest friends and our best man in the area. His career is finished." The barrier between us widened.

I also reported to him what the British Intelligence chief had said—that he had known for seven years that Kim was working for the Russians. This seemed to interest him intensely. If the British had known about his Russian connections all along, then *he* was the one who had been fooled. He thought he was spying on them, but they were keeping an eye on him—trying to use him against the Russians without his knowing it. If this were true, much of what he passed on to Soviet Intelligence would be valueless. Finally he said quietly, but with more than a touch of pride: "I've been working for the Russians for *thirty* years, not just for seven."

Several days later, I asked him: "What is more important in your life, me and the children or the Communist Party?" He answered without a moment's hesitation: "The Party, of course." I was sorry I had asked the question. Much later I said to him: "You should have married a Communist, a dedicated Communist, nobody else."

"You are absolutely right," he replied.

I had always felt that one of the most precious things which bound us together was that we had no secrets from each other, but I could no longer cherish this illusion. Slowly, I was driven to the conclusion that this man whom I still loved so deeply, and had trusted so implicitly, a man from whom I had withheld nothing, was in fact a master of deception.

I had been in Moscow a little over a week when Kim said to me: "The Macleans are very keen to meet you, and have invited us to dinner." I looked forward to the evening with enormous curiosity. At last I was to meet the couple whose situation most closely resembled our own. The Macleans—another Anglo-American couple—had defected to Russia 12 years before when Donald Maclean, a British diplomat, was about to be unmasked as a Soviet spy. At that time, Kim had warned Maclean and Burgess of their impending arrests.

Melinda Maclean had allowed her American passport to expire, and she could go no farther west than Prague without risk. I detected a touch of the envy with which these expatriates regarded me: I could come and go as I chose; my passport was still valid. Most of all, I was still an American.

After dinner we settled down to a hand of bridge, and this was the pattern of many future meetings. Twice or three times a week, we would dine, play bridge and gossip.

The Macleans did not have a very happy marriage, and I sometimes dered why Melinda, who had been to divorcing Donald a number of ti had chosen to join him in Moscow, may have shared his convictions been his espionage accomplice, bu seemed to yearn for the luxurie Western capitalism.

Donald was an enormous man, al six feet six, conceited but undoub intelligent. From our first meeti did not feel we would ever become friends. His wife was a short, plun brunette, not unattractive, but tremely highstrung, with an anno habit of repeating herself.

Donald and Kim would occasio loosen up over a bottle of wine reminisce over the "good old d They would sit around swapping dotes and laughing at how they fooled everyone.

Kim worked at home. After ye British Intelligence, he knew a deal about its methods, operation men. It may be assumed that Kim vising the Russians along these and he must be enormously useful his prodigious memory.

I once heard Sergei say to him deep affection and emotion, "W never repay you for the work y done for us." The way Kim was tr in Moscow made clear to me that h one of them. He was given the V treatment. Ordinary Russian cit queued for hours for tickets, bu could see whatever opera, ballet or cert we chose.

That first Christmas we decide leave Moscow for a change of sce had always wanted to see Baku o Caspian Sea, but that was no ho In those few days I had my first gl of the sea of sadness that lay be the surface of Kim's life. He never plained, nor uttered a word of crit of Soviet life, but I sensed in him found gloom. Was this lonely hotel in Baku what he had spent a lif working for? It was perhaps to e that intolerable conclusion that he himself into insensibility; comi Russia had not cured him of that

It was nonsense to suppose that ing from Beirut to Moscow wa moving from London to New Yo that we could go on as before wi some long and intense explanation had crossed an ideological frontier, ping the mask of a lifetime and e ing me to accept it as casually as had shaved off a mustache.

"They're the happiest couple in cow," Melinda Maclean would s us. Innocently, I saw no more i often-repeated phrase than a wry ment on her own married life barbed attack on Donald. But i hardly an accurate description of u winter. We loved each other even deeply, but a great change in ou had taken place.

I came to see that Kim's pro were quite different from mine. F all, I tried to make our flat comfo longing for the day when we could normal social life. To Kim all th secondary. His real preoccupatio with what his Russian colleagues th of him and his work. His whole li geared to Russian Intelligence. cause of Russia, he had broken wit he liked and lost their respect, tal with men he disliked, deserted his f embarked on a lifetime of lies and biness. Now, what was (cont



"It's not the arguments that disturb me. It's that when we make up, we shake hands."



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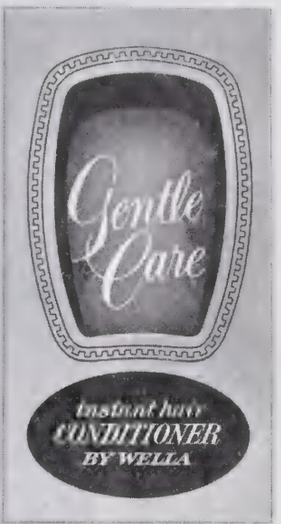
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important was that these tremendous sacrifices should be recognized.

Several months had passed before I was fully aware of the strict control to which we were subject. The Russians were taking no chances. Just what they feared I could not fathom, until Kim hinted that they thought the British, or perhaps the CIA, might try to assassinate him if they could find him. Hence the extremely limited circle in which we were allowed to move. We were barred from seeing the diplomatic corps or the press. Life for me became very lonely. I was driven to seek the company of Melinda Maclean, for whom I had no real sympathy.

As I emerged, somewhat bewildered, from my first Russian winter, I still felt that I was more a visitor than a resident. There had been no question of my assuming Soviet citizenship or giving up my ties with the West, as Kim had done.

It was against this background that I debated two important problems. I had promised my daughter that I would visit her in America that coming summer. Also, my passport was due to expire in October, 1964, and I did not know what my chances were of getting a new one at the American Embassy in Moscow. My promise to my daughter and her fears of never seeing me again forced me to a decision. I would go home and face the music.

Kim did not like the idea of my leaving, but he insisted that the decision was mine alone.

The Russians were not easily persuaded. Finally Kim told them I was determined to go, and said, "If you don't let her leave, she will go straight to the American Embassy. I know her well enough. She is going to leave whether you like it or not." Sergei replied somewhat sardonically, "In Russia we have an old saying, that it is better for a family to have only one head. Alas, you have *two* in yours!"

When the Russians realized that I was determined to go, preparations for my departure began. The most delicate problem was what briefing to give me to prepare me for my almost inevitable interrogation by the FBI. After long discussions between Kim and his Russian friends, they decided that the best course was not to impose any restrictions. I could say what I liked, good or bad, with one exception.

"The only thing we really don't want known is my address, my phone number and my Russian name," Kim said. "If you give them away, it will just complicate life. It would mean having to move."

Kim and his friends obviously anticipated that I would get into trouble with U.S. immigration officials or the FBI or both. Kim gave me a sheet of paper on which he had typed four specimen cables. Apparently innocuous, they were codes to describe what might happen to me.

"ARRIVED SAFELY ALL LOVE" meant that on arrival I had encountered no difficulty of any sort. "ARRIVED SMOOTHLY ALL LOVE" indicated difficulties with the FBI. "LANDED SAFELY ALL LOVE" referred to passport difficulties. "GOOD FLIGHT ALL LOVE" meant that I was wrestling with both the FBI and the passport officials. I was to send Kim one of the cables as soon as I arrived in the U.S.

There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that I would return to Russia, but I left Moscow airport with foreboding. Kim, flanked by the faithful Sergei, looked pathetically thin and tired. I was foolish enough to say to Melinda, "Look after my husband." When I landed in New York I was informed that, in view of my marriage to Kim, and my activities in the Soviet Union, which were against the interests of the U.S. Government, my passport was being withdrawn until further notice.

I immediately sent Kim the passport-trouble cable: "LANDED SAFELY ALL LOVE."

Within a couple of days of my arrival in America, the FBI called. They were two young men in Brooks Brothers suits, very polite and discreet. I made them a large jug of iced tea, but they refused to touch a drop. They must have soon realized I had nothing significant to tell them, and after a few routine questions, they departed.

At about the same time, my former husband asked me to give him custody of our daughter. This I agreed to do. But I would first spend the summer with her in California. These worries prevented me from writing to Kim as often as I would have liked, and it was an intensely distressing time for both of us.

Throughout August, Kim wrote a
tionate letters, reproaching me fo
silence. At the end of August, his le
began to fill with references to the
leans. On September 3 he had his
lunch alone with Melinda. In his bac
state, Kim was lonely and vulner

In one letter, he commented a
some books I sent. "I have already
The Spy Who Came In from the
The Spy was very disappointing. I
a relief to read a somewhat sophisti
spy story after all
James Bond idiocy
there are some
thought out pass
But the whole plot
beginning to end is
cally implausible,
the implausibility
on obtruding itsel
any rate, to anyone
has any real know
of the business!"

And then, in a
dated Oct. 26,
". . . I am meeting
linda today. . . .
nice to have someo
take out in defa
my own darling . .

A few days afte
Presidential elec
the State Depart
notified me that I
pick up my pass
I did so immedi
and on Novembe
1964, I landed
again in Moscow.

The first perso
the stairs into th
craft was Sergei,
gave me a warm

"Where's Kim
asked.

"He is waiting i
car."

It seemed stra
that Kim did no
out to welcome
but I got in next t
All he said, after a
embrace, was "So y
really come back."
the minute we got
he broke open o
the bottles of wh
I had brought an
as drunk as he po
could. I had a feel
was deliberate.

He told me he
been given an offic
a secretary in tow
almost every day
spent several hours
from the flat. B
would often return
quite drunk. He
paid a basic s
of 500 rubles a month—about $
but, in addition, he received large
for any special work he did. The
sians also provided, in foreign exch
some 4,000 pounds a year for
children in England. Our rent
cheap, less than $50 a month, an
only real luxury was the maid. U
me, Kim did not feel that a car
dacha in the country were necessa

One of the first questions I asked
on my return to Russia was, "Ho
the Macleans?"

"Oh," said Kim, rather abr
"Melinda is in Leningrad seeing a
friend."

(cont

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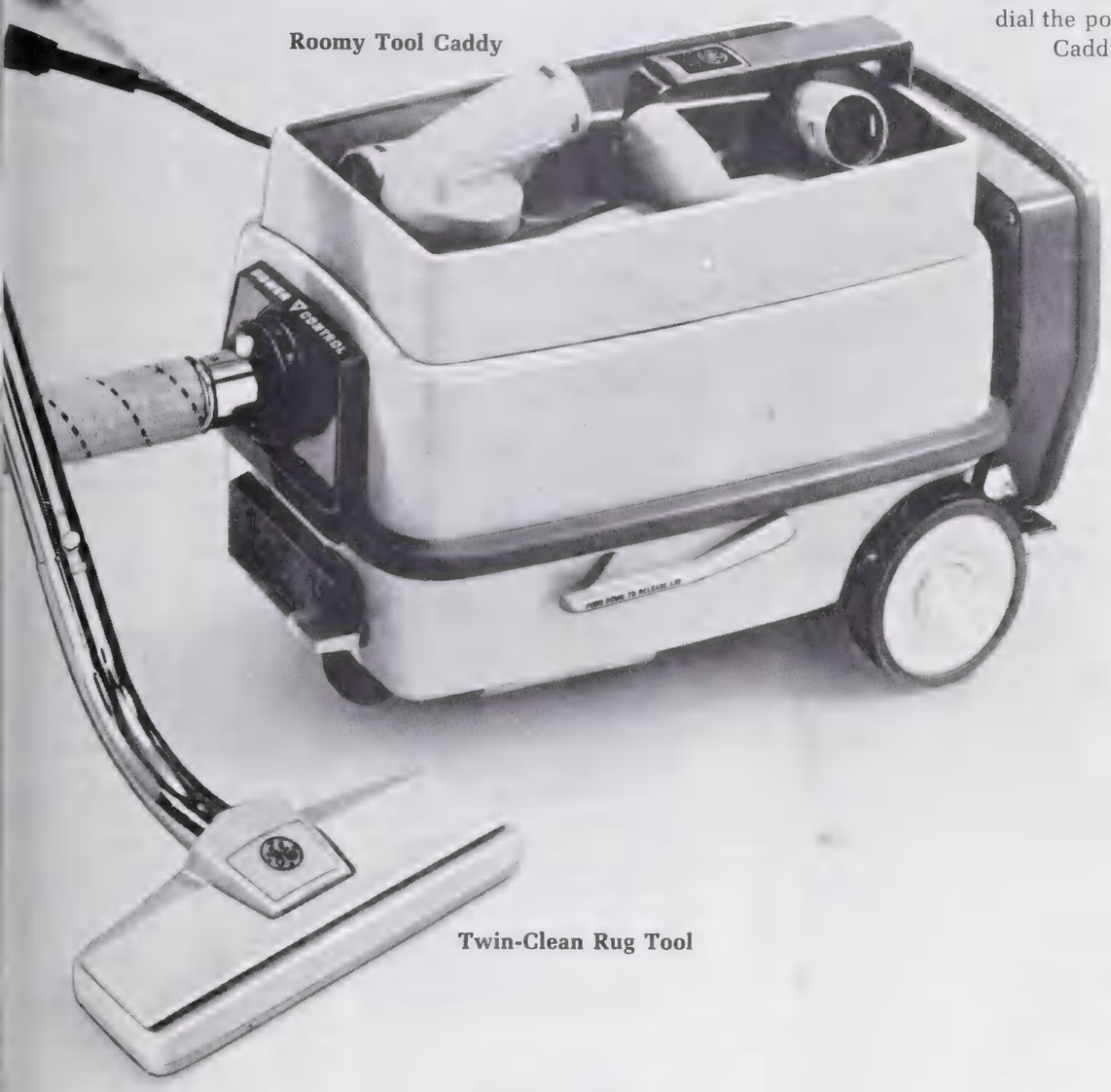
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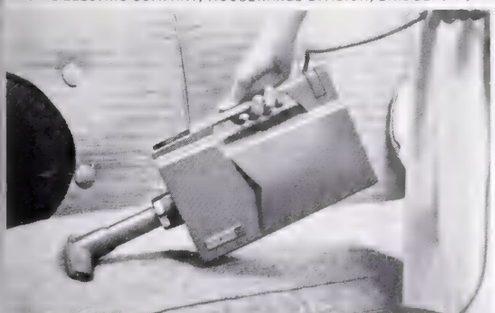


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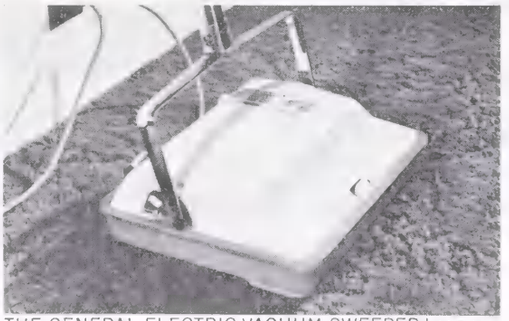
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THE SPY I MARRIED *continued*

I then said I would like to ring Donald. Kim's face clouded. "No, please. We're not speaking to each other any more. We had a filthy row some days ago. Donald said I was still a double agent."

About a week later Melinda returned from Leningrad. Before long the three of us started going about together; Donald no longer appeared, and I never saw him again. When Kim and I decided to go to the ballet or the opera, Melinda was always invited. Now that Donald was no longer there, Kim sat between Melinda and myself. I also noticed that on leaving the theater, Melinda was the first to be helped on with her coat and boots.

I have never experienced such a painful Christmas as in 1964. I was witnessing, in effect, the collapse of our relationship. Kim was lost in a haze of alcohol. He spent Christmas Day in bed, partially insensible. There were no presents for me, and the drunken binge lasted into the New Year. He would surface every few days and, for an hour or so, be his old self again, but then something would trigger off a new bout of depression and drinking.

Was I the cause of his unhappiness?

I had no one to turn to except Melinda. "I'm worried about Kim," I said to her one day. "He's drinking too much; he's so nervous and depressed that I sometimes think he doesn't love me anymore."

Melinda gave me a long, hard look: "He did love you," she said, "until a while ago."

By spring I could bear it no longer. When Easter came and Kim forgot to give me his usual flowers, I put the question to him bluntly: "Just what is going on?"

"Melinda is so unhappy," he answered. "Donald is impotent. She's had a miserable time for fifteen years, and I feel that it's partly my fault. I must try to make the rest of her life happier."

"But what about my life?" I asked.

"I don't want you to leave," he said. "You know I'm very fond of you, and Melinda understands my very special feeling for you."

"But what am I supposed to do," I said, "become the assistant housekeeper in charge of birds?"

From then on he rang Melinda every morning, not caring whether I overheard. Finally I said: "Would you mind telephoning from elsewhere?" After that Kim went off and saw Melinda whenever he chose. I never saw her again.

On May 30, 1965, I left Moscow for the last time. The Russians could not have been nicer.

"If you ever want any help," Sergei said, "go to the Russian Embassy wherever you may be and tell them who you are. They will do everything they can for you." As a parting present Kim gave me his old Westminster School scarf, which he had worn constantly and which I knew he loved. He also gave me a letter. It read:

My darling beloved:

I wanted to write you a proper "au revoir" letter, but the conditions are not favorable! So I will content myself with a brief preface, to be followed by a long letter when I get back to the typewriter. From now on, darling, I shall be thinking hard of our happy days together, of your sweetness and goodness. I can never, never forget them. Please try also to remember the nice things. Write to me often—as I shall to you—and tell me all your doings and thoughts.

So to you—the best friend I have ever had or ever will have—all the best and every possible lucky break.

Au revoir, darling,

Your sincerely devoted

KIM

Kim and I still exchange letters, but usually through my lawyer. He has no doubt done some wicked things in his life, but I am not very concerned with questions of patriotism or treason. I remember him as a tender, intelligent and sentimental husband. I am sure that he must still have some of these qualities, even though I am no longer there to enjoy them.

He betrayed many people, me among them. But men are not always masters of their fate.

Kim had the guts, or the weakness, to stand by a decision made 30 years ago, whatever the cost to those who loved him most, and to whom he, too, was deeply attached.

Kim does not like pop music, but a while ago I sent him a Beatles record—*Help.* I thought it was appropriate, but I am not sure whether it best describes his situation—or mine. **END**



"Did you take my snowballs? I put them under my pillow last night."

"HUSBANDESE"

continued from page 61

question with a psychologist. I have u their story in my books and seminars illustrate the power and impact of a sponse to affect life for better or worse.

LEADER: Suppose it is one of th mornings when everything seems to wrong. The telephone rings, the ba cries, and before you know it, the toas burned. Your husband looks over toaster and says: "My God! When you learn to make toast?" What is y reaction?

MRS. A: I would throw the toast in face!

MRS. B: I would say, "Fix your o damn toast!"

MRS. C: I would be so hurt I could o cry.

LEADER: What would your husban words make you feel toward him?

WIVES: Anger, hate, resentment.

LEADER: Would it be easy for you fix another batch of toast?

MRS. A: Only if I could put some pois in it!

LEADER: And when he left for wo would it be easy to clean up the hou

MRS. A: No, the whole day would ruined.

LEADER: Suppose that the situatio the same: the toast is burned but y husband, looking over the situati says, "Gee, honey, it's a rough morni for you. The baby, the phone, and n the toast."

MRS. A: I would drop dead if my h band said that to me!

MRS. B: I would feel wonderful!

MRS. C: I would feel so good I wo hug him and kiss him.

LEADER: Why? The baby is still c ing and the toast is still burned.

WIVES: That wouldn't matter.

LEADER: What would make the ference?

MRS. B: You feel kind of grateful th he didn't criticize you . . . that he w with you, not against you.

LEADER: And when your husband for work, would it be difficult to cle the house?

MRS. C: No! I'd do it with a song.

LEADER: Let me now tell you abou third kind of husband. He looks over t burned toast and says to you calm "Let me show you, honey, how to ma toast."

MRS. A: Oh, no. He is even worse th the first one. He makes you feel stup

The moral of the story is simple: So responses arouse hate and invite reven Other responses linger lovingly and c ate intimacy and affection.

A third secret is that truth should tempered with compassion. When we come aware of imperfections in our o selves, we are often tempted to dema impossible perfection from others. So people make a career of it. They fer out unpleasant facts about their mat conduct, and track down small defects his character. For his own good, so speak, they keep reminding him of faults. Such honesty eventually ki communication between husband a wife.

Truth for its own sake can be a deac weapon in family relations. It is t threatening to anyone to face the nak reality of personality deficiencies or ch acter flaws. Calling attention to them like shining a spotlight in his face. I imperfections will become clearer to but not to *(continued on page 12*



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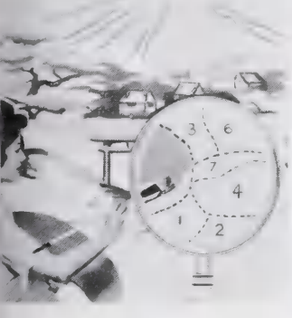
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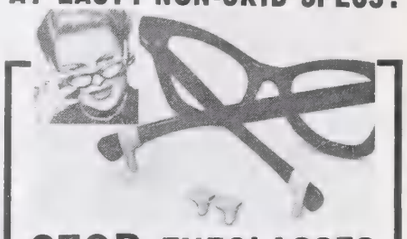


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People often respond to corrections with obstinacy. A husband may become stubborn, nonsensical and unteachable. He may act as though he were determined not to be influenced by anyone or forced into anything. He may say: "My wife is a natural-born improver. It hurts her to see me doing things my own 'inefficient' way. She always has a better way . . . her own. I am determined to make my own mistakes."

Some people try too hard to prove exactly how, where and why they have been right. This approach cannot but bring bitterness and disappointment. When attitudes are hostile, facts are unconvincing.

The fourth secret has to do with what happens when things go wrong. Many of us have to learn this lesson: When things go wrong it is not the right time to criticize our mate. When a person is drowning it is not a good time to teach him swimming or to ask him questions or to evaluate his performance. It is a time to be helpful.

While driving to his in-laws, Mr. Clark took a wrong turn on a one-way street and was almost hit by another car. His wife said, "What's the matter with you? Didn't you see the sign? It said clearly, 'one way.' It's a miracle you didn't kill all of us."

The scene that followed need not be described.

A similar situation was handled quite differently by Mrs. Dodge. When her husband drove through a red light and got a ticket, she refrained from adding insult to his anger. She said sympathetically, "Honey, guess it's impossible to drive a car without getting a ticket sometimes. Let's not allow it to spoil our evening." This noncritical comment helped her husband to deal realistically with an unpleasant situation.

As a fifth secret of intimate communication we might remember that physicians have a motto: *Primum Non Nocere*—first of all, do no damage. Husbands and wives need a similar rule. First of all, do not deny your mate's perception. Do not argue with his experience. Do not dispute his feelings. Do not disown his taste, as for example:

HUSBAND: What a beautiful sport shirt.

WIFE: It's not beautiful. It's ugly and vulgar.

This reply obviously creates hostility. The wife may have intended to prevent a bad choice, but the husband did not hear the hidden intentions. What he heard was: "You have no taste. You are stupid." He then hit back in anger.

An effective response does not attack or judge another person's taste. Instead, it acknowledges and describes it. For instance:

"I see you like very bright colors."

"I see you go for flowery design."

"I see you are fond of prints."

Then, and only then, can you state your own preferences.

"I like soft colors."

"I prefer quiet patterns."

"I am fond of polka-dot prints."

These statements are helpful because they omit evaluations. They don't criticize. They only describe. Descriptive statements are not likely to arouse hostility. Since his taste is not attacked, the husband need not defend it. A noncritical response leaves him free to reconsider his choices. It allows for a change of mind without loss of face.

Here is an example:

HUSBAND: The corn beef tastes salty.

WIFE: Oooh, it's too salty for you! Would you care for something else?

HUSBAND: It's OK, honey. I'll take it with a grain of salt.

Everyone laughed and the "crisis" was over. In the past, similar complaints led to angry arguments and spoiled moods.

Here are two illustrations of undesirable responses:

HUSBAND: The soup is too salty.

WIFE: No, it's not.

HUSBAND: Please don't argue with my taste buds. They are the only ones I have.

The scene: Husband and wife at a gallery of abstract art.

HUSBAND: These pictures don't make any sense.

WIFE: You don't know much al modern art, do you? I'll get you a b on the subject.

HUSBAND: No, thanks! And I think these pictures stink.

This conversation did not increase husband's appreciation for art or his for his wife. Since he felt insulted, he look for an opportunity to get bac her. Sooner or later, her words boomerang.

This episode could have easily h better ending, had the wife acknowle her husband's likes and dislikes saying:

"These paintings don't appeal you."

"You prefer representative art."

"You like classic paintings."

This approach requires skill tha often contrary to past training and cation. For, each of us carries wi himself a private collection of instan sults. This relic of the past is an opp sive burden. We need to get rid of it. love to survive, we must learn to c municate without criticism of per ality, attack on character, or insul dignity. E

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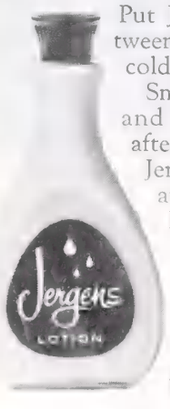
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ■



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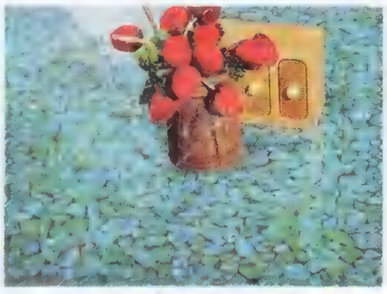
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By day, this blue Montina is bright and cheerful. At night, it takes on a deep, pearly glow, helps create a smart, elegant atmosphere.

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This is the only picture I could find of myself at 262 pounds. Where else would I be but in the kitchen, getting ready to eat?



Recognize me? Most people in Owego don't, since I'm down to 145 pounds. I hardly know myself for that matter. I'm a completely new person.

I used to wear a coat even in summer, until I lost 117 pounds.

By Kathleen Kersat—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

It didn't matter whether the temperature was a cool sixty-five or a humid ninety-eight. When I weighed 262 pounds, I was so ashamed that I wore a coat wherever I went. It was kind of like a security blanket. I'd wrap it around me, and somehow I'd feel less conspicuous. Of course, I wasn't. But without it, I'd never have left the house at all.

I had been fat all my life. My father's people were heavy and I guess I used that as an excuse for my being so big. But there was really nobody to blame but myself. I just ate too much.

My mother used to take me to the doctor regularly. But it didn't do any good. I'd come home and start eating again. And since I liked to cook, I'd bake Irish coffee cake three or four times a week. Or I'd make lasagna or spaghetti or anything that was fattening. The only real exercise I ever got was swimming. But I quit that at fourteen. I couldn't stand the sight of myself in a bathing suit.

After graduation from Owego Free Academy, I went to Ithaca School of Nursing and later did graduate work at Cornell Medical Center in New York City. Still I did nothing about my weight, even though I knew I was living dangerously.

The doctors were at me constantly. Physical examinations showed that there was no metabolic reason for my overweight. I didn't have a thyroid condition. I just had a big appetite. I tried reducing wafers, but to no avail. I took prescription pills, but they made me too nervous. I never bothered with fad diets. Nor did I try liquid diets. I did take a diuretic once a week. But nothing moved that mountain of fat.

How did a stout girl like me find a husband? The man I married is of German parentage. As a matter of fact, he was born on the boat coming over. And maybe a nice, strong girl just looked good to him.

You see, we own a four-hundred-acre farm with fifty thousand chickens. I must admit, however, that I never did much manual labor on it. Instead, my time was spent caring for the house and for our children. We have six sons.

It's funny. Although I was careless about myself, I was a meticulous housekeeper. I just put all my energy into daily chores. I practically became a slave to housework—until one day I took a good, long look at myself. I was 262 pounds. I didn't want to go anywhere. I didn't want to do anything. Life had become a terrible bore. At the age of 35, I decided that there was more to living than just eating. So, I made up my mind to reduce. I went on a low-carbohydrate diet, but I couldn't have stuck to it without help.

Years before, I had tried a little reducing-plan candy called Ayds. But like a lot of my previous efforts, I never quite gave them a chance. I remembered that Ayds were pleasant to take. And that they contained no harmful drugs. I'd also been reading some stories of how they'd worked fo people. I drove to the local drugstore, and I a box of the vanilla-caramel kind. (In case interested, they come in a chocolate fudge-t also a new chocolate mint.) I took one or tw before meals, as directed. With a hot dri me, that meant hot, black tea. And they Ayds actually helped me cut back my a The thing that was so terrific about Ayds w I could chew them. And just chewing alone to satisfy my hunger.

The very first month, I lost twenty po could hardly believe it. Time went on a more weight came off. And more. To kee getting too flabby, I practiced isometrics. I I was able to cross my knees. That may strange to a thin person, but anybody w ever been very heavy will know what that It's hallelujah day!

From a size 28½ dress, I went down to a I no longer had to buy clothes through a cat I no longer had to wear outsize stockings. no longer had to wear a coat in summer. I w under five feet six inches tall and weighed 1 average-size woman who could get lost in a

The physical change was so great that altered my personality. Everybody agrees I' outgoing than I ever was before. I want places. And do things. Why, I even got up nerve to buy myself a bathing suit. Some haven't owned in 17 years.

One thing, however, I know for certain. can persuade another to lose weight. You l decide to do that yourself. But once you d you must look for help. My help was Ayds

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

Before		After
5′ 5¾″	Height	5′ 5¾″
262 pounds	Weight	145 pounds
46″	Bust	37″
42″	Waist	28″
45″	Hips	37½″
28½	Dress	14



Put yourself in a dramatic new light- buy Westinghouse light bulbs, get this theatrical make-up mirror for $6.75.

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Please send me _____ Make-up Mirror(s) at $6.75 each. Enclosed is $_____ and a panel from a Westinghouse Light Bulb package.

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Make check or money order payable to: Westinghouse Electric Corporation. Please do not send cash or stamps.
Mail to: Westinghouse Make-Up Mirror, P.O. Box 7129, Roseville Station, Newark, N. J. 07107. Allow six weeks for delivery. Offer expires June 30, 1968. Offer good only in the U.S.A. Void in states or localities where prohibited by law.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The *Journal* will publish brief letters from rea seeking answers to important personal problems, along with re from members of our board of experts. We welcome such letters greatly regret that only those selected for publication can be answ

Dear Dr. Wright: Recently I read that in a report to President Johnson, the National Advisory Commission on Health Manpower recommended that physicians be compelled to undergo periodic tests of their knowledge before their licenses are renewed. In that same article, the president-elect of the American Medical Association, Dr. Dwight L. Wilbur, seemed to go along with the idea, saying: "What one learns in medical school is often not applicable ten years later. Half the drugs being used today weren't even known a decade ago."

How well *do* our physicians keep up with rapidly changing medical developments? And do you think licensing of doctors is a good and necessary thing?

MRS. F. C. BELL
Chicago, Ill.

● *It is possible that requiring doctors to take postgraduate refresher courses or periodic re-examinations in order to renew their licenses might stimulate a few laggards to keep up with advances in medicine. However, we should remember that most doctors look upon medical school as only the beginning of a lifetime of study. They voluntarily subscribe to medical journals, attend lectures, postgraduate courses and hospital staff meetings; some even listen to taped lectures while driving their cars. In addition, every patient adds to their store of medical understanding.*

If a doctor expects to retain the esteem of his fellow doctors (as well as of his patients), he knows he has to keep up-to-date. There are also a number of checks and balances within the medical profession, such as hospital review committees and grievance committees in the local medical societies, that bring to light medical incompetence. Add to this the fact that—thanks to the news media—patients today are much better informed; their questions serve as a stimulus to the doctor to keep abreast of medical advances.

Licensing is a very necessary procedure to keep a check on the quality of the doctor's medical training as well as his moral fitness to practice. I do wish, however, that licensing requirements could be standardized. At present each state has its own requirements, often making it difficult for doctors trained and originally licensed in one state to move to another.

PHYLLIS WRIGHT, M.D.

Dear Miss Vanderbilt: My daughter, who is a young career woman, is living in a city about 500 miles away. She and her fiancé have decided to be married in that city, where both have resided for some time and where both have many more friends now than in the h hometown. How can the invita be handled properly in this case? they be mailed by the parents from hometown and have the replies dir to them? In reality, most of the arr ments are, of course, being handl the bride.

MRS. J. W. Dc
New Orlean

● *It doesn't matter from which ci invitations are mailed. As it wou more convenient for the bride to rece replies than for her mother to get th such a distance, put the R.S.V.P usual, lower left, and beneath it the b name just as "Miss Jones" with her plete address—including the Zip Co*

AMY VANDE

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Seaman: My sis deathly afraid of flying, yet she tions well otherwise: she is a gooc and mother and a successful lawye will not consult a psychiatrist be she says, "it might cure my fe flying—but who knows what else i bring out?" When a person has a phobia like this, should she conside self lucky that it isn't worse, and a her life accordingly (in my sister's s take trains instead of planes), or s she consider going for psychiatric

NAME WITH
Cincinnati

● *A phobia can be a small sore or a malignancy. A lot depends on the ci stances. Is your sister losing clien cause she will not fly to represent the of town—or is her husband dep because they cannot easily vacati Europe? If her phobia is runnin interference in her life, she shou hesitate to consult a psychiatrist. patients with phobias require lon therapy, which takes the whole perso into consideration, while others from brief therapy aimed mainly at tom removal. An experienced psych will know which course to take.*

DR. GIDEON and BARBARA SE

Dear Miss Cannon: A friend of insists that you get fewer calories an apple with the peel than from a apple. How could this be possible

HELENE PHI
Tucson

● *Strangely enough it works out the Because you use up more energy—more calories—chewing and digest apple peel.*

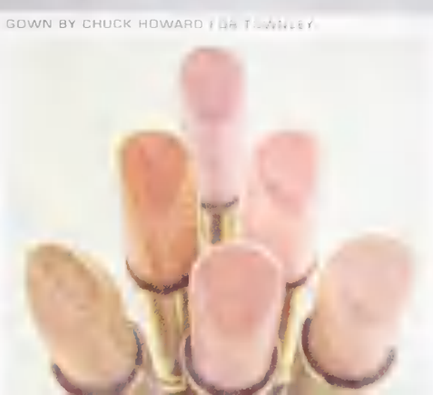
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The fragrance that won't let go.
Cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances. Intimate Parfum by Revlon
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REVLON TURNS IT ON. PALE-POWER!

REVLON'S NEW

GOWN BY CHUCK HOWARD FOR TOWNLEY



New outlook for lips: Gleamed up. Paled down. Wet. Wet. Wet. The mouth that keeps its pale-power wears the lipstick that won't deepen, dull or darken as the day wears on. The moist, whipped-creamy lipstick formula that never feels gooky. Revlon invented this do-gooder (filled it with rich-and-famous moisturizers) to make dry lips a thing of the past. **'Moon Drops' Wet Lipstick**

The 'Powder Pale' lipshades: Breath of Pink, Peachpetal, Alabaster Pink, Breath of Ivory, Breath of Beige, Bare Blus



'POWDER PALES'

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

y inlook for nails: Cream-dipped. Luscious. Rich. Rich. Rich. Coming in
, all sweetness and cream, a nail enamel so rich it seems puréed. (In shades
ale, anything brighter looks over-dressed.) Gives hands a pampered
ver-lift-a-finger look. If you nourished your nails on fresh cream from the
y, they couldn't feel more lovingly treated. **Ultra-Rich Cream Nail Enamel**



hades to match the 'Powder Pale' lipsticks. Also: Breath of Peach, Breath of Tan, Almond Beige, Oyster White.



If Revlon's 'Fire & Ice' was your first lipstick...

...it's time for Revlon's Eterna '27'

The famous skin cream that brought dramatic visible results to women's skin in 6 out of every 10 cases tested.

It was a good year, wasn't it? All you needed to make you look exactly the way you wanted to, was your new lipstick from Revlon.

Now you look for different things. Your makeup's changed radically over the years—you may find yourself wearing less than ever. And, if you're realistic, the face beneath the makeup is what actively concerns you. That is why it is probably time for Revlon's Eterna '27'.

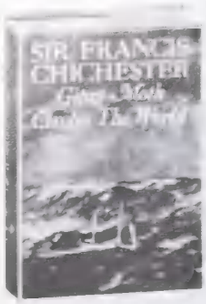
Eterna '27' is one of the most famous skin creams ever created. There's nothing remotely like it. Its remarkable basic ingredient—progenitin—is not a hormone and can be used only by Revlon. And the facts are these: Within 40 days, Eterna '27' could bring dramatic visible results to your skin as it did in 6 out of every 10 cases tested. Even skin specialists are impressed. And, even if you were born long before 'Fire & Ice', or long after, it doesn't matter. The skin, young or old, most in need of help, seems to benefit most from it.

Now is the time to get serious. Ask yourself this question. Do your looks really need a lot more of a lift than you can get from a new lipstick? If the answer is yes, it's time for Eterna '27'.

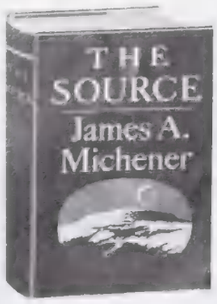




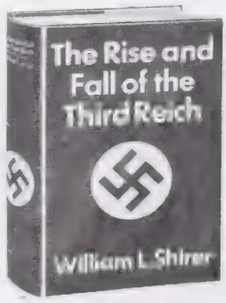
WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YO



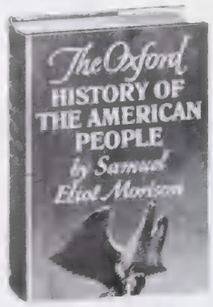
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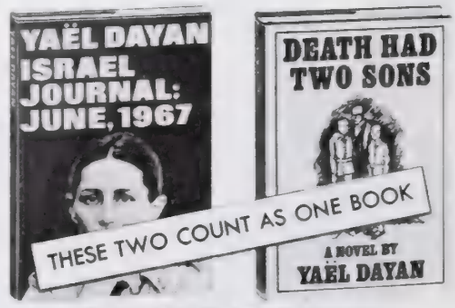
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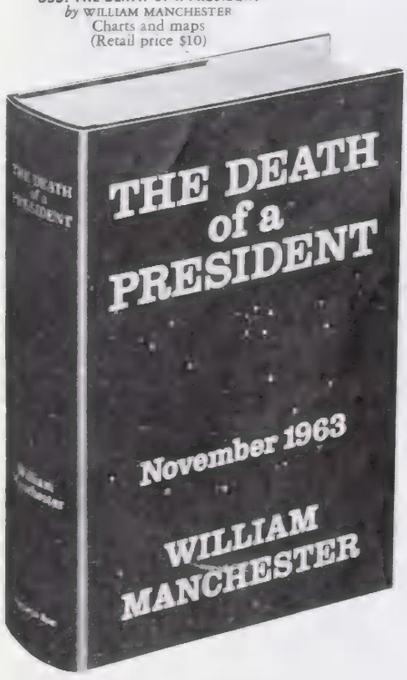
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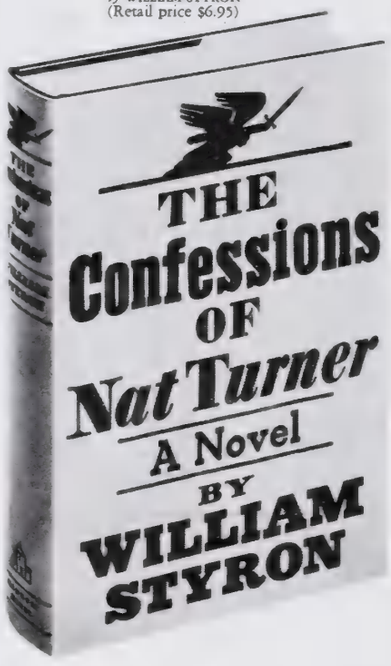
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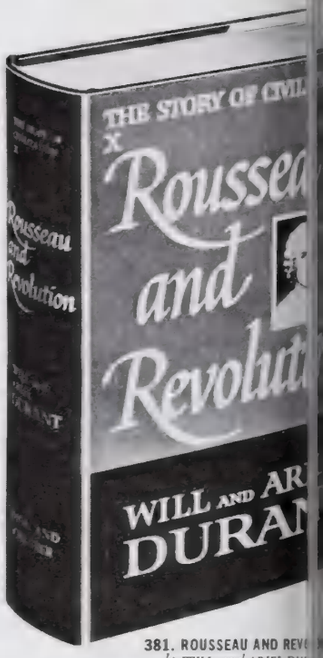




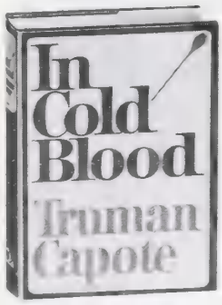
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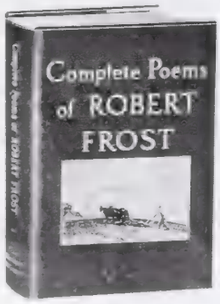




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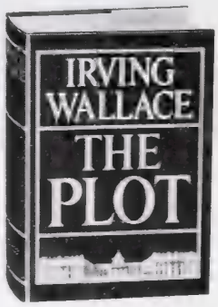
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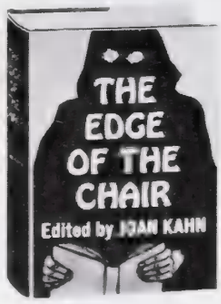
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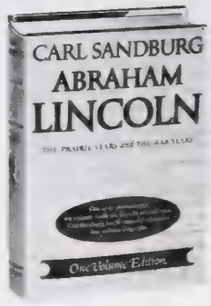
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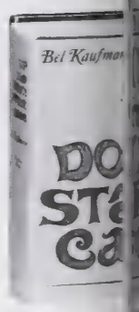
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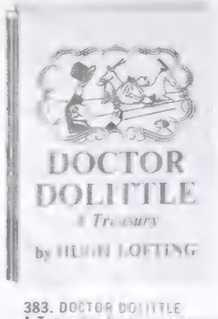
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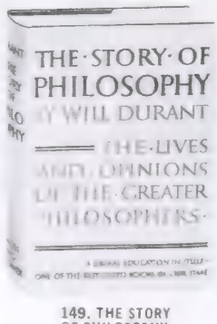
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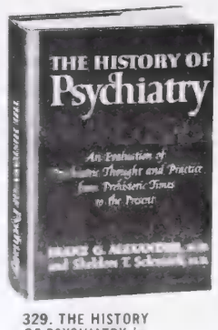
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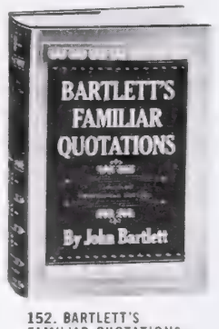
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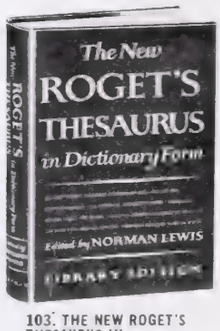
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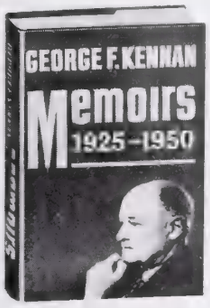


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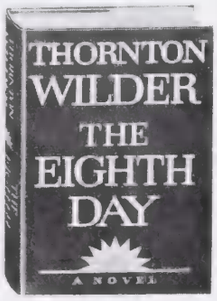
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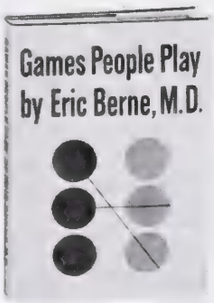
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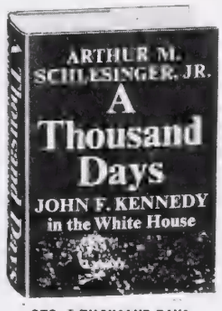
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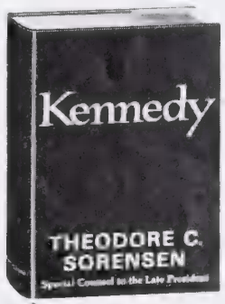
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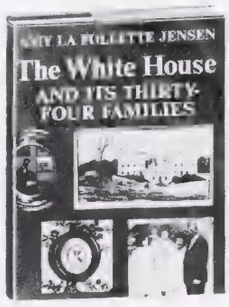
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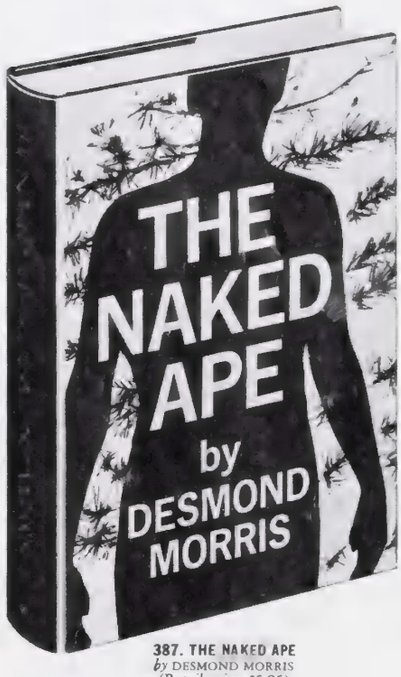
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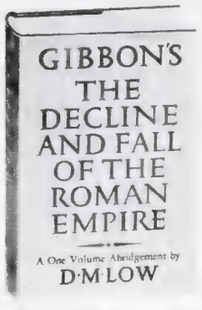
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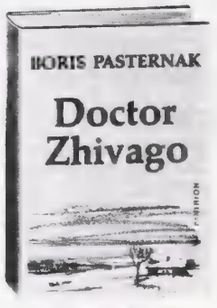
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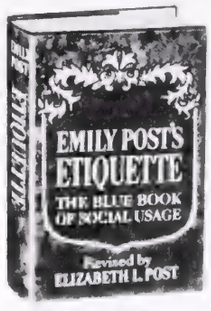
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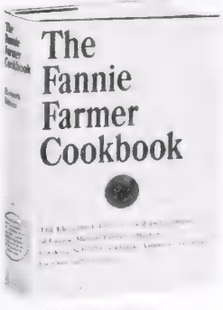
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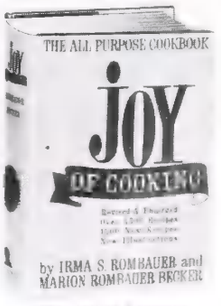
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The Journal "Voice of Women" Poll

500 READERS TELL US THEIR MOST SECRET FEARS

Why is the prospect of getting fat so appalling to women? Why are they so afraid they don't handle money properly? In the latest *Journal* survey, 500 readers reveal what they fear most and least—and a distinguished woman psychiatrist reveals surprising explanations for what their answers really mean.

Everybody harbors fears. But what are the fears that bother American women most? To find out, the Journal, *in its latest "Voice of Women" poll, presented 500 women with a list of 100 fears. The women were asked to check those that affect them personally. To analyze the results and place them in perspective, the* Journal *consulted Dr. Natalie Shainess, a well-known New York psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who specializes in the problems of the modern woman. Here is Dr. Shainess' assessment of the new* Journal *survey:*

I believe that the *Journal* questionnaire accurately reflects the anxieties that women feel as they find themselves caught up in a tidal wave of changing values and attitudes—and as they struggle to live in a world of increasing violence. But what is encouraging to me is the realization that a preponderance of the women who replied did not seem crippled by their fears; in fact, most even denied having them. As a psychiatrist, I must wonder whether they are hiding their fears from themselves. But as an optimist (and as a woman), I hope that their responses mean that most women today live better, less anxiety-ridden lives than their predecessors.

Here are the fears that seem to trouble American women most:

1. 39 percent of the *Journal* readers are "afraid of all the hate and killing in the world."
2. 38 percent are "afraid of getting fat."
3. 34 percent are "afraid I don't manage money as well as I should."
4. 27 percent are "terrified of what many young people today think and talk about."
5. 25 percent are "afraid religion won't mean enough to my children."
6. 25 percent are afraid they have "too little willpower."
7. 24 percent are "afraid I'll never be able to really stop smoking."

The overwhelming reaction against "all the hate and killing in the world" reflects the anxiety of our nuclear age. Not only do an increasing number of countries have the ability to wipe out large segments of our world, but wars and riots seem to erupt everywhere. All this provides an undercoating of anxiety in our lives, especially since acts of violence seem to be on the increase.

The fact that so many women are afraid of getting fat seems simple—but isn't. I have no quarrel with the desire to be slender; it is consistent with good physical health. But I am concerned with women's obsessive worry about weight and eating—it amounts to a food phobia—with diet faddism, and with the seemingly prevalent anxiety about how their eating habits look to others. Even the most modest dessert is const with the preface, "I really shoul but . . ." It is as if women ca take eating as a matter of co but are constantly involved it—and suffer guilt feelings in tion to everything they eat. I ca help but ask: What price slender

With so many women wo about money management, I wo if this fear does not mask a serious complaint—the feeling o ever *having* enough money. Pe our society is too quickly incre the number of things deemed n sary for an adequate life.

The fear of smoking and the plaint about "too little willpo both relate to the control of imp Here, too, the responses mirro constant escalation of what we we need to get along.

There is a connection betwee fear that religion will lose its si cance for children and women's of what young people are thi and talking about. They demons women's concern with changing ues and moral codes—and also fear of incurring the contempt o young, who have been quite fr expressing it.

The low response to some tions surprised me. For exampl *Journal* readers did not seem ried about their own or their bands' drinking, and expressed fear that their daughters migh promiscuous or that their sons n become homosexuals.

At a time when drinking drugs—is considered our most spread and worrisome addiction curious that so few women a concern about it. The likeliest clusion I can draw is that the w polled, like all human beings burying their heads in the sa the hope of blotting out an pleasant possibility.

It is also puzzling that more w are not afraid that their daug are "loose." Have sexual n changed so radically that mothe longer view signs of sexual in and behavior in their daughte indicators that they may, in words of an earlier generation, " to a bad end"? Or does it refle indifference that parades as pe siveness? The same is true of th significant response to the fear a son may become a homosexua a time when there is a seriou crease in homosexuality, the o of this fear strikes me as ostrichlike head-burying.

It is said that we live in an a fear—and we do. But the resu this survey indicate that Ame women, at least, may be coping their fears better than we had ined. More power to them.

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Take a soup plate, pour a capful of bath oil into the water, and watch what happens:

Most bath oils float on top of the water in blobs and globs. Like chicken soup.

Now look at the little ten-inch tub. Same amount of water. Same amount of bath oil. But no blobs. And no globs.

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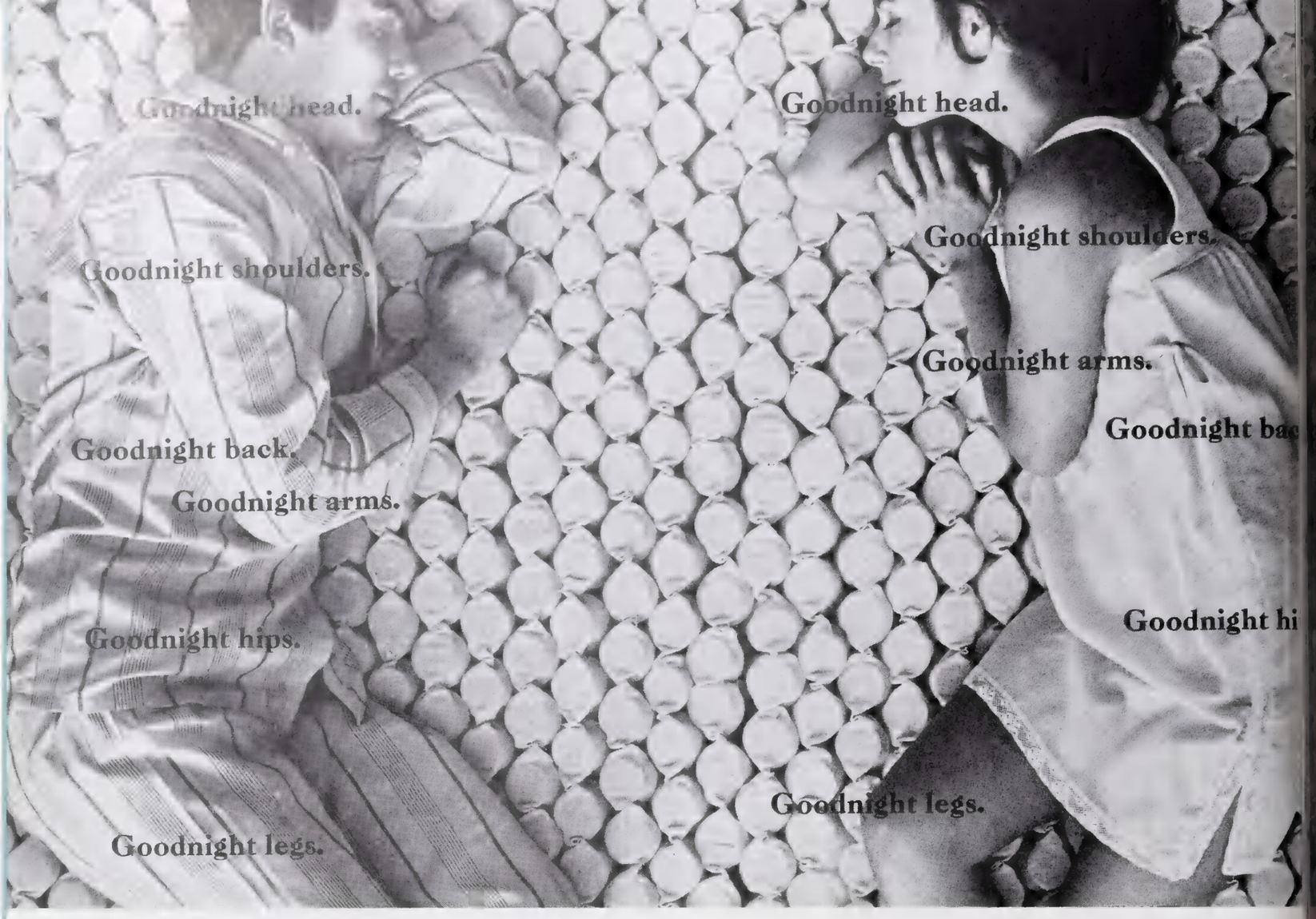
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There is a mattress that supports you part-for-part the way you're put together: Beautyrest.® Made only by Simmons.

It's the one mattress with individual coils. Each coil is in its own pocket. So each is free to respond individually to the individual parts of your body. To give each part the support it needs. Arm support to arms. Back support to your back.

Beautyrest treats you part-for-part the way you're built. Like a human being.

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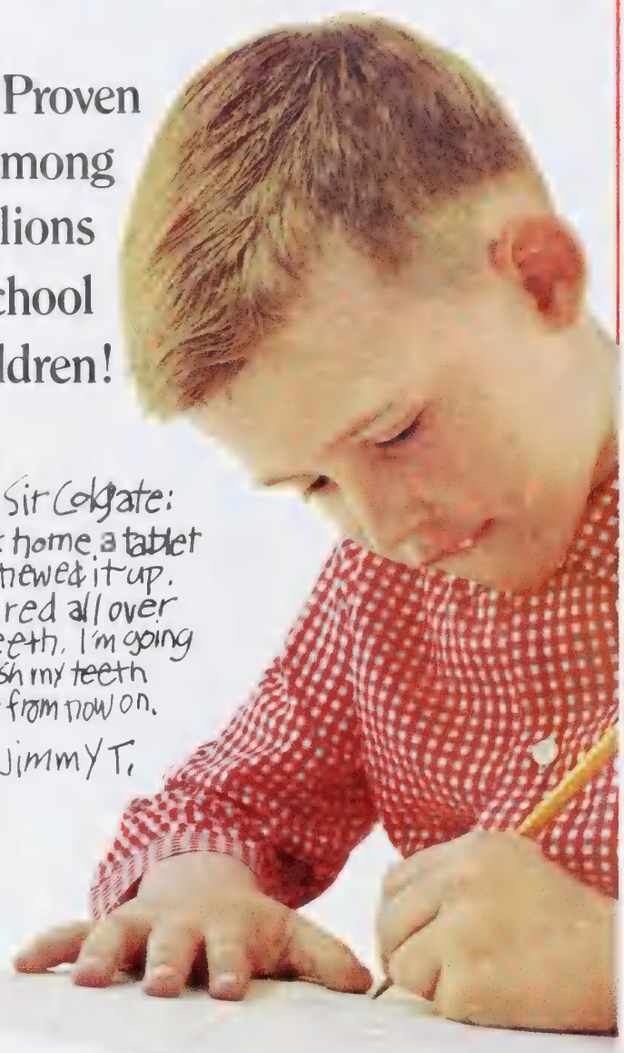
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IF IT WERE MY CHILD

A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other tha solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.



SLEEPER SOLES: On my toddler's sleepers, v have feet but not rubber soles, I use ir patches that I cut in the shape of the This keeps the feet from wearing out a a rough material so she won't fall on slippery floors.—Mrs. Ann Israel, Win Salem, N.C.



PLAY POOL: During the cooler months, when it's still too cold for my child to play outdoors in his plastic wading pool, I keep it in the basement and fill it with sand and the usual shovels, pails, etc. This makes him a bit happier about having to stay indoors during the cold and wet weather—and keeps him busy.—Mrs. Ken Vanden Bosch, Zeeland, Mich.

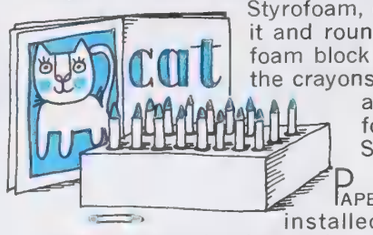
TEETHING TREATS: Since my toddler puts everything into his mouth, I decided to make it something nutritious, and now give him strings of cereal ins of the usual teething toys. They are eas make (just use cereals with a hole in the cer good for the child and they can be repl when they become messy.—Mrs. Glenn W Killeen, Tex.





PAINLESS WINDOWS: As a safety measure for small visitors, I have put decals (I use butterflies) on our low windows and sliding glass doors as a reminder that it is glass, not open space. They're decorative, and have kept many a child from bumping into the glass.—Mrs. Anne Dirkman, Calumet, Mich.

STYROFOAM STORAGE: To help my children organize their crayons, I bought a block of Styrofoam, cut holes in it and rounded them with a sharp knife. foam block makes a perfect storing plac the crayons—it's light, it protects the cray and the upright crayons can be for color selection.—Mrs. R. L. St. Marys, Ohio.





PAPER PLACE: I have installed a small café curtain rod to be used as a dispenser for a large roll of white shelf paper on the wall of my children's room. This is their supply of paper for drawing, making paper airplanes, etc. I have hung a pair of blunt scissors from the wall so that the children can help themselves. This saves endless amounts of time, and it saves money, too. —Mrs. Esther L. Megargel, Cougar, Wash.



PRESENT PRESENTATION: So my child's trips to the doctor's (or dentist's) o are happier occasions, I ask him to make a to take to his friend, the doctor. Any gift will we have decorated tin cans with paper to be as pencil holders. My child looks forwar seeing his doctor to give him the present stead of being afraid, and the doctor ap ciates his thoughtfulness.—Mrs. Diane Hu Waltham, Mass.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $ the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and babys as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. M c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 1 Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., because such submissions cannot be retu

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"WHAT'S HAPPENING"



BY GENE SHALIT

In *House of Cards* **Orson Welles** portrays the leader of a group of conspirators plotting to overthrow the French government. Fiction, unfortunately.... Broadway's hit comedy is still cooking on Broadway: *There's a Girl in My Soup*. The dish is **Barbara** **s,** who spoons with that crooked-smiled mer, **Gig Young**. Gig is an amorous gourmet—know, a pinch of this, a pinch of that. . . . er Rice's famous play of 1922, *The Adding hine*, will be filmed with **Richard Widmark** as Zero, which is a plus. . . . The **Herb Alpert** and Tijuana Brass album, *Whipped Cream and Delights*, has been high on the charts for than 140 weeks. His first eight albums were its, and his newest has a classic title: *Herb rt's 9th*. . . . Eighty cheers for United Artists e-releasing **Mike Todd's** extravagant Academy rd-winning version of Jules Verne's *Around World in 80 Days*. Remember? **David Niven, ey MacLaine, Noel Coward, Frank Sinatra, ene Dietrich, Trevor Howard, Red Skelton, rice Lillie,** even **Edward R. Murrow**—more 40 stars. One reason for the smash: a script by (for Superb Jocularity) **Perelman.** Be sure children take their parents. . . . When *Bo-o* by the Argentina composer **Alberto Ginastera** erformed by the New York City Opera on ch 14, the role of the courtesan will be per-ed by **Joanna Simon.** The American soprano d and squirmed the seductive role at its world iere in Washington last May, and caused a ation. Her costume (but not her voice) was about topless.

Roach's *The Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy* to below) is a cheek-aching series of takes and le takes clipped from their funniest films. No was ever nuttier with doors and derbies. Al-gh cinema is today's most expressive art form, 's very little visual comedy. Now it's sex, ng or slice of life. Suggestion to Hollywood: t Roach has done for Laurel and Hardy some-should do for **Jerry Lewis**. There is hardly a s movie that an intelligent adult can sit ugh, but most of his movies have a scene or a ence that is memorably funny. If these could liced together into a 100-minute anthology, he d have a hit, and the world (he's a great fav-orite overseas) would have a treasury of comic insanity. . . . If you still have a sense of humor about marriage, you'll grin when you read **Basil Boothroyd's** book, *Let's Stay Married: A Survival Kit*, coming in June. The British wry-ter diagnoses "Anniversary Amnesia," and "His/Her Impossible Behavior at Last Night's Party." . . . **Charlie Manna** (you've seen him on *Tonight*)



has written a non-book called *A Loser Is. . .*, to be published in May. Sample: "A Loser is a window washer who steps back to admire his work." . . . *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, **Morris West's** best-selling novel of 1963, is being made into a movie that can't miss being big box-office bait. The casting has been expert: **Anthony Quinn, Laurence Olivier, Vittorio De Sica** (all Academy Award winners), and **Oskar Werner** (where's he been lately?). **Warren Beatty, Arthur Penn** and the others who did so much to make *Bonnie and Clyde* a success shouldn't feel mopey if their film doesn't win the Academy Award it deserves next month. Here are some films that did not—I repeat did *not*—win: *Citizen Kane, Wuthering Heights, The Grapes of Wrath, The Wizard of Oz, Sunset Boulevard, A Streetcar Named Desire, The Maltese Falcon, For Whom the Bell Tolls*. . . . **Katharine Hepburn** is striding through a renaissance: With *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* behind her, and *The Lion in Winter* shot, she's filming **John Huston's** *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. Next fall she stars in her first Broadway musical *Coco*, based on the life of **Coco Chanel** (No. 5). Perfect casting: Coco can't sing either. It's being written by **Alan Jay Lerner** (words) and **André Previn** (music). **Rosalind Russell** was originally set for the title role, but Coco announced from Paris that only Miss Hepburn would suit her, so Miss Russell suddenly remembered a previous engagement.



Stella Stevens: body and soul.

Next time you're in London, swing into the new boutique owned by **The Beatles** on Baker Street. It's called *The Apple*—a good place to pick up a Mackintosh. On this side of the sea, a precocious boutique called *The 59th Street Bridge* is in full sway on the third floor of a Manhattan department store called Alexander's. It's minimanaged by two teen-agers: **Francine LeFrak,** the super-deb who has a talent for spotting fashion trends, and by **Jonathan Farkas,** son of the store's chairman, who dreamed up selling everything from ping-pong-ball earrings to shellacked pretzels. If you're contemplating college or career-girl shopping, *The 59th Street Bridge* is a good jumping-off spot. . . . **Evelyn Lear,** the soprano who was triumphant last season in her Metropolitan debut in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, is making a recital swing these weeks. You can see her on the 24th in Louisville, on the 31st in Manhattan's Town Hall, on April 8 and 9 in Madison, Wis., and on April 25 and 26 with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in L. A. . . . This month's **Michael Caine** movie is *Deadfall*. Pay close attention, class, while I recount the outline of this family entertainment. The girl is married to her father, see, but *he* lusts after his chauffeur, so he uses the girl as a decoy. Laced into this family idyll is a jewel-thief plot. . . . Director **Michelangelo Antonioni** (*Blow-Up*) is flexed for his first made-in-America movie. Title: *Zabriskie Point*, after a town near Death Valley. With Antonioni, nothing is ever definite, but *maybe* there will be three characters and *maybe* one will be **Faye Dunaway** and *maybe* it will be filmed in Death Valley and Watts. . . . **Rosalind Russell** is the Mother Superior in Columbia's Easter film, *Where Angels Go—Trouble Follows*. But can that really be **Stella Stevens** portraying a nun? Stella Stevens, the *Playboy* pinup? You bet . . . the same Stella who *this* month appears in an uncon*ventio*nal role in *How to Save a Marriage—and Ruin Your Life* with **Dean Martin.** What an actress! In just two films she epitomizes body and soul.

Smash Broadway musicals can make everyone involved rich, so even the most improbable plot source is never overlooked. The latest entry is a musical about that famous European banking family, the Rothschilds. It's based on **Frederick Morton's** biography and is scheduled for Broadway next season. OK, the Rothschilds are fascinating, but a romantic musical comedy? If the writers are having difficulty, perhaps I can suggest an opening plus some song titles: Our overture begins with humility and very little brass, which is the proper way to conduct an overture for bankers. Then we'll highlight all the Rothschild romances with love songs: *I've Compounded My Interest in You . . . We Have a Mutual Bond . . . Deposit Me Safe in Your Arms* . . . and *Oh, He's Just My Bills*. In the climactic elopement scene, the heroine sings *Next Window, Please*, which leads to the wedding as we crescendo to the gala ballroom finale, *The Vienna Vaults*.

For his only NBC-TV special of the season March 20, **Jack Benny** has invited **Johnny Carson** and **Lucille Ball.** (It's narrowly known that Carson's very first network television appearance was as a guest on the Benny show in 1954.) And if you want to see Jack stare in person, go East next month: He's appearing at the glittering Empire Room in the Waldorf-Astoria from April 15 through May 11. Benny opening on income-tax deadline night? Hmmmmm!

Clark Gable was the first star to say *damn* on screen (in *Gone With the Wind*—and he probably said it again, off screen, when he didn't win the Academy Award for his performance). Coming March 5: An NBC special about the Gable years, with an analysis of his grip on the people. His popularity was easy to understand. I mean, can anyone with a mustache be *all* bad? . . . **Bill Cosby** will eye spy Philadelphia, his hometown, on an NBC-TV tour March 18. And **Grace Kelly,** who also grew up in Philadelphia, is ready with a razzle tour of her Princessipality March 6 (ABC). Title: *Monte Carlo . . . C'est la Rose*. Joining her: **Terry-Thomas, Françoise Hardy, Gilbert Becaud.** To honor the grand prix, Princess Grace promises to zip through Monaco in a sports car.

Mike Nichols' *The Graduate* is a class picture. Rarely will you see a film with finer acting in every role, or observe the work of a director whose eye and ear are so exquisitely keyed to the nuances of his time. (That ought to take care of readers who think I can't write a precious phrase.) **Anne Bancroft** is wickedly perfect as **Dustin Hoffman's** alma mater. Hoffman—his portrayal is extraordinary—ultimately graduates to her daughter, **Katharine Ross.** One of Nichols' devices is that the film does not end, it just stops. STOP

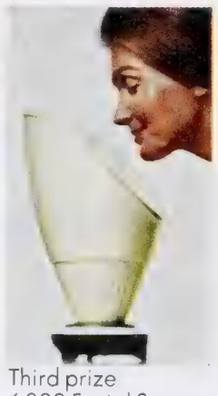
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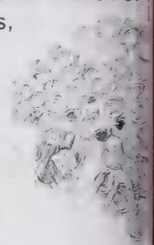
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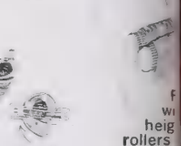
The new curlyheads (see story, page 92) look as though just *happened*, but they actually require this head start: C plotting and planning of each little ri



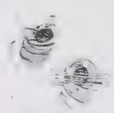
Hairdresser neth warns: " don't plan a p set, you won't h perfect look." set-ups we use the curlyheads story.

The redhead (s above left) a crown of (rollers v toward back of straight bangs, sides, back. (Try this one if you're still shy about wearing a headful of curls.) For fat sausage curls, use rollers (wire or ventilated plastic ones help hair dry quickest) no more than one inch in diameter. Wind on end papers for the neatest finish. For tiny tendrils, use clips.





Stand-up pincurl with two hairpins, for springy curl.



Always wind in one direction.

F wi heig rollers

The brownette (above right) changed directions—with rollers wound *forward* to give height. The way to longer lasting curls: lots of setting loti fore, during set; a sp lotion before ing under



Tissued pincurls.

To achieve t curls of r haired r (left), hair was cut a length, three inche from roots to ends. If yo is so short in back that pincurls sometimes slip out of clips, hold curls in place with a tissue (as shown).



The evening hair style Kenneth created for the blonde (right), started with long hair, set in pincurls (for ringlets) and rollers (for long, thick curls). To make corkscrew curls, Kenneth wound a section of curled hair tightly around an ordinary pencil, then pulled out the pencil to let the curl tumble down.



Two rollers, one clip: firmer curls.

Drawings by Richard Giglio

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CHEVROLET

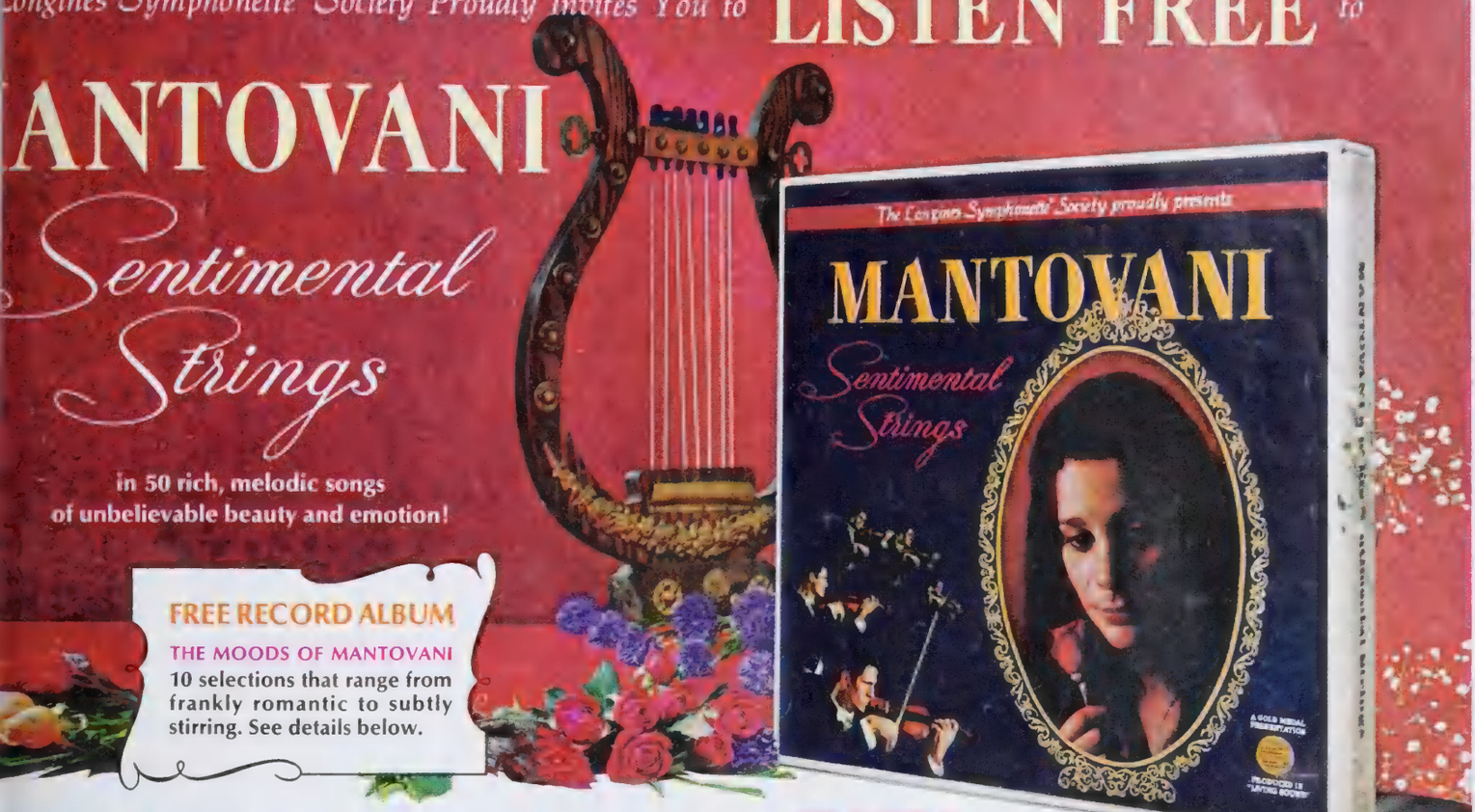


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LUCY'S HUSBAND GAMBLED

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

For years, counselors were taught they must never tell a client what to do—even though the client came specifically to learn what to do! This so-called non-directive counseling was largely a failure, as many studies proved. Today, counselors often don't need to tell clients what to do; frequently clients know that already. In this case, Kirk knew he ought to stop gambling and concentrate on making a success of his marriage with Lucy. So the counselor taught the client how *to do it. Effective counseling nowadays tends to be direct and energetic, based primarily on the confidence that the client feels in the counselor's ability to help him into action along the right lines. Gambling is notoriously one of the difficult faults to correct. It damages millions of families. Success in this case depended on a general reorganization of behavior patterns, carried out with intelligence and determination. The counselor was Dr. Robert S. Hicks.*

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and president,
The American Institute of
Family Relations

"Last year Kirk and I earned at least $19,000, but his gambling has ruined us financially and wrecked our marriage," said 23-year-old Lucy, a curly-haired blond charmer, two years a wife, four years an airline hostess, but so youthful in manner and appearance she could have passed for a schoolgirl. "In the past six months he has dropped at least $5,000 at the poker table, maybe more. I wasn't aware of the miserable situation until recently. I still feel stunned.

"When I married Kirk I knew he enjoyed an occasional flyer on the races, and I also knew he belonged to an amateur poker club. But I thought he bet two or three dollars a whack, just for the fun of it. Kirk is an engineer, and he earns about $13,000 a year in a successful young electronics firm. The poker club was organized by guys in the firm, including Kirk's boss. I first heard about it at our engagement party, when the boss congratulated me on capturing a founding member of the club. He said the group met once or twice a month, and he trusted I wouldn't be a spoilsport and bust up male friendships.

"To tell the truth, I was pleased and sort of flattered to hear Kirk described as a wizard at poker—it seemed to make up for the fact he wasn't a college graduate like all the other engineers in his firm, which was something else that slipped out at the party. Until then Kirk had let me infer that he had a master's degree in engineering and was thinking of working for a Ph.D.

"When Kirk and I first met I was unbelievably naïve. I grew up with three older brothers in a conventional, middle-class neighborhood in Los Angeles a million miles removed from the glittery hustle-bustle of television and movies. My father is an assistant cashier in a bank, my mother is a librarian; they live in a modest frame house in chronic need of paint, and they have slaved and scrimped for everything.

"It was expected that I would follow in Mother's footsteps, educate myself as a librarian and marry my childhood sweetheart, Bob, a nice, steady accountant who lived next door. Until I was a college sophomore, he and I expected the same thing. But then I suddenly rebelled, quit college and landed my airline job, the most glamorous job ever held by anyone of my acquaintance.

"With the reluctant consent of my parents, who hated to refuse me anything—I'm the baby of the family—I moved into an apartment with two other airline girls, who called themselves the 'swinging stewardesses.' Mary and Beth had scads of dates and told everybody they intended to marry millionaires. At 19, I was fascinated with this half-kidding philosophy, and soon counted on meeting my own millionaire and tripping to the altar swathed in mink.

"The night I was introduced to Kirk, I was still vaguely engaged. Enchanted by Kirk's good looks, good manners and reserve, I soon broke off with Bob. Kirk was eager to get married and start a family and sit by the fire with a stay-at-home wife. Or so he said. He almost immediately began urging me to set a wedding date. But I wasn't ready to settle down. I was too thrilled with the excitement of the apartment, the novelty of my job, the joys of courtship. Kirk took me everywhere, showered me with attention. His thoughtfulness and generosity were fantastic. One time he sent me a single gardenia every day for a month, and on the final day a tree-sized gardenia bush. We went together two years, plenty long enough for me to learn his faults, but apparently I was too dumb to recognize the real ones. I thought our main problem as a married couple would be his jealousy. He was jealous of my apartment mates, jealous of my brothers, ridiculously jealous of poor old Bob, jealous of my job. I got so fed up one night that I returned his ring, said good-bye fo ever, and asked the airline for a tran fer to the East Coast.

"I was transferred to New Yor City in November, but by Christma time I was miserable and desperatel homesick. I cried all day Christma At the end of the week, I sent a tel gram to Kirk and flew back to th Coast. He was there to meet me, an we spent New Year's Eve togethe It was wonderful.

"Two months later we were ma ried. Our sexual relationship starte off just fine, although I was com pletely inexperienced and awfull frightened, despite all the chatter I' heard from Beth and Mary. But Kir was gentle and very understandin He seemed to put my happiness an welfare ahead in everything.

"Both of us were terribly ambitiou for him to succeed professionally Without a college degree, advanc ment is tough for any engineer, s Kirk signed up for a heavy load c evening classes. I didn't complain c his absences, although he had classe scheduled until 10 P.M. I encourage him in every way I could, encourage his heavy class load, because I in tended to quit my job and start baby the day he was graduated. Fo a while we wedged ourselves into th small apartment Kirk had rented a a bachelor, but it was miserabl cramped and obvious that we couldn fit a baby in unless we threw all of ou possessions out the window.

"As a result we decided to buy home while we still had the securit of two paychecks. At that point w made a mistake, I now realize. W were both crazy about the house, bu we spent too much for it, a beautifu three-bedroom house in a good neigh borhood. My parents begged us t start on a more modest scale, bu Kirk brushed off their advice. Whe Mother asked how he proposed t swing the down payment, he got s insulted he didn't speak to her fo several days. I was delighted by hi spunk. My mother is inclined to b much too bossy, and henpecks my fa ther dreadfully. I always wante Kirk to stand on his own two feet an behave like the head of our family financially and in every other respec

"Consequently it was understoo between us that our major decision and major purchases were his respon sibility. Since I was poor at handlin money myself, I was more tha happy to depend on his judgment an let him manage all business matters Kirk floated a loan to cover the dow payment without difficulty, or so h told me. But when we got the hous we were so strapped we couldn't fur nish it. We borrowed a station wago to move in, and had space to spare Our total furnishings consisted of king-sized bed and a few cast-offs do nated by my parents. We had no liv ing-room sofa, no dining-room tabl or chairs, no rugs, no draperies. Fro noon until midnight the day we too possession, we ran around the lowe floor tacking sheets and towels acros the windows to keep the neighbor from peeping in at nothing at all. didn't mind a scrap. I was glad to wai and save for furniture. (*continued*)

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic location and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



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could never make a frosting like this because cocoa has most of its chocolate richness removed. Only Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate will do!
Makes enough creamy rich frosting and shiny chocolatey glaze for 3 baked 8-inch cake layers

Creamy Chocolate Under-Frosting

- utter or margarine
- oon salt
- (about 4½ cups) ifted confectioners' ar
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
- ¼ cup milk

butter until soft. Beat in the salt and about 1½ cups of the sugar. dd egg, vanilla, and melted chocolate; blend well. Beat in remaining lternately with the milk, beating after each addition until smooth. essary, place bowl of frosting in larger bowl of cold water and chill osting is of spreading consistency.) Use to fill and frost three 8-inch ayers, spreading ½ cup between each layer and on top and the ing frosting around sides of cake. Then top with chocolate glaze.

Deep Chocolate Over-Glaze

- ⅓ cup granulated sugar
- ¼ cup water
- 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted over hot water
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 tablespoon milk

In small saucepan, combine sugar and water. Bring to a boil and boil ½ minute, stirring constantly. Slowly stir into chocolate; then stir in butter. Slowly beat in milk. Beat until of spreading consistency. While glaze is still warm, pour onto top of frosted cake. Spread to edges and drizzle over sides at intervals. Let stand until glaze is set before cutting.



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"Next morning we went to the bank and opened a special savings account for that purpose. Thereafter I turned over the major portion of my earnings to Kirk to deposit and held back only a few dollars to cover stockings and cosmetics and other incidentals. We celebrated our first wedding anniversary in our own home. Even before we had been married a year, Kirk had decided the amateur poker club was too tame. Deliberately keeping me in the dark, he began to patronize a professional gambling house. Those visits started him on the road to disaster. Nine or ten months ago, not long after our anniversary, I noticed a change in him.

"I make six long-distance flights a month, four to New York, two to Philadelphia. Although Kirk and I were separated only one night on each trip—six nights a month was all—we missed each other terribly. Whenever I was out of town overnight I called him long distance. It wasn't long before he became increasingly hard to reach. I knew his schedule by heart, his hours at work and at college, and I always called when he should have been at home. I almost never got him on my first try. I'm not suspicious-minded, but it did seem odd.

"One night at home I asked him about his study schedule. To my astonishment he flared up and shouted that he was doing fine at college, but was sick and tired of my incessant questions. I was so surprised I burst into tears. It was the first time I'd ever questioned him, and it was also the first time he'd ever raised his voice to me. Although he instantly apologized for the outburst, he didn't sound sincere. Nor did he answer my question.

"The whole wretched truth came out six weeks ago. That Sunday I made a flight to Philadelphia. Then, for five straight hours, I tried to call Kirk at our home number. Finally I got so scared and worried I tried to reach Kirk at my parents' home and at the homes of half a dozen friends; I even had him paged at the neighborhood movie. I never did locate him.

"Next day, when I flew back to Los Angeles, I raced home, unlocked the door and ran inside. I hardly knew what I expected to find. A note telling me that Kirk was in love with somebody else, evidence that he had packed and gone . . . something. But then he strolled in from the bedroom, stretching and yawning and with tousled hair, looking as though he'd been asleep for hours—though it was early afternoon. It was plain he hadn't gone to work that day. He said 'hello' in an unexcited, uninterested way, and he didn't bother to kiss me. When I asked where on earth he'd been the previous night, he hesitated. Then he said he'd been at the garage in the village repairing the heater of our car. The garage is closed on Sundays. Moreover, Kirk has no manual ability whatever, and it just happened that my father had dropped around a few days earlier and fixed the heater.

"I knew I'd caught Kirk in a plain lie, but I didn't know what to do about it. Suddenly he broke into tears like a little boy. It was awful to see. It was worse when he began to talk . . . and talk . . . and talk. He told me he'd been at a professional gambling house, stayed there all night, lost $700. He told me that previously he'd lost between $5,000 and $6,000 in many other sessions there. He told me we had no savings account for furniture, that he had gambled a money I thought was in the ba told me that we were about to for debt. He told me we were like evicted from our home at any tir we would lose every penny we'd i in it unless the bank refinanced o And that the bank would not re unless I was a co-signer on a ne He begged me to sign the note.

"I don't know what I would ha if his confession had ended there so sorry for him that I ached a Perhaps I would have signed th But then came one last blow: he h half his college classes and w flunking the balance. The shoc deceit, months of deceit, was j much for me. I was bewildered a fused and bitter, and our whole gether seemed to be a lie. I sa that I must go home—at once. hour later my father came for r Kirk, silent but still polite, car luggage to the car.

"I wanted a chance to be by and to think. I've thought and t these last six weeks, but I've nothing."

"Lucy claims to be dazed, a word certainly describes my con said 24-year-old Kirk, an un handsome young man with thick hair and long-lashed, uneasy brow "Her own daddy tried to persua to sign our note at the bank so refinance and save the investmen home. But Lucy won't listen to h promised to quit poker, but, ag won't listen.

"Yet Lucy says she thinks sh me. I know I love her. I'm in the in largely through love of Lucy. I to give her everything she want very best. Until I met Lucy I w tent with a small apartment, com ship with guys, a few clothes, laughs and enough girls to ma interesting.

"From the day we met, I kne was the wife I wanted—her in and trusting ways were of great to me. In the small Kentucky where I was sent to live after my m death, I often used to picture my as a man. I always saw myself ma a wife like Lucy, somebody I wou been proud to have my mother

"When Lucy finally married n kept me dangling for two years— the real meaning of joy, a cure loneliness I'd known ever sin mother died when I was nine. A died I was bounced around amon ous relatives to such a point that felt as though I had a real home. moody kid. Nobody showed muc est in my grades at school, whic ably destroyed some of my in and I usually had to sign my own cards.

"I fully intended to be a good h to Lucy, a solid, stable citizen. I for me to explain why I went s pletely off the rails, when I'm m myself. Lucy seems to take the I'm hooked on gambling, that I an alcoholic or a drug addict, that quit. That's absurd. I hope I ne another poker hand again as lo live.

"Until I got married I though an adequate income and job for my age, and in the course of tim pected to complete my educati climb higher up the ladder. It tick to have my cute little (con

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wife march me over to the college right after our honeymoon and watch me sign in. Probably to impress my bride, I signed up for more hours of study than any human being could carry while still holding down a full-time job. I soon dropped part of that study load or I'd have been looking for other employment. There are limits to the patience of bosses—even a boss like mine. Lucy never noticed I was tired, not once. I meant to mention to her in a casual way that I'd cut down my class load and tell her why, but the right opportunity never seemed to come up. For a while I thought she'd ask about my studies, and I could then explain. But after she got me enrolled, months went by and she took on more interest.

"I don't blame Lucy for any of this mess. But in a number of ways she and I didn't seem to have the same ideas on marriage. I wanted Lucy to quit the airline and let me support her so she could have kids. If my apartment was too small, well, then we could find a larger apartment. With my $13,000 salary, I could have afforded to rent a larger apartment and, furthermore, bought some furniture to put in it. But when Lucy said kids needed a nice home to grow up in, a home of their own, I had to agree. I had learned that lesson the hard way and required no reminder. The price of the home Lucy liked—I liked it too, don't get me wrong—was $38,000.

"Through connections of my boss I managed to finagle a third mortgage, but at a prohibitive rate of interest; our monthly payments were staggering. Apparently Lucy got a kick from moving into a handsome house, with no rugs, no curtains, empty as a barn, and tacking bath towels over the windows to fool the neighbors. It humiliated me. On several occasions my boss has hinted he would like to see our place, but I've stalled him off. I've also stalled off the other fellows I work with. When my office friends bring their wives to my house, the home I've bought *my* wife, I want to feel comfortable in welcoming them. Otherwise what's the point of having guests?

"I now feel awkward around several of the married fellows. I once hoped Lucy and I might make friends with other couples our age who had similar interests. But between her job and my schoolwork, we've had to turn down most invitations, and people don't always understand.

"Lucy's job is no job for a married girl, that's for sure. She only works the long runs and the jets, which she says is a privilege, but it's no privilege for a husband. As a married man I've frequently been lonelier than I was as a bachelor. When I'm lonesome I get depressed, and when I get depressed I need a piece of the action to snap out of it. Our house at the moment is no cozier to sit around in than a warehouse. In fact it's less cozy, since we have no chairs to sit on. One night when Lucy was on a flight, I got so lonesome and depressed I was climbing the walls. I got in my car and started driving around. Thirty or forty miles from us there is a section where professional gambling is legal and where poker games go on day and night. Well, I drove past the section. It was lighted up like a Christmas tree and looked bright and cheerful. So I turned around and drove back.

"I knew I didn't have the money to gamble and would be in a bad lost. But I didn't lose—not time. I won something over left there feeling mighty cocky. when Lucy got home from Ph I didn't say anything to her. I j two $100 bills from my trouse one bill from each side, and fo into each of her hands. After the big smile spread across h said the money was hers to s way she wanted to.

"That evening we went to ance store and bought her a wa chine and a dryer. It was a big trip for her, and a wonderful me. It was a big deal. If she where I got the money, I thin have told her. She didn't ask.

"When I have confidence an I'm a pretty fair country pok although I'm outclassed in fast and should have had the sens it. A couple more times, mayb was lucky and I won, never a that first time, but I did win. luck went sour, and of cours went sour, too.

"The unluckier I got, the w dled my cards. I was scared a scared, and my control went. I too reckless or else too cautio way, I lost. After I started go hill, it was downhill all the wa crazy. I lost my own money Lucy's money. She had saving earnings that I deposited in th buy our furniture, the good ki niture she wanted. I withdrew those savings. That was plain nothing else, but I did it. I cou myself. The deeper I got in, th became to tell Lucy what I One day I would be literally s stomach from worry that she v out. The next day I would w find out—so the slate would b the charade finished.

"Well, the showdown fina What happens next depends The next step is up to her. I l want her, but I know she ha forgive. Maybe she thinks it's to forgive. Whenever she mak cision—whatever it is—I'll tal out a murmur."

"Kirk's gambling wasn't problem in this case," the coun "The basic problem was imma 23 and 24. Lucy and Kirk hac derstanding of themselves an no understanding of each othe

"At the end of our first session, the couple went back The length of their separatio probably the separation itself from a total breakdown in th communications system I minded Lucy was waiting for masterful and demand that she his bed and board. Conscienc Kirk, loaded down with guilt, to making demands. Instead accepted the separation as pu he deserved.

"At my suggestion he colle here at the Institute, they col baggage from her parents, and tarily accompanied him home signed the note the bank re subsequent meetings we de methods to put their finances, tine of work and study, their on a sensible basis. Lucy and I each other. In many ways the mented each other and matched, even

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low I got my family
o change their underwear every day."

by Minna Kalikak

Ay boys are good boys, every one of them. ey work hard, save their money and never into any trouble. And they're always rrying about their mother.

That's why the trouble with the under- ar started. They think I work too hard. know, taking care of the house, making ner, doing the laundry. So one day they d to me "You know, Ma, if we don't change our underwear every day, you'd have less laundry to do." Can you imagine that? So I said "C'mon boys, it's your mother you're talking to. Who do you think you're fooling? *I'll* worry about the laundry. *You* just change your underwear."

Well, do you know what happened? I embarrassed them. So you know what they did, my boys? They went out and bought me a Whirlpool washing machine that does up to 18 pounds of laundry in one load. Can you imagine that? 18 pounds. Now I only have to do one load of wash a day. And you know, they bought it with their bowling winnings.

My boys, bless them. If I could only get them to wear pajamas at night I'd be the happiest mother in the world.

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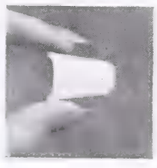
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though they didn't recognize the reasons.

"On the surface Lucy, an extremely attractive young woman, appeared to be soft and yielding. Both Lucy and Kirk would have so characterized her. All our personality tests, however, indicated clearly that she was very domineering. Spoiled in childhood, she hadn't developed her mother's strength and discipline, but otherwise the two bossy women were quite a bit alike. Lucy maneuvered Kirk into assuming an over-heavy study load, maneuvered him into the purchase of the expensive house, maneuvered to hang on to her job. Kirk thoroughly disliked and disapproved of her job, and with cause: she wasn't at home nearly enough.

"When Kirk married Lucy he needed the support of her presence far more than he needed for her to be an earner. Emotionally immature, scarred by an unfortunate boyhood, he badly needed her warmth and concern. But he needed her *real* concern, not phony praise, assertions that he was a big, strong male and hence should manage all disagreeable business affairs for both. Lucy had shoved too much responsibility on Kirk, more than he could tolerate, so she could go her own sweet way and be spared tiresome trouble.

"Kirk was not a dominating or masterful man. In the beginning he tried to please Lucy in almost everything. But then he awoke to the fact that he had exchanged a carefree bachelor existence for a life where he had virtually no freedom of choice or action. As he grew increasingly sensitive to Lucy's blithe indifference to his desires and hopes, he became increasingly depressed. In the end, inevitably, he revolted against the pressure. Some husbands in a spot like his take up with other women. Kirk took up gambling.

"Eventually, with counseling, Lucy came to comprehend what had happened and the why of it. Once she understood that Kirk needed her as a full partner, she cooperated fully. Until she were able to crawl out of their abyss it was obvious they would to need two paychecks. But quested, and received, short-l assignments, assignments with tige but which permitted her most of her nights at home.

"Lucy and Kirk quickly est circle of congenial young marri which was something gregar had quite naturally expected w with marriage. Nowadays, b rule, he and Lucy go out v couples at least once a week c tertain at home. After they sc their furniture requirements had more time at her disposal, up bargain pieces at second-ha After Kirk and her father l bished these non-authentic their handsome house was tr housewarming. Kirk's boss wa guest. Incidentally, he was ve in advising Kirk how to cop debt and credit difficulties.

"Kirk since then has had in salary and now earns $15,5 He is still a few credits short o degree, but so long as he st his present company he has about his future.

"Whether Kirk was a gen pulsive gambler, as Lucy and I'm not prepared to say, since, selor, I'm suspicious of broad s labels. He did seem to be head direction, and had some of t stigmata of the compulsive ga security, loneliness, low sel However, he kept his promis and played no more poker.

"Recently Kirk dropped by tute to report that Lucy had re the airline permanently. Bur pride, he announced that she nant. And when we shook ha door I felt sure that he had pu tion behind him and was fi challenge of their new life mo and stimulating than gambl ever be."



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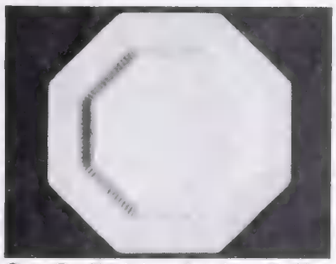


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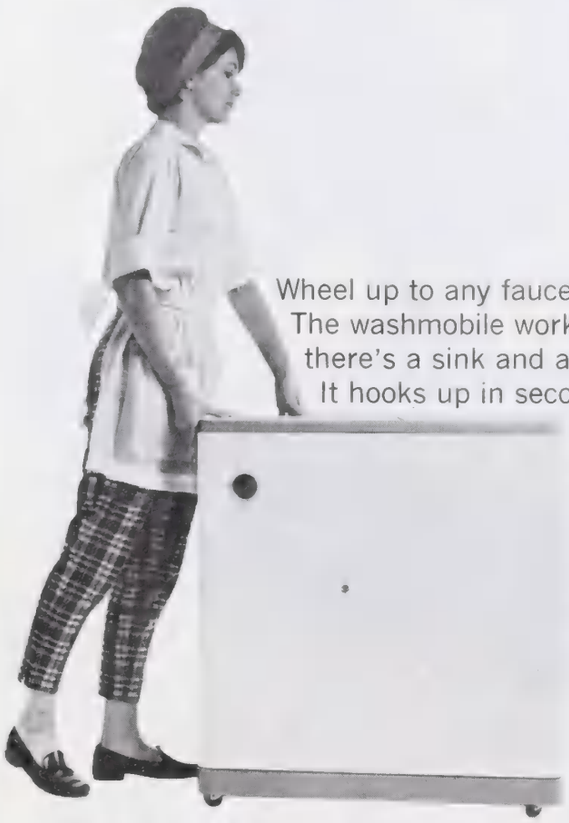


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WAKE UP, AMERICA



YES, WE CAN TEACH RELIGION IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By Alice Fleming

Not long ago, Thayer S. Warshaw, a Newton, Mass., high-school teacher, asked his 11th-grade students to identify the source of sayings such as "the patience of Job" and "doubting Thomas." An astonishing 90 percent of the class just stared at him blankly. They were equally helpless when he asked them to complete the following quotations: "Pride goeth before_____"; "They shall beat their swords into_____"; "The love of money is the root of all____." In a surprise quiz, some students thought that Sodom and Gomorrah were lovers and that Eve was created from an apple.

This and similar surveys make it clear that in a nation that stamps "In God We Trust" on its coins and boasts that over 60 percent of its citizens are churchgoers, we are in danger of raising a generation of religious illiterates. A wave of timidity and hesitation, stemming from recent Supreme Court decisions barring prayers and Bible-reading in public schools, has made religion almost a taboo subject in public education.

Actually, the Supreme Court stressed that objective teaching about religion was not only permissible but desirable. Justice Tom Clark declared: "One's education is not complete without a study of the history of religion and its relationship to civilization." And a Purdue University survey reported that 89 percent of our high-school students are eager to know more about religion.

Can public-school teachers deal successfully with such an emotionally explosive topic? Thayer S. Warshaw has been teaching a widely acclaimed Bible course in Newton's public schools since 1963—and has yet to receive a single complaint. Warshaw approaches the Bible "not as a religious book, nor even as a literary work, but as a source book for the humanities." Without it, he insists, readers miss much of the significance of novels such as John Steinbeck's *The Pearl* and Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*. Nor can they fully appreciate Handel's *Messiah* or the paintings of El Greco, Michelangelo and Rembrandt.

A somewhat different weapon against religious illiteracy is Claremont, Calif., High School's course No. 440-01, The History of World Religion. Teacher Joseph Forcinelli begins with Primitive Man, covers Ancient Greece, the religions of India and the Orient as well as Judaism, Early Christianity, Roman Catholicism, Protestantism and Islam. In addition to classroom lectures, the course includes field trips, research papers and comprehensive examinations. "In other words," says Forcinelli, "grades are not given on the basis of one's piety."

Even broader in scope is a senior elective, Religion in Culture, which was introduced last fall at the North Haven, Conn., High School. Principal Delio Rotondo describes the course as a cooperative venture between th and history faculties. "It was w under the guidance of religio in the community with the ass the theology department at Y the initial request for such a co from the students themselves.

Most educators and churchm these all-too-infrequent efforts fourth R in the educational trit ertheless, there is a growing fe discussion of the Bible as lite elective courses in comparative still fall far short of what fo preme Court Justice Arthur has called "teaching *about*," ra "teaching *of*" religion.

"Ideally," says one teacher, belongs not in isolated cou wherever it arises in the conte regular curriculum."

In 1966, the National Conf Christians and Jews conducted of the way Pittsburgh's publi were handling religion in the studies courses. Although most agreed that the Protestant Ref was a particularly delicate s handle in the classroom, a few aged to teach it without diffi fact, one Catholic teacher Reformation was one of the m lar courses she had ever taugh

The Pittsburgh study indica ever, that social-studies textb erally gave only superficial att the role of religion in U.S. histo critics of school texts have not in favor of Protestantism over cism, Christianity over Judaism as a tendency to ignore beliefs ists and Christian fundamenta

Recently, however, the Univ Nebraska's Curriculum Dev Center launched a series of cou rials in English with the advice of such religious groups as the Council of Churches, the Catholic Educational Associa B'nai B'rith, but also of the nor American Humanist Associatio

Dr. George La Noue of Co Teachers College, who has been the role of religion in public e for over six years, is convince has a place in a number of are than textbooks and lectures. Pl as *J.B.*, *Gideon*, and *A Man Seasons* are good possibilities. suggests letting youngsters pu plays and explanations of thei religious rites at appropriate ti ing the year.

Dr. La Noue stresses, howe the religious neutrality of the school system must be preser our public schools cannot be he insists, "the government itse be neutral, and our 178-year-ol ment in religious liberty will come a hollow pretense."



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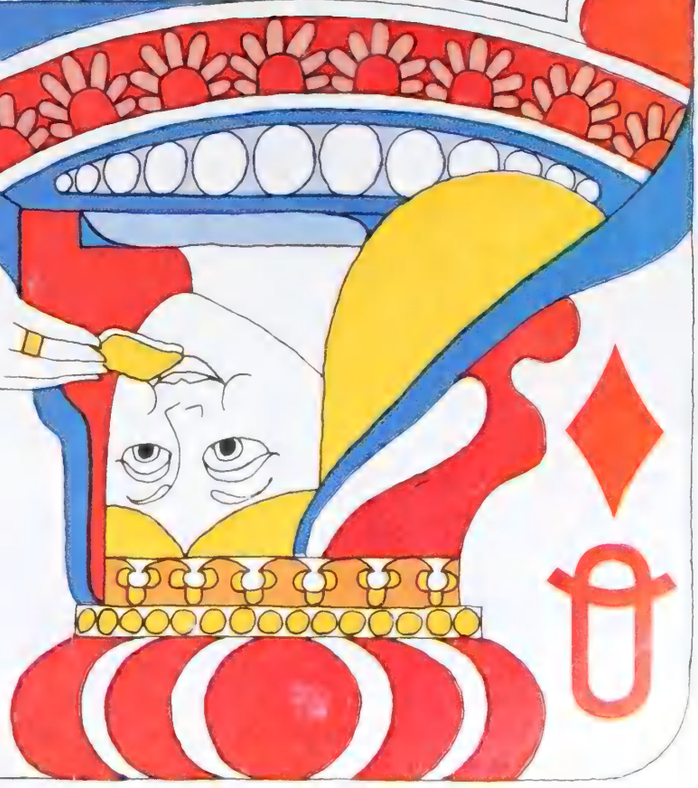


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EDICINE ODAY



LLIS WRIGHT, M.D., WITH DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

, many of us will one day transfusion. Who would person to donate the eed? The answer, surpris- oe—You!

ten is in short supply. t is impossible to make ure that blood from blood not harbor the dangerous rus, or other infectious d bankers estimate that best hospitals hepatitis is by one or two in every me doctors now feel that ssible transfusion is a pa- blood, collected ahead of operation or delivery, on ice, in a "blood lay- m." Dr. George Milles of Hospital, Chicago, has used" 572 patients in this got hepatitis.

ust about everyone. Sev- bugs are responsible, in- ew A-2, or "Asian flu" identified in a schoolgirl nx, N.Y. Hopefully, the t. March is the high-wa- the annual flu epidemic, ep clear of it until April chances are you'll have the current season. If aught by a flu bug, rest, spirin remain the best together with stoicism in oses.

by's bottle—instead of and it for him—is one t forms of unintended glect. Pediatrician Dr. l of Woman's Medical Philadelphia points out need physical warmth, ng, firm support while ney want and may even ound and impulse of rt.

rom a propped bottle fficult for the baby to allowed air. Small in- come frustrated if they le of a propped bottle ecapture it. So, sit down, ble chair, and hold your his feeding. It's good it may be the only rest day!

est causes of halitosis, or are: infections of the ections of the gums, llitis, and chronic lung rding to the drug com- tion *Therapeutic Notes*.

ccurate methods are be- l for estimating an un- maturity. These tests t if a woman is unsure f labor must be induced, rean section is planned. The amniotic fluid can be sampled, via a needle puncture through mother's abdomen, to measure its creatinine content. This chemical is excreted in the baby's urine, and is present in rapidly increasing amounts after the 37th week of gestation—when it is near the time for delivery.

Blood clot, a leading cause of disability and death, is one of the most difficult diseases to treat. Many clots cannot be reached surgically. Frequently they are caused by injury or other illnesses that make the patient a poor surgical risk. Now, a clot-dissolver that can be injected into a clogged-up circulatory system is being tested in humans. Called *urokinase*, it is a natural enzyme derived from urine.

Urokinase has been used, with good results, in a few patients with dangerous blood clots in the lungs. The enzyme is non-toxic and thus far has caused no allergic reactions. Conceivably, its greatest value will lie in the treatment of coronary heart attacks, when a clot blocks a key vessel in the heart, and in stroke, caused by blood clot in the brain.

Widespread clinical tests of urokinase are planned at hospitals under the auspices of the National Heart Institute. It will not be generally available unless these tests confirm its efficacy and safety.

Enlarged breasts on a baby may worry his new mother and father. But they rarely are cause for medical concern. Almost every infant has breast enlargement, which is due to hormones received from its mother. Both hormones and swelling soon disappear. For treating the condition, pediatrician Dr. Charles Varga of Portland, Oreg., says the best rule is: Don't. When a girl's breasts enlarge prematurely, say before she is eight, it may be wise to ask her doctor to find out if she has a hormonal imbalance. Even if she does, this is only rarely a serious condition.

Children who balk at bathtime obviously should not be told about this, but there *are* a few unfortunate people who are allergic to water. When their skins are wet for more than a few minutes, they break out in hives.

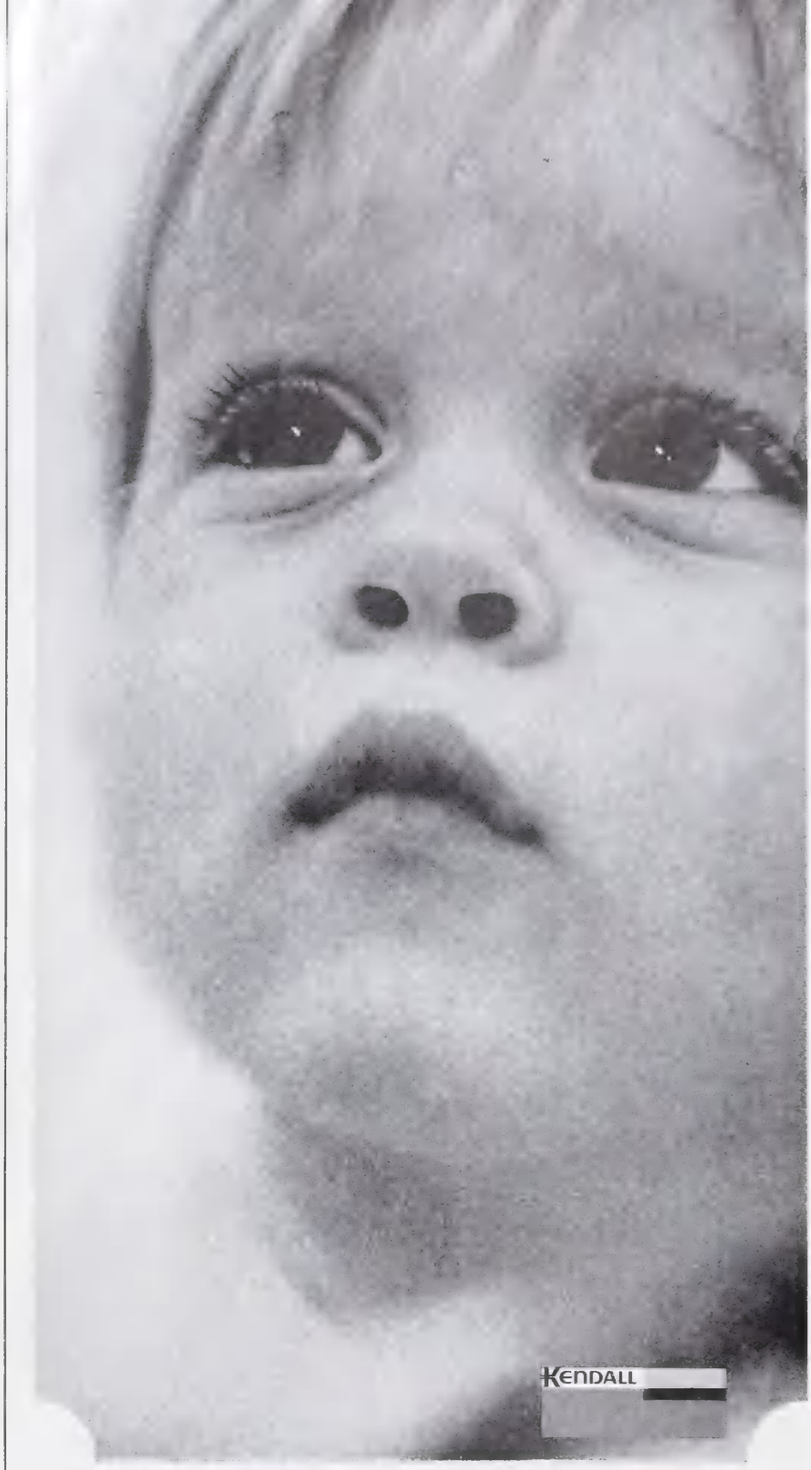
Five cases of this condition, called "aquagenic urticaria," have been documented in the medical literature, the most recent two by San Francisco dermatologist Dr. Theodore Tromovitch. Noting that these individuals must shun swimming, and learn to bathe and dry themselves quickly, Dr. Tromovitch says: "At present, the best therapy is avoidance of unnecessary contact with water." **END**

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CURITY® Stretch Diapers
Regular and Prefolded



By Gideon Seaman, M.D., and Barbara Seaman

What happens to the teen-ager who engages in premarital sex? Does he regret it, or rejoice in it? Will it hurt him, or help him grow up? How might it affect his marriage? A committee of distinguished psychiatrists casts a cool and courageous eye on such questions in a new book, *Normal Adolescence* (Scribner's). The psychiatrists emphasize that there are no easy answers. What's right for one young person may be all wrong for another. The average 18- or 19-year-old might be mature enough to behave responsibly toward his partner and to manage birth control. The report says: "The union of tender and sexual love in relationships with the marriage partner is difficult to attain without sexual experience and experimentation during the years of late adolescence."

"You give me a pain" is more than a figure of speech to Dr. Sidney Cobb, University of Michigan. Dr. Cobb reports that when husbands and wives are rude to each other and yell at each other a lot, they both run an increased risk of developing painful illnesses—ulcers for him, and arthritis for her. The man with ulcers is apt to have a wife with arthritis and vice versa. Arthritis in men is not associated with unhappy marriages, and ulcers in women are rare.

Sex can be fun but the marriage manuals make it sound like work. Dr. Lionel Lewis, a Buffalo sociologist, has analyzed 15 popular sex guides and reports that they overemphasize efficiency, scheduling ("foreplay should never last less than fifteen minutes"), and the threat of dismissal ("if sexual skills are not acquired, the husband or wife may seek out new partners").

Computers and Cupid: Hoping to learn whether "birds of a feather flock together" or "opposites attract," psychologists at the University of Iowa arranged a computer dance for 2,000 students. Each took a turn with *three* computer-selected partners—one who was very like him, one who was opposite, and one picked at random. The number of couples who clicked was the same with all three methods, so the psychologists learned nothing. But it was the best dance in Iowa history because, as one co-ed sighed, "Three dates in one evening is heaven!"

The Pants in the Family: The California college girl is ambitious and bright—a better student than her male classmates. She hopes to marry and have three children and does not plan to work when the ch
small. Her problem: to fi
who will be her master. S
prefers men of whom she i
bit afraid." On completin
study of several hundred
and Berkeley seniors. D
Katz reports: "The battle
ity of the sexes has obs
search for differences. Wom
a leadership from their
many men are not ready
More women expect their
to have control than there
willing to assume it."

Would you marry a person not love if he had all the ot
ties you desired? Dr. Will
hart, University of Pennsyl
this question to 1,000 co
dents. Most of the men s
Most of the girls said "may
girl explained: "If a boy h
other qualities I desired a
not in love with him—well,
could talk myself into
love." Girls are practical
choice of a mate, while men
to follow their fancy, Dr.
says. Even an age differenc
wrong direction—inhibits a
than a woman. Only one-th
women had ever been in lo
younger man, while two-thi
men had loved an older wo

Men can stop smoking m
than women, according t
Park Memorial Institute's
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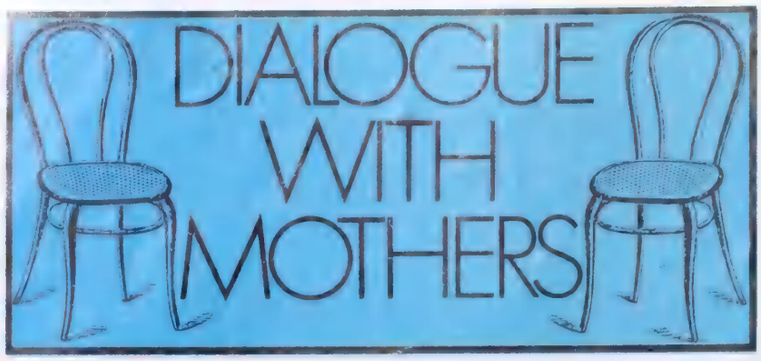
Darling, You Can Love Two
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Hanes



HYPOCRISY BREEDS THE HIPPIES

By Dr. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

First Mother: I have a question about permissiveness, and how much discipline you should enforce on a playground where there are a lot of mothers and children playing with toys in limited space. Everybody starts fighting and grabbing and all the mothers interfere. They say, "No, no! This is my little boy's toy," or "She had it first," or "Don't grab. Let her have it." Is this good, or should we let the children fight it out for themselves? They seem to resent the fact that adults settle arguments for them.

Dr. B.: I think discipline is important on the playground or in the home. It's a problem for all ages, including the so-called dropouts and later the "freak-outs," and it's an issue that begins very early in life. What's your concept of discipline? After all, if we look at the troubles in our cities, the lawlessness on the streets and the riots in schools, what you're confronted with, essentially, is a lack of discipline, whatever the underlying cause. How do you deal with it?

Second Mother: I think discipline is letting a child know where his limits are; how far he can go without infringing on the rights of other people and being destructive.

Dr. B.: But how do you teach that?

Third Mother: I find there's one thing I have to do when I'm disciplining. If I make a threat, then I first have to let her save some face and give a little of what she wants. For example, if she wants to hit the baby, then instead of cutting it off completely, I say she can hit the baby a little, as long as she doesn't hurt.

Dr. B.: What do you think that does to the baby?

Third Mother: The baby doesn't mind. It's just a pat.

Dr. B.: But what feelings are usually expressed by a pat?

Mothers: Affection.

Dr. B.: And what is hitting?

Mothers: Hostility.

Dr. B.: So what you're really doing, I think, is confusing both your children about the nature of emotions and affection. Your method sounds perfectly reasonable in theory—that your older child needs to save face. But when it comes to how you do it, you confuse the child. You call black white, and white black. I don't see how that's going to help either child.

Fourth Mother: What *would* you do? You can't really spank her; that's just enforcing the hitting you're trying to stop.

Dr. B.: Let me ask you: of course, your own children are too young; but you know other families where older kids have gone astray—dropped out of school or run away from home. Why do you think they ran away from home? I'm asking especially about the middle-class group.

First Mother: The ones I've known ran away because of anger.

Dr. B.: That's certainly one reason.

Fifth Mother: The only one I knew ran away because he couldn't communicate with his family.

Second Mother: Could it be a lack of respect for the child?

Dr. B.: That's such a vague word. What does it mean?

Second Mother: You don't listen to the child and meet his needs.

Dr. B.: That's still terribly vague.

Third Mother: Well, I've been struck that many of us, perhaps, are too manipulative of children. It strikes me that many mothers don't leave their children any soul of their own, in a sense. They are all-seeing and all-knowing, and often tell the child. "You really ought to want this. It's good for you. You ought not to hit that child. It's not nice." I have the feeling that we're almost too much of an all-pervasive presence. The only way a kid can react is by saying, "To heck with you!"

Dr. B.: I think you've said something terribly important. What I've seen in middle-class, teen-age dropouts is a lack of essential satisfactions on the one hand, and overmanipulation on the other. And, I'm amazed at how early this overmanipulation begins.

Apropos of this, I am particularly struck by the expression that mothers don't leave children a corner of soul to call their own. If you think of some of the hippies, you know that they feel soul exists only outside of our culture. That's why they go for Eastern philosophies; they think there the soul is respected. When these teen-agers run away, if it's adventure they're after, they soon come back. What they run for and *stay* away for, is a life of their own.

Fifth Mother: What do you mean by basic satisfaction?

Dr. B.: The basic needs are food, clothing, shelter, and all that, but given with affection and not indifferently. So it isn't just the basics, but how they're given. I would certainly add stimulation and a certain amount of challenge. But in terms also of what I've been saying, surely a basic need is for honest emotions and not camouflage or subterfuge.

Third Mother: May I get back to the original question? Just how do you discipline your child?

Dr. B.: Let's try again. Just what do you mean by discipline?

Third Mother: You'll probably say this is terrible, but the only way I'm able to discipline my little girl is this: I've tried on many occasions to talk in a nice tone, like "Please don't do that; I really wish you wouldn't do that." This usually doesn't work. Then I get really angry and I yell, "Patty, I'm really going to get mad." That usually doesn't work either. So lately I've decided on the yardstick, and its like a miracle wand. One little crack on the leg and the kid immediately stops. I don't hurt her, but she knows that I mean ——

Dr. B.: How do you know you don't hurt her?

Third Mother: Well, maybe mentally I hurt her. But how else are you going to get a child to react?

Dr. B.: I don't believe it hurts her bad physically, but who decides what hurts? You or she?

Third Mother: The child decides.

Dr. B.: But we've just been talking about overmanipulation, about the soul of the child.

Third Mother: All right, how *do* you cope with discipline problems?

Dr. B.: I don't know how you cope with them, but I'm trying to show you the contradiction between what you do and what you say. Let's face a few things. Generations of kids have been taken to the woodshed. I don't think they were the better for it, but they didn't become dropouts. Only those were the worse for it who were taken to the woodshed and told by the parent, "It hurts me more than it hurts you." Or, "It doesn't really hurt."

Third Mother: What do you do when you've talked in a nice tone of voice and you've yelled . . . I don't mean at the same time.

Dr. B.: I mean that when you beat your child, you should be honest enough to say, "I beat my child." That's all.

Third Mother: Well, I don't really consider this a beating.

Dr. B.: That's right. That's the basic dishonesty I'm talking about.

Fifth Mother: I really *spank* my kid when I get angry—as hard as I can. Or else I put him in his room and tell him, "When you're ready to come down and stop doing whatever's bugging me, come down." Often he has a tantrum.

Dr. B.: It took us exactly one hour to come to the truth: There are precious few children raised in this world without a parent laying a hand to his child. That's nothing new. What is new and so terribly wrong today is that it's all denied. That's what's so destructive to the children.

Second Mother: My way is to put a child in a room by himself. It seems to straighten him out . . . often accompanied by a slug on the bottom or a spanking.

Dr. B.: It now turns out that more than one of you spanks children. How many of you have a child three years or older? [*hands go up*] How many of you with three-year-olds have never spanked or hit the child? [*hands are lowered*] All right, there are about fifteen people here with children this age and not one has raised a hand that she never spanked or hit the child. We're not even talking about whether spanking is good or bad, but about how you do someth then deny it. You don't have courage to be open about your But you turn around and say, my child to be straightforwar where is he going to learn thi home, by watching the parents

Fourth Mother: I have a questi honesty. I don't believe in spank don't feel comfortable doing twice I lost my temper and sla daughter. She was terribly hurt simply because I lost my tem started to cry. I said, "Oh, I'm really felt bad.

Dr. B.: I think if you feel bad yo say so, though I don't know wh sorry" means to a young child full understanding for a parent casionally loses his temper. Bu think it's good, because if we temper, then it's all right for lose their temper. It's much b say. "You aggravated me so th my temper. I wish I hadn't lost per, but I'm a human being. pushed too far, I'm apt to lose per, so don't push me too far would be more honest.

First Mother: But shouldn't the able to show anger to the par

Dr. B.: Sure, but what do you you're angry? Do you beat pe or do you say I'm angry?

First Mother: You talk. But can't say, "I'm angry." A two- child doesn't walk up calmly a "I'm angry."

Dr. B.: Oh, yes he does, if you en it. Let's stop for a moment and the simple exercise of actually the word "discipline." If yo Webster's, you'll find it has t root as disciple. Now a disci somebody you beat over the he somebody who apprentices him master and learns his craft by at the same vocation. This is the of discipline. So if you show yo dren, "When you're angry you b a good way to get things," they to copy that. And then you c about violence in our cities. Y ask, "How come? After all, chi the past were beaten much m we beat our children." But the ings were quite open. There was about "If I give her a crack it hurt," which is hardly destru the body but is terribly destru the soul. Or to return to runaw feel they're overmanipulated an no place for the soul. What th complain about is what they cal risy. Of course, in time, hypoc tends way beyond saying, "I hi her legs with a yardstick, but it hurt." But it's hypocrisy, let's It's a false pretense. The good class child runs away because, said, he's overmanipulated a there's no space left to live his to think his own thoughts. Th corner left for his own soul. As not, these are the parents who they offered their children all portunities in the world when the offered the child the opportunit himself; to decide for himself thing hurts him or not. But if t cannot trust his own feelings, he has nothing, that he's empty, w parents say, "Look at all the t have." This is the hypocrisy tha these children to desperation, away, to try to fill the emptine drugs and sex. And, as you se starts very early in the home.

Dr. Bettelheim is Rowley Professor of education at the University of Chicago's Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School. Each "Dialogue" is based on actual open-discussion meetings Dr. Bettelheim conducts at school with 30 or more mothers from the Chicago area whose children range from infants to junior high school age.

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DOG HOROSCOPES

BY LIZ TRESILIAN

This month's Pet News is excerpted from *The Dog Horoscope Book* by Liz Tresilian. Miss Tresilian, obviously a lady who understands animals, lives with a neurotic basset hound in Castle Combe, England (the charming town where *Dr. Dolittle* was filmed). Lately, she's been gazing at the stars again and plans to line them up for cats in the foreseeable future.

ARIES March 21–April 19. A dog born under this sign will be full of vitality, but he will have only one aim in life—to get to the front, and to stay there. As he is born under the first sign he must be first dog. The way he rushes ahead will drive you mad. He will push between your legs when you get up to put the cat out. When you go out to the car he will be sitting there waiting for you. He will not take kindly to traveling in the back either. An Arian finds life with one lot of people in one home inadequate, so don't take offense when he adopts the family next door. It will only be his way of satisfying his need for variety in life, and the more he has to occupy him the easier he will be to live with. The ideal accommodation for the Arian would be a house the size of Buckingham Palace with surrounding gardens to match. The Arian will never sit still, scratching and biting in a most unbecoming way. The cause will be self-pity at the monotony of life, not fleas. But a dusting with flea powder will not do any harm. The Arian will have a lot of affection to give, which he will do wholeheartedly. But this very enthusiasm may lead to trouble, for an affectionate, boisterous puppy is one thing, while a large, fully grown beast who holds the firm idea he's a lapdog is another. You may find that this dog will suffer from migraines. Aspirin and rest in a dark room will do the trick.

TAURUS April 20–May 20. Taurus is a fixed, earthy sign. The Taurean will be a fixed, earthy dog, a dog who really will wait to see which way the cat jumps and then make his retreat in the opposite direction. Of all dogs, this one will be the most steadfast, the most dependable—and often the most obstinate. Above all, the Taurean will hate change. He will wake, take his morning constitutional, go back to sleep, walk to the garden gate, rest, eat, sleep it off, take a look at the stars a retire for the night—at time every single day. All sound rather boring. It wi there will be the time wher him a blessing—if heavily When everything goes wror which can happen in the households, the Taurean w one dog that you can count chase the cat through th when the baby has fallen high chair, the vegetab boiled dry, and the man ha paint the stopcock and yo know where it is, much less The dog will not notice tha anything untoward afoot. happens to be time for his course.

The Taurean's link with will give him a practical il nature. He will be a keen happy to pick flowers. He sider it to be the least he return for his board and Do not punish him when one of your prize blooms; t ing him to pick buttercups The fact that it is practical sible to ruffle the Taurean n a natural choice for pec small children. The Tau have to be very carefully wa with very little effort, he wi overweight.

GEMINI May 21–June 21 is the first of the double s nifying a duplicity of charac dog will be restless, exuber satile, and a lot of other t sides. His aim in life will be many outlets as possible t full expression of his unusu intelligence quota. The arr Geminian puppy into a h will result in chaos, as soo novelty of his surroundings off. Once he knows what gro the beds and that your slipp of felt and fluff, you will k your job of keeping him an just begun. The only time will be 100 percent sure of whereabouts will be whe firmly attached to you by The rest of the time he will where you think he is or do you think he is doing. You ways be able to recognize th ian by the speed with which from pillar to post and bac He will be slightly underwei and graceful. His nervous en carry him through any amou chases and races with (co

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The Most Important Bottle

er To Enter the Life of Any Woman

ne contents of a bottle win world- iaim for making older, lined, female ok younger, pre-eminence is but one aurels accorded it. The power of *ut* is now acknowledged wherever read. This exotic emulsion is rele- acial lines to at least semi-permanent e in the never-never land of happy lness. Applied nightly to the skin , the CEF (Cellular Expansion ingredient enters, aggressively, the r stratum corneum layer of the in. As each particle of CEF enters tum corneum it carries in with it a of water. These water particles refreshing action that causes those facial lines to seemingly fill in. As er level in the stratum corneum is normal, the skin's surface improves ly; many surface lines vanish as a magic wand had so commanded Others of deeper nature find their importance squelched into near ness. Continued for just days this pleasant before bedtime routine n a smoother, younger presentation ur face has made in many a year. nd *2nd Debut* (with CEF 600) and *ut* (with CEF 1200) mightily re- and the *2nd Debut* satellite prepa- more than justifying every claim r them.

Debut is made in two potencies. One CEF 600 and is for the woman ly worries; that is, for the woman 3 for the 4 oz. size.

ouble-potency CEF 1200 is for the r forty; or for the impatient lady who wants visible results without delay—or for you if your facial lines are deep. It smooths age lines faster. The 4 oz. size is $5.

To prepare your skin to receive CEF there is *2nd Debut* Liquid Cleanser. Its application is different, for it is to be applied in a thin layer over your face and throat. Then rinsed off with cool water. Now your skin is clear, and clean. Really clean! $3 for two ounces. Four oz. size, $5.

2nd Debut Liquid Makeup (with CEF 600) is probably the most covering make-up in all the world. Imparts a flattering, flat matte finish and hides most blemishes completely. Moisturizes, too, with CEF 600. Six shades. One ounce is $3.

2nd Debut Pressed Powder gives a non-reflecting matte finish to the skin and is rich in CEF 600 for moisturizing. Seven shades. In an attractive compact with mirror and puff. $3.

Finally, *2nd Debut* Body & Hand Lotion (with CEF 600) imparts a feeling of luxury to the body that makes you regard yourself with extra importance. And its CEF 600 richness quickly defeats the cause of hands chapping. This dual-purpose balm is $3 for the 6 oz. bottle. Money Back Guarantee on all *2nd Debut* products.



2nd Début

WITH CEF

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from a dishwasher detergent
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calgonite
FOR SPOTLESS
AUTOMATIC DISHWASHING

continued

It will fail him the min-
gest he go down to fetch
anything uncongenial will
attack of nervous exhaus-
e dog unable to do so much
n tail.

ne 22–July 22. Patience
will be the most noticeable
s of a dog born under this
has fastened his teeth into
at he wants—an article of
e bath mat—he will do his
on to it. As false teeth are
by for a dog, the easiest
be to give in to him occa-
Cancerian will appear to
ensitive dog. Although he
nknown objects with cau-
nly be doing it for effect.
es behind the sofa rather
sed to a large paper bag,
t to get attention, which
more than anything else.
ng in your house, the Can-
e to his more trivial com-
g any objects that took his
e was making his prelimi-
n. Rugs, the odd shoe and
at will all be assembled in
is bed. He will guard his
with more care than a
only child, and no amount
will make him waver from
t possession is nine-tenths
he emotional side of this
ronger than the physical.
dings will cause complete
emotional and physical.

August 22. Leo is the sign
he veritable King of Dogs.
born under it would like
. This dog will be regal in
commanding in his pres-
nout his life doors will be
to walk through, objects
f his way and his every
ed to. The Leonian will
home to be his palace. He
om for himself, which will
t to you so that you know
e you stand. When the
y first commands you to
x from the pantry to the
m, explain to him very
ne will have to make do
nd shut the door on him
e to steel yourself to his
ns. You will also have to
him somehow that a dog
isily for his meals will get
e a dog who sits quietly
r, prompt service.

The Leonian will have a well-proportioned body, slender limbs and a graceful walk. He will be the perfect specimen of whatever breed he belongs to. The average Leonian will have a constitution as strong as his mind, and if he does suffer at all it will be from back trouble; so he should never be expected to sleep in a draft, lift heavy objects, or even think heavy thoughts if it can possibly be avoided.

VIRGO August 23–September 22. This mutable earthy sign is linked to all domesticated animals. The Virgoan will be resigned to the role assigned him—that of pet. He will find it natural to do what he is told rather than follow his own inclinations, which he will know to be inferior. He will sit beside you, on the floor, of course, for where else is a dog's place? If he is small, his head will rest upon your foot; if large, upon your knee. His gaze will be raised to you in unquestioning admiration, his eyes paying homage to your superiority. All the time he is flattering you, however, his mind will be working hard on yours to offer him a more comfortable seat—your lap—so that he does not give a bad impression by taking it without being invited. Virgo is a sign of service, and the Virgoan will never be happier than when he is doing something for you. He will rush downstairs to fetch the papers in the morning, dribbling in his enthusiasm so that the front page disintegrates. He will push books, sewing and pens underneath the sofa to save you the job of tidying the living room. Although the Virgoan will be strong, he will also be the hypochondriac to beat all others, turning the smallest patch of dandruff into bubonic plague. If he has the slightest doubt about the way a meal has been served he will refuse to touch it for fear of bringing on an attack of his chronic acidosis.

LIBRA September 23–October 23. Libra symbolizes equality and justice, and the Libran will be the shop steward in dog's clothing who will devote his life to improving the conditions of dog life. He will stand for less obedience, for more food and a shorter working week. He will strike for longer biscuit breaks and settle for no less than the closed shop—one house, one dog. But he will be well balanced in himself, unlikely to suffer from unreasonable emotion, and capable of considerable impartiality. Above all he will believe in share and share alike; what is right for the owner is right for the dog and what is right for the dog is right for the owner. There (*continued*)



"Dave, I've had all the good-natured resignation from you I can take."



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Neutrogena's formula is so unusual it's patented. Even more important, it can put your complexion back on soap-and-water without the penalty of dryness, without aging your skin before its time. Enjoy it now, with Neutrogena.

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Welcome Back to Soap & Water

NEUTROGENA

will be no banishing the Libran to a kennel, unless you happen to prefer that way of life yourself. Humans sleep in beds, therefore so do dogs—and preferably the same bed. He will reason that if you have three meals a day, one is not enough for him. On the other hand, he will be as generous as he is demanding, so ready to share his possessions that he will always move up to make room for you beside him on the sofa. Despite his more infuriating characteristics, the Libran will usually be as loved as he is loving, due to a remarkably gentle manner and a real desire to please.

SCORPIO October 24–November 21. Scorpio is a fixed and watery sign symbolizing power. The dog born under it will be a formidable dog to live up to, for if it is possible for any dog to be perfect, this would be the one. His life will be spent pursuing complete self-mastery. Nearly all Scorpios will be psychic, and, despite their efforts to remain inscrutable in times of stress, they will make it only too clear when they are "seeing" something. When you are sitting peacefully trying to forget that you are alone in the house and the wind is whistling outside, the Scorpio will leap to his feet, his hackles bristling along his spine, and bark despairingly at an empty corner of the room. When he has made you thoroughly frightened, he will relax as if nothing untoward has happened. People who live with a Scorpio will be expected to do as he tells them—promptly and without fuss. As long as you never forget that you are bigger than he is—a fact he will try to disprove by spending a lot of his time on table tops—you should be able to put him where you want him and keep him there. The Scorpio will be an affectionate dog beneath his prickly exterior. He will be extraordinarily healthy, but when ill, he will be *really* ill. He will not be a good patient and will blow out any pills he is meant to take and spill his medicine all over his bed.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. This will be a dog with a problem: To which of the two forces at play within him does he truly belong—the canine or the equine? At times he will not know whether to wag his tail or use it to keep the flies out of his eyes; whether to bite the postman or nuzzle his pockets for sugar.

On the rare occasions when he is not absorbed with the heavy responsibilities arising from his peculiarity he will concentrate on reducing things to their simplest form. Carpets will revert to piles of nylon-mix and stranded wool, cardboard boxes to pulp.

As the Sagittarian finds it impossible to learn from anybody but himself, he will do so only by firsthand experience, and slowly at that. He will repeat each investigation, falling into the same mistakes, getting stuck down rabbit holes until he has covered every one within a five-mile radius of your home.

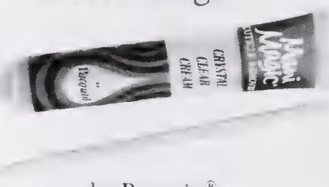
The most successful way of bringing up the young Sagittarian will be to keep things down to his level. Explain by imitation exactly what it is that you are trying to teach him. Sit when you say "sit," lie when you say "lie" and stop biting your feet when you say "no."

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. The goat symbolizes ambition, the driving force behind all dog Capricorn. The Capricorn tion to better his position will preoccupy him to th everything else. He will be cept from you anything him to this end: training, beauty parlor and even a dience tests. He will be a r dog, knowing that the nic to others the more likely h in life. The Capricornian's at a glance the social stan one who comes to your ho be disconcerting. He will attention to the minister t the man who comes to re and postmen and burglar pletely ignored. Many o most beautiful dogs have der this sign, and without Capricornians will approa in form and build. Any will show will be an over underslung jaw, which t their best to breed out.



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AQUARIUS January 20– The dog born under Aqua termined in a quiet, inoffe find the truth about ev everyone he comes across. be friendly to the whole race, until he has weighe A visitor will be follow house, then carefully scr the dog has decided that t right, if uninteresting. At oughness and determina nothing at face value will tedious for you. He will n himself with delight at a have bought him. After h it from a safe distance, he and even move it to a m tion. Only when he is fully it is completely safe will h overcome by the sheer d sessing such an object. will be as slow and delibera ment as he is in his thoug well built, slightly tall for will be most easily recog way he holds his head—le and giving the impress thoughts inside it are too to carry any farther.

PISCES February 19–Ma tion shows Pisces as tw struggling upstream, aga rent while the other rela downstream. The Piscean these opposing forces co one body. He will be unpre one minute to the next. T out for a walk and he will off in the opposite directi you had intended, but by have decided to go along will have decided to go y all. Deep down inside hi his control, he will be a g intends to please rather Pisces is ruled by Neptune affinity to all that is wet. will revel in the shallowes ing and splashing in the p the feel of water on his s that you like water as mu he will leap out and sh spraying you with unsel There is one aspect of all be a blessing: You will ne trouble bathing him. P been known to sit in an waiting, and one even learn the taps.

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you're ever tense, jittery, jumpy or keyed up, you have a problem with nervous perspiration. That's you need our deodorant, Fresh® Spray. It does e than protect you against odor. Fresh is a spray deodorant with two powerful anti-perspirants in the formula, so it really checks nervous perspiration.

Think of it this way. If you use Fresh Spray, you'll have one less thing to be nervous about.

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HORDSCOPES FOR SHOPPERS

By Sybil Leek



ARIES March 21–April 19. Shopping for everyday things is often boring for you, and you tend to be impatient with salespeople who don't have your volatile energy. You will most enjoy the help of bright, enthusiastic salespeople, and while you rarely need help in making up your mind, you appreciate quick service, efficient packaging and delivery. When repairmen come to work, you have a tendency to engage them in conversation (Ariens being among the world's great talkers), forgetting that their time is costing you money. To keep the bill down, either learn to do small repairs, or discipline yourself to keep your conversations—and advice—to a minimum.



TAURUS April 20–May 20. One of the most determined shoppers of the zodiac, you continue to search until you find exactly what you are looking for, and no salesperson can persuade you to settle for a substitute. You are an unusually amiable shopper and get along especially well with such people as bank tellers and liquor salesmen—in fact these associations may develop into friendships. But, while you are doing business, realize that the other person's time is valuable and cut down on unnecessary conversation. On occasions when you have a complaint, try to be discreet about where you do it, with no display of temper. Many of you have a tendency to try to save money by doing repair work yourself; but unless you are very handy, you'll find the services of a professional will save money in the long run. You expect prompt service, so call early to allow him to schedule his time—not at the last minute when he is sure to be late and thereby upset you.



GEMINI May 21–June 21. You enjoy leisurely browsing through stores rather than specific shopping. This can be irritating to salespeople, unless you make it a point to buy some small item frequently. You get along well with salespeople, but your main hindrance to good relationships with them is your tendency to talk at length about whatever is on your mind; remember, a shop is not a forum and restrain your conversations. When you *do* have a specific shopping goal, try to get the right size and color, etc., so that you won't have to return it. You don't like to spend time on repairmen for your car or house, so to make the job as painless as possible, write down what you want done and be home on time for his arrival. With professional people you must make a supreme effort to be on time for appointments.



CANCER June 22–July 22. You are as interested in the people who help you as in the goods or services they sell, and are able to make friends this way. However, be careful not to probe into people's private lives; instead, let them tell you what they choose. Although shopping is one of your major joys, so changeable is your nature, that you are not always satisfied with your purchases when you return home. When you do exchange goods, use your Cancerian charm on the salesman, who can't know that changeability is part of your nature. You are very hospitable to visiting repairmen, but tend to spend a great deal of their time chattering, and then wonder why they took so long to do the job. Be friendly, but stick to business.



LEO July 23–August 22. You are one of the few customers who will appeal to salesmen, being a generous buyer, anxious to receive special considerations and advice. However, if you don't feel you're getting proper attention, you may lose your temper, so take care to be patient, especially with your bank teller—it's not his fault if, because of your generous nature, you have overdrawn your account. Organize your finances so you can pay all your bills, and keep up good relations with the people you deal with. You may be too trusting when you need the services of repairmen; ask for an estimate before they start to work rather than waste time and energy arguing over the bill.



VIRGO August 23–September 22. As a member of the sign synonymous with "service," it would seem logical that you would understand the trials of those whose livelihoods depend on selling their goods and services. Yet, your desire for perfection keeps you from unbending in personal relationships with shopkeepers, and it's hard for you to compromise on a second choice. You are a great bargain hunter, but salespeople at such counters so often irritate you, you may leave in a fit of pique. Because of your expectations that high standards be fulfilled, you are not at ease with repairmen—you generally mistrust anyone able to do something you realize you cannot do. You must become resigned to the fact that you need these people and that a cheerful face and pleasant attitude will get you the best results.



LIBRA September 23–October 23. With your nature keyed to things artistic and pleasant, shopping can be irksome for you unless you plan to shop at quiet times. You are drawn to the more exclusive shops where the shopkeepers have time to give you the excellent service you appreciate. Such salespeople also seem to talk about themselves, and you must learn to be courteous even though you may not be interested when this occurs. It is difficult for you to cope with repairmen, indeed you often test them with arrogance; make it easier for everyone by clearly stating what you want done when you call, saving their time and your money.



SCORPIO October 24–November 21. You are good shoppers and usually find what you want, difficult though it may be. However you like to get what you consider trivial tasks out of the way quickly, and sometimes become aggressive if shopkeepers are slow or out of a product (especially when buying a dress or having your hair done). Try to relax and plan your time so you will not be dashing about when shops are closing and realize that people are trying to please you. When you must call in a repairman, remember that you need his services, and that it is a time to be gracious toward him—not irritable.



SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. Your natural curiosity about people and things makes shopping an adventure for you. You are never a dull customer, for you tend to engage in long conversations with salespeople. They may enjoy this, but be careful to stay away from controversial subjects—such comments may be embarrassing to a good clerk who has been trained to remain neutral. Repairmen often see you as having an easy, happy-go-lucky attitude toward their work—but be careful not to become too trusting. Be sure to get estimates before assigning the job, and pay the bills on time.



CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. You have need of a well-ordered life, and therefore shopping is not one of your favorite occupations—until you are able to find stores that are efficiently run and are up to your high standards. Although always courteous, you sometimes appear arrogant, and could try to show more warmth toward people offering you services. Although you are very handy about your house, when you must call a repairman, don't be disturbed if the worker is not as tidy as you are or if he arrives late—be patient and try to realize that these are just small and momentary inconveniences.



AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. You are not naturally a happy shopper, and it may be better for you to shop by phone or mail order than in person. When you must shop in stores, your concern with humanity should extend to salespeople; you'll enjoy better relationships with them if you are patient and contain your temper, and you'll get better service. You prefer small specialized shops to department stores and are perhaps overtrusting of salespeople. You must realize that a salesperson's recommendations are not always the best, and don't be too upset if a sales pitch you took to be literally true turns out to be exaggerated. When you need a repairman, accept the fact that you can't be completely self-sufficient and that repairmen are able to help you become free from household worries.



PISCES February 19–March 20. You are a facile and happy shopper, but sometimes have trouble making your own decisions, and therefore may be too trusting of a salesman's recommendations. Be friendly, but firm enough to make your own choice, and don't blame anyone but yourself if your purchase isn't just what you wanted. Use your Piscean charm with salespeople, but don't become so friendly that your shopping expeditions turn into a series of soapbox operas with salespeople telling you their problems. Keep your mind on what you came to buy. You have a tendency to be emergency-prone, and since you are not naturally handy at repairs about your house, find good repairmen and keep up a good relationship with them so they will be happy to come back when you need them.



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Meeting Candidates

Q: I have become interested in politics and have joined clubs and volunteered for many campaigns. When I am introduced to candidates, should I extend my hand, or merely say, "How do you do"? If I am with a male companion and we are seated, and I am introduced to a man or woman, should I rise (when my companion does) and should I extend my hand in this case?

A: If it doesn't make an awkward situation, extend your hand and say, "How do you do." Most candidates seek to shake the hand of every constituent. If you are seated, do not rise for an introduction except for a *much* older woman, for a member of the clergy and, if you are quite young yourself, for a very much older and distinguished man. In a situation where you are a hostess, you rise for everyone.

Wearing Gloves

Q: Is it correct to wear gloves to Holy Communion?

A: Do not wear gloves when taking Communion.

Correct Hat

Q: Is it correct to wear a dressy hat with a sweater?

A: A dressy hat is never worn with a sports sweater.

Serving a Curry

Q: I plan to give a buffet supper for 30 people and would like to serve an authentic curry. A friend says I shouldn't serve curry, as some people don't like it. Do you think it's proper to serve curry?

A: A well-prepared curry is usually a safe choice, but a friend of mine always prepares a few portions of chicken à la king for those who do not enjoy curry. For a booklet, *Authentic Indian Recipes*, containing 12 curry recipes, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to American Spice Trade Association, Room 634, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001.

The Courteous Dentist

Q: I have several questions about correct forms of address in my dental office. I like to say, "Yes, ma'am" and "Yes, sir" to older patients, and I ask my assistants to do this, too. One of my assistants doesn't think this is correct.

How should I address my assistant—as Judy or Miss Smith?

How should my assistants address me—"Yes, Doctor" or "Yes, sir"?

How should my assistants address each other in the office—as Judy or Miss Smith?

Should the assistant introduce a new patient *to* the doctor?

A: My personal feeling is against "Yes, ma'am" and "Yes, sir" to patients, even though this form is considered most courteous in parts of the South. "Yes, Mrs. Smith" or "No, Mrs. Smith" and even a pleasant "Yes" or "No" are quite acceptable for both you and your assistants.

I like the more professional "Miss Smith" when you are addressing your assistant in front of a patient, although many dentists prefer the easier "Judy."

I would prefer to have your assistant address you as "Yes, Doctor" or "Yes, sir" no matter what her age. You are the employer. Let the girls themselves decide what to call each other.

The doctor is introduced *to* the new patient in this way: "Mrs. Shapiro, this is Dr. Higgins" or "Mrs. Shapiro, Dr. Higgins."

The Widow's Wedding Band

Q: Is it proper for a young widow to remove her wedding band? I have a young son and feel the ring is important at times. I don't want to be disloyal to the memory of my husband, but I do want to meet new people.

A: I suggest you put aside your wedding ring, even though you have a young son. You may make it a little easier to date by doing so. Some women choose not to wear their wedding rings, so this should not be a problem in regard to your child.

Readers' Help

In my June, '67 column that paying the baby-sitter responsibility of the div never of her date. Because many dissenting letters I ha ceived, I am willing to soft original judgment to al woman's fiancé to pay the when it is absolutely nece although I still prefer to ha pay herself or arrange to si friend on occasion in excha the same service.

Here are three letters c subject from my readers. wish to send your comr please use postcards.

1. "Almost *all* my date to pay for the sitter in or relieve me of the financial s However, I always explain although I refused alimony get a small sum each week f care of my daughter. All sitting fees are taken fron fund."

2. "I do not agree that th should pay for a baby- Doesn't the divorcée realiz the man who *pays* is later to expect to *collect?*"

3. "Although the baby- problem is the woman's, I s reason why the man should allowed to help her if he and is able to do so. My hu and I went together for a before we were married. hadn't helped me pay for s we would not have been able by ourselves as often as we Men who are divorced are aware of the problems of the cée. They do not ask for any in return. The woman who you the original letter will answers to many such prob by contacting the local cha of Parents Without Partn



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes q tions from readers, to be answe in this column as space perm

The following booklets by Miss derbilt are now available to Jou *readers: "Teen Manners," "En ment and Wedding Etiquette," " Manners," and "Office Etiqu Send 25 cents in coin for each b ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*



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That's why girls like Lustre-Creme. It's the only pink shampoo.

Pink says we're rich, so rich your whole head becomes one great swirl of whipped-cream lather.

Pink says we leave hair soft, and inviting to touch.

And should a certain someone get too close, he'll notice that we have a delightful "pink" fragrance, too.

Pink, creamy Lustre-Creme. It's the one shampoo made just for girls. Because pink is just for girls.

You're a girl, aren't you?

You might be tickled pink to know that Lustre-Creme is safe for color-treated hair.



By Sylvia Porter

Q: We want to invest a part of our nest egg in stocks that will yield us the greatest income possible when my husband retires next year. What kinds of stocks should we look for—and how much income can we expect from them?
A: You should look for stocks paying dividends returning you at least 5 percent a year at the prices you pay for the stocks and for stocks on which there has been at least one dividend increase in the past two years. As for other factors to consider, ask a reputable stockbroker to help you in your final selection of a portfolio.

Q: I will be required to file an estimated Federal income tax declaration this year—based on my estimated 1968 income. But there is no way to tell just how much income I'll have by the end of the year. How can I be sure to avoid any penalty for underpayment of estimated tax?
A: Simply make your 1968 tax estimate at least equal to your actual 1967 tax. If you do this, you will not have to pay any penalty, no matter how large your 1968 income turns out to be.

Q: My husband uses the family car a lot in connection with his job, and he is therefore permitted to deduct a portion of the upkeep costs from his Federal income tax. But the business of getting gas and oil receipts has become a real nuisance, and we'd like to know if there's any easier way out.
A: Yes, there is an easier way—under a Treasury rule that says you may use an optional mileage deduction of 10 cents a mile to cover the costs of gas, oil, depreciation, insurance, etc., up to 15,000 miles of business travel and 7 cents per mile after that.

Q: I would like to get a job after my two preschoolers go off to nursery school and kindergarten. But all the interesting jobs I know about seem to require some specialized knowledge or training that I don't have and can't possibly leave the house long enough to get. What can I do?
A: One thing you can investigate is a correspondence course in some field that interests you. Home study programs are offered by dozens of U.S. colleges, universities and private accredited by The National Home Study Council in Washington, correspondence schools. Courses are offered in thousands of different subjects, from plumbing to data processing. The cost ranges from $25 to $600, depending on the length and complexity of the home-study program you choose.

Q: Is there any truth today in the old saying that it's cheaper to feed and clothe several children than it is to feed and clothe just one?
A: Yes—according to the latest statistics developed by the U.S. Agriculture Department. It costs an estimated $5,726 to feed a single child for 18 years, but if there are four or five children, the cost of the same food drops to $4,908 per child.

The large family also achieves considerable "savings" in children's clothes costs because clothes can be passed down from one child to the next. However, these are only two items in the family budget. No savings whatever are possible when it comes to college-education costs for a large number of children—or when it comes to paying their doctor and dentist bills.

Q: I work for a public relations firm, and I often work after office hours for no extra pay. However, because our office isn't heated after office hours, I bring my work home. Can I deduct a part of my household costs as office-at-home expenses from my Federal income tax?
A: The Treasury rule is that you can deduct an appropriate part of your office-at-home expenses if you are "required" as a condition of your employment to furnish your own space and facilities for the job. But a recent Tax Court ruling held that even though you are not required to have an office at home, you still can claim part of your office-at-home expenses if they are "appropriate" and "helpful" in your business. So, despite the fact that your firm doesn't require you to do this work at home, you may want to take your office-at-home deduction. But be ready and willing to fight in court for it if it is later questioned by a tax agent.

Q: I expect to receive an inheritance of about $30,000 soon—after court proceedings have been completed. I want to make sure my older daughter receives this inheritance in the event of my death. If she should die before I do, I would want the money to go to my younger daughter rather than my older daughter's husband. How can I arrange this—without losing control over the money during my lifetime?
A: Discuss it with your family lawyer, who can help you to draw up a will providing for the distribution of your estate as you wish. All the provisions you mention can be written into a will. The important point is to have a will written NOW—for the protection of all concerned.

Q: Considering the hefty service charges most banks make just to keep your checking account, do you think it would be worth it for my husband and me to switch our accounts to the local bank offering the lowest rates?
A: Probably not—particularly if you have been doing business with the same bank for several years and if, as is usually the case, the differences between service charges made by various banks in your area are not substantial.

Instead, there are other ways you can save on bank service charges:

- Write fewer checks than you now write—by getting larger sums of cash at a time and by paying little bills with cash instead of by check.
- Avoid overdrafts—which can cost you as much as $5 apiece—by balancing your checkbook each month as soon as your statement reaches you.
- Make sure the type of checking account you now have—"regular," "special," etc.—is the most economical for you. If you are able to maintain the required minimum balance in your account, for example, it might be possible to avoid all bank service charges.

Q: My husband's yearly income is $8,000 and my own part-time job adds another $2,500, bringing our total family income to $10,500 a year. I think that's a lot of money, but my husband is always complaining about how little it is. He says we can't afford to have a family until he earns considerably more, and I am beginn despair.
A: If your husband's attitu widespread, the biggest sh in our land today wou "babies." For the fact is t $10,500, you're in the uppe of American families in te income. Here's a chart t your husband (and to help reading this to find out ho incomes rank).

Total family income	Perc U.S. f
$3,000 to $3,999	
4,000 " 4,999	
5,000 " 5,999	
6,000 " 6,999	
7,000 " 7,999	
8,000 " 9,999	1
10,000 " 14,999	2
15,000 and over	

Q: I have seen an ad for a sale side of beef at 33 c pound. The meat is U.S. I ment of Agriculture Grade can't see how anybody cou in buying it.
A: I do. For one thing, the such thing as a Departm Agriculture "A" grade fo this is the wholesaler's own and the grading system is good as his reputation.

For another thing, the tised 33 cents per pound price could be "bait" just you into the shop and t "switch" you over to far h priced meat. To achiev "switch," unscrupulous meat operators might te that the advertised meat a is tough and stringy and must be marinated for ho fore it will be edible.

It's just not common se these days of rising beef pr expect to buy retail qualit cuts at 33 cents a pound.



Miss Porter welcomes question readers. Those of general intere be answered here as space per



Living-Family Room floor is red Kentile Colonial Brick Solid Vinyl Tile. Note use of white bordering fireplace. Also comes in three additional colors. Individual 9″ x 9″ tiles allow easy, fast installation. Your Kentile® Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors."

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BATHROOMS ARE FOR PAMPERING



Photographs by Ernest Silva; Illustrations by Isadore Seltzer

And now pampering is for everyone. You don't have to be
lionaire to feel like one. You can live it up on almost any b
go the luxury way to your own private world: A bathroom—
little, old or new—filled with all those pampering extra-specia
are so easy to find, so easy to install. A place that's pleasing
senses, refreshing for body and spirit, a delight to the eye.
some of the pleasurable ways and means to self-indul
By MARGARET DAVIDSON, Home Management Edito

The private world here: fields of flowers—from coordinated wall towels and shower curtain (a bedsheet, plastic-lined) to the bright painting. Airy rattan shelves continue the sunny garden feeling an beauty appliances close at hand, colorful accessories in full vie delightful cubes, to use as chairs or tables, are boxes slipcove terry towels. A fiber-glass sit-and-shower stall, with a non-skid flo a sauna-style corner bench for comfort. And the pampering goe right down to the fluffy "bearskin."

1 *Kitchen wall cabinet, covered with fabric or self-stick paper, a good base for a dressing table. For a wake-up cup of coffe beauty "machine"—handy electric outlet (next to family galle*

2 *Sit and shower—why not? On a no-slip stool. Available in to match most plumbing fixtures.*

3 *Borrowed from the theater, a mirror framed in bright lights truest view of you. Shown here as part of a built-in cabinet.*

4 *The place for everything—a shallow door cabinet with pl shelves and a full-length mirror.*

(cont





"It's a dream... but, oh, what a nightmare with our small bedroom!"

Then she talked to our Ethan Allen "room stretchers".



ideas about redecorating—but a "too
n—welcome to Ethan Allen!
an Allen gallery of American Tradi-
s, we face problems like this every
ally solve them with happy results.
made this small room look beauti-
Airy enough to accommodate a bed
st ample proportions.
ended tall mirrors and wall-to-wall
etch the room up and out.
gested companion designs of Ethan
Manor. The hand-rubbed finish has
gance and the designs you see neatly
"clutter" that can make a bedroom

uch? Wallpaper of the same pattern
edspread. See how the matching canopy seems to lift the low ceiling as well as add a note of individuality. The striking accessories are all Ethan Allen... for a fully coordinated look.

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Ethan Allen We care about your home...almost as much as you do.
AMERICAN TRADITIONAL INTERIORS



The private world here—bounded by chestnut-textured paneling rubbed with color. Its cool serenity, refreshing as mint toothpas flashed with blues and purples (towels, accessories), lightened brightened with a charming Mexican mirror. Plenty of storage is h in the side paneling: locked cabinet, above, to keep medicine safe children; an electric outlet center, below, with stow-away spa appliances. For a bright-as-day room, twin lights flank the mirro overhead infrared light warms and—amazingly enough—pr steam from clouding the mirror.

5 *Three shower extras, from left: portable spray attachment to hard water; hand-held spray, to shower without ruining a ha pull-out shampoo spray in a bathroom sink.*

6 *Storage center, made shadow-box style, from an old carved fran fitted with shelves to hold an ever-growing collection of beaut grooming appliances.*

7 *Quick-change for a bathroom: coordinated accessories. Th barber-pole stripes, but solid colors and prints are also availa almost everything from wastebaskets to shower curtains.*

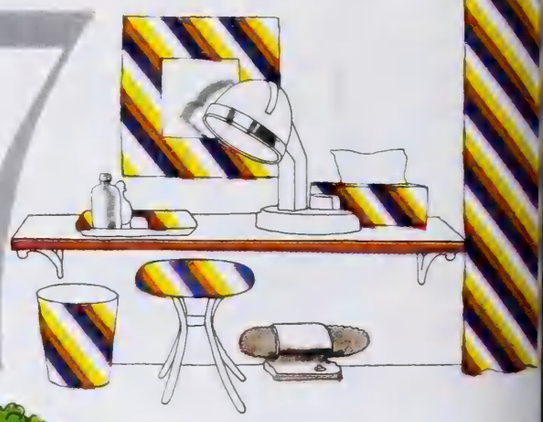
8 *To solve that storage problem: a twin-pole shelf arrangemen fits over a toilet (this one, with a fresh-air ventilator); colorfu celain hooks for hanging.*

9 *Gripper on tub edge for safety-in, safety-out. A good id young or old.*

Shopping information on page 145

(cont









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Renoir



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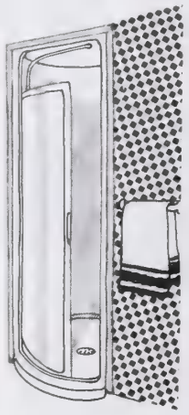
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NEW BATHROOM COMPACT

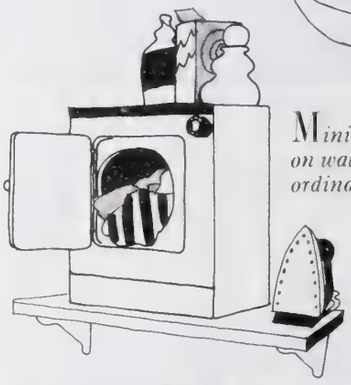
Whether a bathroom's spacious or stamp-size, there's always a challenge of: how to make the most of every square inch. Here are seven answers—the new "compacts"—space-savers that slip into corners and cubbyholes, double as storage units, or retract almost out of sight.



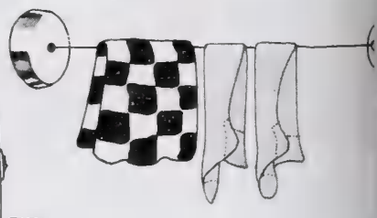
Cylindrical shower could fit in a yard-wide closet, yet is surprisingly roomy inside. One-piece fiber glass, it installs quickly, wipes clean easily, has non-skid floor.



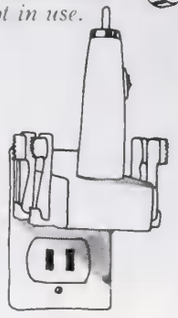
Corner washbasin couldn't be sleeker, extends just 16 inches from corner to front.



Mini-dryer fits on shelf or hangs on wall, is half the usual size. Uses ordinary house current (115 volts).



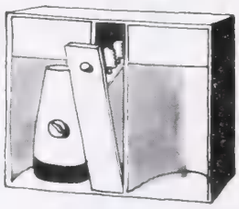
Like a tape measure, this 10-foot nylon drying line retracts when not in use.



A very compact electric toothbrush is always available, attached to electric outlet so plug-in space below is free.



Top of a hamper can be an undisturbed storage center if it features a tilt-out bin instead of opening from the top. This, with one drawer, too.



More electric toothbrush news: unit features bacteria-inhibiting lamp for tumbler and toothbrush; cordless electric toothbrush has base (recharges automatically) to use with any toothbrush.

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NEOLITE by GOODYEAR

WILL THE REAL ART BUCHWALD PLEASE SIT DOWN

BY ART BUCHWALD

One of the ways I am able to remain young, healthy and beautiful is to lecture across the width and breadth of the United States and Canada. Not many people realize it, but lecturing can be a fruitful, rewarding experience that not only gives me a chance to see my country and meet its people but also gives me a legitimate opportunity to leave home just when the sewer breaks or the teacher wants to see me about the "problem" my son is causing in school.

I have been speaking to women's clubs, universities, conventions, fund-raising dinners and other meetings for 10 years, and I have had my fair share of experiences, some funny, a few scary and one or two embarrassing.

There is a great deal of kidding about chicken and peas on the lecture circuit. Actually everyone is so conscious of the joke that you're very rarely served chicken anymore. Sometimes I wish I were. I remember once, after a town-hall meeting in Michigan, having a lunch with 400 women at the local country club. The women were asked to submit questions for me to answer, and the first question I had to read was, "Do you think this luncheon is worth $2.50?"

It wasn't, but I was darned if I was going to get in the middle of their catering problems.

You like to think that everyone who comes to hear you speak knows who you are. But I learned my lesson in Hartford several years ago.

I came out on the stage, and just before I was about to begin, I heard an old lady in the front row say to her friend in a loud voice, "There's no instruments on the stage—it must be a talk."

Lengthy introductions always plague a speaker, and on occasion the person introducing you talks longer than you are expected to. I always follow a long-winded introduction by saying, "And in conclusion . . ."

But once I was at a loss. I was booked in a church, and the pastor got up to introduce me. But instead of starting off with an introduction he bowed his head and said, "Let us pray." Everyone stood up, and the pastor said, "Dear Lord, please make our speaker be funny tonight. Grant that he will bring laughter into our hearts and cheer our souls and make us forg transgressions for these few minutes. And if he succe is You whom we have to thank, for You have give this gift and it is to You we look, not only for insp but also for humor and joy, etc. etc."

By the time he said, "Amen," my knees were shakir all I could think of was offering a small prayer of m which was: "Lord, You got me into this. You get me out

I have rarely been threatened with violence, but c Dayton someone said they were going to shoot me speech because I had written some funny things Barry Goldwater. The police covered the theater f lecture, which I gave in spite of the threat. The onl of cowardice I showed was to take a very short bow.

But what really got me mad was that the chief of embarrassed about the threat, was quoted in the news as saying, "Buchwald says this happens to him all the

I rarely enjoy speaking at fund-raising dinners, because the sponsors don't want you to take any of th they could use for raising money.

Once I was asked to speak for a group raising mor a hospital in New York City was warned to "keep it s I didn't realize how shor about five minutes into m the M.C. started tugg my coat. You can't in trying to speak someone behind you ing on your coatt think I finished in 1 utes flat with a tug s that I bowed backw the middle of a ser Most of the haza lecturing have with what we in th ness refer to as overkill." A er's appearanc town is not only cons a cultural event bu a social one, and ther great deal of vying to en the guest of honor. This c embarrassing, particularly the program chairman ar president of the club aren' ing to each other.

One time out West I w a dinner party was given for me the nig fore I was schedu speak. I was met airport by a coupl spirited me away very (cont



Illustration By Edward Sorel

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luminum foil.



Four kinds: Extra Sharp, Sharp, Mellow, Mild.

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ART BUCHWALD *continued*

congenial gathering of people. The only trouble, as I discovered the next morning, was that I was at the wrong dinner party. The couple who picked me up had not been invited to the original dinner party, so they decided to have a party of their own, and they thought it was a great joke to "kidnap" me at the airport. For some reason the hostess of the party of the first part didn't see any humor in the gag, and I never did convince her I had nothing to do with wrecking her party.

I imagine the worst thing that happened to me during all my years of speaking had to do with an incident when I was scheduled to speak at a college in New England. It was fall and my wife was acting grouchy, so I persuaded her to go with me. She became all excited when I suggested she spend the weekend with me away from home.

As I arrived on campus I reported to the administration building to inquire what hotel I was staying in.

"You're not staying at a hotel," the lady said. "You're staying with Mr. Hambersham."

This surprised me, as my lecture bureau has instructions that I am never to be a house guest. But a few minutes later Harry Hambersham showed up. He was a man in his sixties with a ruddy face, a handlebar mustache and a large red nose. Harry threw our things into a station wagon and drove 10 miles out of town to a farmhouse. He showed us to the guest room.

"Now," said Harry, "what about a drink?"

"No, thank you," I said.

"Good," said Harry. "I'll join you," and he poured a glass of gin, which he drank in one gulp.

Between glasses of gin, Harry kept barging into the bedroom while my wife was dressing, asking if he could do anything for her.

By this time my wife was not speaking to me, as somehow she blamed me for ruining her weekend. At six o'clock when we were ready to go to the college, Harry was so smashed he could hardly keep the car on the road.

After the lecture the president of the college invited us back to his a drink. Harry was staggeri ahead with his arm around

"That Harry's some chara president said.

"He sure is," I agreed. "L you something. Do you alwa your lecturers with the town

The president stopped de tracks and looked horrified. told me he was your dearest f you had insisted you wante with him."

"I never saw him before in r told the president.

The poor president was a br The incident did have one p effect. Ever since that weekend has refused to go out on a le with me again.

Because lecturing is a dema lonely business, most of us money. But there are many tions that don't want to pay speakers. One of the ways around it is by giving a speak tinguished award."

Once I received a telephone man in Philadelphia who s organization has just chosen of the Year.'"

"I'm very flattered," I said

"The dinner is April 14th delphia."

"I'm terribly sorry," I said, to be in Atlanta that evening

"Oh," he said. "That's too could you suggest somebod could give the award to?"

Al Capp warned me when I into the business that one of hazards of lecturing was havi the women on the program fall in love with you.

"What she'll do is meet in with the rest of the committee later, after she's left, she'll ca say she left her compact in y That's her excuse to come ba

Well, all I can say is that I' this business for 10 years, and been visited by the comm waited dutifully by the phone one to ring. Not once has a her compact in my room, an me, I know because I always l where, including under the be



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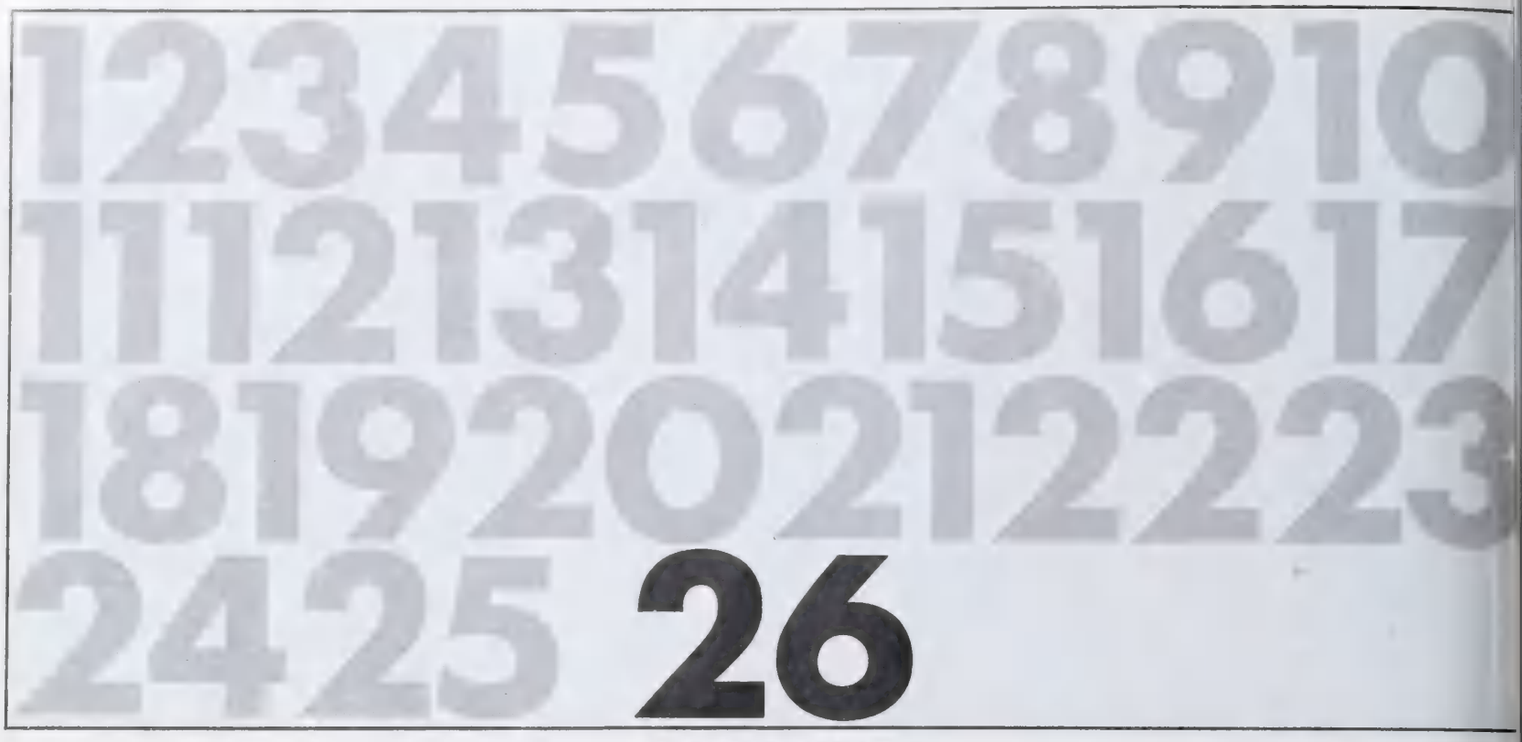
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BY RUTH LEMBECK Part-time work is the housewife's happy middle ground between a full-time job and doing nothing for extra income and psychic rewards. The part-time job for you may be totally unlike anything you've ever done before; it may be a refreshing way to get out of the house or keep you happily occupied right under your own roof.

Whatever your interests, whatever your home schedule, whatever your age, education, personal circumstances and reasons for wanting to work, somewhere in these pages there may be the idea for a new job waiting for you—one that's challenging, absorbing, full of promise!

CATERING. If food is your forte, the beauty of catering is the tiny cash outlay needed to start.

WHAT YOU NEED: Love of cooking, because you're never away from it.

A knowledge of accepted social procedures for a variety of occasions. Your public library has plenty of books to help.

A specialty. This is helpful in getting started.

HOW MUCH TIME IT TAKES: At the beginning, you may be busy only on weekends. But your business can burgeon to include weekdays and evenings.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN: One woman I spoke to said she made sure of a 40 percent profit on every job, and also allowed $2 an hour for her own time. The Small Business Administration's *Counseling Notes on Catering* states: "There is no hard and fast formula for figuring the charge for a catering job, but a rule of thumb is to multiply all costs by two."

A cost-analysis chart and guideline for keeping records as well as for setting your price comes in the free booklet *Profit in the Pantry* (write: Woman's Division, Massachusetts Department of Commerce, 150 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass. 02114).

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Investigate the catering potentials of your community. Do folks entertain a lot? Is there a help shortage? Are there many organizations that could use your help?

Make contact with top-quality butchers and grocers and try to set up a discount arrangement. Find sources for your "fringe" needs—paper goods, linens, flowers, chairs, and so forth. Even if you don't need these sources yourself, you should be able to recommend them to customers.

Look into zoning rules, a food permit, labor regulations for the hiring of help, tax information.

Send out direct-mail announcements to every likely prospect. List your service with the local newspaper's society editor, linen and catering supply houses, hotels, schools, shops and community organizations.

SUGGESTED READING: *Catering* (a trade magazine), 10 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016; *Feeding a Crowd* (send 50 cents to General Foods Kitchens, Dept. WM, 250 North Street, White Plains, N.Y.); *Meals for a Crowd Can Be Fun* (free, write Accent, Old Orchard Road, Skokie, Ill.).

Thirty-six quantity recipes selected from the Institution Management Department at Iowa State University, are available for 50 cents by writing to: Quantity Recipes, National Dairy Council, 111 N. Canal Street, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

COOKING LESSONS. This is another way to parlay your cooking flair i a paying venture.

WHAT YOU NEED: Seating space for enough pupils to make the class wor while. (You might rent kitchen facilities in a church, women's club, e

HOURS YOU WORK: You set them, once a week or more, depending on number of students and their needs. The average number of sessions course is about five.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN: This is contingent on the number of studer your fees and overhead. Some cooking instructors charge separately for cost of ingredients; others include it in the fee. Cooking lessons by pro sionals in the New York area range from $3 to $50 a lesson.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Talk to people to see if there is enough interes cooking lessons and who has it. You might find that men or teen-agers the eager ones.

FOOD SERVICE WORK is done in hospitals, restaurants, industrial f firms, college dining halls, etc. Working under a dietitian, you may over the preparing and serving of meals, order food and equipment, and help train new workers.

In some parts of the country, hospitals, public-health departments, a state universities are beginning to work together to establish short-te training courses for food-service supervisors.

HOURS YOU WORK: Variable.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN: Independent cafeterias and large commer restaurants usually pay the highest salaries, according to the Rochester stitute of Technology booklet, *Careers in Food Administration*. Hospit schools and colleges tend to have lower rates, but offer many attraction environment. In the New York area a part-time food-service supervisor n start at $1.80 an hour and move up to around $2.25.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Telephone your local school cafeterias, hosp dietitian, restaurants, and summer camps nearby.

Write to American Home Economics Association, 1600 Twentieth Str N.W., Washington, D.C. 20000; American Dietetic Association, 620 No Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611; Department of Home Econom National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth Street, New York, N 10019; and ask each of these organizations to send you any informat available for the prospective food-service worker.

PLANNING PARTIES. A sister career to catering, this has nothing to with food beyond, possibly, arranging for its presence.

What kinds of parties does a party planner plan? The list is limitl Children's parties, business gatherings, charity balls, sweet sixteeners, ar versary joyfuls, grand openings . . .

You dream up the theme and carry it through in décor and details, t care of invitations, order flowers, tables, chairs, tents, linens and/or wh ever is needed.

HOURS YOU WORK: A work schedule can easily be designed around y home schedule.

(*continued on page*

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ung, beautiful and getting older.
t your skin needn't show it. It could stay young-looking,
ger. With Paradox® by DuBarry®. Paradox is a complete
ge of six beauty treatments. For a beautiful skin.
akes six minutes every day. Three every
rning–to cleanse, freshen, moisturize.
ree every evening–to cleanse, freshen,
ndition. Six minutes. Isn't that a small
ce to pay for a beautiful skin?
aradox by DuBarry
Cleanser / Skin Freshener / Moisturizing Lotion / Crème Paradox / Salon Crème / Eye Crème
Paradox
Crème Cleanser
Crème Paradox
Moisturizing Lotion
Skin Freshener Gelée
© DuBarry 1968

It's Cinn-fully Apple-tizing!



Pillsbury's Apple Cinnamon Coffee Cake Mix . . . a delicious combination of warm sugary cinnamon and juicy apples. It's a tantalizing coffee party treat! Rich tasting, with that fresh baked-up goodness. Look for Pillsbury's Apple Cinnamon and the other coffee cakes, quick breads and dessert bars in the *Coffeetime Mix Section* of your store.

PART-TIME JOBS *continued*

How Much You Can Earn: You can work on a subcontracting basis with caterers, entertainers and merchants and be paid a commission (10–15 percent) on their fees. Or you can charge your client a percentage of the total amount spent, such as 15 percent. Or you can base your price on the number of guests attending and charge $1 per head as your profit.

If your party-planning services are used on a continuing basis by commercial concerns, you'll probably work on a large-sum retainer basis covering a specified period of time and work.

How You Get Started: Determine whether you have a potential market and make a list of possible clients.

Dream up an appropriate and memorable name for your service (e.g., Parties to Remember, Company's Coming). Contact your sources (cooks, caterers, suppliers) personally and make preliminary arrangements with them.

Send printed cards or brochures to schools, community groups, clubs and organizations, and business concerns.

Suggested Reading: *All About Entertaining*, by Kay Corinth and Mary Sargent (includes over 200 original party ideas and plans). *Entertaining with Elegance*, by Genevieve Antoine Dariaux.

PLANNING WEDDINGS is a marvelous outlet for the woman with creative and administrative ability and a social flair.

What You Need: A telephone, a list of future brides, one or more reference books on etiquette and wedding needs.

You will be expected to know all that is involved in wedding preparations: practices of different religious and ethnic groups, menu planning, seating and floral arrangements; as well as a basic knowledge of linens, glassware, china, silver, foods and fashion.

Hours You Work: Flexible and adaptable. A good deal of the work, planning, ordering, etc., can be done from home.

How Much You Can Earn: This depends on the frequency of assignments, and size of the weddings. You will most likely work on a flat-fee bas
percentage of the wedding'
Figure 5 percent of the total
for large weddings, possibly
for small, elite ones.

How You Get Started:
learn is by on-the-job train
working in a bridal shop. An
with a florist or a store se
glassware, etc., will also be

Subscribe to newspapers
and compile a list of brides
the engagement announcem

Line up all your best sour
tations and announcement
florists, photographers, etc.

Send a tasteful announcer
services to brides-to-be on y

Reading Suggestions: *A*
bill's New Complete Book
The Book for Brides, by Reb
The Bride & Groom Handbo
lyn Enright.

RUNNING A SITTING SER

cording to the National As
Babysitter Registries, one
runs a service in a large U
earned as much as $10,000
start such a business takes a
lay of cash, and you can c
business from home.

Mrs. E. N. Johnson, of B
Inc., Norfolk, Va., says: "I s
$200. I paid my attorney $1
$25, supplies $5 and the bal
vertising."

Registries often supply si
valids, convalescents, blind
animals.

Hours You Work: You c
your home and business at th

How Much You Can E.
agencies charge a flat month
to subscribers. Others charge
tings, perhaps $2 for five call
calls and take no money from
Another method is to charg
a small monthly fee or charge
and parents a modest percen

The national average sitti
cents an hour; 75 cents to
cities and suburbs.



"Do you have a sympathy card for someone whose guinea pig passed away?"

Attention Dishwasher Owners:

YOUR WATER IS CAUSING OUR DISHWASHING PROBLEMS.



Finish is the only automatic dishwasher detergent with special formulas for extra-hard water, hard water, medium-hard water, soft water. That's why Finish gets your silver spotlessly clean. No matter where you live.

Your water affects the results you get from your dishwasher. It can leave spots, streaks, dulling film. Finish is the only dishwasher detergent that has different formulas for water problems in different areas. Only Finish matches its formula to your water. Nobody else bothers. Why do we bother? Try Finish and see how spotlessly clean your silver, glasses and dishes can be. Your grocer has the right Finish formula for your area.

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uched photograph
m do to your silver.

For younger looking skin



SUDDEN BEAUTY® Facial



smooths over wrinkles *in just 5 minutes*

Does your skin look older than you feel? Then Sudden Beauty can do something for you. Because Sudden Beauty Facial works in depth—penetrates far below the surface to stimulate, cleanse, tone. In just 5 minutes, it smooths over wrinkles and tired lines, so they seem to vanish for hours. Gives you back a radiant, youthful glow. . . a clearer look.



26 PART-TIME JOBS *continued*

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Determine the need for such a service in your community. If one or more registries exist, is there room for another?

It's a good idea to join the National Association of Babysitter Registries and send for their booklet, *Manual for Setting Up a Registry*, which outlines just how to go about establishing a well-run babysitting business. Write to: Mrs. E. N. Johnson, National Association of Babysitter Registries, 120 Dover Circle, Norfolk, Va. 23505. Also write to Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, for *Starting and Managing a Small Business of Your Own* (25 cents a copy).

See your town clerk about local licensing and check with your insurance company about liability coverage.

Interview sitter applicants and screen them for health, maturity, cleanliness and character. It's a good idea to require a current health exam, for the sitter's benefit as well as for your clients and you. Your local health department usually provides these services free. Be sure to check their personal references.

Advertise in the help-wanted columns. *One* ad has been known to bring in great numbers of sitters *and* clients.

Send announcements or brochures listing your services, regulations and rates to hotels, individual families, church groups and organizations such as local "Y's," P.T.A. groups.

Place an ad in the Yellow Pages of your phone book.

NEEDLECRAFTS. Needlework has become more of an art form than ever before, and the personal rewards are greater than ever.

WHAT YOU NEED: This depends on the form of needlecraft you've chosen. The outlay is relatively small. You buy your own tools and materials, but as you build a backlog of yarns, etc., your expenses will be smaller.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN: This depends on the article you make, how well you make it, where you sell it. A shop adds its own markup over your asking price. If this sets the item's price too high, it won't move, so *you* usually must take less, not the store. With a private clientele, do some comparison shopping, so you don't sell yourself short.

Teaching pays most consistently. What you charge depends on the number in a class and the length of time for each session. Individual instruction should range between $5 and $10 an hour.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Leading women's and home-furnishings magazines constantly feature new needlecraft ideas giving full directions in the same issue, or making them available at a small charge. Store needlework departments are dispensers of sound advice.

When you have a finished item, show it to friends, start a private clientele for made-to-order work. Take your work around to gift shops. Either sell it outright or leave it on consignment. Most gift shops receive 25 cents on every dollar's worth of consigned goods sold. If the shop buys your handiwork, they usually mark it up 50 percent.

HOME-BASED COFFEEHOUSES. Is there a teen-ager in your house? Then it's likely that you—lots of other parents—wish these youngsters had a wholesome, inexpensive place to go for fun. Like a home-based coffeehouse.

If you have a basement you're not using, clean it out, dress it up and start a coffeehouse yourself.

WHAT YOU NEED: Space for your coffeehouse—your basement or family room, a room in a community house. Furnishings, dishes, coffee brewers. Helping hands; if possible, volunteered. An official OK from zoning, health and fire departments. Added insurance coverage.

HOURS YOU WORK: You can set your time to suit you and your clientele's schedule.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN: Factors determining this will be your overhead costs, trade and traffic.

Coffee might be kept at five cents a cup. You could make up the difference for this extra-low price on various other concoctions: exotic coffee, sundaes, other drinks, doughnuts, sandwiches.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Tell your plans to local organizations—civic, congregational, private. Once sold on your coffeehouse, maybe they'll donate anything from the site itself to furnishings.

Establish sources for bulk purchases of food. Make up clever announcements; pin them on school, church, and club bulletin boards.

Send for: *Do-It-Yourself Coffee Houses*, c/o Coffee Information Service, Dept. 1-4, 300 East 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

WRITING GREETING-CARD MESSAGES. During all the years you've been buying other people's verses and messages, were you wishing *you* could write them? Well, why not?

WHAT YOU NEED: Literacy, creativity, a keen ear for current conversational expressions.

HOURS YOU WORK: This is entirely up to you.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN: This depends on the company you sell to. Generally, larger companies pay higher prices, but buy less, since they have their own writing staffs. The average rate is about 75 cents a line, but general verse can pay as high as $1.50 a line. Humorous cards bring from $

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Wr
National Association of Greet
Publishers (30 Rockefeller Pl
York, N.Y. 10020) for *The F*
Market List of the leading
that buy verses and card ideas
three usable six-cent stamps.)

Once you get the knack an
known to a card company, th
can bring you a steady stream
ing money *and* self-satisfactio

OFFICE WORK AT HOME. If
work in an office is out, you ca
office work at home. Typin
Bookkeeping is another. Or r
phone answering service.

A few of the typing possibi
addressing envelopes and l
stores, mailing houses, mail-o
logs, etc. You can also type ma
term papers, reports and corres
WHAT YOU NEED: Standard
plies.

HOURS YOU WORK: Plan it
HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN:
accuracy influence this as we
many jobs you round up. (
York suburban area yields pri
such as $10–$12 per 100 envelo
and postcards; 50c–$1.50 per
manuscripts.) In some cases,
able to charge by the hour
$3 to $5.

Seasonal Idea: One woma
made $200 in 6 weeks typing in
forms for accountants at $2 a
HOW YOU GET STARTED:
Make up an announcement,
from a neatly typed index
formal mailing piece, and se
reaches business, high-school
club and community bulleti
and professional people in you

HOME MIMEOGRAPHING S
You can make a tidy little profi
in this business.

WHAT YOU NEED: A mimeo
machine (second-hand machine
working *(continued on*



"First class or tourist?"



Make a clean break with the past.

ate to a **flameless electric dryer.**
erica's favorite. Perfect for permanent press clothes.



g, lugging and hanging three
nes a year? Why not graduate to
less electric clothes dryer?
vorite dryer, preferred by
one over flame-type dryers.

neat is perfect for permanent-
It "relaxes" synthetic fabrics
kle-resistance, so clothes come
out soft, fresh-looking and ready to wear.
What's more, a flameless electric dryer costs
less to buy and has fewer parts to service.
It needs no pilot, no flue.
So see your appliance dealer about a
flameless electric dryer now. Make a clean
break with the past...and graduate to
another appliance that adds to the joy of
Total Electric Living.

GRADUATE TO THE JOY OF TOTAL ELECTRIC LIVING.
This Gold Medallion identifies a home where everything's electric, including the heat.

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY
Edison Electric Institute, 750 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017



Clorox® needed because:



Actual unretouched photographs

Weak bleach and detergent leave this dirt in.



Clorox bleach and detergent clean it out.



"Waltz Throu
Washday"
with your ne
Speed Quee
bleach dispe
automatic
washer

"How my town saved me from a white girl's lie"

By MAURICE McNEILL with Richard Cohen

I pulled my Buick into the driveway that Monday, July 10, 1967, turned off the ignition and sat in the car. Sweat was rising on my forehead and my hand shook as I finally reached for the screen door to the house. ∾ "Hi, hon. I'm home!" I called out, as cheerfully as I could. "What's for lunch?" My wife, Lavon-De, was in the backyard. I kissed her and sat down at the white metal lawn table where we had lunch every day after I came home from teaching summer-session at Baldwin High School in suburban Baldwin, Long Island. Lavon-De looked at me curiously. ∾ "What is it, Maurice?" she asked. "Is something wrong?" ∾ I gripped the edge of the chair. "You remember Susan Schaffner?" ∾ Lavon-De shook her head. "Is she one of your students?" ∾ I nodded. "She's the one who passed the Regents exam last term, but signed up to take the course again this summer." My throat felt dry. "Well, she's accused me . . ." My voice trailed off. ∾ "Accused you?" ∾ ". . . of molestation." ∾ Lavon-De looked stunned. "Oh, Maurice!" She put her hand on mine. "Tell me what happened." ∾ I told her. That morning, Martin Kilcommons, the summer-school principal, had sent a note to my classroom asking me to see him. I found him with Dr. Henry Ducker, the superintendent of schools, and Robert Michaelis, the lawyer for the school board. ∾ "You have been accused by a student of a very serious offense," Michaelis said. "We went down to the girl's house and spoke with her and her mother." ∾ His words hit me like a sledgehammer. "What girl? What offense? What are you talking about?" ∾ "The charges involve molestation," Michaelis continued. "I have a signed complaint from Susan Schaffner and her mother." ∾ I gasped. "No!" Michaelis was holding a yellow sheet of paper in front of him. "Is that the complaint?" I asked. "Let me see it. I demand to see it!" I reached out for the sheet, but Michaelis pulled it back out of my reach. ∾ "No, you can't see it," he said curtly. Then he added, almost as an afterthought: "Do you deny the accusation?" "Certainly I deny it," I said.

(*continued on page 140*)



Photograph by Carl Fischer

AT HOME WITH MIKE DOUGLAS

Five years ago, Mike Douglas was a $125-a-week singer in a Los Angeles bar. Now he's the "Cary Grant of the Coffee Break"—a $500,000-a-year TV star who lives in a million-dollar castle that enchants yet embarrasses him. Here's what he—and that mansion—are really like. ***By Phyllis Battelle***

In this world of overkill and oversex, of protest, hippies, violence and generally rotten weekend weather, a new force for morality has sprung into power. It is physically tall and emotionally square; courtly, with dimples at the ready and eyes like limpid pools of blue. The name is Mike Douglas, and the middle name is modesty.

"I really don't believe I'm anything," says Mike Douglas.

As little as five years ago, this self-appraisal was scarcely open to question. Mike was then singing in a Los Angeles piano bar for $125 a week, trying to support a wife and three daughters, and studying at night to be a real-estate salesman.

Today, as almost everybody knows, Douglas is more like everything than nothing. He is Good King Midas of daytime television, and lives in a mansion vast enough to make a run-of-the-mill castle look like a doghouse.

To some 15 million Americans, mostly female, the 90-minute *Mike Douglas Show* is an oasis in the Wasteland, and he himself is a bulwark against world disaster, dirty dishes and children. Mind you, he is no god. But if he is not a god, he is at least an idol. He soothes and he strengthens. He turns the other cheek to be kissed. He casts out demons (did you catch that show where he wrestled two live bears, or the one where he swam next to an undetoothed crocodile?). He also sings with deep, if platonic, feeling—and he's happily married, worst luck. Most important, he *lives clean*, being possibly the world's only teetotaling Irish crooner. Doesn't smoke or gamble, either.

When Mike says "My God," he looks UP, rather than at you, the way other men do. Very square.



Mike and "that house." It's got 12 bathrooms, two living rooms, nine fireplaces—and a two-story, six-family birdhouse.



The hou a playgr his daug Kelly (l her frie They lo slide do the circ staircas stomach



Not long ago, Mike's wife Genevieve pressed his suits every morning. Now, she says, "I feel like the new rich."



Douglas fully bel he has r so big o "I've be loser toc he confe Opposite makes a before a cocktail

"Doctor, I must get out of this oxygen tent once a day," ple a lady heart-attack victim in a New York City hospital last wi "to watch the *Mike Douglas Show*." Fortunately the doctor acc and now the woman swears, in writing, it was Mike alone cured her.

Heartrending? Indeed. Douglas's heart is rent daily by th pound sackfuls of mail delivered to his headquarters in Philadel Shut-ins around the country plead for him to visit. A woman of cancer begs Mike to adopt her nine-year-old son because M the most decent man on earth. Dozens of women pray regu and devoutly for his continued good health and success.

It is a pleasure to report that those prayers are being answ Douglas is not only healthy enough to play golf in the 70s—a that his fans' husbands may find revoltingly healthy indeed—b is successful enough to have moved recently into "that ho The house so enormous it has rooms he's only visited once. It boasts its own two-story, six-family *bird*house.

"Don't say much about the house, will you? I don't want to pretentious," Mike says. He is genuinely embarrassed at this diose evidence that he is successful after nearly two decades of s gling for recognition, of snatching defeat from the jaws of vic

Even as he asks you to soft-pedal his 13-acre estate, Mike upon it with satisfaction. "You know," he says softly, "Gen wife Genevieve) and I were poor for so long that we're like about this house.

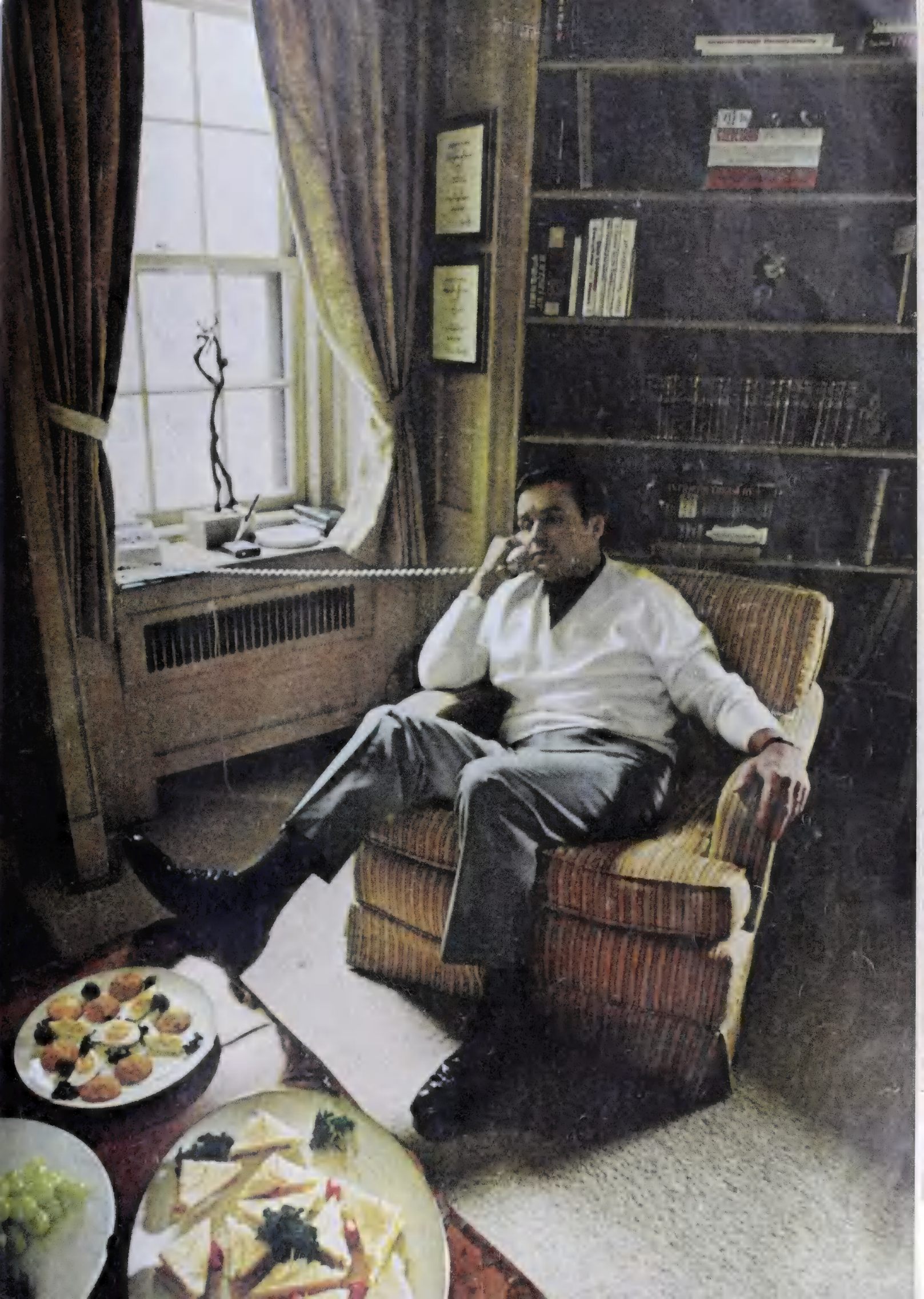
"When the real-estate agent drove us up to this—this cast said, 'You must be kidding.' But when I saw the inside, when the master bathroom, which is—are you ready?—about 12 by 15 that did it. I said to the agent, 'You've just sold yourself a hou

The agent mentioned there were perhaps a dozen rooms Douglases hadn't seen yet, but Mike said to forget it. He rei bered "all those lean years, and the holes in the shoes and the da socks, and in high school going out with only lint in my pock And he said, "I'll take it."

"Then I got nervous later," he grins, "and called my bus manager and told him about the house and asked if we could a it. And he said, 'Listen, is there a house like it next door? You afford two of them.'"

(*continued on page*

Photographs by Robert Freson





HE DOUBLE LIFE...OF GAIL TIRANA



*ouble life of the American wife (job plus family) presents this double nge: to look great for both parts without slighting either one. (At last 37 percent of American wives lead this double life.) On the job, clothes ake good business sense. At home, clothes that make good husband Always, the common sense—even with time at a premium—*not *to to the slipshod. The reward: the chance to project a more varied n personality. And that's a workable idea—even for non-working for all women, in fact. On these pages, three women who lead lives dressed for both parts. By TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor.*

Gail Tirana's double life takes her to Senator Robert F. Kennedy's Washington office twice a week (she was a full-time press assistant until two-year-old Kyra was born). Home is a cozy century-old house in Georgetown, shared with husband Bardyl (a lawyer) and their two daughters. Her boldly plaided on-the-job dress, above, by Marshall Klugman for Paul Parnes, of wool knit, 6–14, $85. Julianelli shoes; Sheffield watch. On the family scene, opposite, Gail switches to a ruffly at-home dress by Chezelle, of Kodel/Avril broadcloth, P.S.M., $23. Kyra's stretch overall shirt, Babygro by Kapart. Baby Amina's stretch knit coverall, by Pindyck.

ohs by Horn/Griner



HE DOUBLE LIFE...OF SUSAN KETCHUM



Ketchum's double life has run tandem with her husband's since vere married. Both are lawyers—Thomas, head of his own firm, lizing in international law; Susan, an examining attorney with the of New York's Department of Investigation (she's director of the laint Bureau). Both are ardent Francophiles—have enrolled their ır-old daughter Ann at N.Y.'s École Française (Thomas Jr., 2, called , will go, too, when he's older). Both love to cook (French dishes preferred). For her nine-to-five life, above, Susan wears a neat, navy, hip-pleated dress, trimmed with white. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, of Fibranne and silk twill, 4–14, $90. For a family bike outing she pedals, opposite, in a suede jacket and matching hipskirt, by Monika for Mallory, 6–12, $150. Shoes, Olofdaughters. Turtleneck wool sweater, by Geist & Geist; Adler kneesocks. Ann's jacket and culottes by White Stag. Shoes by Sandler. Klovis' jumpsuit and jacket by Imp Originals.

THE DOUBLE LIFE...OF ANNE PHILL



Anne Dinsmore Phillips' double life is set to music. She began a career as a singer with the Ray Charles Choir; now, as a partner in SIANA Productions—with her husband William and Dick Duane—she composes and arranges music for some of television's top commercials (sometimes sings in them, too). William mostly conducts; Dick produces. Anne and William's two boys, Bart, 6, and Alexander, 5, are not, as yet, tuned-in to their parents' musical talents. But, Doe, 9, already plays the piano and clarinet. At a recording session, opposite, at the Bell Sound Stu New York, Anne wears a wool-gabardine zip-front coat dress by 6–14, $85. For a walk through the woods with her family, ne house in New Jersey above, she covers up in a duffel coat ($ matching hipskirt ($14) of water-shedding cotton canvas, by Jan for Florence Walsh, both 6–16. Doe's hooded red rubber slic Spatz. Boys' cotton denim jacket and jeans, by Wrangler. Uniroya

Shopping information on page 145, including further information on all children



ONASS
THE YACHTSM
WHO'S HAD TH
ALL ABOA

BY WILLI FRISCHAUER In the spacious salon of his fifth-floor Paris apartment in the Avenue Foch, with its damask-covered walls, Aristotle Socrates Onassis sits by the low, long coffee table. Before him lies a small, worn attaché case stuffed with papers, and a tiny, red leather-covered, gold-embossed notebook that is always within reach. In the corner, over the small Louis Quinze desk, his portrait, very colorful, circa 1950, faces photographs of the children, Alexander and Christina, dating back a few years. The scene is one of unostentatious elegance, of personal, lived-in luxury.

Onassis is short and well built, with a strong head, prominent nose, well-defined features and luxuriant, steel-gray hair. At 62, his eyes are alert but sad behind heavy lids.

His controlled but not quite concealed temper is liable to erupt at any moment; when it does, his words escalate into harsh staccato before reverting to their usual gently persuasive sound.

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Aristotle Socrates Onassis

Cary Grant

Margot Fonteyn, Princess Margaret and Tony

Lee Radziwill

Jacqueline and John F. Kennedy



attitude is courteous, faintly formal, but the rsation conveys his good humor, his quick, wit. The emphasis is on listening rather n talking; there is a hint of irritation with ancies, but not with high-level political or gossip. Though he appears unhurried, there element of constant movement about him, ng the restless energy of an insomniac. (At for example, while the city sleeps, Onassis ip out for a brisk walk—a lonely figure, hatless and coatless in the cool night. Early the next morning, he is fresh and fit.) For years shipping zillionaire Ari Onassis has made international headlines—with stories describing him as "The Golden Greek," a man about whose multimillion-dollar deals, real or imagined, financial writers never cease to speculate, while gossip columnists continue to conjure up romantic links with women who are happily married to his best friends.

How rich *is* Onassis? According to his American corporation lawyer, Eliot Bailen, "The Golden Greek" is not an officer of any corporation, domestic or foreign, but an owner holding stocks of 85 corporations in at least 10 countries—which gives him control over interests worth an estimated 500 million dollars (the insurance value of the Onassis merchant fleet). But the figure changes from month to month, and sometimes Onassis himself can only estimate his exact wealth.

Unlike other tycoons *(continued on page 147)*



Drawing by Jack Davis

The Curlyheads

Clip, clip, curls are heading your way. Tassled, tossy, fluffy, frothy, bouncy, bubbly—it's the newest hair rage. Biggest beauty change in years. And so pretty, young and flattering to almost every face that you won't waste a second longing for straight hair once you're caught up in curls. Which kind? Short, long, wavy, combed or uncombed? That depends on you and your hair. But, whichever you choose, remember, curls need their fair share of care. First essential: a good basic cut ("blunt," says Kenneth, who did the four curlyheads that go to all lengths here). Next, upkeep. And there's no such thing, Kenneth points out, as a really attractive no-upkeep hairdo. So, unless your hair is naturally curly (and maybe even then), you'll need every-day settings with skinny rollers (never more than an inch in diameter) and/or pin curls. (For Shirley Temple curls, wet your head thoroughly with setting lotion, set all over





with large pin curls. Dry, unfurl curls, and break into size you want with fingers.) For speedy results, try the rollers you boil in water, or the kind you heat electrically, or an electric curling iron (takes about ten minutes). A body permanent or a curly one may be the surest, simplest way to curly upkeep. And, of course, there are curly wigs, hairpieces and individual curls to help you out. You can even convert your straight-hair wig or fall to the new look. Whatever you decide, keep this thought in mind: It's definitely not the year to be level-headed. By SUSAN HARNEY, Beauty Editor

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The curlyheads here, from left: a brownette version of the Shirley Temple look, cut medium short, curls placed rather than combed out; short black hair combed into a fluff that breaks into soft waves; blond shoulder-length hair, uncombed, an evening hairdo that's a mixture of corkscrews, fat curls and fake curls; and finally, shortest of all, the redhead, combed into fluffy bangs with a curly crown. Photograph by Melvin Sokolsky

Flower Power

The flowers that bloom in the spring—they're what you won't want to live without, whatever you wear from now on. So cultivate your own flower garden with the patterns on these four pages. Because that's where the fashion power is this year. By NORA O'LEARY, Patterns Editor



shower of flowers, a flutter of
ffles—romantic duet for a
o-piece dress. Of sheer cotton by
Valtex. Vogue 7333. Matching
parasol by Uncle Sam. Halston
hat, Robert Originals earrings.

The zing of zinnias sets off a dress to steal the party scene. Sashed in satin above the waist. Of pure silk taffeta by Staron. (Allow extra half yard for ruffled head scarf.) Vogue 7184. Flower at her neck by William Wanner.

Photographs by Neal Barr

lowers in shock colors turn on a
urtleneck tunic dress. Of
optra's Ban-Lon print. Vogue
194. (Pattern includes matching
ants. Or make a matching
otard like this one, using
ourbest-fitting pantihose
s a pattern.)



Brilliant wild flowers—
a wild and wonderful look
for a shoulder-baring dress,
skimming from two small
straps. Pockets in seams. Of
Chardon Marché printed
piqué. Vogue 7312.
Matching hat designed
by Adolfo, Vogue 7201.

Blazing sunflowers come on
cool for an airy sundress
with a deep pleat in back.
Of Soptra's light-as-air
dotted swiss. Vogue 7240.
Floppy straw sun hat by
Halston of Bergdorf Goodman.

Flowers on flowers—double fashion power for a softly gathered Empire dress over matching pants. Of flocked cotton by Rosewood. (The appliquéd flowers were our idea.) Butterick 4839. Halston hat, Sandler of Boston shoes.

New bloom—Pucci pajamas now flowering above the knee as a bloomer dress with ruffles. (See special yardage on page 123.) Of crinkle cotton by European Trading. Vogue 1692. Black lace by Franken. Flower earrings, Robert Originals.

Backviews on page 123.



Sensational Soufflés, Step by Step

A soufflé is the pride of a chef, the terror of a novice cook. It never fails to make guests gasp with admiration. But soufflés can be workable and worriless, even for a beginning cook. To spark confidence, our soufflé cooking lesson begins with simplicity itself—a savory, no-fail soufflé right out of the frozen-food bin. You add the magic touch of deviled crab meat before cooking. Next plateau is the show-stopping Cheese Puffe shown here—every bit as glamorous as the classic soufflé, and it begins with a can of cheese soup! You add Swiss cheese, a touch of mustard, and a crusty lining of sauterne-soaked garlic bread that gives support, staves off collapse. Then, on to the classic soufflé—the chef's pride. We have all the little tricks that make it easier. There are main-dish soufflés, dessert soufflés, even miracle soufflés that, ahead of time, puff up again at the last minute.

Our secrets are on page 117. By Poppy Cannon, Food Edit



Photograph by Elbert Rusha

SAUTERNES

THE 10 MINUTE GOURI

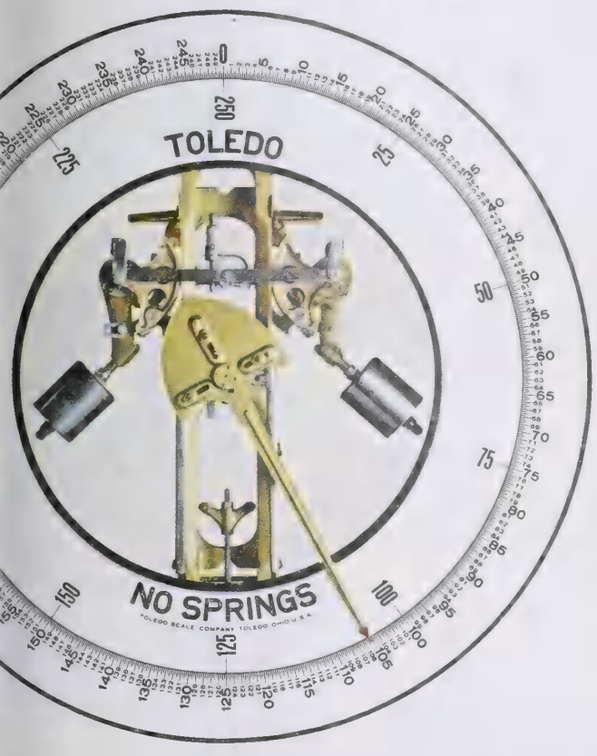
JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH: NO. 28 OF A SERIES

Two kinds of diet in one—that's the secret of Yvonne Young Tarr's Fat Scat Plan described in her exciting new 10 Minute Gourmet DIET Cookbook, published by Lyle Stuart ($5.95). The once-plump, now-svelte author tried low-carbohydrate diets, then low-calorie diets and discovered that switching from one to the other kept the fat melting away—without the usual periodic lags in weight loss, boredom and cravings. She's outlined both kinds of diets in her new cookbook, along with calorie and carbohydrate counts and, best of all, delectable high-cuisine



Copyright 1967 by Yvonne Tarr. From "The 10 Minute Gourmet DIET Cookbook" by Yvonne Young Tarr, published by Lyle Stuart, 239 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y.
Photograph by Henry Sandbank

DIET COOKBOOK



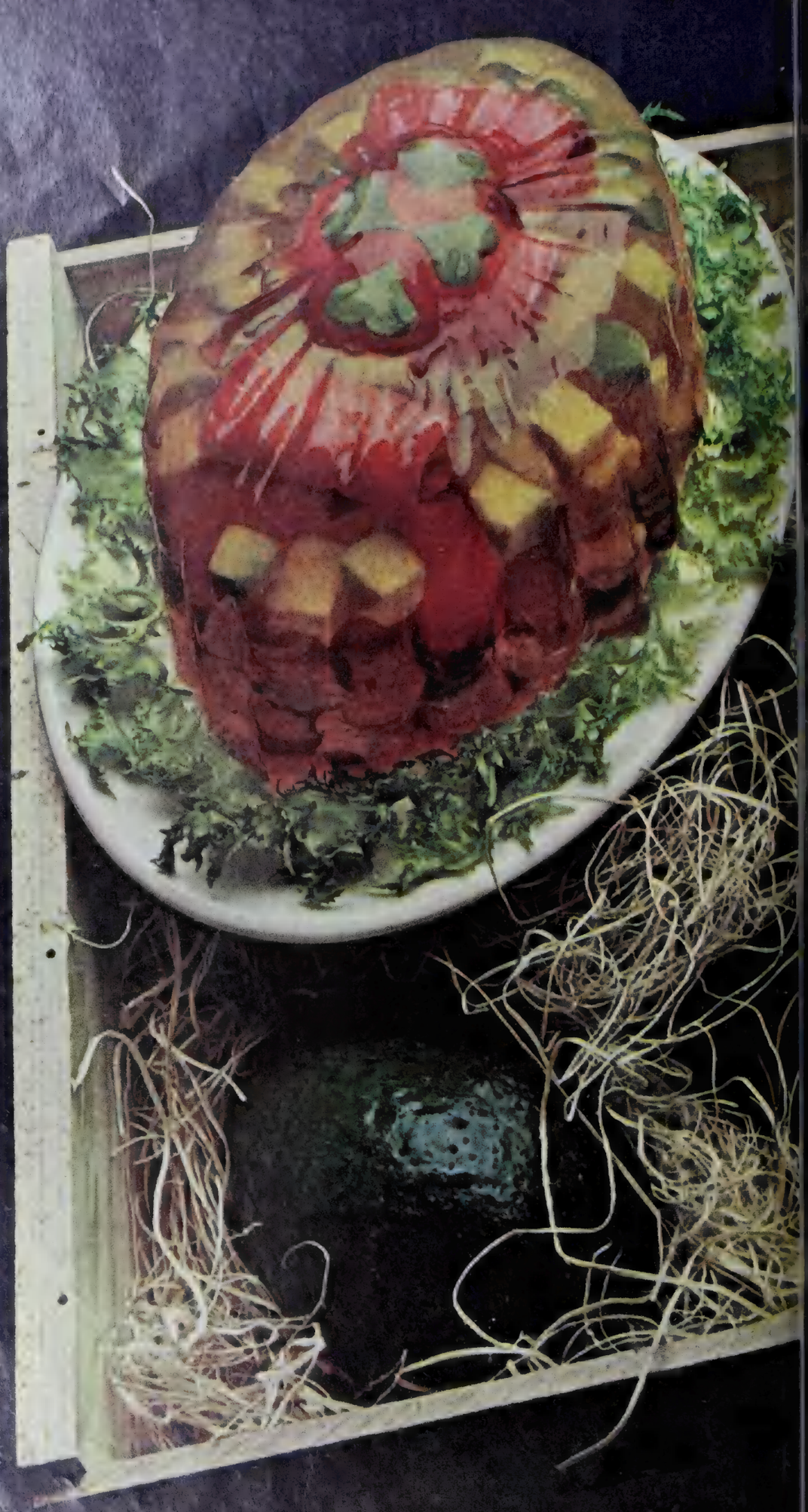


recipes that make dieting an eating adventure. And every recipe is ready in 10 minutes or less! A sample low-carbohydrate dinner from the book is at left: Shrimp in Sour Cream, Shell Steak à la Mirabeau, Lettuce with Ravigote Sauce, Broccoli with Ripe Olives, Iced Coffee and Rum. A typical low-calorie dinner, this page, is Sweet and Sour Cucumbers, Mexican Cold Soup, Breast of Chicken Florentine, Tossed Orange and Watercress Salad, and Strawberries with Maple and Cream. The breakfast and lunch menus are just as luscious! Sample regimens for a low-carbohydrate day and a low-calorie day begin on p.113



COLD

Chilled and glistening in a magnificent aspic—chunks of avocado and rolled smoked salmon. (Canned salmon can be used as an inexpensive substitute.) The gelatin has a touch of white wine. For a luncheon, this would be a dramatic entrée, accompanied by a tossed green salad. At a dinner party, it could precede the entrée, particularly effective in individual molds.



THE EXTRAVAGANT AVOCADO

The avocado is the Rolls-Royce of vegetables (though it's really a fruit). Its buttery, exotic flavor elevates any meal to the realm of luxury. But now, when they're in greatest abundance, avocados are no vast expense. With recipes like these, a little avocado goes a long way. For hot or cold party or family dishes, meatless meal during Lent or hearty salads that go waltzing from now to summer, revel in the elegance of avocados. Recipes begin on page 110.



HOT

Hot and hearty . . . creamed crab in avocado cups, served on noodles that have been tossed in the same creamy sauce used for the crab. Thick circles of avocado could be used instead of small avocado halves. All goes under the broiler for a minute or two, to emerge piping hot for a party dinner or impressive luncheon dish for the ladies.

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON



Metheglin



Sciroppo di Amarena



Berlinerweisse



Irish Coffee Soda

1 For St. David's Day, a slender version of the ancient Welsh Metheglin: equal parts low-calorie root beer and ginger ale sparked with a dash of ground ginger. Garnish with rosemary or mint.

2 Pineapple, what else, for the Latin America Fiesta in Tampa, Florida. Have you tried the fast, easy way to eye and peel a fresh pineapple? Cut off stalk with heavy knife. Slice whole fruit into circles about ½ inch thick. Use a small knife to pare away rind and eyes. Cut out core if you like. Sprinkle lightly with sugar. Chill, serve with Melba sauce.

3 Frankfurters for supper! It's Spring Fair Time in Leipzig and Frankfurt, Germany. Think how odd that in Frankfurt they're called "wieners." But in Wien (that's Vienna) they're known as "frankfurters!"

4 National Procrastination Week. Time to straighten the freezer shelves? Find all sorts of forgotten treasure.

5 The Seminole Indians celebrate this Day of the Big Bass. A glory of hot broiled bass, halibut or swordfish steaks with Seminole Sauce: beat together ½ cup salad oil, ¼ cup each lemon juice, chopped parsley and mint, ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. cayenne pepper. Pour at once over broiled fish.

6 National Peanut Week. A reminder how good the little goobers are as garnishes for salads, vegetables, fish, chicken. For a wild, wonderful supper toss a handful of peanuts into canned chili beef soup. Ladle into bowls over a mound of cooked rice.

7 Burbank's Birthday. What a man . . . the father of the modern nectarine, he changed the look, the taste and the shape of potatoes, tomatoes, prunes, plums, apples, peaches. Made a new squash, too.

8 Yes, Dear Reader, there is—*now*—a good, new *Cookbook for Diabetics*, originally compiled in Canada, but revised and edited for the U.S. by Gaynor Maddox, published by Taplinger Publishing Co., 29 East 10th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003 ($1.95).

Photograph by Bernard Gray

9 Sap's starting to dribble into buckets on the sugar maple trees. Up Vermont way we found a sundae—heated maple syrup poured over ice cream . . . vanilla or chocolate or butter pecan.

10 Even newer and just as spectacular as Peppercorn Steak are Lemon-Peppered Double Lamb Chops. Brush all over with olive oil, rub with dry mustard. Blanket with new coarse lemon-pepper seasoning, press in with fingers. Broil as always.

11 What does the Danish King Frederick want for his birthday dinner? Carrots, please, like so: slice 1 lb. peeled young carrots ⅓ inch thick. Heat in heavy skillet with 4 Tb. butter, melted, 1 Tb. each sugar and cognac, ½ tsp. salt. Cook over low heat until tender, about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped chives.

12 A broiled casserole that goes together in 10 minutes. Heat, in a cook-and-serve skillet, on top of stove till bubbly, 2 (15-oz.) cans macaroni circles in cheese sauce, with 1 cup cubed cooked ham. Sprinkle top with ½ cup each grated Cheddar cheese and bread crumbs. Set low under broiler to brown and crisp. Makes 4–6 servings.

13 A new soft-type margarine made with safflower oil is a snap for making garlic or herb butters. No need to melt, just combine with seasonings and spread.

14 Haman's three-cornered hats, called Hamantaschen, are Purim's sweet joy. Quick version—flatten 2 packages of refrigerated rolls. Place 1 heaping teaspoon canned poppy-seed filling in center. Pinch up corners to form triangles. Brush with 1 egg yolk beaten with 1 tsp. milk. Bake 10 minutes at 375°. Makes 16.

15 For the Ides of March . . . Truman Capote's imaginative morsels to serve with drinks—green grapes and cubes of Swiss cheese alternating on toothpicks or tiny skewers.

16 For the Irish and the Germans who have the annual St. Patrick's Day tug-o'-war in Detroit—a quaff of Berlinerweisse, beer in a different manner. Add 1 Tb. low-calorie raspberry syrup to 1 (12-oz.) bottle low-carbohydrate beer.

17 If you're good about calories even on St. Patrick's own day, try our Irish Coffee Soda, a scoop of dietetic coffee ice cream stirred into a glass of low-calorie coffee soda. A tablespoon of Irish whisky if you like, a jaunty fluff of whipped topping, whiff of nutmeg.

18 Nugget of gastro-archaeology from California's Golden Door (most deluxe beauty retreat): Aztec brides-to-be went on a 21-day pre-wedding diet, ate only avocados and tomatoes. Combination was said to clear the complexion and, we quote, "avocado oil is marvelous for the skin."

19 On St. Joseph's Day in Italy, they serve a drink of black cherries, called Sciroppo di Amarena. Our version uses a bottle of low-calorie black cherry soda blended with ¼ cup lemon juice, a bit of cinnamon stick. Garnish with a spiral of lemon peel.

20 To clean the blood and the spirit on this day when spring begins, our grandmothers gathered for salad a mess of the first shy, tender dandelion greens.

21 St. Benedict gave his name to many foods including his famous eggs. We like Eggs Benedict not so rich, so we stir ½ cup non-dairy sour cream into 1 cup warm Hollandaise sauce (from a mix). Spread protein toast with deviled ham. Now . . . a poached egg, cover with sauce. Garnish with halved black olives.

22 For Puerto Rico's Emancipation Day, a Double Banana Pie made from a new package of Banana Cream Pie Filling and Topping mix. No baking!

23 Japanese cherry trees in bloom. Japanese soya sauce giving ineffable crispness and savor to spare ribs. Cut 3 lbs. into serving pieces and soak in packaged instant marinade on each side for 10 minutes. Drain. Cover with mixture of ½ cup each soya sauce, honey, 2 cloves garl crushed. Broil slowly about 30 m utes, turning once.

24 A 3 lb. tenderized eye round beef roasts at 450° in 45 minutes. for the gravy, there's nothing so cl as *au jus*. Even for this bit of e gance there is a new packet mix.

25 Smartest "improvisation" (Micha Field's new name for leftovers) is French dip sandwich made of roa beef. Provide individual bowls of hot *jus* gravy used to dip bite-size piece

26 Elma (Mrs. Wilbur) Kurz, curator Atlanta's Historical Society, says s was grown before she knew about b cuit cutters. Her folks always roll biscuit dough into little balls. Pat fl Prick all over to make crusty dee South type biscuits.

27 Vaguely Polynesian with a w of Hawaii and a Chinese overtone a new bottled sweet-sour sauce a dressing. Good with pork or chicke

28 Mexican tomatoes, globes of co crimson fire-glass, come 'cross t border into Laredo for the Intern tional Fair. Also "bullfighters," of h beef bouillon with a shot of tequi

29 President John Tyler's birthda His pampered little tigress in the Whi House, the lovely Julia of Gardine Island, provided deep-fried qua (cooked like chicken). Lacking qua cut Cornish game hens into quarter

30 Celebrate the Daffodil Festival Puyallup Valley in Washington Sta with an old timey Daffodil Cake. Ma up a package of angel cake mix a cording to directions. Divide batt into 2 bowls. To 1 bowl add 3 dro yellow coloring, 1 teaspoon grat orange peel or orange extract. Pla batters, 1 cup at a time, into u greased tube pan, alternating color Bake and cool as directed. Dust de with confectioners' sugar.

31 Carling Sunday, two weeks befo Easter. You must serve dried pea called "carlings," in some fashio Some say it is because certain me eval monks wore peas in their sho as penance during Lent.

key n



Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
ckage (10 ounces) frozen broccoli
ears, cooked and drained
vings sliced cooked turkey
p milk
o mayonnaise
espoon lemon juice
lespoons toasted slivered almonds
occoli spears in shallow baking dish
top with turkey slices. Blend soup,
nnaise, and lemon juice; pour soup
er turkey and broccoli; sprinkle with
Bake at 450°F. for 15 minutes or
servings.

Bermuda onion and tomato salad,
e rolls. Splurge with peaches and
sundae for dessert.

Ham 'n Noodles



1-7. 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
8. 1½ cups cubed cooked ham or luncheon meat
9. 1 can (4 ounces) sliced mushrooms, drained
10. 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
11. ⅔ cup milk
12. 1 tablespoon Sherry (optional)
13. 2 cups cooked noodles

In saucepan, brown ham and mushrooms in butter. Stir in rest of ingredients. Heat; stir now and then. Garnish with parsley. 4 servings.

For 608 more recipes, menus and service suggestions, get Campbell's Cookbook "Cooking With Soup." Send 60¢ plus name and address to Cookbook, Box 575, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. Void if restricted by law.

Chicken à la Chicken



1-7. 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
8. 2 whole chicken breasts (about 1½ pounds), split
9. 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
10. Paprika
11. 1 medium tomato, cut in 4 slices or ⅓ cup chopped canned tomatoes
12. ½ cup water
13. ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning

Place breasts skin-side down in baking dish (12x8x2"); brush with butter. Bake at 400°F. for 20 minutes; turn; bake 20 minutes more. Sprinkle with paprika. Add tomatoes. Blend soup, water, seasoning; pour over chicken; bake 20 minutes more. 4 servings.

Serve with green salad, carrots, French bread. Have chocolate layer cake for dessert.

make any of these recipes, you need 13 ingredients.

7 of them are in here.



M'm! M'm! Good!

MARCH

MEAL-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
 **PINEAPPLE**	 **CARROTS**	 **DANDELION GREENS**	 **BANANAS**	 **MEXICAN TOMATOES**	**1.** ST. DAVID'S DAY Cream of Leek Soup (mix) Man-Size Beef Pies (frozen) Fresh Fruit Salad *Metheglin Ginger Wafers	**2.** LATIN AMERI FIESTA *Mexican Cold *Deviled Cra Soufflé Fresh Asparag Hollandaise (m Fresh Pineapp Rings Melba Sauce (j
3. FRANKFURTER FAIR Vegetarian Vegetable Soup in Bowls Grilled Frankfurters Hot Club Rolls Spicy Mustard Red Cabbage Slaw Baked Apples (canned or frozen) Butter Pecan Ice Cream	**4.** FREEZER FROLIC Vegetable Juice Highballs †Frozen Cheese Straws †Fried Chicken and Whipped Potatoes (frozen entrée) Peas and Onions (frozen) †Chocolate Cream Pie (packaged)	**5.** DAY OF THE BIG BASS Broiled Bass *Seminole Sauce Little Redskin Potatoes in Their Jackets *Lettuce with Creamy Roquefort Dressing Lemon Turnovers (packaged)	**6.** NATIONAL PEANUT WEEK Celery, Radishes, Green Onions and Pickles *Bowls of Chili Goober Soup over Rice Cold Meat Platter Coffee Parfait	**7.** HONORING BURBANK Broiled Rack of Lamb Baked Potatoes †Corn, Tomatoes and Peas (frozen) Compote of Boysenberries, Blackberries or Raspberries with Peaches (canned) Pound Cake	**8.** NEW ENGLAND EATING New England Clam Chowder (canned) Baked Ham Steak Green Beans with Pimientos Radish and Watercress Salad Orange Whip	**9.** "SUGARING TIME Meat Loaf Scalloped Potat (packaged) Mashed Golde Squash (froze Chunky Raspberry-Flavc Apple Sauce *Vermont Map Sundae Brownies (packa
10. SUNDAY ELEGANCE Shrimp Salad †*Lamb Chops au Poivre Fettuccini Alfredo (packaged) *Broccoli with Ripe Olives Frozen Eclairs Hot Butterscotch Sauce (jar)	**11.** DANISH KING'S BIRTHDAY *Sweet and Sour Cucumbers Copenhagen Fish Soufflé Madeira Sauce *Carrots Frederick IX Boiled Potatoes Danish Dessert (packaged) with Cream Danish Pastry (frozen)	**12.** TEN-MINUTE CASSEROLE Mugs of Beef and Vegetable Soup (canned) Heated Pilot Crackers *Top-of-the-Stove Macaroni and Ham Casserole Waldorf Salad with Oranges	**13.** LITHE LADIES' LUNCHEON Grapefruit Topped with Cantaloupe Balls *Sliced Tomato Omelet with Parmesan Cheese High-Protein Toast Fingers †Safflower-Herb Spread Lime Sherbet Angel Cake	**14.** PURIM Fruit Cup Broiled Duckling Candied Sweet Potatoes (canned) Okra in Tomato Sauce (canned) Romaine and Celery Salad *Poppy-Seed Hamantaschen Tea with Lemon	**15.** IDES OF MARCH *Truman Capote Green Grape Canapé *Shell Steak à la Mirabeau Baked Stuffed Potatoes (frozen) Artichoke Hearts *Lettuce with Ravigote Sauce *Strawberries with Maple and Cream	**16.** GERMAN A IRISH IN MICHI *German Berlinerweiss Bean Soup (can Sautéed Frozen Brook T Potatoes in So Cream (packag Leaf Spinach Cherry Pie
17. ST. PATRICK'S DAY Cream of Celery Soup (canned) Garnish of Shamrock or Watercress Fried Rabbit Kale (frozen) Mashed Potatoes with Spring Onions Gingerbread (mix) *Irish Coffee Soda	**18.** FOR BEAUTIFUL BRIDES Sliced Tomato Salad *Aztec Chicken with Avocado Wild and Tame Rice Combo †Pistachio-Almond Ice Cream	**19.** ST. JOSEPH'S DAY *Sciroppodi Amarena Antipasto Minestrone Ravioli (frozen) Tossed Green Salad Cream Puffs (frozen)	**20.** FIRST DAY OF SPRING *Dandelion Greens with Bacon and Vinegar Dressing Veal Cutlets Eggplant Parmigiana (frozen) Beet Aspic (canned) *Chocolate Soufflé	**21.** THE BENEDICTINE THEME Raw Vegetable Relishes *Eggs Benedict Broiled Tomatoes Lemon Sherbet with Benedictine	**22.** PUERTO RICO'S DAY Selection of Olives and Celery Sticks *Pasta Fortelesa Baby Lettuce Salad *†Double Banana Cream Pie (packaged)	**23.** JAPANES CHERRIES IN BLOOM *Oriental Short of Beef Fried Rice (canr Snow Peas (froz Bean Sprout a Green Pepper S Compote of Black Cherrie and Lichee Fru (canned)
24. QUICK SUNDAY ROAST *Shrimp Avocado Salad *Quick Roast Beef †Au Jus Gravy (mix) Green Beans Roast Potatoes Chocolate Cake (mix)	**25.** LEFT BUT LOVED Tomato Bisque (canned) *French Dip Sandwiches Chow-Chow Pickles Sweet Pickles Fresh Fruit Bowl †Fudge Nut Drop Cookies (frozen)	**26.** OLD-TIMEY SUPPER Corn Chowder (canned) Country Sausage Cakes Apple Fritters (frozen) Turnip Greens *Hot Southern Pat-a-Biscuits Damson Plum Jam Cream Cheese	**27.** SWEET AND SOUR SYMPHONY Smoked Pork Chops (frozen) †Sweet-Sour Sauce Sautéed Yams (canned) Baby Brussels Sprouts (frozen) Compote of Dried Fruits Orange Chiffon Cake (mix)	**28.** REMEMBER LAREDO †*Bullfighters (hot or cold) Mexican Tomatoes stuffed with Crab Salad Hot Toasted Corn Sticks (frozen) Pecan Pie (frozen)	**29.** GREAT AUNT JULIA'S LEGACY Red Caviar with Sour Cream Chopped Eggs (whites and yolks) Toast Fingers Deep Fried Quail or Cornish Game Hens Baby Lima Beans Mushroom Soufflé †Deep Dish Coconut Cream Delight	**30.** DAFFODI FESTIVAL Stuffed Celer Sticks Broiled Salmo Steaks Dill Potatoes Petits Pois (canr *Old-Fashione Daffodil Cake Bowl of Washin Winesap Apples Walnuts
31. CARLING SUNDAY SUPPER Split Pea Soup Platter of Sausages Sesame Rolls Vegetable Salad Lemon Meringue Pie						

*See Recipe Index on page 156. †New product, see Shopping Center on page 145.

Illustrations by

OW WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE GETABLES TASTE NEW AGAIN?





THAT'S RIGHT.

When good vegetables start tasting drab, put Miracle Whip on the job. The sauces you make with America's favorite salad dressing are minor magic. So much creamy temptation for so little trouble! Miracle Whip adds the uncopyable flavor—from a one-and-only bouquet of gentle spices.

Ultra Diamond Cheese Sauce

1/3 c. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
2 tbsp. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
Dash of dry mustard
Dash of pepper
1 c. milk
1 c. (4 oz. pkg.) Shredded Cracker Barrel Brand Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese
1 tbsp. chopped pimiento

Blend Miracle Whip, flour, salt, mustard and pepper; gradually add milk. Cook and stir until thickened; add cheese and pimiento. Heat until cheese melts. Serve with a platter of vegetables—cauliflower, asparagus, carrots and broccoli. Makes 1-1/2 cups sauce.

e with cut green beans and
or maybe with beets...

Piquant Sauce

Vhip 1/2 tsp. celery seed
rated milk Dash of salt
redients in saucepan;
ll blended. Warm over
ring occasionally.
ny favorite
table. Makes 1-2/3 cups.



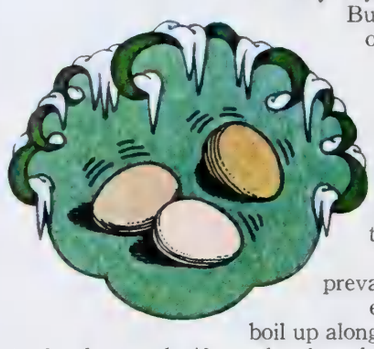
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How to Boil an Egg...

Things Your Mother Never Taught

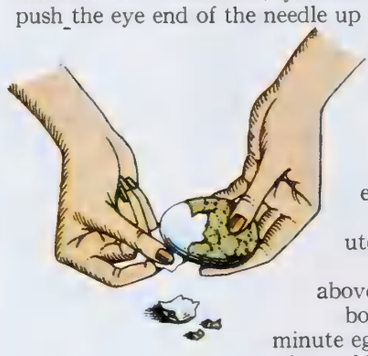


Anybody, you would think, can
But no! Amazing how m
occur in the plain b
partment. To begi
is a bad four-lett
used with eggs.
breed of home ec
cookbook writers ca
or hard-*coo*
boiling—at high t
that is—causes white
and yolks to cr
prevalent problem . . . t
emanations or globs
boil up along the cracks. An egg
to develop cracks if you do what almost everybody is co
on busy mornings—take the stone-cold egg out of the ref
place it, however gingerly, into boiling water. Cookbool
eggs should be allowed to reach room temperature befo
monkeying with them.
A Utopian situation!



There are several ways to
cope. Cover your eggs
with cold rather than boiling
hot water. Needle eggs for further
insurance against cracking.
This is an old-time chef's trick. The
large, wide end of the egg is pricked once
or twice, about ¼ inch deep, with a sturdy darning needle (size 16) or a stubby embroidery
needle (size 3–9). In Europe and some gourmet
shops in this country you can buy a special
"egg pricker." If you have wooden shelves or
cabinets in the kitchen, you can
push the eye end of the needle up into the wood.





Or insert the needl
pictured here. *A*
to keep the point co
other cork between t

Cooking time, of cou
ent when you start you
water. For the so-c
ute egg," cover eggs wit
so the water level is a
above the eggs. Bring slo
boil. Cook *exactly* 1 minu
minute egg," cook 2 minutes.)
under cold-running faucet and
cooking water with cold. The new water will be warmed
the eggs and will keep them at the proper temperature f
able length of time without letting them overcook. For
eggs," cover with cold water in the same way as above.
rolling boil, then reduce heat to medium instantly and co
8 to 10 minutes. Cool in same way.

The most elegant and shapely type of soft-cooked eggs ar
Eggs Mollet (pronounced mow-*lay*). Needle eggs, then co
water, bring to a boil and cook in exactly the same way as
minutes by the timer for average eggs, 7 minutes for large
running water into pan, but do not allow to stand. Imme
shell all over with a knife
rolling between the pa
hands. Peel carefully. Eggs
shape, but will look a l



Eggs Mollet with Caviar
first course for a brun
Place a spoonful of red or
in the bottom of
saucer or wine gobl
an Egg Mollet and cov
Dressing made by mixi
cream with 1 Tb. Green C
dressing (bottled, you
knot of watercress.

alice golden

BE-FORE YOU DE-CIDE

HOLIDAY DIRECTORY

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RESTAURANTS
ENTERTAINMENT
1968

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nter the $100,000 Quaker Healthy Family Sweepstakes

nd see how my family f Quaker cereals has grown!









n Quaker Oats, America's #1 cereal, come this delicious, nourishing array reals by Quaker. Cereals for the entire ly, from tots to grandpa. In fact, with en great Quaker cereals to choose , there's a delicious way to start the for everyone!

r now. It's easy! Over 2500 chances to win! Here's all you ee which of the Quaker cereals you've never used. From e, choose the one you'd most like to try.

e suspect you may not realize that Quaker makes such a variety of cereals. Large enough to please everyone's . All packed with body-building nourishment and all delicious. That's why we want you to look over our whole array. It might just persuade you to try a new Quaker cereal tomorrow morning!

So, here we go. Take a careful look at the ten Quaker cereals pictured above. Then, using the entry blank below, check the cereal you'd most like to try. No purchase required.



ze:
ountry Squire Station Wagon
natic Transmission, Radio, Whitewall Tires PLUS $2500

h Prizes:
se Radio Home Intercom



25 Second Prizes:
Kitchenful of Westinghouse appliances — Refrigerator-Freezer, Continental Range, Twin Washer and Dryer, and Dishwasher.

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1000 Sixth Prizes:
Rand McNally Imperial World Atlases.

Rules: 1. To be eligible for the drawing, simply check to see Quaker cereals you've never those, choose the one you'd try.

try blank on the right. Send your ddress together with a boxtop kage of Instant Quaker Oatmeal, Wheat Puffs, Diet Frosted Rice Crunch, Quisp, Quake, Quaker Puffed Wheat, Quaker Puffed ker Shredded Wheat; or, send and address with the words eals" hand printed on a plain 3" x 5" sheet of paper. No purchase is required.

3. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail entries to Quaker Healthy Family Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 910, Westport, Connecticut 06880.

4. Winners will be chosen at a random drawing conducted by an independent organization. The decision of this judging organization will be final. Only one winner per family

5. Entries must be postmarked no later than September 30, 1968, and received no later than October 16, 1968.

6. Sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States only. Employees of The Quaker Oats Company, its advertising agencies and contest judging organization are not eligible for this sweepstakes. Offer void where prohibited by law.

7. Winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after the final drawing. For a list of prize winners, send separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Winners List, The Quaker Oats Co., Room 345, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago, Illinois 60654. Do not include it with your official entry.

ENTRY BLANK

TO: Quaker Healthy Family Sweepstakes
P. O. Box 910, Westport, Connecticut 06880

Of the Quaker cereals I have never used, I would most like to try the cereal checked below:

- ☐ Instant Quaker Oatmeal
- ☐ Diet Frosted Wheat Puffs
- ☐ Diet Frosted Rice Puffs
- ☐ Cap'n Crunch
- ☐ Quaker Shredded Wheat
- ☐ Quisp
- ☐ Quake
- ☐ Quaker Life
- ☐ Quaker Puffed Wheat
- ☐ Quaker Puffed Rice

Important: You're still eligible for the Quaker Family Sweepstakes even if you've already tried all of the Quaker cereals. Everyone can qualify. No purchase is required. Just send in this entry blank with either of the following:

1. A boxtop from any of the Quaker cereals listed. (We hope it'll be one you've never tried but of course it doesn't have to be.) Or

2. A 3" x 5" sheet of paper on which you have printed the words "Quaker Cereals."

My name _____

Address _____
(Number and street)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LHJ

EXTRAVAGANT AVOCADO

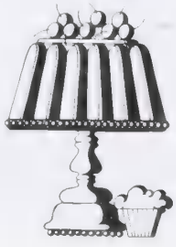
continued from page 102

CREAMED CRAB IN AVOCADO HALVES

Shown on page 103, hot creamed crab spooned into avocado halves, topped with cheese, served on noodles.

- 3 (1-oz.) pkg. white-sauce mix
- 2½ cups water
- ½ cup pale dry sherry
- ½ tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. hot-pepper sauce
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- 3 (7-oz.) pkg. frozen crabmeat, thawed and well-drained
- 3 small avocados, peeled and cut in half crosswise
- ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
- ½ cup julienne green-pepper strips
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 (8-oz.) pkg. noodles, cooked according to pkg. directions
- ½ tsp. crushed basil
- 1 tsp. paprika

Combine 3 (1-oz.) pkgs. white-sauce mix, 2½ cups water, ½ cup pale dry sherry, ½ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. each hot-pepper sauce and pepper. Cook according to pkg. directions. Toss 3 (7-oz.) pkg. frozen crabmeat, thawed and well-drained, with 1½ cups sauce. Reserve remaining sauce. Spoon crabmeat into center of 3 peeled and halved avocados, dividing evenly among six halves. Sprinkle crabmeat with ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese.



Sauté ½ cup julienne green-pepper strips in ¼ cup butter or margarine 5 minutes or until tender. Stir in 1 (8-oz.) pkg. noodles that have been cooked according to directions, ½ teaspoon crushed basil and remaining sauce. Heat gently.

Set stuffed avocado halves under a preheated broiler, 6 inches from heat 2 to 3 minutes or until cheese melts.

Place noodles on a warm platter. Sprinkle them with 1 teaspoon paprika. Arrange the avocado halves over the noodles, and serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

AVOCADO AND SALMON MOLD

This magnificent mold of avocado and smoked salmon is pictured on page 102. Canned red salmon can be an economical alternative to the lox.

Before adding the chicken broth, be sure to remove fat by wrapping an ice cube in cheesecloth or paper towel and running it along the surface of the broth to pick up the excess chicken fat.

- 2 env. unflavored gelatin
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1½ cups clear chicken broth
- 1 cup white wine
- 1 avocado, peeled and diced
- 2 Tb. lemon juice
- ½ lb. thinly sliced smoked salmon (lox)

Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Add 1 cup boiling water and stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Let cool and add 1½ cups clear chicken broth and 1 cup white wine. Chill until gelatin has consistency of unbeaten egg white (about 30 minutes in refrigerator or 10 minutes by timer in freezer).

Spoon enough gelatin to cover bottom of a 5 x 5 x 8-inch fluted 6-cup mold. Peel 1 avocado. Remove seed and cut 1 thin slice from avocado. Cut out 4 tiny hearts (see photograph on page 102). Dice rest of avocado and toss with 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Cut ½ lb. thinly sliced smoked salmon (lox) into 1 x 3-inch strips and roll lengthwise. Place diced avocado and salmon rolls in alternating layers in mold. Cover each layer of salmon and avocado with gelatin. Chill until firm, at least 2 hours. Unmold on a chilled platter. Serves 6.

ED. NOTE: For a more economical version use 1 (1-lb.) can red salmon in place of smoked salmon. Drain and carefully cut into ½-inch cubes. Proceed as above, but use a 6-cup ring mold.

FORTELESA PASTA

Fortelesa, the Governor's 16th-century fortress mansion in San Juan, gives its name to this hot and spicy Puerto Rican spaghetti dish.

- 2 cups thin sliced pepperoni or cooked Italian sweet sausage
- 1 Tb. butter or margarine
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- 2 (15-oz.) cans tomato sauce with tomato tidbits
- 1 (8-oz.) pkg. spaghetti, cooked according to directions
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- 1 avocado, peeled and sliced

Sauté 2 cups thinly sliced pepperoni or thinly sliced cooked Italian sweet sausage in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup chopped parsley. Stir and cook 1 minute longer. Stir in 2 (15-oz.) cans tomato sauce with tomato tidbits. Cover and heat gently over low heat 10 minutes. Meanwhile (8-oz.) package spaghetti accor package directions. Drain and t ¼ cup grated Parmesan chees tablespoons butter or margarine peeled and sliced avocado to s pan. Heat 2 to 3 minutes longe tomato and avocado sauce ov ghetti. Serves 6.

HAM AND AVOCADO SUPREME

A speedy and glamorous dish fo or guests. Serv parslied rice or, it even faster, pastry shells (th frozen) or in toa

- 1½ lb. (3 cups) c ham, diced
- 1 cup chopped c
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- ½ tsp. thyme lea
- ½ tsp. basil
- ½ tsp. rosemary
- 2 (10½-oz.) cans mushroom sou
- ½ soup can of w
- ¼ tsp. hot-pepp
- 1 avocado, peel sliced
- 4 cups cooked ri
- 2 Tb. chopped p
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine

Sauté 1½ lb. di and 1 cup chop ery in 2 tab butter or marg



minutes or unti lightly browned ery is tender. teaspoon thym ½ teaspoon bas teaspoon rosem and cook 1 longer.

Stir in 2 (1 cans golden m soup, ½ soup c and ¼ teaspo pepper sauce. a boil, reduce h add 1 peeled a avocado. Co heat 3 minute Combine 4 cup hot rice, 2 tab chopped parsle tablespoons b margarine. Toss bine well. Ser and sauce with rice. Serves 6.

AVOCADO FRUIT MOLD WITH YOGURT DRESSING

Cool and pretty and sparklin mold of avocados and a variety The Grand Marnier-flavored sauce is the perfect accompani

- 1 env. unflavored gelatin
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 cup boiling water
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 3 cups ginger ale
- 1 small avocado, peeled and diced
- 1 cup seedless green grapes, halved
- 1 cup seed dark grap halved
- 1 unpeeled diced

Yogurt Dres

- 1 (8-oz.) ca vanilla yo
- 3-4 Tb. Gra Marnier
- ½ tsp. almo vanilla ex

(co

Never let a grapefruit end up juiceless and useless.



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Surround it with Saran Wrap.

There's nothing like Saran Wrap. And there's nothing just as good! No other wrap measures up. No bag does either. Saran Wrap* food wrap clings better and seals better. Result: it protects your food better than anything else you can buy. At any price. Keep your grapefruit full of bright-eyed flavor. And each meaty little section running over with squirty goodness. In Saran Wrap.

*TRADEMARK



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Bracken, author of *The I Hate to Cook Book*



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Free with 5 labels. Just hustle to your freezer and collect 5 Birds Eye Vegetable labels. Mail them in with the coupon. Soon, a bunch of delicate, everlasting roses will be on their way.

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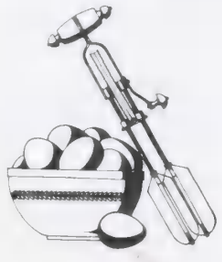
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

You must fill in your zip code. Bonus offer void where prohibited, regulated or taxed. Employees of General Foods Corporation and its advertising agencies and their immediate families are not eligible for the drawing. Imitation roses offer expires May 30, 1968. Limited to one per family. Missouri residents need not submit facsimile.

Soften 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Add 1 cup boiling water and ⅓ cup sugar. Stir until gelatin and sugar are completely dissolved. Cool and carefully stir in 3 cups ginger ale. (To remove foam that will form on surface of liquid, place 2 or 3 sheets of plastic wrap on surface of liquid and lift. Foam will come away.)

Chill gelatin until slightly thickened or of consistency of unbeaten egg white, about 30 minutes in refrigerator or 10 minutes (by the timer) in freezer.

Add 1 small peeled and diced avocado, 1 cup seedless green grapes, halved, 1 cup seedless dark grapes, halved, and 1 cup diced unpeeled red apple to gelatin. Fold fruit very carefully into gelatin. Spoon gelatin and fruit mixture gently into a 6-cup ring mold. Chill until firm, at least 2 hours. Unmold on a chilled platter. Makes 6 servings. Serve with *Yogurt Dressing.* Combine 1 (8-oz.) carton vanilla yogurt, 3 4 tablespoons



Grand Marnier and ½ teaspoon vanilla or almond extract. Beat until smooth and creamy. Makes 1¼ cups. Serve with avocado fruit mold.

CREAMED BEEF AND AVOCADO

Another quick party concoction, this time served on English muffins or sliced toast. Made of dried beef, creamed onions, avocado, almonds and pimientos and a touch of white wine. Ground beef could be substituted for dried. Sauté it in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine for 4 or 5 minutes and proceed as below.

3 (2½-oz.) jars dried beef
2 Tb. butter or margarine
2 (10-oz.) pkgs. creamed onions
1¼ cups water
¼ cup white wine
1 Tb. Worcestershire sauce
1 avocado, peeled and sliced
¼ cup toasted slivered almonds
2 Tb. chopped pimiento
6 toasted English muffins or buns

Cover 3 (2½-oz.) jars dried beef with cold water. Bring to a boil and drain.

Heat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a saucepan. Add beef and sauté 4 minutes or until beef is lightly browned and softened. Add 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen creamed onions, 1¼ cups water, ¼ cup white wine, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Bring to a boil, reduce heat. Add 1 peeled and sliced avocado, ¼ cup toasted slivered almonds and 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento. Cook over low heat 3 minutes longer.

Serve creamed beef and avocados over toasted English muffins or sliced toast. Serves 6.

SHRIMP AND AVOCADO SALAD

This hearty, colorful salad of lettuce, shrimp, cherry tomatoes and avocado makes an ideal warm-weather luncheon dish.

1 head lettuce, shredded and chilled
1 lb. (2 cups) cooked shrimp
12 cherry tomatoes, split in half lengthwise
1 avocado, peeled and sliced

Spring Onion Salad Dressing:
½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup finely sliced green onion
2 Tb. lemon juice
2 Tb. olive oil
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ tsp. dry mustard
¼ tsp. sugar

Combine 1 head chilled shredded lettuce, 1 lb. cooked shrimp, 12 cherry tomatoes, split in half, and 1 peeled and sliced avocado. At serving time toss with *Spring Onion Salad Dressing:* Combine ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup finely sliced green onion, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon dry mustard and ¼ teaspoon sugar. Beat until smooth and well blended. Makes 1 cup. Use with shrimp-avocado salad. Serves 6.

AZTEC CHICKEN WITH AVOCADO

An exotic combination of oranges, chicken and avocado in a dish from the ancient Aztec empire. When every minute is precious, here's an instant alternative: Prepare 3 (10½-oz.) cans chicken à la king according to label directions. Add 2 cups orange sections or 1 (11-oz.) can mandarin orange sections, drained, and 1 peeled and sliced avocado. Heat 2 to 3 minutes longer.

5 lb. broiler-fryer chicken parts
⅓ cup flour
2 tsp. salt
¾ tsp. chili powder
¼ tsp. powdered thyme
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ cup cooking oil
3 Tb. flour
2 cups orange juice
1 clove garlic, crushed
2 cups orange sections *or*
1 (11-oz.) can mandarin orange sections, drained
1 avocado, peeled and sliced

Coat 5 lb. broiler-fryer chick
with ⅓ cup flour that has b
bined with 2 teaspoons salt, ¾
chili powder, ¼ teaspoon each p
thyme and pepper.

Heat ¼ cup cooking oil until
large skillet or Dutch oven. Ad
parts, a few at a time, and bro
sides. Remove from pan and a
more pieces. If necessary, you
more oil. Off heat, when all c
browned, add 3 tablespoons
skillet. Stir u
blended with
skillet. Pour i
orange juice an
garlic, crushe
and stir till sm

Place the
chicken parts
pan, bring to
Reduce heat, c
cook over med
25 to 30 mi
until chicken
and runs gold
pricked with a

Add 2 cup
sections—or 1
can mandari
sections, drai
1 peeled and s
cado. Heat 2



utes longer. S
rice or noodles
servings.

AVOCADO ICE

Don't say no
you've tried
lovely pale-g
cream has t
subtle tropical

1 fully ripe avo
2 Tb. lemon ju
2 Tb. white cor
½ tsp. vanilla e
½ tsp. almond
1 qt. vanilla ice slightly softe

Peel 1 fully ripe
Cut in half an
seed. Mash fir
a fork or sp
then press th
sieve, or wh
blender 30 sec
to avocado 2 ta
lemon juice,
spoons white c

½ teaspoon vanilla extract a
spoon almond extract.

Combine mashed avocado
with 1 quart slightly softened
mixing well. Freeze until firm
hard, at least 4 hours. Makes 6

AVOCADO TIPS

1. If a cut avocado has to st
while, cover all cut surfaces w
juice to prevent it from turni
2. For an interesting variety
or molds, avocados can be c
ferent ways. For semicircles,
cado in half the long way, ren
then slice the halves crosswise



Protein is the plus in steak. Polyunsaturates are the plus in Mazola.®

Eat steak and you get more than just good taste.
You get the "plus" of protein.

Use Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine and you get more than good taste. You get the "plus" of polyunsaturates.

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Mazola makes good eating good sense!

TE
T DIET
from page 101

introduction to *The* *te Gourmet DIET*

ce, the Low Carbo-
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Del Monte Cream Style Corn is your golden opportunity to please. Sweet, satisfying flavor. Rich corn cream crammed with tender kernels. You and Del Monte make a good thing special.

CORN & CRAB IMPERIAL

½ cup chopped onion
2 Tbsps. butter or margarine
2 Tbsps. flour
1 can (1-lb. 1-oz.) Del Monte® Cream Style Golden Sweet Corn
1 can (12-oz.) Del Monte Brand Vacuum Packed Whole Kernel Golden Sweet Corn
¼ cup milk
2 tsps. prepared mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. celery salt
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. dill weed
Dash pepper
1 can (7½-oz.) Del Monte Alaska King Crab, drained and flaked
2 hard cooked eggs, chopped

Sauté onion in butter or margarine until tender. Blend in flour; add corn, milk and seasonings. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Stir in crabmeat and eggs. Spoon into individual baking dishes and bake at 400°F., 15 to 20 min. Or serve hot mixture on toast points or in patty shells. Serves 4-6.





The low-calorie phase of the Fat Scat Plan may seem harsh at first glance, but it is perfectly comfortable when gourmet low-cal recipes are used. I limit myself to 1,100 calories per day and weigh myself religiously every morning and evening. My idea here is not really to lose weight but to make sure I maintain the weight level I achieved while on the Low Carbohydrate Diet. This low-calorie intake for ten days invariably nets me a bonus of one pound, but once again some of my friends have learned from past experience that they will gain even when on a 1,100-calorie level. Physical effort, height, body build, and weight generally determine calorie requirements. Small people usually need fewer calories. Naturally, hard-working men will require more—from 1,500 to 1,800 calories a day. (Check with your doctor if in doubt.)

My eating habits change radically when I'm low-calorie dieting. Fruits and vegetables tempt me the most, and I indulge in them with almost sinful abandon. For the most part, though, I make it a game to see how epicurean my meals can be without exceeding the 1,000-calorie mark. (continued)

10-MINUTE GOURMET DIET

continued

LOW-CARBOHYDRATE DAY

BREAKFAST	CARBOHYDRATES
Capered Eggs in Browned Butter	1
Fried Ham	0
Coffee with Sweetener and Cream	0
LUNCH	
Chicken Livers Deluxe	8
Lettuce with Creamy Roquefort Dressing	4½
½ Pink Grapefruit	15
Coffee with Sweetener and Cream	0
DINNER	
Ramekin of Shrimp in Sour Cream	7½
Shell Steak à la Mirabeau	½
Broccoli with Ripe Olives	8
Lettuce with Ravigote Sauce	4
Iced Coffee and Rum	1
TOTAL	49½

CAPERED EGGS IN BROWNED BUTTER

	CARBOHYDRATES
2 Tb. butter	trace
2 Eggs	1
¼ Tsp. vinegar	0
Salt and pepper to taste	0
1 Tsp. capers	0
TOTAL	1

Place one tablespoon butter in skillet. Fry eggs until they reach desired firmness. Transfer to serving dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add remaining butter to skillet. Brown over medium-high flame. When brown, stir in capers and vinegar. Allow to bubble for a few seconds. Pour sauce over eggs.

CHICKEN LIVERS DELUXE

	CARBOHYDRATES
4 Chicken livers	4
2 Strips bacon	1
1 Tb. frozen chopped onion	1
1 Tsp. frozen chopped parsley	trace
⅛ Tsp. each thyme, basil, marjoram, and salt	0
1 Sprinkle freshly ground black pepper	0
1 Tsp. tomato paste	1
2 Tb. heavy cream	1
TOTAL	8

Chop chicken livers and bacon into one-inch squares. Fry bacon, livers, onion, parsley, and spices for four minutes over medium-high heat. Stir in tomato paste and cream. Cook one minute more. Serve hot.

CREAMY ROQUEFORT OR BLUE CHEESE SALAD DRESSING

	CARBOHYDRATES
4 Tb. Roquefort or blue cheese	1
3 Tb. heavy cream	1
1 Tb. lemon juice	1
¼ Tsp. dried tarragon	0
⅛ Tsp. dried chervil	0
⅛ Tsp. salt and freshly ground black pepper	0
TOTAL (for 8 tablespoons)	3

Cream together cheese and heavy cream until smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Mix. Serve cold over salad greens. Store any remaining salad dressing in a clean jar. Refrigerate until needed.

RAMEKINS OF SHRIMP IN SOUR CREAM

	CARBOHYDRATES
5 Tb. butter	0
8 Large cooked and cleaned shrimp, available at your fish store	2½
1 6-ounce package cooked and cleaned frozen mushrooms	6½
¾ Cup sour cream	5½
¼ Tsp. salt	0
1 Tsp. soy sauce	½
2 Tsp. paprika	0
4 Tb. grated Swiss cheese or Cheddar cheese, available in packages	½
TOTAL (for 2)	15½

Place the skillet over a medium flame and add to it the five tablespoons of butter. Add to this the frozen mushroom and the shrimp. Turn the flame up to medium.

Meanwhile heat the sour cream, the soy sauce, the paprika, and the salt in the small saucepan over low heat. Add the sour-cream mixture to the shrimp and cook, stirring constantly for two minutes. Divide into ramekins and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place under broiler until cheese melts. Serve immediately.



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SHELL STEAK À LA MIRABEAU

	CARBOHYDRATES
1 Small individual steak	0
2 Tb. butter	trace
¼ Tsp. anchovy paste	trace
3 Anchovy fillets	trace
3 Green olives, pimiento-stuffed	trace
TOTAL	½ (trace)

Place broiler on high flame. Rinse steak and blot with paper toweling. In cup mix one tablespoon soft butter with anchovy paste. Spread on one side of steak. Broil to desired degree of doneness on one side. Cut anchovies in half lengthwise. Turn and crisscross steak with ancho to form a latticework. Slice ol place one slice in each open s tween anchovy fillets. Broil thi desired degree of doneness. Do cook. Meanwhile melt one ta butter in saucepan. Place cooked steak on serving plate. butter over steak. Serve imm

BROCCOLI WITH RIPE OLIVES

CARBOH

1 Cup broccoli, frozen
2 Tb. butter
½ Clove garlic
4 Large pitted (black) olive
Salt and peppe taste
½ Tsp. lemon juice

TO

Cook broccoli a to directions on Meanwhile me in skillet. Ad crushed garlic sliced ripe oli pepper, and lem Cook over medi until hot. Drai and place on plate. Pour sa broccoli. Serve

RAVIGOTE SAU

You simply won how good chop cooked eggs ca tangy sauce wit mayonnaise as

CARBOH

1 Hard-cooked egg
1 Egg yolk, ra
1 Pinch each d mustard and paprika
Liquid artificia sweetener to
½ tsp. sugar
1 Tsp. frozen chopped oni
½ Tsp. frozen chopped par
½ Tsp. frozen chopped chi
⅓ Cup mayonnaise

TO

Chop hard-co coarsely an through a sie all ingredient mayonnaise in bowl and beat are smooth. mayonnaise. S over eggs or sl

ICED COFFEE A

CARBOH

¼ Cup boiling water
½ Cup cold water
4 Ice cubes
1 Tb. instant coffee
3 Tb. rum
Artificial sweetener to taste
½ Tsp. nutmeg
2 Tb. instant canned whipped cream

TOTAL

Bring water to boil in saucepa instant coffee, sweetener, and move from flame. Add cold w ice cubes in glass. Pour

A funny thing appened on the way o a better banana.

hen you already grow the best bananas in the world to make them even better, some pretty funny things pen.

e that... er, well... thing you see below.
nd that's just one of some 800 triangular-flat-topped, red-skinned, orange-pulped, avored bananas we've been working with past seven years.

ow we're not claiming to be any Luther of the banana world. But as far as we know, ractically the only people around who are ny work to improve the banana.

And it's paying off.

Our bananas today are a far cry from the bananas they were five years ago.

They're meatier. They're plumper. And they've never been sweeter.

The peels are tighter and sleeker.

They have much nicer bloom. Nicer sheen. And a generally all-around better appearance.

Now. If we could only get a banana to juice like an orange. And keep like a coconut. But still taste like a banana.

Well, you can't knock a guy for trying.

Chiquita® Brand Bananas.



gistered trademark of United Fruit Company

10-MINUTE GOURMET DIET

continued

coffee over ice so that one inch is left empty at the top of the glass. Top with whipped cream and sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve cold.

LOW-CALORIE DAY

BREAKFAST	CALORIES
½ Cantaloupe filled with ½ cup Raspberries	105
Coffee with Sweetener	0
LUNCH	
Sliced Tomato Omelet with Parmesan Cheese	256
Tea with Sweetener	0
DINNER	
Sweet and Sour Cucumbers	17
Mexican Cold Soup	134½
Breast of Chicken Florentine	248½
Tossed Orange and Watercress Salad	69
Strawberries or Mandarin Oranges with Maple and Cream	112½
Coffee with Sweetener	0
TOTAL	942½

That adds up to 942½ calories with over 57 to spare for "nibbles." I defy anyone to feel deprived while perpetrating such outrageous acts of gluttony.

SLICED TOMATO OMELET WITH PARMESAN CHEESE

	CALORIES
1 Medium-size ripe tomato	35
2 Tb. shallots, chopped	12
1 Tsp. butter	33
½ Clove garlic, peeled	0
1 Pinch thyme	0
2 Eggs	160
2 Tsp. Parmesan cheese	16
Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste	0
TOTAL	256

Wash tomato and cut into half-inch slices, discarding ends and seeds. Peel, wash, and chop shallots or onion. Melt butter in pan, add tomato slices, shallot, garlic. Sprinkle with thyme. Cook over medium heat for four minutes. Meanwhile break eggs into bowl and beat with fork. Turn tomato slices carefully. Remove garlic. Pour eggs over tomato slices. Sprinkle with grated cheese, salt and pepper. Cook over low flame until eggs are fairly well set on bottom. Fold omelet. Slide onto plate. Serve hot.

Ed. Note: Use scallions as a substitute for shallots.

SWEET AND SOUR CUCUMBERS

	CALORIES
½ Medium-size cucumber	15
1 Tb. cider vinegar	2
Artificial sweetener to equal 1 tablespoon sugar	0
1 Pinch salt	0
Coarsely ground black pepper to taste	0
TOTAL (with vinegar poured off)	17

Peel one-half cucumber. Cut in very thin slices. Mix vinegar, liquid sweetener, and salt in bowl. Add cucumber slices. Stir. Pour off vinegar mixture. Arrange neatly on serving plate. Sprinkle with pepper. Serve cold.

MEXICAN COLD SOUP

Not hot and spicy, but cool and utterly elegant.

	CALORIES
½ (10½-ounce) can beef consommé, undiluted	39
4 Small ice cubes	0
¼ Large cucumber	7½
½ Medium-size tomato	17½
⅛ Avocado	40
1 Shrimp, cooked (available at your store) or 15 tiny canned shrimp	25
1 Young green onion	5
⅛ Tsp. Gravy Master	0
1 Tsp. vinegar	½
1 Pinch each ground cloves, chili powder, and garlic powder	0
Salt and pepper to taste	0
TOTAL	134½

Pour one-half can consommé into mixing bowl containing four ice cubes. Peel and chop one-quarter cucumber. Cut tomato in quarters. Shake seeds from two of these and chop them. Peel and chop one-eighth of an avocado. Cut large shrimp into thin slices or drain small shrimp. Cut root and all but one inch of green top from onion. Chop cleaned onion. Add all ingredients to soup and ice cubes. Stir until ice cubes are about half their original size. Serve immediately. (Ice cubes should be served in bowl with soup.)

BREAST OF CHICKEN FLORENTINE

	CALORIES
½ Chicken breast, boned	80
Salt and pepper to taste	0
1 Egg	80
1 Tb. milk	
1 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese	
1 Tsp. butter	
½ Cup frozen chopped spinach	
1 Tsp. lemon juice	
TOTAL	

Cook spinach according to dir
package. Meanwhile remove
boned chicken breast and
through to
wide, thin chic
Rub chicken
salt and peppe
in bowl. Melt
skillet. Dip
pieces in be
Sprinkle both
grated chee
chicken in
immediately.
minutes on
Drain spina
egg and lem
Cook, stirr
stantly over
Place spinach
plate. Top wi
pieces. Serve

TOSSED ORAN WATERCRESS

½ Cup mand
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1 Cup waterc
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MANDARIN OR (OR STRAWBE WITH MAPLE CREAM

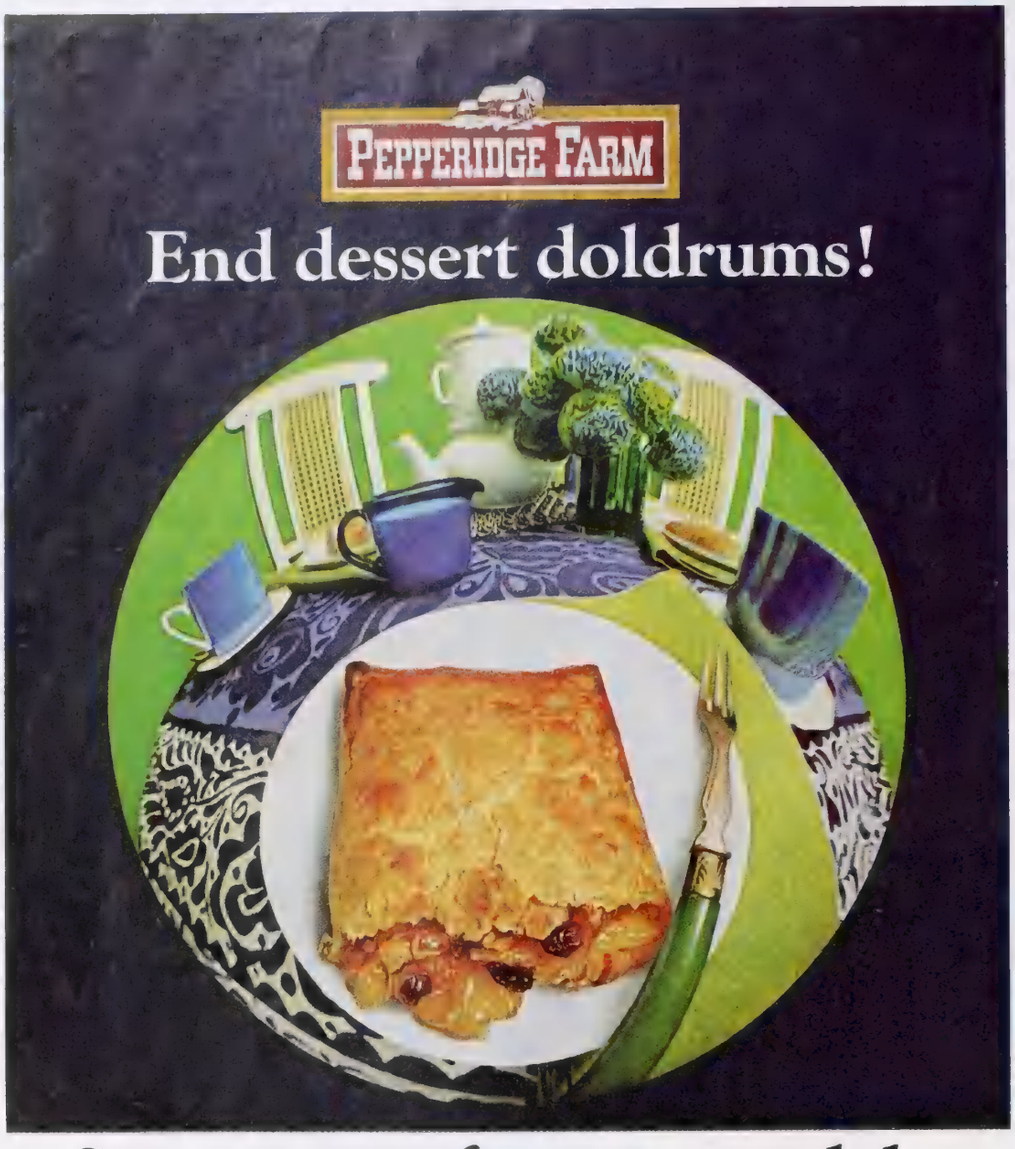
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taste it, then describe it for y
bet *your* description even out

1 10-ounce can diet-packed mandarin orange sect
1 Tb. low-calorie maple syru
2 Tb. sour cream
1 Generous sprinkle nutmeg

TO

Open can of mandarin oran
and drain. Place orange sectio
pagne glass. Dribble maple sy
over all. Top with sour cream
cream with nutmeg. Serve col

Ed. Note: We used 1 cup fresh s
instead of oranges. Calorie coun



Serve one of our 3 strudels.

We have apple, blueberry and cherry. All lovingly made to win you oos-and-aahs. Just pull 'em out of the freezer and pop 'em in the oven. You're worried about falling into a strudel doldrum? We have a delicious answer to that on the next page.



LÉS
from page 98

OF SOUFFLÉ MAKING

of making a perfect soufflé is
d of several simple but impor-
s. Each can mean the difference
a triumph and a flop.
e way, the fact that a soufflé
after you take it out of the
when you cut into it does *not*
s a flop! That's the nature of
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are often the
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to collapse.
are the soufflé
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standard dish
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serole with rea-
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Recently there
a vogue for
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low casseroles.)
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or savory souf-
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or individual
a standard-size dish is 4 ounces
1½ inches deep and 3¼ inches
ter. The collar should still ex-
e inches above.
don't use a collar, fill your
sh only to within 1 inch of the

nore volume you get from the
gg whites, the more glorious
flé! The whites should be stiff
shiny, not dry and powdery

g whites must be *lightly* folded
body of the soufflé. Here we
ed six pointers for achieving
ds of egg whites:

1. Be sure your bowls and beaters are clean and dry. Even a slight trace of grease interferes with volume. Use a large-size classic *unlined* copper bowl and balloon wire whisk or a rotary beater. An electric beater, either portable or stationary, is permitted (even by a classicist like Julia Child!), and so is a regular mixing bowl. The copper bowl and balloon whisk will give you the biggest volume if you know how to handle the whisk properly. However you do it, beat the egg whites until they stand in stiff peaks when beater is removed. Another test for proper volume: Do the beaten egg whites support the weight of a whole egg?

2. A single particle of egg yolk or butter or oil in the egg whites will make it impossible to beat them up properly.

3. Egg whites should be at room temperature.

4. A couple of drops of lemon juice or white vinegar or a little cream of tartar (⅛ teaspoon for every 4 egg whites) may be added before you start beating. All will help the whites keep their volume and texture. Always add a pinch of salt for flavor, even when making sweet soufflés.

5. Stir 2 to 3 tablespoons of the beaten egg white into the basic soufflé mixture before folding in the rest.

6. Fold in the remaining beaten egg whites carefully all at once, using a rubber spatula.

Work gently but quickly, lifting a little of the body of the soufflé with each stroke. (Some fine cooks, like James Beard, use their fingers.) Do *not* stir. Up and over is the way. *Not enough blending is better than too much.* Pour or spoon mixture gently into prepared dish.

A Soufflé With a "Top Hat" is the sign of an expert soufflé maker. To achieve this high, puffy top, like the one shown on page 98, trace a circle ½ inch deep and 1 inch in from the edge on the surface of the soufflé batter using the tip of a teaspoon or a knife.

During cooking the crust will break and the center rise higher to make the soufflé look as if it has a "top hat." Fill soufflé dish almost to the top for the best effect.

Do-Ahead Soufflés: After filling the soufflé dish with batter, set in a warm place. Cover with clear plastic wrap, then with a very large bowl or saucepan to keep all air out. Be sure not to jostle. The soufflé batter can wait up to an hour before cooking. The mixture (without the egg whites) can be prepared quite a while beforehand. Add egg whites at the last moment.

Temperature: There's a big argument about temperature and timing. Actually you can bake a soufflé at anything from 325° to 475° and anywhere from 20 minutes to an hour and a half. But you get a very different product.

The French use high temperatures for a brief period. The soufflé is very delicate and falls quickly. It is cooked on the outside but "soft and saucy in the center." The English or American style in the past used a slow to moderate oven. Sometimes they lowered the temperature still further by setting the dish in a water bath. This is not necessary.

A soufflé cooked at lowish temperature for a longer period is, in the opinion of chefs, "no longer a soufflé but a pudding." Certainly it is more durable. Must be served with a sauce.

We feel that our method combines the best features of both techniques.

Rise-Again Soufflés. It is possible to make soufflés that will rise again at the last minute if you cook our soufflé recipes using the following method.

Preheat oven to 350°. Set prepared soufflé in a shallow pan. Pour boiling water into pan to depth of one inch. Bake for 1 hour—or until center is just set. Remove soufflé dish from pan. *Cool and keep at room temperature.* To reinflate: set dish in pan containing one inch of boiling water. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Cover top lightly during last 15 minutes, if crust is getting too brown. Serve immediately with a sauce.



DEVILED CRABMEAT SOUFFLÉ

2 (10- or 12-oz.) frozen soufflés (corn or spinach or cheese)
Deviled Crabmeat:
2 cups chopped crabmeat (canned, frozen or fresh)
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. paprika

Remove the top covers from 2 (10- or 12-oz.) frozen soufflés—corn, spinach or cheese. Let thaw slightly at room temperature just enough to separate the soufflé from sides of

(continued)

container. Meanwhile season 2 cups chopped crabmeat with 1 teaspoon each salt and Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon each pepper and paprika.

Using a wide spatula, lift each frozen soufflé from its container. Place 1 cup deviled crabmeat mixture in each foil container. Replace frozen soufflé on top.

Bake in a preheated oven at 400° according to directions on soufflé package (note our temperature is higher than on package). Serves 6 as a hot appetizer or 4 for supper or luncheon.

SOUFFLÉ VON FURSTENBURG

This soufflé may also be done in one dish but it takes longer to cook about 40 minutes at 375°

6 very fresh, large eggs
2 (10-oz.) frozen spinach soufflé, thawed
1 (10- or 12-oz.) frozen cheese soufflé, thawed

Lightly grease 6 (4-oz.) individual frozen soufflé dishes or 6 (5-oz.) individual custard cups. Set aside.

Poach 6 eggs in traditional egg poacher; or if you are using a shallow skillet, poach 2 at a time. Poach lightly until whites are firm and yolks have just set. Drain on linen or paper towels. Trim eggs, using a cookie cutter or scissors, so they just fit inside soufflé dishes.

Lightly mark 1 (10- or 12-oz.) frozen spinach soufflé, thawed, and 1 (10- or 12-oz.) frozen cheese soufflé, thawed, into 6 even portions. Spoon 1 portion of the spinach soufflé into each individual dish. Top the spinach with 1 poached egg.

Cover each egg completely with 1 portion of 1 (10- or 12-oz.) frozen cheese soufflé, thawed. Bake at 425° for 20 minutes until cheese soufflé is set and lightly browned (note that our temperature is higher than the one given on package). Serves 6.

CHEESE PUFFLE

(pictured, page 98)

Lining for dish:
7-8 slices white bread, ⅓-inch thick
2 Tb. butter or margarine, softened
½ tsp. garlic powder *or* 1 clove garlic, crushed
¼ cup white wine
Puffle Mixture:
1 Tb. flour
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
¼ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. salt
3 egg yolks
1 (10¾-oz.) can Cheddar cheese soup
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
¼ cup grated Swiss cheese
5 egg whites
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
⅛ tsp. salt

Trim crusts from 7-8 slices white bread. Spread one side of each slice with a little of 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, which has been combined with ½ teaspoon garlic powder or 1 clove garlic, crushed. Cut each slice into 3 equal strips. Use to line sides and base of a 1½-quart soufflé dish or straight-sided casserole, placing buttered sides next to dish. Sprinkle with ¼ cup white wine. Set aside.

Meanwhile combine in a large saucepan 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon pepper, and ½ teaspoon salt. Gently stir in 5 egg yolks and 1 (10¾-oz.) can Cheddar cheese soup. Over low heat, stir until mixture is thickened and comes to a gentle simmer. Remove from heat and stir in ¼ cup each grated Cheddar and Swiss cheese. Cool about 5 to 10 minutes.

In a large clean bowl combine 5 egg whites and ⅛ teaspoon each cream of tartar and salt. Beat at high speed until egg whites form stiff firm peaks. Fold into cooled cheese mixture. Pour gently into lined soufflé dish. Bake at 400° for 40 minutes. Serves 6.

This dramatic-looking dish makes a whole meal with the addition of tossed salad and a bowl of fruit.

BASIC SAVORY SOUFFLÉ

¼ cup butter or margarine
⅓ cup unsifted flour
¾ cup milk
4 egg yolks
2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli, thawed and very well drained
or
1½ lbs. chopped fresh broccoli
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
¼ tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. pepper
5 egg whites
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
⅛ tsp. salt

In a large saucepan melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Off heat stir in ⅓ cup unsifted flour. Cook 30 seconds without browning. Off heat again, gradually stir in ¾ cup milk. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. The mixture will form a very thick batter and leave the sides of the pan. Remove from heat. Beat in 4 egg yolks, one at a time. Beat very well between each addition. Stir in 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli, thawed and *very well drained*, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Let cool slightly, stirring occasionally.

In a large clean bowl combine 5 egg whites with ⅛ teaspoon each cream of tartar and salt. Beat at high speed until stiff peaks form. Stir 2 ta beaten egg white into spinac Gently fold rest of egg whi at once. Pour gently into a 1½-quart soufflé dish. Bake a 40 minutes or until a cake serted from the side to t comes out clean. Serve as veg trée for 6.

VARIATIONS ON BASIC SAVORY

Instead of broccoli you may any puréed cooked vegetable seafood, che tongue, or w you.

BASIC VANILL SOUFFLÉ

¼ cup butter c margarine
⅓ cup unsiftec
¾ cup milk
⅓ cup sugar
4 egg yolks
2 tsp. vanilla e
4 egg whites
⅛ tsp. cream c
⅛ tsp. salt
1 Tb. sugar (m

In a large sauc ¼ cup butte garine. Off he ⅓ cup unsifte cook 30 secon browning. (gradually stir milk and ⅓ Return to bring to a bo constantly. T milk mixture a very thick l leave the sid saucepan.

Remove fr Beat 4 egg yo a time, into Beat very we each addition. teaspoons va tract. Let coo stirring occasi

Meanwhile clean bowl c egg whites wi spoon each cr tar and salt. high speed peaks form. S additional 1 t sugar.

Continue t til egg whites stiff but not " into cooled Pour gently pared 1½-qua dish. Bake at minutes or un tester inserted to the center clean. Serve with **Custar** Make up 1 pkg. vanilla pudding and according to label direction cups milk. Off heat, stir in 2 spoons kirsch, cognac or othe Serves 6.

BASIC DESSERT SOUFFLÉ VA

Bittersweet chocolate soufflé: (1-oz.) envelope no-melt un chocolate. Omit vanilla.

Lemon soufflé: Instead of vani cup fresh lemon juice and 2 ta lemon rind.

Strawberry or raspberry souffl of milk use 1 (12-oz.) packa berries—puréed.



When Elizabeth and Mary Daggett had egg custard for dessert, it took their mother one hour and many anxious moments to make it.

You can make it in just 6 minutes.

200 years of American kids have grown up on the sweet goodness and nourishment of egg custard.

And 200 years of American mothers have always been happy to make it for them, in spite of the work and time. That's the way mothers are.

Now it's your turn. And with Jell-O Golden Egg Custard, it takes just 6 minutes. No baking. You make it on top of the stove. Perfect custard every time. Silky-smooth. Delicious.

Treat your kids to Jell-O® Golden™ Egg Custard tonight. And join the Daughters-of-the-Custard Revolution.



GF GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

Presto's super steamer.

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Outsteams any iron! 42 steam ports, powerful Spray Vent. Plus cool padded handle.

Steamingest iron of all with 42 steam ports (more than any other)—plus Presto's exclusive Spray Vent. You get a concentrated spray of steam—not water that spots—right from the soleplate tip. So much steam you iron any fabric—without sprinkling. Other features: cool padded handle, ice-blue color, push-buttons matched to fabric settings. Optional Teflon® soleplate. The Presto Deluxe Spray Steam Iron. Our contribution to easier ironing.

TEFLON DU PONT APPROVED FINISH

More cooking at Presto than pressure cookers. Coffeemakers, Fry Pans, Griddles, Electric Knives, Blender, Can Opener/Knife-Sharpener, Toasters, s, Portable Oven, Portable Ranges, Hot Servers, Corn Popper, Portable Mixer, Deep Fryers, Spray-Steam Irons, Steam-Dry Irons, Cordless Toothbrushes, Hair Dryers, cure, Electric Hair Brush/Massager, Facial Freshener, Electric Shoe Polishers, Heaters, Humidifiers. National Presto Industries, Inc., Eau Claire, Wis. 54701.



26 PART-TIME JOBS

continued from page 78

order can save you money; the least expensive model, hand-run, is about $200 new); supplies for the machine and a typewriter.

HOURS YOU WORK: Limit your assignments to fit your time. Once you become facile, you should be able to cut a stencil and run off 100 printed sheets in 20 minutes.

HOW MUCH YOU EARN: Figure your overhead, including costs of delivery, advertising, utilities, and supplies. Add the value of your time (about $3 to $3.50 an hour). Charge so much for the first 100 sheets, less for each additional 100 (e.g., $3.50 for first 100; 65 cents each additional 100).

MARKET RESEARCH. Surveying the public is a way for businesses to find sound answers to problems.

WHAT YOU NEED: A telephone or car, depending on types of interview.

HOURS YOU WORK: You work part-time and sporadically, whenever you're asked to take on a specific assignment. Given a certain number of interviews and so many days (or evenings) to do them in, you can usually adjust home and work time.

HOW MUCH YOU EARN: You are paid either hourly or by the work unit. Rates vary according to companies and are higher for evening, weekend, or holiday work.

Rates for general interviewing range from $1.50 to $2 an hour. Specialized or in-depth interviews can pay from $5 to $12 an hour.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Look at the help-wanted ads and the classified section of your phone book. Phone or write companies that do survey work. *Bradford's Directory of Marketing Research Agencies* gives a complete listing of companies, and may possibly be found in your public library. Check your local temporary-office-help agencies. Write to market-research departments of large, well-known manufacturers of staple goods.

Send for the market-research manual, *Asking Questions* (75c), published by the Marketing Research Trade Association. Address: P.O. Box 1415, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

DIRECT SELLING. Eighty-eight percent of the direct selling salespeople in the U.S. sell right in their home town; 600,000 of these are women who work on a part-time basis.

WHAT YOU NEED: A car, [illegible] always. A calling card.

HOURS YOU WORK: As much time as you wish.

HOW MUCH YOU EARN: Depends on what you put into the job. You get 25 to 45 percent of the retail selling price in commissions. Surgical and hospital plans are also available.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: For a listing of 250 companies offering over 75 different kinds of products and services, write for a free copy of *The Blue Book of Direct Selling*, National Association of Direct Selling, 165 Center Street, Winona, Minn. 55987.

For a listing of other books, articles, directories, send for *House-to-House Selling*, the free bibliography published by the Small Business Administration, Washington, D.C.

Check your town government about any possible license needed.

FREE-LANCE SHORTHAND REPORTER. An uncrowded field that's interesting and lucrative if you work fast and accurately. You record speeches, make verbatim reports of proceedings at conferences, private or public hearings.

WHAT YOU NEED: An accurate shorthand speed of 150–200 words a minute. Speedwriting or regular or machine shorthand courses are given in high schools (some night adult courses), colleges and in business schools.

HOURS YOU WORK: When called.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN: You charge per page. In the northeast, this runs about 75 cents for the original, 25 cents per transcription.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: School counselors, the Chamber of Commerce, and the city court are good starting places to inquire about possibilities in your town.

RETAILING. Stores, large and small, usually need part-time sales help.

HOURS YOU WORK: You make arrangements suitable to you and the store.

HOW MUCH YOU EARN: An experienced salesperson makes $2 or more an hour. If your state has a minimum hourly wage, that's about what you'll make as a beginner.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: Your best opportunity for part-time sales work is during the holiday season. Apply in the fall to allow training time. Th often openings for relief work in wrapping and cashiering.

Once trained, you can either b for peak periods or work stead part-timer.

REAL ESTATE. Who knows bet women the best selling points of or an apartment?

WHAT YOU NEED: A car and man's license (if you progress to broker, that re special license,

HOURS YOU Flexible. The demands on yo are usually ove ends.

HOW MUCH YO A broker's com runs between percent of the sa The agent who house generall up to one-half commission. T ies between fi from state to s

HOW YOU GET S For informatio censing, conta local real-estat a real-estate c your state's re commission. states send ma help you prepar written exam for licensing.

You can start clerk or broker ant in a real-est and learn thu can also start renting or selli on the premises building.

LIFE INSURAN for women in l ance range fron up to top-ech ministration.

HOURS YOU W saleswoman, yo a full workda hours adjustabl home schedule.

HOW MUCH YO Clerical salarie those of simila your locale.

Selling com alone can go fro est $4,000 a ye $50,000.

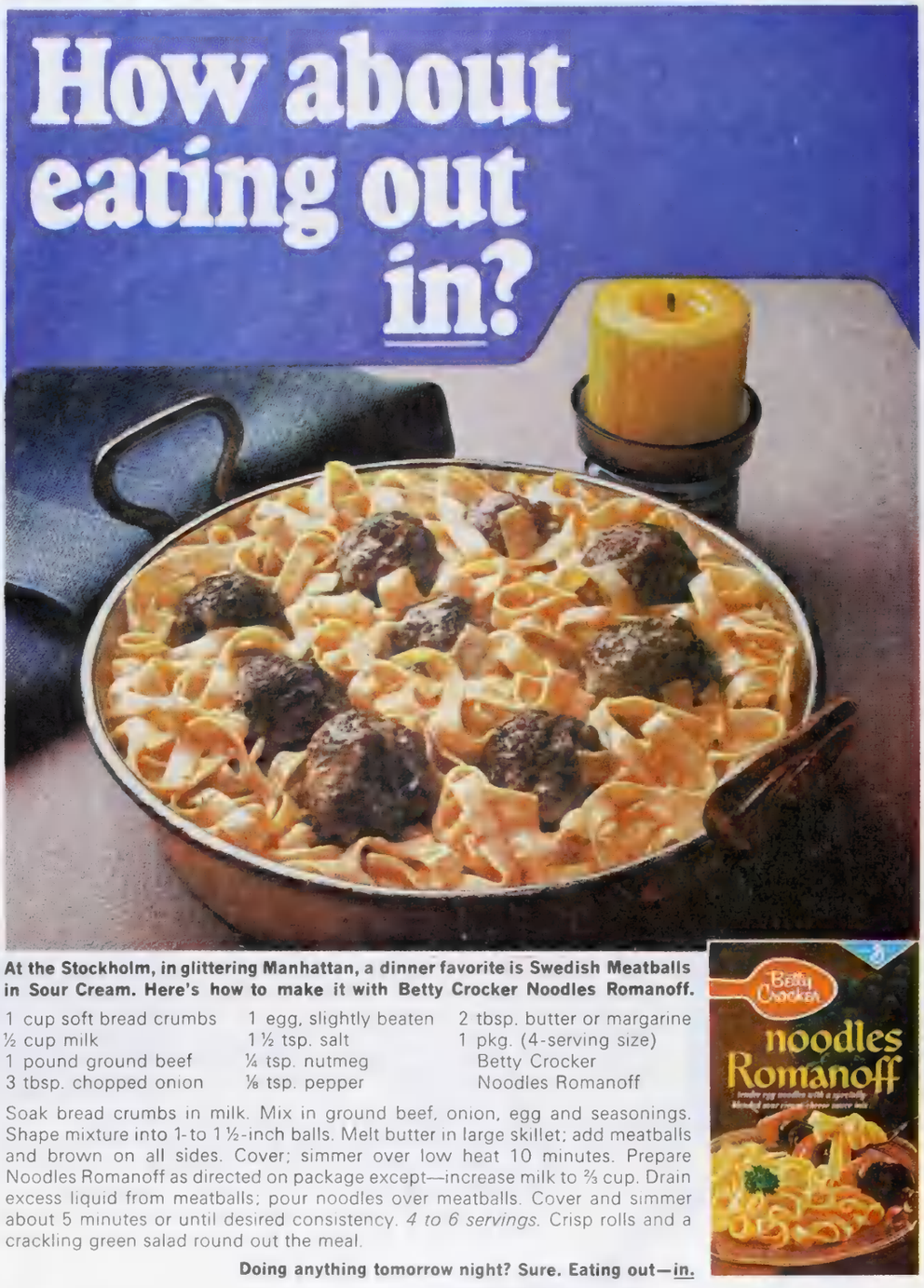
Your compa probably help find clients un running on y steam.

HOW YOU GET STARTED: To s clerical position or to be a sale contact any insurance com broker about job possibilities.

Don't confuse life insura casualty and fire insurance. (T are far more demanding, and o ties are limited.) Ask about trai grams given through parent i companies.

Other kinds of advanced life-i jobs include agent, broker, c aminer, underwriter.

NURSING AIDE. If you have a to be a nurse or part (c



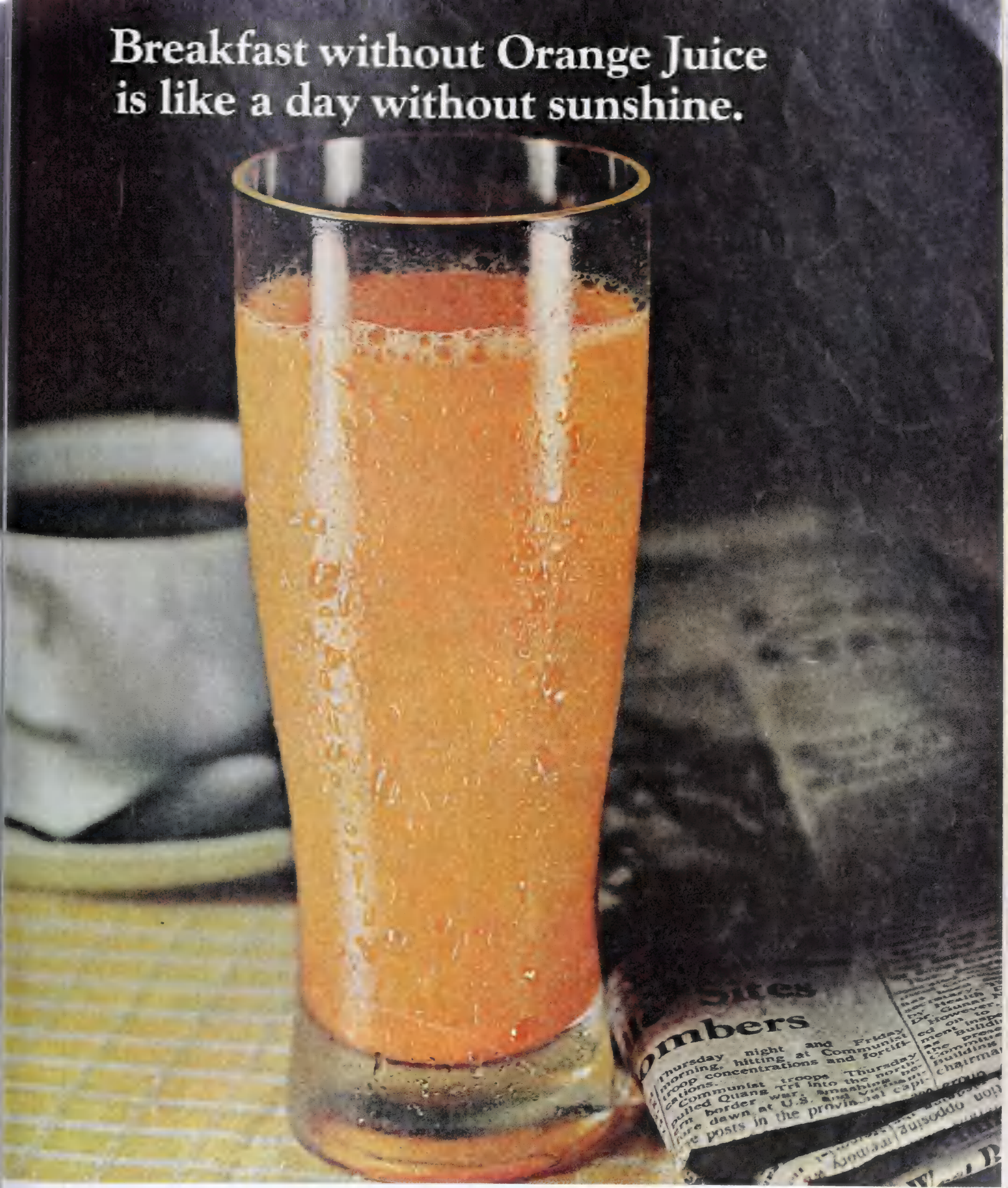
At the Stockholm, in glittering Manhattan, a dinner favorite is Swedish Meatballs in Sour Cream. Here's how to make it with Betty Crocker Noodles Romanoff.

1 cup soft bread crumbs
½ cup milk
1 pound ground beef
3 tbsp. chopped onion
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 ½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. nutmeg
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 pkg. (4-serving size) Betty Crocker Noodles Romanoff

Soak bread crumbs in milk. Mix in ground beef, onion, egg and seasonings. Shape mixture into 1- to 1 ½-inch balls. Melt butter in large skillet; add meatballs and brown on all sides. Cover; simmer over low heat 10 minutes. Prepare Noodles Romanoff as directed on package except—increase milk to ⅔ cup. Drain excess liquid from meatballs; pour noodles over meatballs. Cover and simmer about 5 minutes or until desired consistency. *4 to 6 servings.* Crisp rolls and a crackling green salad round out the meal.

Doing anything tomorrow night? Sure. Eating out—in.

Breakfast without Orange Juice is like a day without sunshine.



New improved, fresh-frozen concentrated orange juice from Florida brings sunshine to even the bleakest day. Loaded with natural vitamin C. And for quick energy that gets you going and keeps you going, nothing beats 100% pure orange juice from Florida. What's more, a little 6-ounce can contains the juice of 7 fresh oranges, makes a big pitcherful.



Get your favorite brand— it costs only pennies a glass.

26 PART-TIME JOBS *continued*

of the medical world, it's neither too late nor too difficult to satisfy. A nursing aide has almost instant employment and can go up the career ladder.

WHAT YOU NEED: On-the-job nursing-aide training is given in a hospital, clinic, or other health facility and usually takes up to three months of lecture-demonstrations and supervised practice. You get paid as you learn.

HOURS YOU WORK: Varies according to the institution. You can work on call, or on a consistent basis.

HOW MUCH YOU EARN: Depends on your locale and experience. National earnings for aides averaged $53.50 weekly (full-time) in mid-1963, with lowest salaries in the South, highest in the West.

LABORATORY WORKER. If you enjoyed chemistry or biology in school, you will probably find this work fascinating, and it does not require an advanced education. You learn on the job.

Various jobs that need doing in a lab: helping with testing, sterilizing utensils, making simple solutions, weighing, measuring and mixing substances.

If you had high-school courses in chemistry, biology or physics, your supervisor may train you as a tissue technician, which will qualify you to: prepare culture media, produce bacteria, type blood, analyze body fluid.

HOURS YOU WORK: Hours, part-time, are adaptable and flexible.

HOW MUCH YOU EARN: much as those of nursing a

DENTAL ASSISTANT. Th imum educational requirer varied work in pleasant pro roundings. Due to the short assistants, part-time work easy to find.

HOURS YOU WORK: The usually needed after schoo nings and Saturdays.

HOW MUCH YOU EARN: F aries run about $2 an hour

HOW YOU GET STARTED: state employment office ab with on-the-job training.

Call local dentists, clin pitals.

NON-PROFESSIONAL WORK. Perhaps becoming librarian is not feasible for if a library atmosphere a there *are* jobs among the h to type is not essential, b you a higher salary.

HOURS YOU WORK: Dep needs of your library and of time you can give.

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EA on the size of the communi salaries are comparable to

HOW YOU GET STARTED: public library, hospital, n and large local industrial tact your state employmer ask about civil-service libr

TELEPHONE SOLICITIN woman who can't leave h telephone soliciting seems is—if the company you w liable and has an authe product or service.

Firms that use telephone clude building contractor vices, and magazine publis a few.

HOURS YOU WORK: Dep many people you've be contact.

HOW MUCH YOU EARN: M pay so much for each cont an order. You stand to ear year. Not earthshaking, b

Word of caution: Make pany involved is legitima Chamber of Commerce Business Bureau for refe formation.

HOW YOU GET STARTED "help wanted" ads and c who hire telephone solici can't use you, they may someone who can.

TEMPORARY-HELP SER is one of the easiest ways with or without experience time work.

HOURS YOU WORK: You c at will and work the hours (There's usually a four-h stretch.)

HOW MUCH YOU CAN EA on your skills, your locatio and demand. Rates are high gest cities, lowest in small

Average range for gener is $1.40 to $3 an hour. Spe pays more. Check your lo ployment office, temporary newspaper ads for going town.

INFORMAL TEACHIN WHAT YOU KNOW. That



By the box or jar: fresh-fruit good.



With at least 26 berries like these in every jar like this, how must Kraft Pure Strawberry Preserves taste? The strawberriest best!

Donut Fundae: Split plain donut in half. Layer with Kraft Strawberry Preserves. Top with scoop of vanilla ice cream. Spoon on more Preserves. Funday sundae!

KRAFT

See "The Kraft Music Hall," Wednesday Nights, NBC-TV.

skill, talent or knowledge that
e and others might want to
could be something that you
granted and have never con-
s a teaching possibility.
ikely subjects for lesson-giving:
art, craft, exercise, music,
, athletics, gardening.
OU WORK: Much depends on
ntele and subject. If you teach
ldren, you'll most likely work
ool and Saturdays. Schedules
ts usually run during school
d evenings.
CH YOU CAN EARN: Your repu-
ne demand for your subject, and
g rates in your community all
your financial take. Voice, in-
and language instruction may
s than, say, art or exercise or
because the latter are usually
group lessons.
OU GET STARTED: Let people
r're available for lessons, using
nouth, a classified ad, a mailer,
don't forget pinning notices to
oards in clubs and schools.
your board of education and
ty groups to find out if there is
or people who teach your sub-
if a license is required.

NURSERY SCHOOL. A good
chool often fills a definite com-
eed.
OU NEED: Enough clean space
equipment, indoors and out;
cilities, child-size tables and
or chairs; a health-department
on your home and equipment;
l/or city license, if required;
nd ample insurance coverage.
OU WORK: Your personal sched-
ule and the needs of your clientele will determine this.
HOW MUCH YOU CAN EARN: Chances are you'll find a large part of your profits going back into your school. Government booklets on how to set up a nursery school caution against doing this purely as a profit-making venture.
HOW YOU GET STARTED: The government's Small Business Administration's *Counseling Notes on Children's Day Nursery* states, "You may be able to obtain considerable information concerning the need for the type and size nursery you wish to establish from your local health and welfare departments . . . from the superintendent of your local public-school system . . . and perhaps even from your local Chamber of Commerce."

Check local and state authorities on regulations for home nursery schools.

OUTINGS FOR CHILDREN. Any area offering enough children and points of interest is ripe for this fun-and-profit business. Weekend ski trips, for instance, can corral a dozen young people per trip and net you $60 or $70 a week while the snow lasts. Any big city has other business-venture possibilities with children. These may be more for fun than profit and can be designed as a mutual-benefit affair—to give kids an on-the-town kind of freedom *with* supervision, and parents a Saturday and/or Sunday for themselves.

There is much in both the city and the country that can hold a world of fascination for the young. Children from farm areas can be driven into the nearest big town, while there are children in towns and cities all over the U.S. who've never seen real farm animals. **END**

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 94–97.



7333 7194 7184 7240 7312 7201 4839 1692

VOGUE 7333 Misses two-piece dress; 8–16; $2. Dress requires 3⅞ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 10.*

VOGUE 7194 Misses coordinates; 10–16; $2. Tunic dress requires 2½ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12.

VOGUE 7184 Misses dress; 10–16; $1.50. Dress requires 3½ yards of 38-in. fabric without nap for size 12. For a more delicate finish, we bound the sleeve with a narrow bias band instead of the tailored cuff.

VOGUE 7240 Misses dress; 8–16; $1.50. Short dress requires 2½ yards of 45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12.

VOGUE 7312 Misses dress; 8–16; $2. Dress requires 2½ yards of 44/45-in. fabric with/without nap for size 12.

VOGUE 7201 Adolfo hat; 21½, 22, 23; $1. Hat requires ¾ yard of 44/45-in. fabric without nap for size 22.

BUTTERICK 4839 Misses sportswear; 8–16; $.75. Above-knee-length dress and slacks require 4¾ yards of 44/45-in. fabric without nap for size 12.

VOGUE 1692 Pucci pajamas and jacket; 10–16; $2.50. Shortened pajamas require 4½ yards of 35/36-in. fabric without nap for size 12. For this version, cut approx. 18-in. from bottom of pajama pattern. Make casing at bottom for elastic, and edge with 3⅜ yards of 3-in. lace.

*Pattern available by special order in early March.

Buy Vogue and Butterick Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.† Also available in Canada. †Calif. and Pa. residents add sales tax.

Savory **swiss steak** bakes blissfully in a "dutch oven" of Reynolds Wrap.

Why, specifically, Reynolds Wrap? Because Reynolds Wrap is **oven-tempered for flexible strength.** A special kind of strength that resists tearing, seals tight, holds in flavor. Maybe that's why more women buy **Reynolds Wrap** than all other foils combined.



Reynolds Wrap OVEN-TEMPERED for FLEXIBLE STRENGTH HEAVY DUTY FOIL

Reynolds Wrap... wouldn't you hate to be without it?

SWISS BLISS

½ tablespoon butter or margarine
2 pounds chuck steak, cut 1-inch thick
1 envelope onion soup mix
½ pound mushrooms, sliced
½ green pepper, sliced
1-pound can tomatoes, drained and chopped (reserve juice)
¼ teaspoon salt
Freshly ground pepper
½ cup juice from canned tomatoes
1 tablespoon A-1 Steak Sauce
1 tablespoon cornstarch
20-inch sheet of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Assorted garnishes as desired

Spread center of Reynolds Wrap with butter or margarine. Cut steak into serving portions. Arrange on foil, slightly overlapping each portion. Sprinkle with onion soup mix, mushrooms, green pepper, tomatoes. Season. Mix juice, A-1 Sauce and cornstarch. Pour over meat and vegetables. Bring foil up over and double-fold edges to seal tightly. Bake 2 hours in moderate (365°F.) oven. Roll back foil and sprinkle with parsley. Makes 4 generous servings.



Elegant at any price

Introducing the new Star Sapphire glass. Finely tapered, blue tinted, brilliant starred base. Elegant at any price,

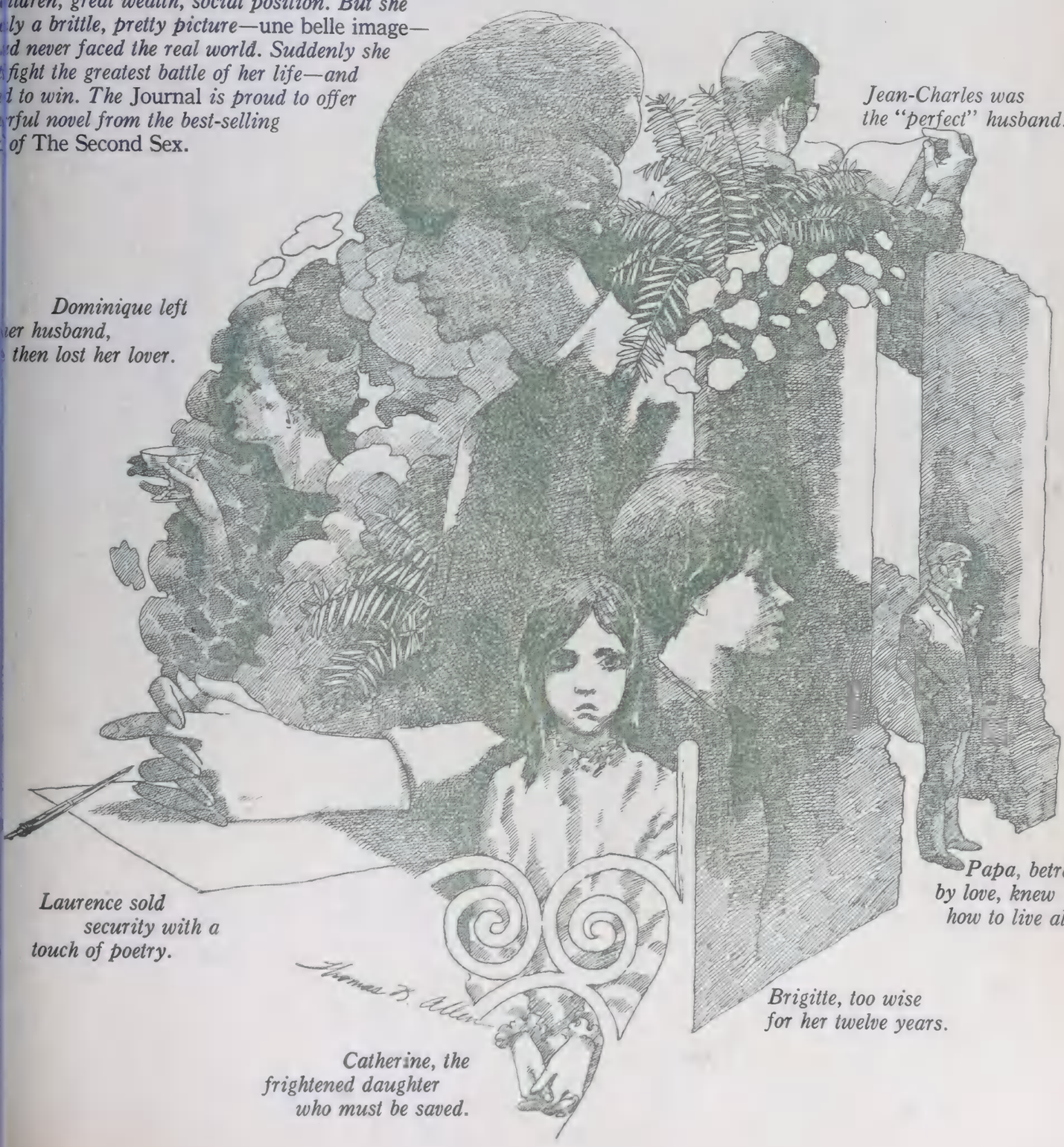
yours for the price of Duz.

dies' Home Journal Book Bonus/March, 1968

Les Belles Images

by Simone de Beauvoir

nce led an ideal life: she had an adoring husband
ildren, great wealth, social position. But she
ly a brittle, pretty picture—une belle image—
d never faced the real world. Suddenly she
fight the greatest battle of her life—and
l to win. The Journal *is proud to offer*
rful novel from the best-selling
of The Second Sex.



Jean-Charles was the "perfect" husband.

Dominique left her husband, then lost her lover.

Laurence sold security with a touch of poetry.

Papa, betrayed by love, knew how to live alone.

Brigitte, too wise for her twelve years.

Catherine, the frightened daughter who must be saved.

A thoroughly successful weekend!" said Jean-Charles to his wife, Laurence. They were driving back to Paris from *Feuverolles*, her mother's house in the country.

Laurence turned to her children, Catherine and Louise, in the back seat of the car. "Did you have fun, poppets?"

"Oh, yes!" they said enthusiastically.

But once again Laurence wondered: What have the others got that I haven't? Oh, there were days like that, when everything was wrong; she ought to be used to it. Yet what *was* wrong? Sudden indifference, remoteness, as though she did not belong among her family at all. Her nervous breakdown of five years back had been explained to her; quantities of young wives went through crises of that kind. Her mother, Dominique, who was a radio personality, had advised her to get out of the house and to work—and once Jean-Charles had seen how much she earned as an advertising copywriter he was all for it. Now there was no reason for her to crack. She had as much work as she could do, and people all around her: her life was happy.

Gilbert's Ferrari passed them, with Dominique waving and her wispy scarf streaming in the wind. And Gilbert, her lover for the past seven years, a fabulously wealthy and important man, was extraordinary for fifty-six. A fine pair.

"They're well matched," said Jean-Charles. "For their age, a fine pair."

A pair. Laurence looked attentively at Jean-Charles. He was watching the road carefully, and she saw his profile, which had stirred her so eleven years ago, and still moved her. From the front Jean-Charles was no longer quite the same. His face was set, like all other faces. From the side his mouth seemed less decided, his eyes more dreamy. That was how she had first seen him, that was how she saw him when he was away, and when she was in the car next to him while he drove. They fell silent. Their silence was like a secret agreement, an understanding too deep for speech. An illusion, perhaps. But as the children dozed in the back and Jean-Charles remained quiet, Laurence chose to believe in it.

All her anxiety had vanished by the time they reached home, and she settled herself at her desk "I must hit upon this idea," she said to herself, unscrewing her fountain pen. What a pretty advertisement this would make, what a pretty picture promising—security, happiness, and a touch of poetry. Laurence thought of that king who turned everything he touched into gold and whose little daughter became a splendid metal doll. Everything she touched turned into a picture.

Laurence had always been a picture. Dominique had seen to that; Dominique, whose childhood had been fascinated by pictures that were so different from her own life, had obstinately filled the gap between the two. ("You don't know what it is to have shoes with holes in them and to feel through your sock that you have walked on spit. You don't know what it is to see your friends with their hair beautifully washed nudging one another and sneering at you. No, you are not to go out with that mark on your skirt; go and change.") A faultless child, an accomplished adolescent, a perfect young woman. "You were so clean-cut, so fresh, so perfect," said Jean-Charles . . .

Everything had been clear, fresh, perfect at the hotel where Laurence had met Jean-Charles—the blue water in the swimming pool, the opulent sound of the tennis balls, the sharp white rock of the peaks, the rounded clouds in the smooth sky, the smell of the pines. Every morning when she opened her shutters, Laurence had gazed out at a splendid glossy photograph. In the hotel garden the young men and the girls had been dressed in white, brown-skinned, polished by the sun like charming pebbles. And Laurence and Jean-Charles had been in white, too, brown-skinned and polished. Suddenly, one evening coming back from a drive, his mouth had been on her mouth in the stopped car: sudden blaze, dizziness. Then for days and weeks on end she had been not just a picture anymore but flesh and blood, longing and delight. She had rediscovered that secret happiness that she had known long before, sitting at her father's feet while he talked . . .

"How's the idea coming along?" Jean-Charles asked, shaking Laurence out of her reminiscences.

"It'll come," she replied with a bright smile.

The husband's attentive look; the young wife's pretty smile. The idea would come. She knew her job.

All at once she got up. Was Catherine crying tonight as well?

Louise, her younger child, was asleep. But Catherine was gazing at the ceiling. Laurence bent over her. "Not asleep, darling? What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

Laurence kissed her, curious and puzzled. Mystery was not like Catherine; she was an open child—talkative, indeed. "Everyone thinks about something. Try to tell me."

Catherine hesitated for a moment; her mother's smile made up her mind for her. "Mama, why do people exist?"

That was exactly the sort of question children stunned you with when all you were trying to do was to sell something.

"Sweetie, Papa and I would be very, very sad if you *weren't* alive."

"But if you weren't alive either?"

"This afternoon, weren't you happy that you and I and everybody else was alive?"

"Yes."

Catherine did not seem convinced. Laurence had an inspiration. "People are alive to make one another happy," she said enthusiastically. She was quite proud of her reply.

With a wooden expression Catherine went on thinking. "But what about the people who aren't happy—why are they alive?"

Here they were: coming to the heart of the matter. "You've seen unhappy people? Where, darling?"

Catherine fell silent, with a frightened look. Where? They lived in a rich neighborhood: no tramps, no beggars. Books, then? School friends?

"Are there girls at school who are unhappy?"

"Oh, no!"

"I tell you what, we'll talk about it tomorrow. But if you know any unhappy people, we'll try and do something for them. You can treat sick people, give poor ones money—there are masses of things you can do."

"Are there really? For everybody?"

"I promise you we'll find something to be done. I promise," she repeated, stroking Catherine's hair. "Go to sleep now, We'll talk tomorrow."

Catherine slipped down in her l closed her eyes. Her mother's vo kisses had calmed her. But what a morrow? As a rule Laurence nev thoughtless promises—and never h been such a rash one as that.

Jean-Charles looked up when she to the study.

"Catherine told me about a drea Laurence, fibbing. Tomorrow she w him the truth, but she wanted to tr derstand before she did. What was was wrong? She had cried too, at Ca age—how she had cried! Perhaps t why she never cried anymore now. E ten-year-old daughter sobbed, perh was at fault—Dominique and Jean would both blame her. Her mot capable of advising her to see a analyst. Catherine read an immense a too much. The words would not l same meaning for her as they had rence. The world had made its v Catherine's life; it was frightening Laurence felt she ought to protect it. How could she get her daughter t the fact that there were unhappy How could she get her to believe t would stop being unhappy?

At the office Laurence wa ing the text for a new a ment. Her heart was "Behold the lacerated the woman who goe work," she said to h home she tried to slogans. In the c brooded about C For the last three days she ha thought of anything else.

The conversation had been long a dled. Laurence wanted to know wha what meeting had upset Catheri Catherine wanted to know was how ness could be eradicated. Laurence h about social workers who helped th the poor. About nurses and doctors v the sick.

"Can I be a doctor?"

"Certainly you can, if you go on hard."

Catherine's face lightened. The about her future.

"And what do *you* do for people unhappy?"

"I help Papa earn our living. It' of me that you will be able to go your education and cure the sick."

"And Papa?"

"He builds houses for people wh got any. That's also a way of helpi you see." (Horrible lie.) Catherine puzzled. Why wasn't everybody give to eat? Laurence started asking again, and in the end Catherine spo a poster she had seen.

The power of the image. "Two the world goes hungry," and tha beautiful face, with eyes too big and closed upon a terrible secret. In L eyes that poster was a sign. In C it was a little boy of her own age hungry. There were so many thin didn't notice—or rather they did, passed on because they knew ther point in stopping. What was the guilty conscience? You were oblig

English translation copyright © 1968 by Collins, Publishers, and G. P. Putnam's Sons. From the novel, "Les Belles Images," by Simone de Beauvoir, translated by Patrick O'Brien, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the horrors of this world; there were
ny of them. You saw them all in
or on television, and you ignored
They must inevitably vanish; it was
uestion of time. But children lived in
ent. "They ought to think of the chil-
hey ought never to stick pictures like
on the walls," said Laurence to herself.
s evening Papa will explain every-
Laurence ended up by saying.

To begin with, Jean-Charles' paternalistic tone had embarrassed her. He had delivered a very clear, very convincing little speech: Up until now the different parts of the world had been a great way from one another, but that poster proved that we wanted things
ge. Nowadays it was possible to pro-
ore food than before and to carry it
e rich countries to the poor ones—
ere organizations that were seeing to
-Charles grew lyrical as he did every
summoned up the future. Catherine
, fascinated. She could see the or-
nd the waving fields.
one will be unhappy anymore, in ten
me?"
n't say that. But everybody will have
to eat; and everybody will be much
"
in a voice full of conviction she said,
d much rather have been born ten
ter."
Charles laughed, proud of his daugh-
wardness. He was satisfied with her
ance at school, and he did not take
s seriously.

nce closed her office and got into her
erfulness bubbling up inside her. In
gination she was already in her father's
he rue de l'Université, crammed with
nd smelling strongly of tobacco as a
r's place should. Unfortunately she
ayed there long. It was her father she
est, though she saw much more of
her, Dominique. My whole life has
e that, she thought. It was my father
and my mother who formed me.
becoming more and more impossible
" she said to him when she arrived.
take the words right out of my
'
her father even trivialities weren't
because of the collusive gleam in his
ey both loved complicity. The mis-
s gleam reappeared as he asked,
s your mother?"
reat form."
s is she copying at present?"
s an old gag between them. Dominique
ays imitating somebody.
ink at present it's Jacqueline Verde-
has the same hairdo and she's aban-
'ardin for Balenciaga."
sees the Verdelets? That riffraff. . . .
e that she's never minded what kind
d she shakes . . ." He went off into a
about Dominique's social life.
im these words had meaning. He had
ove with Dominique. And with whom
om her? No one; otherwise that dis-
d line wouldn't be at the corner of
th.
ust be a hopeless old idealist—I've
tried to make my life coincide with
ciples," he said.

"Personally I don't have any principles," said Laurence sadly.

"You don't wave them about, but you are straight, which is far better than the other thing," said her father warmly.

She laughed; she felt fine. What was there she would not give for praise from him? He was incapable of a low compromise or scheme and he was indifferent to money—unique.

"I'm going to play you something very fine, a new recording of *L'Incoronazione di Poppea.*"

Laurence tried to concentrate. She looked at her father. He alone possessed the ability to be delightful company for himself! She wondered where his secret lay and whether she would ever be able to discover it. She did not listen to the record; music bored her.

"Yes, it's perfectly splendid," she lied fervently, as the record ended.

"I knew you'd like it. Shall I play the other side?"

"Not today. I want to ask your advice. About Catherine."

When she had finished telling him about her daughter's anxieties, he thought for a while. "Everything is all right between Jean-Charles and you?"

"Perfect."

"You answer very quickly."

"It's quite true, everything is fine. I don't have his energy, but that cancels out and balances things for the children. Unless I'm too absentminded."

"Because of your work."

"No. I have the feeling that I'm absent-minded in general. But not with the children; no, I don't think so."

Her father said nothing. "What answer can I give Catherine?" she asked.

"There's no answer to give."

"But I must reply. 'Why does one exist?' That's abstract, I'm not too worried by that question. But unhappiness: that's so wounding for a child."

"Even through unhappiness joy can be found. But it's not easy to convince a ten-year-old girl of that."

"Well then?"

"Well then, I will try to talk to her and understand what's worrying her. Then I'll tell you."

Laurence stood up. "I must go; it's time."

Maybe Papa would be cleverer than Jean-Charles or she; he knew how to talk to children—he hit the right tone with everyone.

When he arrived at the flat he told the children stories that made them laugh, and asked questions without seeming to do so. Take the moon: it would be fun to walk about on it—would they be afraid of going there? No, not at all—it would be no more dangerous than taking a plane. Did they do astronomy at the *lycée?* No. But they had fun, said Louise. Catherine talked about her friend Brigitte, who was a year older than she and so intelligent, and about her French mistress, who was rather stupid. Stupid in what way? She said stupid things. There was nothing more to be got out of the child.

"Don't you think that Laurence is worrying over nothing?" asked Jean-Charles when they were alone with her father. "At Catherine's age all intelligent children ask themselves questions."

"But why those particular questions?" said Laurence. "She leads a very sheltered life."

"What life is sheltered nowadays, with the papers, the television and the movies?" asked her father.

"As for television, I do take great care," said Laurence. "And we don't leave newspapers lying around." She had forbidden Catherine to read the papers. She had explained, with examples, that when one does not know very much there is the danger of getting things wrong.

"Still, you can't oversee everything. Do you know Catherine's new friend?" her father asked.

"No," Laurence replied.

"Tell her to bring her home. Try to find out what she and Catherine talk about."

"At any rate, Catherine is cheerful and healthy, and she works well," said Jean-Charles. "There's no need to wring one's hands over a little fit of oversensitivity."

Laurence wanted to think that Jean-Charles was right. When she went to kiss them goodnight the children were bounding about and shrieking with laughter. She laughed, too, and tucked them in. But she remembered Catherine's anxious face. Who was Brigitte?

She went back to the living room. Her father and Jean-Charles were engaged in one of those arguments they had every Wednesday.

Her father was talking. "The children of this generation think it perfectly natural that men should walk about in space. Nothing amazes anybody anymore. Presently technical achievement will become nature itself and we shall live in a totally inhuman world."

"Why inhuman?" Jean-Charles asked. "Man's aspect will alter: he can't be imprisoned in one rigid, unchanging concept. But leisure will allow him to rediscover those values you prize so highly—individuality, art . . ."

Papa will be going in a minute, thought Laurence, and once more I shall not have made the most of his being here. What's the matter with me?

Your father is a perfect example of the man who refuses to enter the twentieth century," said Jean-Charles an hour later.

"As for you, you live in the twenty-first," said Laurence, smiling.

She settled at her desk. She had to go carefully through the recent survey in depth conducted by her firm; she opened the file. It was wearisome; indeed, it was depressing. Smoothness, brilliance, shine; the dream of icy perfection; erotic values and infantile values; speed, domination, warmth, security. Was it possible that all tastes could be explained by such primitive phantasms?

"Did you ask yourself a great many questions when you were little?" Laurence asked her husband, pierced suddenly by the memory of Catherine.

"I imagine so."

"You don't remember what?"

"No."

He was reading. She might read, too. Read what? Books don't say anything to me anymore, she thought. But I ought to try to be better informed; I've grown so ignorant. She lacked time, and finding ideas and writing advertising slogans was growing into an obsession. Laurence reached out for *Le Monde,* lying on a low table. Discouraging: you ought never to lose the thread, otherwise you are all at sea; everything you read about always began some time ago.

She folded up the paper. "Why does one exist?"—as though there were an answer to Catherine's question. One did. The thing to do was to take no notice but go at it with a run and to keep on going right on until you died. Her impetus had been lost five years ago when she had her nervous breakdown, but she set off again. She had settled accounts with herself. She returned to the advertisement she was working on. The children were asleep; Jean-Charles was reading. She felt her life around her, full, warm, cocoon-like; and all that was needed was a little care to prevent anything breaking in.

"Why does Gilbert want to see me?" she wondered as she waited for her mother's lover to let her into his flat. "Don't tell Dominique," he had said on the telephone. There had been fear in his voice. Cancer? Or perhaps heart?

"Thank you for coming."

"A drop of whisky?"

"No thanks." Her throat was dry. "What's the matter?" She sat in the chair he offered.

"You know Dominique well. You can advise me."

Either heart or cancer. It must be serious for Gilbert to ask Laurence's advice. But he said, "I'm in love with a girl." The words hung up there in the air, unexpected and bewildering.

"How do you mean?"

"In love—you know, love. With a girl of nineteen. It's by no means unusual nowadays for a man of over fifty to love a girl of nineteen." There was the beginning of a fat smile on his mouth as he spoke in a fatherly tone, as if he were explaining a very simple fact to a backward child.

No, cried Laurence silently. Mama! My poor Mama! "Well then?"

"Well then, we are going to be married."

This time she cried out loud, "But that's impossible!"

"My wife, Marie-Claire, agrees to the divorce. She knows Patricia and she's very fond of her."

"Patricia?"

"Yes. Lucile de Saint-Chamont's daughter." Lucile de Saint-Chamont had once been Gilbert's mistress—he had left her for Dominique.

"It's impossible!" said Laurence again. "You're not going to leave Dominique? Seven years!"

"Precisely." He had put on his cynical voice and his mouth was again pouting into a smile. He was plainly and simply a cad.

Laurence felt her heart beating very hard, very fast; she was living in one of those nightmares where you do not know whether things are really happening to you. "But Dominique loves you. She thinks you are going to finish your life together. She will never bear being deserted."

"You bear things, you know," said Gilbert. "You bear them. Come, don't look so aghast. Your mother is resilient. She's perfectly aware that a woman of fifty-one is older than a man of fifty-six. She's very much attached to her career and her social life—she'll make the best of it. I'm only wondering: what is the best way of breaking it to her?"

"Any way is bad."

Gilbert looked at Laurence with that attentive air that had earned him his reputation as a charmer. "I have a great deal of confidence in your judgment. Should I just tell her that I don't love her anymore, or should I speak about Patricia right away?"

"Oh, don't do that!" begged Laurence. "She couldn't bear it."

"I shall speak to her tomorrow afternoon. Manage things so that you see her in the evening. She'll need someone. The thing is to hurt her as little as possible."

Laurence stood up and walked toward the door. He took her arm. "Don't tell her about this conversation."

"I shall do what I choose."

Gilbert mumbled banalities behind her; she did not give him her hand; she slammed the door; she hated him. Her feet crushed the dead leaves as she walked, and all round her there was fear, as thick as a fog; but one hard, clear fact shone through the murk: I hate him! And she thought, Dominique will hate him! Dominique was proud, she was strong. She would suffer, but her pride would save her. Suppose I were to go and warn her, right away. Laurence sat there motionless at the wheel of her car. Suddenly she was sweating and she felt like being sick. Impossible that Dominique should hear the words Gilbert meant to say to her.

That evening Laurence took the elevator to her mother's apartment. She wiped her moist hands.

"I'm not disturbing you? I couldn't get you on the phone, and I want to ask your advice." It was terribly obvious, for she never asked her mother for advice; but Dominique had scarcely taken notice.

"Come in," she said. Dominique's eyes were swollen. Had she been crying? In a voice of almost triumphant challenge she said, "I've something terrific to tell you!"

"What?"

"Gilbert has just told me he loves another woman."

"It's a joke! Who?"

"He didn't tell me. He only said we had to 'set our relationship on another footing.' A sweet phrase." The bantering voice trembled with fury. "He's ditching me!"

Laurence hesitated. "It's just a passing thing, I'm sure."

"Gilbert never has them—he only has full-blown desires." A sudden yell: "The swine! The swine!"

Laurence seized her mother by the shoulders. "Don't shout."

"I'll shout as much as I like. Swine, swine!"

Laurence would never have believed that her mother was capable of shouting like this. It was like bad melodrama. On the stage, fine, but not genuine cries, not in real life. The harsh voice soared, indecent in the insipidity of the drawing room. "Swine! Swine!"

Dominique collapsed on the divan. "Just imagine it," she sobbed. "He's ditching me like a shopgirl."

"What did he say exactly?"

Tears were streaming down Dominique's face. "That he owed me the truth. That he had the highest opinion of me, he admired me—the usual. But he loved someone else." She wiped her eyes. "I can just hear them, all my dear, loving friends. 'Gilbert Mortier has chucked Dominique.' How delighted they'll be!"

"Replace him, show them you can do without him."

"He'd be charmed! Don't you see how that would suit him?" She stood up, and walked across the drawing room. She gave La a savage look. "He was my last chance you understand?"

"Oh, no."

"Of course he was. At fifty-one a doesn't remake her life." In an obsesse she said, "I'll get him back! By any m

"Any means?"

"If I find a way of bringing pres bear on him."

"But what would be the point of him against his will?"

"Keeping him *would* be the point. be a jilted woman."

She sat down again, with her eyes her mouth closed tight. Wearily sh "Go home, I have to think."

"Will you be able to sleep?"

"At all events I shan't overdo the turates, if that's what's worrying you took Laurence's hands in an unusual, rassing gesture: "Try to find out wh woman is."

"I don't know Gilbert's set."

"Try, nevertheless."

Laurence was silent. She loathed fair superiority of the one who knew one who did not. Tell her? She could

She walked slowly down the stairs was something knotted in her chest th vented her from breathing. She wou liked to melt with tenderness and sorr there was still Dominique's cry in h she could still see her mother's wicke Fury and wounded vanity, a pain as ing as the heartbreak of love; with in it. Tomorrow, the day after, *so* Gilbert would tell her everything. H had echoed there in the drawing ro it would echo again: "The swine! The

When Lau reached ho found Cather Brigitte in Cat room, in the da switched on th Brigitte got up. *m'dame.*" Straig Laurence noticed safety pin stuck in the hem of her skirt- without a mother, Catherine had told h thin, brown hair cut very short an dirty, a faded blue pullover; better c she might have been pretty. The ro a mess—chairs upside-down, cush the floor.

"I'm very glad to see you." I kissed Catherine. "What are you play

"We are talking."

"But all this mess?"

"Oh, we and Louise were fooling a little while ago."

"We'll tidy everything," said Brig

"There's no hurry."

Laurence turned an armchair the r up and sat down. "What were you about?"

"Oh, we were just talking," said C

Standing there, Brigitte examin rence, not brazenly but with open Laurence was somewhat embarrasse table there was the *Don Quixote* th erine had lent her friend. Laurence up. "Did you like it? Do sit down."

Brigitte sat down. "I didn't finish gave Laurence a very pretty smil child's smile at all. "I get bored whe is too long. And then I like true st

"Historical things?"

nd travels; and what you read in
ipers."
our Papa let you read the papers?"
ked taken aback, confused; in a
ice she murmured, "Yes."
as right, Laurence thought. You
vise everything. If Brigitte brings
s to school, if she tells what she has
em—all those horrible police-court
kedly ill-treated children, children
y their own mothers . . .
u understand it all?" Laurence
itte.
ther explains."
ther was a student, her father a
ne with those two men. Not much
n. Jean-Charles said that girls who
thers matured faster than others;
at was why Brigitte already had
f a little woman.
e looked at her watch. Quarter to
herine has to go and get ready for
pect they are waiting for you, too,

eat when we like in my house,"
id offhandedly.
condition was plain enough—a
child growing up just as chance
ve it. How childish Catherine
t to her! It would have been kind
new friend for dinner. But Jean-
athed anything unexpected. And
lidn't know why, but she did not
want him to meet Brigitte.
s time you went home. But wait a
'll put a stitch in your skirt."
s ears suddenly went fiery red.
e don't bother."
s ugly."
id it as soon as I get back."
fix the pin, anyhow."
o, and Brigitte smiled. "How kind

d be nice if we got to know one an-
le better. Would you care to come
ée de l'Homme with Catherine and
Thursday?"
, please."
e took Brigitte as far as the front
whispered and giggled. I should
o sit in the dark with a little girl of
, giggling and whispering, thought
But Dominique always used to say,
your friend is very nice; but, my
g, how dreadfully commonplace
sister Marthe had a friend, the
f one of Papa's friends, a dull,
Not me. Ever.
ce, your friend," said Laurence.
e fun together."
e get good marks?"
, she's always top."
ren't as good as they were at the
of the month. You're feeling all

did not press it. "She's older than
s why they allow her to read news-
t you remember what I told you:
young."
nber."
u don't disobey?"
There were reservations in her

n't seem very sure of it."
hard to understand what Brigitte
u know."
e felt at a loss. She liked Brigitte.
ne having a good influence upon

"Did you show her the poster with the hungry little boy?"

"It was she who showed it to me."

That was yesterday. And Laurence's mind dwelt upon it. She saw Brigitte's smile again—"How kind you are"—and her heart melted. This friendship might be a good thing for Catherine; she was old enough to take an interest in what was happening in the world.

Laurence tried to concentrate upon *France-Soir*. Still another ghastly news item. Twelve years old; hanged himself in detention. Asked for bananas and a towel, and hanged himself. "Incidental expenses," Jean-Charles would say; there were necessarily incidental expenses in every community. Yes, necessarily. But for all that, this story would utterly horrify Catherine.

Gilbert. "In love—you know, love." What a swine! "Swine, swine!" Dominique had shrieked in the drawing room. This morning on the telephone she had said in a brooding voice that she had slept well, and she had hung up very quickly. What could Laurence do for her? Nothing. It was so rare that one could do anything for anybody. . . . For Catherine, yes. Do it, then. Know how to answer her questions and even anticipate them. Bring her to the discovery of reality without frightening her. From time to time Laurence made resolutions but without really intending to keep them. This time it was different. It was a question of Catherine. She would never forgive herself if she were to fail.

CRISIS BETWEEN FRANCE AND ALGERIA. Laurence read half the article, put it down.

When Catherine came back from school she had seemed cheerful. Now she was waiting for Brigitte so they could do their Latin translation together. What did they talk about? When Laurence questioned her, Catherine was evasive. She didn't think the child distrusted her; it was rather that they lacked a common language. She had let her run very free and at the same time she had treated her as a baby; she couldn't hit upon a point of contact—couldn't get through. CRISIS BETWEEN FRANCE AND ALGERIA.

"*Bonjour m'dame.*" Brigitte held out a little bunch of Dresden daisies.

"Thank you; how sweet of you."

"Look, I have sewn my hem."

"Oh, yes. It's really much better like that."

When they had met in the entrance of the Musée de l'Homme the pin was still there in Brigitte's skirt. Laurence had not said anything, but the child had noticed her look and her ears had gone red. One did not have to be a seer to detect the orphan child's uncertainty behind the grown-up ways.

"You and Catherine are going to do a Latin translation?" she said now.

"Yes."

"And then you'll gossip like a couple of old market women." Laurence hesitated. "Brigitte, don't tell Catherine miserable things."

Brigitte's face and neck flushed scarlet. "What have I said that I oughtn't have?"

"Nothing in particular." Laurence smiled comfortingly. "Only Catherine is still very young; she often cries at night; there are a great many things that frighten her."

"Oh, I see." Brigitte looked more disconcerted than sorry. "But if she asks me questions, am I to say you've told me not to answer?"

Now it was Laurence who was confused. "What questions?"

"I don't know. About what I've seen on television."

Oh yes, there was that, too—television. Sometimes they showed almost unbearable scenes; and for a child pictures were more striking than words.

"What have you seen on television these last few days?"

"Oh, lots of things."

"Sad things?"

Brigitte looked straight at Laurence. "I think lots of things are sad. Don't you?"

"Oh, yes, of course I do. But I haven't watched the latest programs. What struck you particularly?"

"Those girls on assembly lines who put rounds of carrot on fillets of herring," said Brigitte impulsively.

"How do you mean?"

"Just like that. They put rounds of carrot on fillets of herring all day long. They were not much older than me. I'd rather die than live like that!"

"It can't be quite the same for them."

"Why not?"

"They've been brought up differently."

"They didn't look as though they liked it much," said Brigitte.

"All right. You go and do your translation. And thank you for the flowers," said Laurence.

Brigitte did not move. "I mustn't tell Catherine?"

"What about?"

"Those girls."

"Of course you can," said Laurence. "It's only when there's something you think absolutely ghastly that it would be better to keep it to yourself. I'm afraid of Catherine having nightmares."

I handled it badly, thought Laurence. She was not pleased with herself. "Well, anyhow, I depend on you. Just take a little care, that's all," she finished awkwardly.

Have I become insensitive, or is Brigitte unusually vulnerable? she asked herself when the door had closed. "Rounds of carrot all day long." No doubt if girls earned their living like that it was because they were incapable of doing more interesting work. But that did not make it any more amusing for them. Am I right or am I wrong to mind it so little?

CRISIS BETWEEN FRANCE AND ALGERIA. Laurence read the rest of the article. Then she set about her work—a script for a brand of shampoo. It was late. There was noise coming from the far end of the flat. Was Brigitte still there? And what was Louise up to? Laurence crossed the hall. In her room Louise was weeping, and there were tears in Catherine's voice. "Don't cry," she was saying, "I promise you I don't like Brigitte better than you. You're the one I love best. I like having Brigitte to talk to, but you're my own little sister."

"Am I? Am I really?"

Laurence tiptoed away. The sweet sorrows of childhood. It did not matter that Catherine was not working so well. Her sensitivity was ripening; she was learning things she could not be taught: sympathy, comfort, give and take, shades of meaning in voices and expressions. For a moment Laurence felt a warmth about her heart—a precious warmth,

and so rare. What could she do so that later on Catherine would never be starved of it?

The children had gone to the country the evening before with Papa, and Laurence was taking advantage of their absence to tidy their rooms. Maybe Brigitte had not told Catherine about the television program that had impressed her so; in any case, Catherine had not reacted much. She had been in the highest of spirits yesterday as she and Louise got into their grandfather's car. Laurence was the one who had let the story about the assembly-line girls worry her—rather foolishly, all things considered. She found it harder to bear the idea of a dull wretchedness repeated day after day than that of great disasters.

She wondered how other people coped with this kind of wretchedness, and she had questioned Jean-Charles about it. He scarcely took any interest at all in her questions, but still he did answer her. A girl of sixteen condemned to an utterly stupid blind alley of a job—it was lousy. But who was happy? Did she know any happy people? What about me? thought Laurence. Am I happy? I lack something that other people possess unless they don't have it either. Maybe when Dominique sighs, "It's wonderful," and when Jean-Charles smiles they are not really feeling any more than I do. Only Papa . . .

Laurence had had him all to herself last Wednesday, once the children were in bed. Essentially, Jean-Charles and Papa agreed. Everyone was unhappy; everyone could find happiness—the one amounted to the other. Could she explain to Catherine that people were not so unhappy as all that since they clung to life? Laurence hesitated. Was that true? Dominique loathed her life, but she had not the slightest wish to die—that was unhappiness. And again there was that emptiness, that void which was worse than death although you preferred it to death. She had gone through that feeling of hopelessness five years ago, and still felt the horror of it. And the fact was that people did kill themselves—he asked for bananas and a towel—because in reality there was something worse than death. That was what chilled your spine when you read an account of a suicide: not the frail corpse hanging from the window bars but what happened inside that heart immediately before.

No, when I really think it over, said Laurence to herself, Papa's answers are only valid for himself; he has always borne everything stoically—even Mama's deserting him. It was only he who could take vivid pleasure in that very austere, retired life that he had chosen for himself.

"Are you ready?" asked Jean-Charles. They went to the garage. "Let me drive," said Laurence. "You're too much on edge."

He smiled good-temperedly. "As you like." And he moved over. He had been having it out with Vergne, the head of the architectural firm where he worked. He did not talk about it, but he looked dark and gloomy, and in moods like this he drove dangerously fast, braking violently and bursting into rages.

As the car came out of a tunnel, Laurence accelerated, scanning the rearview mirror. Overtake, fall back, overtake, fall back. Saturday evening: Paris was emptying. She loved driving, and Jean-Charles never uttered a word. She smiled. He did not have many faults, all in all; and when they were driving side by side she always had the illusion—though she was not one for traps of this kind—that they were "made for each other."

She left the motorway and took a little, deserted road. It was already dark. Suddenly a redheaded cyclist shot into the beam of her headlights from a track on the right. She gave the wheel a violent turn, the car shot across the road and overturned in the ditch.

"Are you all right?"

"Fine," said Jean-Charles. "What about you?"

"Fine."

He switched off the ignition. The door opened. "Are you hurt?"

"No."

A party of cyclists, youths and girls, were standing round the car as it lay there motionless, upside-down, with its wheels still turning slowly. "You utter fool!" Laurence shouted at the red-haired boy. But what a relief! She had really believed that she had run over him. She flung herself into Jean-Charles' arms. "Such luck, darling. Not a scratch!"

He did not smile. "The car's wrecked."

"Oh, the car—yes. But that's better than if it were you or me."

Some motorists had stopped. One of the youths explained. "This fool here wasn't looking where he was going. He shot in front of the car, so the young lady went over to the left."

The redhead stammered out apologies; the others thanked her: "He owes you his life!"

At the side of that wet road, next to the shattered car, she felt happiness bubbling up inside her, as intoxicating as champagne. She loved the idiot cyclist because she had not killed him, and his friends, who were smiling at her, and these unknown people who were offering to take them back to Paris. And suddenly her head swam and she lost consciousness.

She came to again in the back of a Citroën. Jean-Charles said they would have to buy another car and that they wouldn't get 2,000 francs for the wreck; he was vexed, understandably, but what Laurence found less acceptable was that he seemed to be cross with her. After all, it was not her fault; indeed she was rather proud of having landed in the ditch so gently; but when all was said and done, every husband was convinced that he could manage a car better than his wife. "Nobody could have got out of that one without smashing the car," she said.

"It really doesn't seem very clever to me," he replied. "We only had a third-party-collision policy."

"You wouldn't really have wanted me to kill the boy?"

"You wouldn't have killed him. You might have broken his leg. . . ."

"I might perfectly well have killed him."

"Well, it would have served him right. Everybody would have given evidence in your favor."

She sat in her father's flat and told him of her accident. When she finished, he said, "Well, there you are, my poor child! You weren't too frightened?"

"No," said Laurence. "I was so glad I hadn't run over the cyclist." She was no longer so glad, though she could hardly tell why.

"You know what I wonder?" he said. "If you had had the children in the c you have tried to save the cyclist?

"I don't know," said Laurence. S Jean-Charles is a part of me, we mak she thought. She had behaved as i alone. But to put her daughters in spare someone she had never ev how absurd! But what about Jean He was the one who was sitting in t seat. He had something to be cr after all.

Her father went on, "Yesterda was driving with the children, I w mown down a whole orphanage r endanger their lives."

They laughed together. And to I've never spent a weekend with thought sadly.

"Louise is an uncommonly kno creature." he said. "But it's Cathe most like you. When you were th had the same gravity."

"Yes, I was like her," said Laur "It seems to me that her imagi developed a great deal."

He changed the subject abruptl mother flourishing?"

Laurence hesitated. "Things are well with her and Gilbert Mortie he's going to leave her."

"She must be struck all of a hea sardonically.

"For the moment she's very Laurence understood her father's he had loved Dominique, and sh him. But Dominique *was* a pitiful

"Gilbert Mortier!" he explo whole career has been made up of and schemes and publicity. And t Dominique wanted me to become

"You couldn't have."

"I could if I had swum about i muck he does."

"That's what I mean," Laurer thinking as she did, Dominique's of understanding—"he's chosen m

No, Laurence thought. He's ch with no dirty compromises, a life w think, with time for cultivated leis of that hectic existence they lea nique's set; and that I lead, too, ruefully to herself.

"You can cope with anything- any situation, but that's not wi body's reach," she said aloud.

"What I can do anyone can d exceptional."

"I think you are," said Laur tionately. "Take solitude, for exa are not many people who can put

"Because they don't really try. est happinesses have come to me alone."

"Are you really contented with

"I've never done anything that myself for."

"You're lucky," she said.

"You're not content with your

"Oh, but I am! Only I do repr for things—I don't look after my well as I ought; I neglect you."

"You have your home and you

"Yes; but still . . . my life is t up. For example, I have to go ba minute," she said, getting to her

"What are you going to do wit Would you like me to lend you m

"I shouldn't like to deprive yo

"No deprivation at all, I m strolling along the streets."

quite typical of him, she thought
ely as she settled behind the wheel
He can be rough on occasion; but
attentive and always so ready to
ne still felt the warm twilight of the
l her. Unclutter my life, she thought.

ten o'clock in the evening when
e called.
at once," she said.
s the matter?"
you."
arles picked up his book again. In
d tone he asked, "What's up?"
ose Gilbert has told her who her
s."
a to-do."

For a moment she stood motionless at the foot of her mother's staircase. What was she going to find on the other side of the door? She went up the stairs; she rang.

"What's the matter?" she asked when her mother opened the door.

Dominique did not answer. Her hair was beautifully done; she was up; her eyes were dry, she was smoksly. "Gilbert has just left," she said, s voice. She took Laurence into the oom. "He's a swine. The biggest ginable. So's his wife. But I'll stand self. They want to get me down; succeed."

e looked at her questioningly; she hen Dominique spoke, the words slowly, clumsily. "I've found out oman is. I had thought it was Lunt-Chamont. I thought he'd gone r. But it isn't Lucile at all. It's her Patricia. That mentally deficient going to marry her!"

her?"

her. Can you imagine it?" She laughing, her head thrown back; d on and on, with her eyes fixed e deadly pale; big sinews stood out skin of her throat—suddenly it was woman's throat. In these cases you p people or throw water in their Laurence could not bring herself to h thing. She only said, "Be calm. ase, be calm."

ghing stopped. Dominique's head d; her face collapsed. She brought wn on the arm of her chair. "I've ll my life. And at twenty that silly s going to be the wife of one of the n in France. She'll still be young cks the bucket, leaving her half his you think that's justice?"

for justice . . . you succeeded in y yourself. That proves your size. you're strong and that you don't n about Gilbert . . ."

ink it's so good to succeed on your don't know what it means. What o do, what you have to put up with e a woman. I've been humiliated all g. With Gilbert . . ." Dominique's red. "With Gilbert I felt I was proeace at last, after all those years . . ."

, you ought to be proud of your- don't feel humiliated anymore. lbert; he's not worth regretting. t's hard and of course you'll need ou'll overcome these feelings."

humiliating, to be scrapped like a junk? Oh, I can just hear them

"There's nothing to laugh about."

"Still, they'll laugh, all right."

"Then, they're fools. Take no notice of them."

"But I can't. You don't understand. You're like your father—you float above it all. But for me, these are the people I live with."

"Don't see them anymore."

"Then who am I going to see?" Tears began to run down Dominique's pallid face. "It's bad enough being old. But I told myself that Gilbert would always be there. And now he's gone. Old and alone; it's appalling."

"You aren't old."

"I soon shall be."

"You aren't alone. You have me; you have us."

Dominique wept. She whispered, "A woman without a man is a woman entirely alone."

"You'll meet another man. Meanwhile you have your job."

"My job? Do you think that means anything to me? It did once, because I wanted to succeed. Now I have succeeded and I have nothing." Her eyes were fixed on the wall opposite her—a successful woman. Very impressive at a distance. But when you were alone, wholly, finally alone. . . . She shivered. "I shall not put up with it! I shall not bear it!"

"Travel."

"No! No! I shan't give in. I'll do something."

Dominique's face had grown so hard again that Laurence was frightened. "What? What can you do?"

"At all events I shall have my revenge."

"How do you mean?"

Dominique paused; a kind of smile twisted her mouth. "I am sure they've kept the girl in ignorance of her mother's old relationship with Gilbert. I'll tell her. And how he used to talk about Lucile."

"You'd never do that! It would be madness. You'd never go and see her!"

"No. But I can write to her."

"You're not speaking seriously?"

"Why not?"

"It would be revolting!"

"And what they're doing, that's not revolting?"

Laurence shivered. It was so dark in that heart; there were serpents writhing in it.

"It'll get you nowhere. You'll lower yourself in their eyes and the marriage will still take place."

"That I doubt," said Dominique. "Patricia is a ninny. That's just like Lucile: you have lovers, but Baby doesn't know anything about it . . ."

Laurence was dumfounded by Dominique's sudden vulgarity. Never had she spoken in this voice, in this horrible way. It was some other woman speaking, not Dominique. "So when Baby learns the truth, she'll have quite a shock."

"She's never done anything to you; it's not her."

"It's her, too." In an aggressive voice Dominique added, "Why are you defending them?"

"I'm defending you against yourself. You always told me that one has to be able to put up with dreadful blows."

"I'm not killing myself; I'm taking my revenge."

"They'll say you're lying."

"Patricia won't tell them anything," Dominique said.

"Suppose she does speak to them. They'll tell everybody."

"They aren't going to wash their dirty linen in public."

"But if they do? Can you imagine what people will think of you?"

"They'll think that I don't let myself be shoved around. I'm an old woman ditched in favor of a girl. I'd rather be hateful than ridiculous."

"I beg you ——"

"Oh, you make me tired," said Dominique. "All right, I shan't do it. There!" Once more her face came to pieces and she burst out sobbing. "I've never had any luck. Your father was no good. No good at all. And when at last I do meet a man, a real man, he throws me over for a nineteen-year-old idiot."

"Would you like me to stay the night?"

"No."

Laurence kissed her mother and closed the front door behind her. She drove slowly. Was Dominique going to write that letter or not? What to do? As soon as that question came up, what utter confusion! She had never decided anything; not her marriage, not her profession, nothing. Things happened to her. What to do? Ask Jean-Charles' advice?

"Oh Lord above, if you knew what a state Dominique was in!" she said. "Gilbert has told her everything."

"It was to be expected," Jean-Charles said drily.

"I had hoped she'd stand up to it better."

"There is so much involved. For one thing, she'll have to change her style of living."

Laurance stiffened. All right, Jean-Charles loathed pathos, but even so—that degree of indifference in his voice! "Dominique doesn't love Gilbert for his money."

"But he's got it, and that counts. It counts for everybody, you know," he said aggressively.

She did not reply, but went to her room. Obviously, he had not gotten over the 8,000 francs that the automobile accident was going to cost him. And he was holding her responsible for it. She snatched off her clothes. Anger was rising up inside her. I won't let myself get angry; I must sleep well, she thought. A glass of water, some exercises, a cold shower. For once she took a pill before getting into bed.

She was afraid of waking her mother the next morning, so she kept herself from telephoning until it was time to leave for the office.

"How are you?" she asked. "Did you sleep?"

"Splendidly, until four this morning." There was challenge in Dominique's voice.

"Only until four?"

"Yes. I woke up at four.' There was a pause, and then in a triumphant tone Dominique said, "I wrote to Patricia."

"Oh, no! No!" Laurence's heart began beating furiously. "You haven't sent the letter?"

"By special delivery, at five o'clock. I laugh when I think of her face, the poppet."

"Dominique! That's insane! She mustn't read that letter. Phone her; beg her not to open it."

"Phone her? Don't be silly. Anyhow, it's too late. She's read it by now."

Laurence said nothing. She hung up, and she just had time to reach the bathroom: a spasm wrenched her stomach. She had not been sick from emotion for years. She was afraid. Wildly, irrationally afraid. She drank a glass of water and returned to the study, where she flopped onto a sofa.

"Are you unwell, Mama?" asked Catherine.

"Just a little. It's nothing much. Go and do your homework."

"Are you unwell or are you sad? Is it because of Granny?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Just now you told me she was better; but you didn't seem to believe it." Catherine lifted an anxious but trusting face up to her mother. Laurence put her arm round the child and pressed her to her side.

"She's not really ill. Only she was going to marry Gilbert and now he doesn't love her anymore—he's going to marry someone else. So she's unhappy."

"Oh." Catherine thought. "What can we do?"

"Be very kind to her. Nothing else."

"Mama, will Granny grow wicked?"

"How do you mean?"

"Brigitte says that when people are wicked it's because they are unhappy."

"She told you that?" Laurence squeezed Catherine tighter. "No. Granny won't grow wicked. But take care when you see her; don't look as though you knew she was unhappy."

"I wish you weren't unhappy either," said Catherine.

"I'm happy because I have such a very good, kind little daughter. Go and do your homework and don't tell Louise anything about all this—she's too young. Promise?"

"I promise," said Catherine. She dabbed a kiss on her mother's cheek, and went off looking pleased.

Laurence sat in her office. Half-past eleven. Patricia must have had the letter by eight o'clock.

The telephone bell made Laurence jump. Gilbert said: "I very strongly advise you to go and see your mother." A harsh, cruel voice. He hung up.

Laurence dialed her mother's number. Far away the bell throbbed in the silence; you would have said the flat was empty. But from Gilbert's words Dominique must be there. Somebody in an empty flat—what did that mean? A body.

She ran; she got into her car and drove as fast as she could; she abandoned it on the no-parking side and ran up the stairs four at a time, too impatient to wait for the elevator; she rang three times. Silence. She kept her finger hard on the button.

"Who is it?"

"Laurence."

The door opened. But Dominique kept her back turned. She went into her bedroom, where the curtains were still drawn. In the gloom Laurence could make out a vase overturned on the floor, tulips scattered here and there, a pool of water on the carpet. Dominique flung herself into a low armchair. With her head thrown back and her eyes fixed on the ceiling, she wept. The front of her dressing gown was ripped, buttons torn off.

"He hit me."

Dominique spoke in a voice that belonged to no one. Gilbert had rung the bell at ten o'clock; she had opened the door. Straight away Gilbert kicked the door behind him. And there in the hall he had insulted Dominique and slapped her; he had gripped her by the collar of her dressing gown and dragged her into the bedroom . . . Dominique choked. "There's nothing left but to die," she gasped.

"Come! Don't sit there weeping—it would give him too much satisfaction," said Laurence. "Wash your face, have a shower, dress and let's get out of here."

How easy it would be if Laurence could take Dominique in her arms and comfort her. What was so distressing was the revulsion that was mixed with her pity—it was as though she were sorry for an injured toad; sorry, but unable to bring herself to touch it.

"Patricia showed him my letter!"

Laurence stared at her mother in amazement. "But, Dominique, I told you she would show it to him!"

"I didn't believe it. I thought she would be utterly disgusted and break things off. But she wants Gilbert's money."

For years and years Dominique had treated people as obstacles to be overcome; and she had overcome them. She had ended by no longer knowing that others existed in their own right, no longer understanding that they would not necessarily fall in with her plans.

"Put your clothes on," repeated Laurence. "Wear dark glasses and I'll take you to have lunch somewhere outside Paris where we shall be certain of meeting no one."

Laurence chose a restaurant that was almost all glass, perched on a height that looked out over a huge suburban landscape. Expensive, but not fashionable; Dominique's acquaintances did not go there. They picked a table.

Dominique sat down beside her. Laurence passed her the menu.

"I don't want anything."

"Never mind. Choose something."

"Choose for me." Dominique's lips trembled; she looked quite worn out. Her voice sank to humility. "Laurence, don't talk about this to anybody."

"Of course not."

"If only you knew what he said to me! It's horrible. He's a horrible man." Two tears flowed behind the dark glasses.

"Don't think about it anymore. Forbid yourself to think about it."

Laurence ordered. She knew that before her there lay hours and hours of going over and over the same thing again and again. But eventually she would have to leave Dominique. And what then?

Dominique made a sly, mad sort of a face. "At least I think I've rather spoiled their wedding for them," she said.

"I should like to find something really stunning for the Dufrenes," said Jean-Charles, looking over their Christmas list.

"We'll have to look in Papa's part of the world."

Laurence ran her eye absentmindedly over the figures that her husband was writing.

"Fifty francs for the servant isn't much," she commented.

"She's only been with us three months. We can't give her as much as if she had worked the whole year," Jean-Charles said.

Laurence was silent. She would take 100 francs of her own money; it was c having a job where you were give that your husband knew nothin There was no point in upsetting Jea

Catherine's December school re not going to please him at all. Still, make herself show it to him. "The brought their term's reports b terday." She passed him Louise third, second. Jean-Charles glanc indifferently. "Catherine's is not good."

He looked at it, and his face twelfth, ninth, eighth, fifteenth. "T French! She used to be first! W matter with her?"

"She doesn't like her teacher."

"And fifteenth in history, ninth i

The teachers' written comments help at all: "Could do better. Talk Absentminded."

"Have you been to see her teache

"I've seen the history mistress. Catherine looks tired and is noisy the fool. Girls often go through a that age. She told me there's no nee too much."

"It looks a pretty serious crisis t doesn't work and she cries at night. I want to speak to her."

"Don't scold her. Her marks ar strophic, after all."

In the children's room Catherine ing with Louise. She had been swe to her little sister ever since Louise for jealousy. There's nothing to about it, thought Laurence: Louise a funny, cute little creature; but C the one I prefer. Why had her wor like this?

"Sweetie, Papa wants to see you. ried about your report."

Catherine followed lence, her head r Jean-Charles look sternly. "Come n erine, tell me what' ter with you. Last were always in the fi He held the repor of her. "You don

"Oh, I do," said Catherine.

"Twelfth, fifteenth!"

She looked up at her father with ment. "What does that matter?"

"Don't be impertinent!"

Laurence broke in, speaking "If you want to be a doctor, yo work hard."

"Oh, I shall work: that will int said Catherine. "At present they about things I find interesting."

"History, literature—you don't interesting?" asked Jean-Charles teous voice.

In any disagreement he was al concerned with being right than w standing the other person; oth would have asked, "What do you esting?" Catherine would not able to reply, but Laurence kne the world around her, the world hidden from her but that she could glimpses.

"Is it your friend Brigitte who talk in class?" Jean-Charles pursu

"Oh, Brigitte, she's very good Catherine's voice grew warmer. "S marks in French *(continued o*

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P.T.A.
dash
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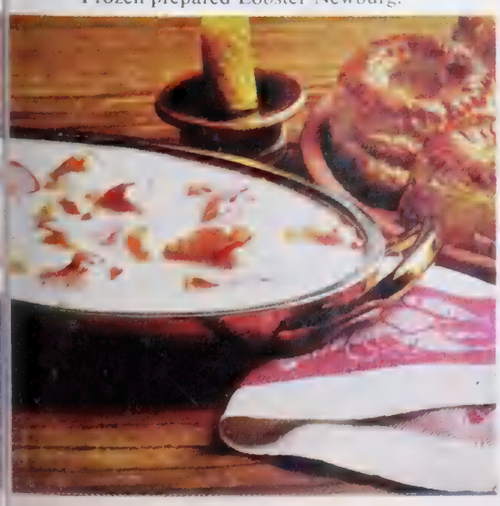


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continued from page 132

because the teacher's stupid, but she was first in Latin and third in history."

"Well then, you ought to copy her. It makes me very sad to think of my little daughter turning into a dunce."

Tears welled up in Catherine's eyes, and Laurence stroked her hair. "She'll work better next term. Now she's going to make the most of the holidays and forget school. Run along, darling, go and play with Louise."

Catherine left the room, and in a vexed tone Jean-Charles said, "If you pet her every time I scold her, there's no point in my bothering."

"She's so sensitive."

"Too sensitive. She cries, she asks questions that aren't suitable for her age, and she no longer works. I wonder whether it's good for her to have a friend who's older than she is."

"In my opinion Brigitte has an excellent influence upon Catherine: the child is growing more mature, she's thinking, enlarging her mind. You attach too much importance to doing well at school."

"I want my daughter to be a success in life. Why don't you take her to see a psychologist?"

"Certainly not! Are people to go and consult a psychologist every time a child slips a few places in class?"

"Slips places in class and cries at night. Why not?"

"I don't like that idea." Laurence said. "I think Catherine's fine as she is: I don't want anyone to wreck her."

"A psychologist won't wreck her. He'll only try to see what it is that's not running smoothly."

"Running smoothly—what's that supposed to mean? If Catherine is interested in things outside her school, that doesn't mean she's off her head."

Laurence had spoken with a violence that she herself found surprising. Follow your own little road without straying an inch: looking to the right or the left will be prosecuted; each age brings its own tasks; if you are overcome by anger, drink a glass of water and do some exercises. She had run smoothly; it had worked very well on her, but nobody was to make her bring up Catherine in the same way. She said vehemently, "I shan't prevent Catherine from reading books she likes nor from seeing friends she's fond of."

"You must admit that she's lost a great deal of her steadiness. Your father was right for once—knowledge is a splendid thing, but it is dangerous for children. We must take precautions and shelter her from certain influences. There's no point in her learning the unhappy things of life right away. The time for that will come later."

"That's what you think! It never is the time, and it never will be the time," said Laurence. "Every day we read hideous things in the papers, and we go right on ignoring them."

"Oh, don't start another guilty-conscience scene, like the one you treated me to in '62," said Jean-Charles sharply.

Laurence felt herself go pale—it was as though he had hit her in the face. She had been trembling, quite beside herself on that day so long ago that Jean-Charles now spoke of so cynically; the day when she had read the account of that woman tortured to death. Then, Jean-Charles had taken her in his arms, and, full of trust, she had let herself go while he said, "It's appalling"—she had believed that he was moved, too.

Because of him she had calmed down, and she had done her best to expel the memory, very nearly succeeding. It was mainly because of him that she had given up reading the papers. And in fact he had not given a damn; he had said, "It's appalling," just to soothe her—and now he was throwing the incident in her teeth. What a betrayal!

"I don't want Catherine to inherit your easy conscience."

Jean-Charles thumped the table. "You're the one who's throwing her off the rails, with your sentimentality."

"Me, sentimentality?"

"Yes, the other day we had it all over again with that cyclist ——"

"Get out," said Laurence. "Or I'll go myself."

"I'll go. I have to see my new boss Monnod. But it wouldn't be a bad idea if you went to see a psychologist yourself," said Jean-Charles, getting up.

She shut herself in her room. Drink a glass of water; do exercises: no. This time she let herself go in fury: a hurricane tore through her, a physical pain, but at least she could feel herself living. She saw herself again sitting on the edge of the bed and she heard Jean-Charles's voice, "It really doesn't seem very clever to me—we only had a third-party collision insurance. Everybody would have given evidence in your favor." And in a flash she realized that he was not joking. He was blaming her—he blamed her still—for not having saved [illegible] francs by taking the risk of [illegible] man. The front door shut; he [illegible]

For a long while she sat [illegible] head burning and an oppressi[illegible] on the back of her neck; she w[illegible] liked to cry—when had she [illegible] how to?

Catherine came in. "Mama, [illegible] very cross?"

"He doesn't understand [illegible] don't work as well as you use[illegible]

"Papa is often cross these [illegible]

Yes: There had been his [illegible] with Vergne and then the ac[illegible] had been angry when the ch[illegible] tried to make him tell them[illegible] Catherine had noticed his ill t[illegible] was obscurely aware of Domi[illegible] happiness and Laurence's an[illegible] that the reason for her nightr[illegible]

"He has worries. The car h[illegible] placed, and he's changed j[illegible] means a lot of difficulties."

"It's sad to be a grown-[illegible] Catherine in a tone of certain[illegible]

"Oh no; there are lovely th[illegible] being a grown-up—for examp[illegible] nice little daughters like you [illegible]

"Papa doesn't think I'm s[illegible] little daughter."

"He does really. If he were[illegible] of you he wouldn't mind at all[illegible] bad marks."

"Do you really think so?"

A ring at the bell—a bouq[illegible] roses with Jean-Charles's ca[illegible] love." Red roses—glowing [illegible] they were only a gesture t[illegible] conventions of married life[illegible] agreements during the Christm[illegible] While she was arranging the [illegible] glass case, she wondered, W[illegible]

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hink of Jean-Charles? What does
k of me? In any case, we are tied
for life. Whatever he did or
whatever she said or did, there
be no penalty. There was no point
feeling angry.

oon as she heard the key in the
e ran to meet him, she said thank
ney kissed, and they set off in a
buy their presents. The shop win-
were lit up; there were Christmas
the street and in the shops; men
men hurried along, carrying their
, smiling. The whole scene made
ce feel uncomfortable.

ant to give you a very splendid
," said Jean-Charles.

n't do anything wild. With that car
ace ——"

ant to do something wild, and
an."

windows slowly went by one after
r, an endless, dazzling display of
ing from opulent jewelry to
dressing gowns. And, everywhere,
ppers' eyes shining with desire to
, the men's as well as the women's.
eyes used to shine like that,
t Laurence. But now she was the
of the advertising slogans she her-
d invented. As soon as she was
ed to an object she wondered
notivation she was obeying.

ence pointed to a camera shop.
go in there. That's what would
atherine most pleasure."

ourse, there's no question of her
no presents," said Jean-Charles
occupied tone. "But I do assure
t we shall have to do something."

omise you I'll think about it."

bought Catherine a camera that
y to work. She would be pleased.
But it's something else that I should like to give her, thought Laurence. Security, a happy mind, the joy of being alive. I claim to be selling these things when I launch a product. Lies . . .

There were a great many people in Manon Lescaut's, one of the most expensive jewelry shops in all of Paris. With shining eyes Jean-Charles put a necklace round Laurence's throat. "Do you like it?" It was an enchanting necklace, but far too costly. She stiffened.

Jean-Charles would never have given it to me but for this morning's quarrel, she thought. It was an amends, a symbol, a surrogate, of something that no longer existed—a warm close link that would make presents unnecessary.

"It suits you extraordinarily well!" said Jean-Charles.



"Our song is the 'Hallelujah Chorus' from the Messiah. Now may we get back to our sole meunière?"

She took it off with a kind of fury: "No! It's too extravagant."

"As for that, I'm the one who decides," he said, displeased.

She picked up the necklace again: what was the point of crossing him?

"It's not that; I think it's wonderful. I only thought it would be rather wild. But, after all, that's your business."

She bowed her head a little so that he could fasten the necklace again: a perfect picture of the couple who still adore one another after eleven years of marriage.

She gazed at herself in the mirror. "Darling, you were right to insist: I'm wild with happiness."

According to custom, the New Year's Eve party was held at Laurence's sister Marthe's. The year before, the supper had been quite pitiful. It would be passable this evening, thought Laurence, having inspected the buffet set up at the far end of the drawing room. Their father had brought four bottles of champagne, and Dominique provided an immense *fois gras*.

Other years Dominique had spent Christmas and New Year's with Gilbert. It was Laurence who had had the idea of asking her this evening.

She had said to her father, "Would it irk you too much? She is so very much alone, so unhappy."

"I don't mind it in the least," he had answered, as she had expected.

No one knew the details, but everyone was aware of the break. There were the Dufrènes, brought by Jean-Charles, and Henri and Therese Vuillenot, who were friends of Marthe's husband, Hubert. Dominique was very much (*continued*)



"family party." She was dressed in the character of "youthful grandmother" in a discreet honey-colored jersey dress, her hair nearer white than blond. She smiled gently, almost timidly, and she spoke very slowly; she was overdoing the tranquilizers. As soon as she was alone her face sagged. Laurence went up to her. "How did you get through the week?"

"Not too badly: I slept quite well." A mechanical smile. "I've made up my mind to sell the house at Feuverolles. Who am I going to entertain there? The interesting people came for Gilbert."

"Oh, they'll come for you."

Dominique shook her head. "Even if she has a name, a woman without a man is a half-failure. People look upon me differently, now."

Loneliness: it was an obsession with Dominique. Someone had put on a record; Dufrène asked Laurence to dance.

"You're dazzling tonight," he said.

She caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror. She was wearing a black sheath and this necklace that she did not care for. She thought she looked common.

They changed the record, they changed partners.

"Madam, may I beg the pleasure of this dance?" asked Jean-Charles. Laurence followed his eyes and saw her father and Dominique sitting together, talking politely.

"She seems to have got over it," said Jean-Charles.

"She stuffs herself with tranquilizers."

"Really, you know, they ought to take up life together again," said Jean-Charles.

"Who?"

"Your father and mother."

"You're out of your mind! She's very sociably inclined and he's a recluse."

"They're lonely."

"That's nothing to do with it."

Marthe stopped the record. "Five to twelve."

They filled the glasses.

"A Happy New Year."

"Happy New Year."

The glasses touched: kisses, laughter, and outside the windows a huge outburst of hooters. They opened more bottles.

"Take plates and knives and forks and help yourselves—find yourselves places to sit," said Marthe.

A general din; the clash of plates; Laurence emptied a glass of champagne. They laughed; they told jokes; and she did not think their jokes funny. She drank two glasses of champagne. Dufrène explained that in real-estate dealings it was difficult to draw a line between fraud and speculation: one was forced into illegal practices.

"But it's disturbing. What you say is very disturbing," said Hubert. He seemed really dismayed. Laurence and her father exchanged an amused smile. "I can't believe it," he said.

Marthe had put on another record: they danced again. Laurence tried to teach Hubert the latest dance steps; he worked hard, he puffed and gasped, the others watched derisively.

Abruptly, Laurence stopped the lesson and went over to her father, who was arguing with Dufrène. Her father smiled. "Are you looking for an idea for a new product of some kind?"

"No, I was day-dreaming," Laurence said. "Their stories about money bore me dreadfully."

"I know what you mean. They sincerely believe that money brings happiness." He sat down beside her. "I don't see you anymore."

"I've spent a lot of time looking after Dominique."

"She seems less aggressive."

"That's depression."

"And you?"

"The holidays are tiring."

"You know what I've been thinking," he said. "We two ought to go off on a little journey together."

"The two of us?"

"I have a holiday in February, and I should like to take advantage of it to see Greece again. Couldn't you arrange things so you could come with me?"

Joy like a burst of fireworks. The easiest thing in the world to get two weeks in February, and she had some money. "If the children are all right, if everything's all right, I could perhaps manage it. But it seems too good ——"

"You'll try!"

"Oh, of course. I'll do everything I can. But what about you? You won't change your mind?"

"See this is wet, and this is dry? Rot my heart if I tell a lie," he said solemnly, as he had when she was a little girl.

Marthe came into her sister's room as quietly as she could. Ever since Laurence had come back from (
had been strangely upset; the v
ily was worried about her. "
you some broth," she said te

"I don't want any."

"Make yourself take a littl

To please them Laurence
some. She had not eaten for

Jean-Charles sat at the side
and took her hand. "Darling,
try to tell me what's the ma
talked with Dr. Lebel, and
that somethin
you very un

"Everythir

"He spok
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presently."

She pulled
away. "I'm ti
me alone . . .

After Ma
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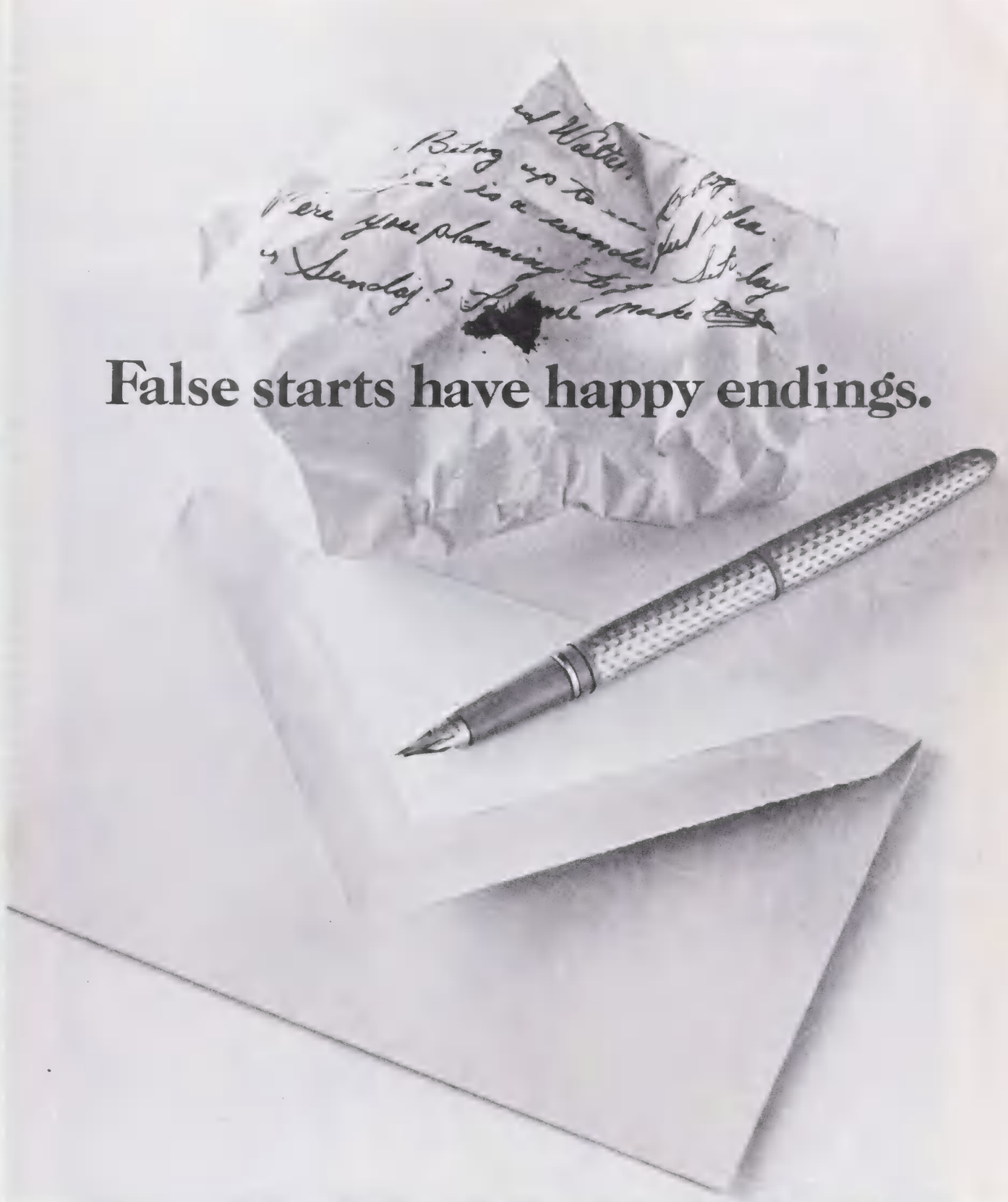
and this peace within me—

"You're the ideal trav
panion," said Papa, smiling.

He smiled the next day
Acropolis because I listen
while he explained it all. F
could see the hills, the sea
houses the color of wholemeal
Papa's voice flowed over me

We hired a car, we went t
thing in the neighborhood
and every day before sunset
to the Acropolis, the Pynx or
Papa refused to go into t
town. "There's nothing to be
he told me. In the evening,





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take my anxiety seriously, and it would have been unfair to have resented his attitude. No, it was not at Delphi that the line was broken . . .

Mycenae. Perhaps it was at Mycenae. We climbed up a stony path: the wind was raising little whirls of dust. Suddenly I saw that gate, the two headless lionesses; and I felt panic. I went along the Royal Road; I saw the terraces, the great walls and the landscape that Clytemnestra had seen when she watched for the return of Agamemnon. I felt as though I had been wrenched out of myself. Where was I? I did not belong to that age when people came and went, slept and ate in this still undamaged palace.

And my own life had nothing to do with these ruins.

With a guidebook in his hand Papa did his best to identify every inch of the ground. He would carry away captioned pictures of this place in his head, and he would set them up in his private inward museum. For my part I had neither album nor museum. I had come face to face with beauty, and I had not known what to do with it.

(continued)

We went back to Athens, and I insisted upon seeing the modern town. We walked round the Omonia square. Dismal, ill-dressed people; a greasy smell.

"There's nothing to be seen, as you see," said Papa.

"I imagine this country is more cheerful in summer," I said.

"Greece is not cheerful," said Papa, with a hint of reproof. "It is beautiful."

A great weariness came over me. I admired Papa's power of concentration and his curiosity. In two days I was going to leave him, and I knew him no better than when we had begun. I had been holding back this thought since . . . when? And now it suddenly pierced me through. We had gone into a room in a museum which was full of vases, and I saw that there were other rooms, room after room in diminishing sequence, all full of vases. As we paced on from case to case my boredom became distress and I thought, I've failed at everything. I stopped, saying, "I just can't go on."

"Dear me, no. You're quite done up—you ought to have said so earlier."

He was much upset. He took me back to the hotel I drank some sherry and tried to talk to him, but he seemed to me out of reach and disappointed. The next morning I let him go to the Acropolis museum alone.

Jean-Charles was at the airport to meet me. "Did you have a good trip?"

"Terrific!"

I was not lying; I was n truth. At home the childr me with cries of joy, kisses, questions. I handed out pi began to tell the story of ney. I did not have the playing the part of the yo returns to her home. I was but I was not anything else ing. The stones of the A not more foreign to me t Catherine alone . . .

"How is she?"

"Very well, I think," Charles. "The psychologi you to telephone her as soo

"All right."

Catherine and I talked invited her to spend the E with her in a house belo family near the Lac des S agree? Yes. She had been say yes, and she was ple along very well with the Mme. Frossard; she drew or played games—she had

I had seen Mme. Frossar out liking her. She was asked shrewd questions, q ing the answers. When I le ond time, she knew alm about my daughter as leaving for Greece I telepl told me nothing; the t scarcely begun. "And n dered, ringing her bell. I fensive. She did not seem and she explained in a Catherine had a good ance; she loved me imme was very fond of Louise not fond enough of he would have to make an effi nothing disproportionate ings for Brigitte. Of cours older and precocious; she versations with Catherine turbed her.

"Yet Brigitte promise care; and she's a very s child," I said.

"But can you really exp of twelve to weigh her Perhaps she does keep ce herself; she tells other Catherine."

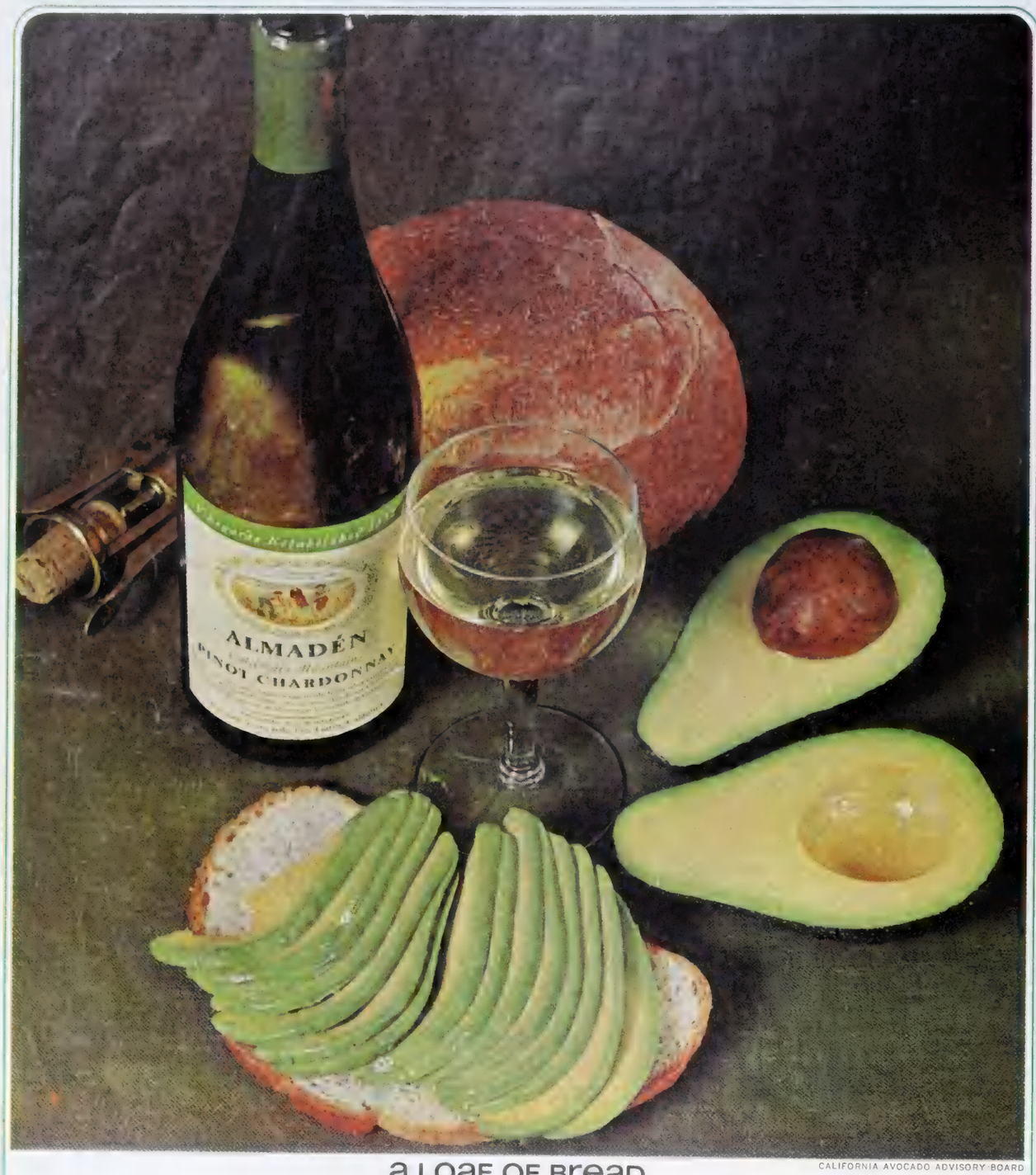
To tell the truth I kne need of Mme. Frossard to I had asked the impossib friendship implies speak heart. The only way of pr erine from her was preve children from seeing eac Frossard told me. I w things so that between summer holidays they s other less and that next y no longer be in the same also find other friends for younger ones.

"You see! I was righ Charles in a triumphant see Brigitte, with the pi hem—"*Bonjour, m'dame* cious thing, a friendship.

"In the first place, we for Easter," Jean-Charle

His mind began to wo take Catherine to Rom When we came back we find her things to do that her time and her atti dancing. Rome and ridin

Catherine looked pu talked to her about t Rome. "I promised Brig to hurt her."



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hat understand. A journey to
hat doesn't happen every day."
uld have loved to go to Bri-
Her heart was sad. But once
in Rome she would scarcely
out her friend at all. With a lit-
she would have forgotten her
by next year . . .

'harles should never have talked
atherine's case in public the very
. Papa, Marthe, Hubert, Jean-
and I were all having dinner at
ue's. "If you consult a special-
ms to me that you ought to fol-
dvice," said Dominique. "Don't
k so?" she asked Papa with an
ference.
ld understand that she was
by his concern for her—she had
urgent need for friendship and
What made me uncomfortable
fact that my father let himself
in.
uld seem reasonable."
hesitating tone. Yet at Delphi,
e were watching the dancing
it of mind with music, he had
ith me.
it is very important to have a
I said.
got along very well without,"
Dominique.
so well as you think."
, we'll find her another," said
arles.
ust help her regain her balance.
by separating her from Brigitte.
apa, at Delphi you said it was
o be upset when you begin to
the world."
e are things that are normal and
still better to avoid: it's normal
it if you burn yourself. But for
it's better not to burn yourself.
psychologist thinks her dis-
—"
you don't believe in psycholo-
felt my voice getting louder.
Charles looked at me angrily.
since Catherine agrees to go
ith us without making a fuss,
u go and make one."
makes no fuss?"
lutely none at all."
Papa and Dominique exclaimed
, "Well, then!"
d myself to eat, but it was then
d the first spasm. I knew I was
You can't be the only one in the
ho is right; they would take
e to Rome. They were all
ne. And now the picture that I
re violently than any is bearing
on me once again—the picture
Charles, Papa, Dominique, all
as though they were in a poster
of oatmeal. Reconciled, giving
es up to the joys of family life.
not want to believe Dominique
saw her three days after that
She said to me, "Just imagine,
her and I are thinking of living
again."
t! You and Papa?"
it surprise you all that much?
ave a great deal in common. An
ast, and you and Marthe and
ldren."
tastes are so different."
were. We have altered a little
grown older."
calm, keep calm, I said to my-
talked. I let the words flow over
withholding belief: she needed
affection, respect. And he felt
for her. He realized that he had
d her and that her social life
and ambition were a kind of vitality. He needed someone of vitality in his life.

"But come," I said, "you think Papa's life so dreary!"

"Oh, I shall keep my own!" she said eagerly. "We are entirely in agreement upon that point—separate activities and separate friends for each."

"A kind of peaceful coexistence?"

"If you like to put it that way."

"Then why not just see each other from time to time?"

"You really know nothing of the world; you don't understand at all!" said Dominique. For a moment she remained silent. "I've already told you that socially a woman without a man is *déclassée*—she's lost her position, she's neither here nor there."

"But why Papa? You might have chosen a more *brilliant* man," I said.

"Brilliant? Compared with Gilbert nobody is brilliant. It would look as though I were satisfied with a poor imitation. Your father is something completely different." A thoughtful look passed over her face. "A married couple who come together again after a long separation—people may be surprised, but they won't snigger."

I understood. Security, respectability.

But did Papa agree? I went to see him that evening. Almost immediately I asked, with a forced smile, "Is it true what Dominique says, that you're going to live together again?"

"Well, however surprising you may find it, yes." He seemed rather embarrassed.

"I live too much turned in upon myself. And Dominique *has* matured; she understands me far better than she used to."

That evening I threw up my dinner. I stayed in bed the next day, and the next. So it wasn't true that he possessed wisdom and joy, and that his own inner glow was enough for him! I had blamed myself for failing to discover that secret. It did not exist: I knew that ever since Greece. I was *deceived*. . . .

She dozed off, exhausted. When she opened her eyes again Jean-Charles was there. "Darling, you really must agree to see a doctor."

They would force her to eat; they would make her swallow it all. Her life, the lives of the others with their phony loves, their stories about money, their lies. They would "cure" her. And what about Catherine?

"No," she cried aloud. Not Catherine. She sat up suddenly. "They shan't do what they've done to me to Catherine!"

"Calm down." Jean-Charles took her wrist; his look was wavering.

"I shan't calm down. I won't have anything to do with any doctor. It's all of you who are making me ill, and I shall cure myself on my own because I shan't give in to you. Where Catherine's concerned I shall not give in. She's not going to be maimed. I won't have her deprived of her friend—I want her to spend her holidays at Brigitte's. And she's not going to see this psychologist anymore."

Laurence threw back her bed-clothes; she caught Jean-Charles' dismayed look. "Don't call the doctor—I'm not raving. I'm saying what I think, that's all." She forced herself to speak in a reasonable voice. "I have made my decisions, and I shall not yield."

Jean-Charles seemed more and more taken aback; in a soothing tone he murmured, "You ought to have spoken to me before."

"I have now. If you want war, war it shall be," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders. "War, between us? I've never gone against your wishes."

She forced a smile. "I was wrong. I don't like going against your wishes either." They were silent. "Well, that's agreed, then?" she said. "Catherine spends her holidays at Brigitte's?"

"If that's the way you want it."

"Yes, it is."

Laurence brushed her hair; she did something toward putting her face to rights. *As far as I'm concerned the game's over*, she thought, looking at her reflection—white and haggard. But the children will have their chance. What chance? She did not even know. END



Corn-Crisped Chicken

So crisp 'n tender—just dip, roll 'n bake, using Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs

Everyone's favorite—old fashioned, home-cooked chicken and without the fuss of frying. Kellogg's® golden Corn Flake Crumbs keep it crisp 'n crunchy on the outside . . . the extra richness of evaporated milk keeps it extra moist 'n tender inside. And, with a foil-lined baking pan, there's no pan to scour at cleanup time. Try this easy recipe soon.

Corn-Crisped Chicken
Have ready—3 lbs. frying-chicken pieces.

DIP pieces in ½ cup evaporated milk (thin milk just won't do).

ROLL in mixture of: 1 cup Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Place chicken pieces, skin-side up, in shallow baking pan lined with heavy duty aluminum foil; do not crowd.

BAKE in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour, or until tender. No need to cover pan or turn chicken while cooking. Cover loosely with foil if less crisp crust is desired. Serve with tart jelly.

Yield: 6 servings



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RED CROSS
IS ALWAYS THERE
WITH YOUR HELP

continued from page 81

"Susan was in my office Friday helping me with some clerical work. But nothing happened—absolutely nothing." I turned to Dr. Ducker. "What is the administration going to do to defend me?"

The school superintendent edged forward on his chair. "We want to resolve this in the best possible way. We ——"

"Get Susan over here," I broke in. "Let her say it to my face. We can stop this thing right now!"

"No," Ducker replied carefully, "we've considered that, but we don't think it would be helpful."

"Well, what then? What happens next?" I demanded, turning back to the lawyer, Michaelis. He said he couldn't give me any advice because he wasn't my lawyer. I was furious. The school board had *its* lawyer. Why didn't I have mine? By what right did they confront me with this accusation without the benefit of counsel?

I walked out and went back upstairs to the biology department. I had to do something, say something, break something if necessary. Saul Mines was teaching marine biology. I walked to the door of his classroom and motioned to him through the window. When he came over, I told him what had happened. "Oh, no!" he said, "oh, no!" And then he added: "Mac, I'm with you. We'll all be with you."

I drove home slowly from school, looking for my children, Byrron, nine; Jennifer, seven. Near the house, kids were playing ball—youngsters I had seen move into the neighborhood since we had arrived three years before. We were only the second Negro family to move among the 35,000 people of Baldwin. Five local real-estate agents had been charged with violating the State anti-discrimination law for the way they "helped" us in our search for a house. We finally found one on our own, but when some people on our street learned that a Negro was planning to purchase the house, they tried to buy it themselves. When that failed, the telephoned threats began, including one that the house would be burned down before we moved in, and another that it would be bombed. To make sure there'd be no trouble, two husky members of the Baldwin Human Rights Council—Denison Ray and Steve Tiffany—slept in the empty house the week before we moved in.

As I told Lavon-De about Susan Schaffner's charge, I never for an instant doubted my wife's faith in me. As she held me to her, tears streaming down her face, I could almost feel her strength and determination flow into me. "Maurice," she said, and there was a hard edge in her soft Carolina drawl, "we are going to fight this."

Together we went to see our lawyer, Salvatore DiGiovanna, who had represented us when we bought our house. He seemed curiously impassive when I told him the story; casually he mentioned that he knew the Michaelis law firm. When I suggested that he talk to 16-year-old Susan Schaffner, he said he didn't think that was a good idea—nor did he think I should go myself. How about Lavon-De? Well, he didn't see any harm in that. And so on Friday, July 14, Lavon-De drove to the Schaffners' house and introduced herself.

To her surprise, the Schaffners were cordial. Yes, Susan had come home from school crying the previous Friday. No, they had no intention of dropping the charges. Yes, they believed their daughter. No, they would not withdraw the accusation. If the charges were so serious, Lavon-De asked, why hadn't the Schaffners gone to the police? They didn't want to make trouble, they said. Instead they had notified the school authorities. Now they could sit back while the board took action.

But it wasn't going to be that simple, Lavon-De told them. If Susan refused to retract her story, she would have to tell it in public. I had a right to an open hearing, and I would insist on it. Lavon-De cried when she came home.

The following week I told our minister, the Rev. Alex Sime of the First Presbyterian Church of Baldwin, what had happened. The Rev. Mr. Sime was sympathetic. He thought I should talk to Jim Ferns, a former Baldwin school-board president. Ferns was sympathetic, too. But he told me that the case against me was even stronger than I had thought: a second charge had been filed, similar to the first, by a girl who lived a considerable distance from Susan Schaffner and didn't even know her.

Several days later, Ferns asked if he could drop over t that morning.

Jim entered our house hesitation, and it occurred he had probably never been i home before. I asked Lavon- some coffee and took Jim in

"Maurice," he began, talking with Henry Bang, board president. Henry is human being. He wants to thing by eve doesn't want in any tr doesn't wa Schaffner to And he do anything to Baldwin. I you do, eith

I leaned my chair. W man driving

"Nobody went on th morning bet and you," tinued. "B know that if ever become issue it will h thing for the volved and fo town. The must we ha hearing? Mu this story a papers? Wou better for e you resigned there'd be You'll have finding anot ing job. In get an outst ommendati Bang assures Then when another hou new commu

I could s lieve my ear innocent a merited the ing recomm that was pro was the boa to put me on if I was guilt Henry Bang foist me o community Susan Schaf a town's worth mor man's life?

Yet Ferns ing me a could go any another hou town and another job.

Could I risk all that becau to confront my accuser? W gamble my family's futu sisting on a hearing? The bo sure I was guilty. By insis open hearing I might be board members even mor punish me. And after that surely be no new town, no no new school for me to go

Lavon-De walked in with coffee and cookies, and we glances. Suddenly I knew Ferns' way out was not an e sentence to life imprisonme

The difference between a good dinner and a great dinner is often very small.



The small delicate peas that rival the French petits pois in flavor.

© Green Giant Company

said softly, "tell Mr. Bang is no."
d at me for a moment, then vily to the door. "I'm sorry, he said, "I'm sorry."
e had gone I told Lavon-De us. "We'll do it," she said, more prayer than promise.

time I had fired my first iGiovanna. I didn't think nuch confidence in my inno- felt he should have. Twice board had set up meetings he charges with me and my wice he had canceled the nts without consulting me.
ns had said the board mem- disturbed by my failure to hem. Indeed, he added, they l to suspend me without pay ey felt this was the only way get me to meet with them. lawyer was an old friend— ay, the man who had guarded before we moved in. Denny aldwin in 1966 to be chief Mississippi for the President's for Equal Rights Under l aid society for Negroes and workers in the South. Denny 'e Bonnie were returning to from a vacation in Maine heard about the charges . Five minutes later he was ne, offering to represent me . Six times during the course six weeks he flew back and en his volunteer assignment k and his job in Mississippi. enny Ray and I faced the d for the first time, we told Malcolm Kaufman, the student teacher assigned to observe my class during the spring term, had declared in an affidavit: that he had heard Susan Schaffner express her hatred for me—not once but many times; not casually, but with scorn in her voice and a look of contempt on her face.

We told them about the affidavit of another teacher, Bob LaMar: He told how he had walked into the biology department office where Susan was helping me with some clerical paperwork that fateful Friday morning in July, how he had asked her if she would do his paperwork, too (she refused); how he had gone into his classroom adjoining the office, then stuck his head back into our room and asked her again; and how she had refused again—so that she surely knew (as I knew) that a class was in progress in the very next room while I was "molesting" her.

We told the board of the discovery we had made in examining the official school records of Stephanie Smith, the girl who had made the "second charge" that seemed to confirm Susan's complaint. Jim Ferns had said the two girls "didn't even know each other." But in the records, Stephanie had listed Susan Schaffner as her "best friend." We made no charge of collusion—but Denny did point out that Stephanie Smith had not come forward with her complaint until 48 days after I had allegedly "molested" her—in her own living room with her mother in the next room, while giving her at-home tutoring (she had been injured in an automobile accident). Denny also told the board how a week after Stephanie purportedly told her mother of my "advances," Mrs. Smith had served me tea and discussed the possibility of my tutoring Stephanie privately once she was back in school.

We waited for the board's reaction, but there was none. "You'll be informed of our decision as soon as we have reached one," Henry Bang said.

Denny Ray telephoned at 1:30 A.M. He had just gotten the news from Henry Bang. "They're going ahead, Maurice. I told them we wanted a public hearing. We have three weeks to prepare."

A profound feeling of relief swept over me. The uncertainty was over. That night I had the first decent night's sleep in a month.

Before the trial began, I knew I had to tell my son Byrron what was about to happen. For one thing, his ninth birthday would arrive during the hearing, and under the circumstances we could not afford the two-wheeler bike we had promised him.

One pleasant Sunday afternoon Byrron and I took a long walk. I think Byrron first knew something was amiss when I took his hand. He's a big boy now, and big boys don't hold hands.

I told him first that he was a Negro. "Gee, Daddy, I know that!" he said, and I replied, "Well, there are some people who won't ever let you forget it."

"Why should I forget it?" he replied.

I wanted to kiss him for that, but this was man-to-man, and I smothered the impulse.

"Don't ever forget it, Byrron," I said, "but remember something else, too. You're a human being. You're a man—or soon you will be. And when you're a man, sometimes you have to fight. Not punching fights or snowball fights. The other kind of fight—when you have to stand up for what you think is right."

We walked on in silence.

"Do you know why I'm telling you this?" I asked him.

He shook his head.

"It's because I'm fighting something and I wanted you to hear it from me and not from anybody else."

He looked up at me without a sound, so I plunged ahead.

"Byrron, do you know what the word 'accuse' means?" This time he nodded. "Well, I've been accused of something, something bad. Something I didn't do."

"What, Daddy?"

I took a deep breath. "It's about a girl, a student in one of my classes. She has accused me of touching her and kissing her and things like that. Do you understand?"

Again he nodded.

"Well, there's going to be something like a trial. People will be talking about it. It might even be on television." His eyes flickered momentarily at the prospect of Daddy on TV. "Things are going to be bad for a while. Mommy and I are going to be very busy, and you and Jenny will have to stay with Aunt Gwen for a little bit."

He gulped and gripped my hand a little harder. "You see, it's your fight, too," I told him. "You're in it with me. And I need you to be."

Now he looked up at me, and his eyes were wet. "Daddy, is that why I can't have a bike for my birthday?"

"How do you know that?" I asked, astonished.

"I heard you and Mommy talking about it one night when you thought I was asleep." His smile was mixed with tears. *(continued)*

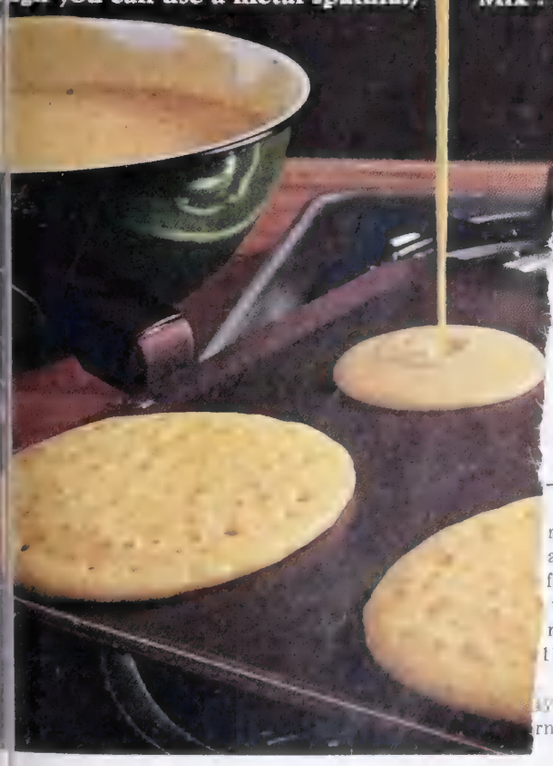
Get a New ardcote Teflon® ancake griddle for just $2.75

ugh you can use a metal spatula.)

During Bake-Off time, Pillsbury is offering this no-stick, no-scratch Teflon pancake griddle for just $2.75 plus a box top from a Pillsbury Hungry Jack or Extra Lights Pancake Mix.
If you like hearty, good old-fashioned pa... real buttermilk, send a Hungry Jac... you like the fluffiest, ligh... Extra Lights box top...
Then see how ... every time with ... Mix . . . and ...

...derful what you ...o with cling peaches ...ottage cheese.

...Top with mustard mayonnaise. And sprinkle with raisins.
Something else you'll like: try Fruit Cocktail with cottage cheese. Add your favorite salad dressing.
CLING PEACH ADVISORY BOARD



min- arrie foot- that min- 11:35 ...y for ...rning,

Alice and Julius Perlman organized a Maurice McNeill Emergency Fund, drafted an appeal letter and launched a fund-raising campaign. Julius made a generous gift himself and did all the printing free. Telephone squads called other friends for contributions. The high-school kids who had been at the hearing wanted to do something, too. Tuesday morning—the day before school opened—scores of youngsters were out in front of the Baldwin Station of the Long Island Railroad giving out leaflets that said:

"Some of us are parents whose children Mr McNeill taught. Others are friends or just local residents who have heard about the case and want to help. We hope you'll want to help, too Please - *(continued)*

"HOW MY TOWN SAVED ME"

continued

I wanted to tell him more, but I had run out of words.

It wasn't until we had almost reached home that Byrron turned to me and said, "But, Daddy, what does it have to do with being a Negro?"

"I don't know, Byrron," I said. "I don't know."

My hearing began on Aug. 31, and the high-school auditorium was packed with 500 people as Lavon-De and I started down the aisle to take our seats—a walk I had dreaded for three weeks. Then I saw familiar faces—Elmer Ruhnke, head of the social studies department in the high school, and his wife Gloria, Claud and Evelyn Sweeting, Alice and Julius Perlman, Wesley and Lillian Mitchell, Lou Schwartz and his wife, Bill Sawyers of the biology department, Don David Lusterman and Judy; Randi Lilker and Myrna Stein, two of my students.

More than 250 neighbors, students and members of the Baldwin Faculty Association had signed affidavits for me as character witnesses, and most of them, it seemed, were in the auditorium that morning. Someone stuck a hand out for me to shake, then another and another and another—Burner and Frank, Jeanne and Muriel, Billie and Bill and Fred and Ruth. By the time we reached our seats I knew we were among friends.

The hearing lasted seven days; the transcript runs to nearly 2,000 pages.

the window. [illegible] came over, I told him what had happened. "Oh, no!" he said, "oh, no!" And then he added: "Mac, I'm with you. We'll all be with you."

I drove home slowly from school, looking for my children, Byrron, nine; Jennifer, seven. Near the house, kids were playing ball—youngsters I had seen move into the neighborhood since we had arrived three years before. We were only the second Negro family to move among the 35,000 people of Baldwin. Five local real-estate agents had been charged with violating the State anti-discrimination law for the way they "helped" us in our search for a house. We finally found one on our own, but when some people on our street learned that a Negro was planning to purchase the house, they tried to buy it themselves. When that failed, the telephoned threats began, including one that the house would be burned down before we moved in, and another that it would be bombed. To make sure there'd be no trouble, two husky members of the Baldwin Human Rights Council—Denison Ray and Steve Tiffany—slept in the empty house the week before we moved in.

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To her surprise, the Schaffners were cordial. Yes, Susan had come home from school crying the previous Friday. No, they had no intention of dropping the charges. Yes, they believed their daughter, the Rev[illegible] Presbyterian [illegible] had happened [illegible] sympathetic. [illegible] to Jim Ferns [illegible] board presid[illegible] tic, too. But [illegible] against me [illegible] had thought: [illegible] filed, similar [illegible] lived a conside[illegible] Schaffner and [illegible] hearing, and [illegible] De cried wh[illegible]

But there are some thi[illegible] see and hear as if they [illegible] morning. I remember S[illegible] sitting prim and pretty [illegible] stand, telling her story [illegible] that was astonishing. She [illegible] or stammer. Susan testif[illegible] come up behind her and [illegible] whispered in my ear an[illegible] I could help him with som[illegible] Once in the office, Susa[illegible] pulled her chair to my de[illegible] our chairs and her knees [illegible] under the opening in my[illegible]

Q: Would you go on, pl[illegible]
A: After he pulled me o[illegible] you know, pushing dow[illegible] he looked at me and h[illegible] hand and put his hand li[illegible] knee and pushed my d[illegible] was between my knee a[illegible]

For the next 20 minut[illegible] fied, she continued the[illegible] I had assigned her whil[illegible] mained between her k[illegible] Then, when the work [illegible] she said I had asked her [illegible] some charts on the wall.

Q: What next happened
A: He came along on th[illegible] he put his arms around
Q: Which side of you di[illegible]
A: I had my face to t[illegible] came along to my right [illegible] his arms around my wai[illegible]
Q: And what happened
A: He told me I wasn't
Q: What else did he say
A: Then he started to [illegible] I was spoiled and he ti[illegible]

Edito[illegible] Guid[illegible]

Safeguard[illegible] Teachers' R[illegible]

The ordeal of teac[illegible] McNeill is unusual, e[illegible] with its sexual and[illegible] tones. Yet the *Jou[illegible]* along with McNeill[illegible] perience underscores[illegible] establish clearer, f[illegible] dures to safeguard[illegible] teachers. Here are[illegible] recommendations:

1. When a paren[illegible] about a teacher, w[illegible] nature of the charge[illegible] let the teacher hear[illegible] his department head[illegible] Let him hear the accu[illegible] in an informal settin[illegible] the teacher in witho[illegible] read the charges, a[illegible] ject him to interrog[illegible]

2. Let the teacher[illegible] accuser face to face.

3. Have the scho[illegible] school administrati[illegible] specialist in educat[illegible] can supply sound ad[illegible] rights and protect[illegible] guarantees all partie[illegible]

4. If there must be[illegible] the charges, the [illegible] should not be permi[illegible] as prosecutor, judge[illegible]



*The small delicate peas that rival the Fren[illegible]*as'

Cheese from Kraft

[illegible]hs of careful aging ..a [illegible]red grated cheese that [illegible] all kinds of Italian

[illegible] new pasta tonight. [illegible]i, vermicelli, torron[illegible]—you'll find plenty at [illegible]cer's to choose from. [illegible]k up these plentiful [illegible]ith Kraft Spaghetti [illegible]ix and Grated Par[illegible]heese. Real Italian[illegible]ng from the good cooks

KRAFT



Wonderful what you can do with cling peaches and cottage cheese.

Susan had said the clock showed 10 minutes to 12 when she left the office. Carrie Cesareo, the wife of Baldwin High's football coach, swore on the witness stand that she had seen and spoken with me 15 minutes earlier that same morning—at 11:35 A.M.—in front of the school building.

The weekend recess was no holiday for many of our friends. Sunday morning, Alice and Julius Perlman organized a Maurice McNeill Emergency Fund, drafted an appeal letter and launched a fund-raising campaign. Julius made a generous gift himself and did all the printing free. Telephone squads called other friends for contributions. The high-school kids who had been at the hearing wanted to do something, too. Tuesday morning—the day before school opened—scores of youngsters were out in front of the Baldwin Station of the Long Island Railroad giving out leaflets that said:

"Some of us are parents whose children Mr. McNeill taught. Others are friends or just local residents who have heard about the case and want to help. We hope you'll want to help, too. Please - (continued)

be generous. ALL the money we raise will go to help Maurice McNeill."

Inside of a week we received nearly $5,000. The money was a lifesaver in terms of tiding me over my monthly bills and paying various legal expenses.

When the trial resumed, the so-called second victim, Stephanie Smith, took the stand. She turned out to be so weak a witness that the prosecution dismissed her after only a few questions.

Now only the summations remained. I was surprised at how weak prosecutor Leo McGinity's closing statement turned out to be; the strongest argument he could muster was that Susan Schaffner was an excellent witness. In Denny Ray's summation he quoted from the evaluation sheets and annual reports in my file, and the commendations from my supervisors asserting that I was a "master teacher" with "superb rapport with students" who "could not be a better person." Denny recalled how aware I was that I had been the first Negro to teach in Baldwin.

"Would Maurice McNeill risk the loss of all he has earned and the discredit to his race for a few minutes of fondling a high-school sophomore?" he asked. "Maurice McNeill is black. He has struggled to overcome racial discrimination. He knows the particular vulnerability of the Negro. But his greatness as a teacher, his responsiveness and integrity as an individual, have transcended race and have made him simply a worthwhile human being. Would he have suddenly thrown himself and his family away in an act of cowardice and wantonness? Is this the true act of the man upon whom you sit in judgment?

"Of course not. And none of us can ever fully appreciate how painful this accusation and this hearing must have been for Maurice McNeill. It has been extremely hard on everyone. The community has suffered. The school has suffered. Perhaps somewhere in the darkness of her being even Susan Schaffner has suffered. It is time now for suffering to end and for healing to begin. It is time to restore Maurice McNeill to his heritage in the classroom.

"But Maurice McNeill pleads for no mercy. He simply demands what is rightly his—the just finding by this board that he is innocent."

Henry Bang announced that the board would hand down its decision at the earliest possible moment, and a group of us went to my house for lunch.

In the dining room, where my sisters Evelyn and Lois had prepared a buffet of lasagna, tuna salad, cold chicken, salad, gelatin molds and coffee cake, someone remarked that the food tasted better than it had since we had begun these luncheons. We laughed, and the tension seemed to disappear. It was good to see Lavon-De gay again. I had lost 18 pounds, but Lavon-De seemed to have lost something more—some gentleness, some lovely good humor, some sweetness. The ordeal had brought out the iron in her. It was iron that we needed to see the whole thing through.

Byrron and Jennifer were there, too. Byrron and I had never been so close. Together we had watched the TV shows and interviews in which Lavon-De and I had appeared. "You were real good on the six o'clock news tonight, Daddy," was Byrron's greeting to us one evening. Jennifer stayed close to Byrron. Since our man-to-man talk, Byrron had become a combination teacher-baby-sitter-daddy for her. He told her what time to go to bed, took her pajamas out of the closet, even ran the hot water for her bath. He was needed, he responded, and he made us proud of him.

At half-past six, the verdict was announced.

Henry Bang took a sheet of paper in hand and cleared his throat. His fingers were trembling. Denny Ray and his co-counsel, Al Dorfman, leaned forward tensely. Lavon-De's grip on my arm tightened as the board president read the verdict in a loud, clear voice:

On the charge of being morally unfit, "unanimously dismissed"; on the charge of conduct unbecoming a teacher, "dismissed by a vote of 4-to-1." I was reinstated, and all my back pay was restored to me.

The students in the auditorium let out a whoop, and Lavon-De dug her nails into my arm. As I turned to kiss her, a dozen friends, teachers and students began to pump my hand, pound my back, grab my arm and shake my shoulders. A hundred hands reached out for mine, and I tried to shake them all at once. Suddenly I felt hungry. I craved a thick, juicy steak and a plate p with French fries. For a mor thought of it made me feel fai there were more bear hugs, mo shakes, more back-slapping, a got about food.

The following Monday I re school, with some apprehensio my fellow teachers and the st had taught were on my side. many parents would have thei ters transferred out of my cla many still belie where there w there must ha fire?

Thus far, student—a girl quested a trans

Susan Schaff tell me, is bi withdrawn; she friends and wa in the halls. S Smith had b signed to one of halls. She dro the day after I to school.

What's happ some of the ot tral figures in t I was sorry to Jim Ferns die heart attack las mas Day.

There's son about Henry signing and abo Ducker quittin perintendent. mittee has beer to investigate cedures that re my being broug charges in the fi And the Baldw ulty Associatio posing a new se cedures to be when a similar happens again.

If I have anything at all ordeal, it is t world is full o and easily fri people, too quic lieve a slander, t to indict a blac word of a whi there are also th cooler heads a hearts who will silent, who wi up and speak o a fellow huma needs help. An of these are you young to be foo young to be frig If they would only stay that

The other evening Lavon-D discussed what to do with the that remains in the Maurice Emergency Fund. We thought be a good idea to use the m present an annual prize for the High School senior who has do to advance the cause of huma and understanding between pe different colors and creeds. If w touch the principal of the mo use just the interest, we can m award a permanent one—and make a permanent contributi better Baldwin.

If your oven cleaner tells you to put on rubber gloves, they're putting you on.

Rubber gloves with an oven cleaner are a thing of the past. And so's any oven cleaner that says you need them. Jifoam has so perfected the art of oven cleaning that no gloves are required. Just follow the directions. Spray Jifoam on, and in 5 minutes flat, wipe out the dirt with a damp sponge—*barehanded.* So why not put away your gloves along with your old oven cleaner and get up-to-date with Jifoam. If you're just crazy about wearing gloves, go ahead and wear them. Jifoam will work just as well either way.



Jifoam's exclusive formulation and method of application are protected under United States Patent #3,335,092.

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ear into $500,000

he Bisquick Tear-Tape Sweepstakes!

the perforated red arrow on
d card.
ff to your store and match
space left on your card with
row on any new 40 ounce
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The more you use it, the softer your li



Pure glowing color
creamy moisture base
shine, glisten and gle
Almay screens out
drying indelible dye
creates 12 dew-dren
colors that are pure g
ness for your lips!

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So pure, it's hypo-allerg

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POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

s the squeaky wheel that doesn't get the grease—because they
ı until a week from next Thursday at the service station.

Hula Hoops have come back, can Davy Crockett Caps be far

ıst is East and West is West, except on road maps, and then
k more like South to me.

henever I start out to meditate, I end up planning dinner.

ese days, it's easier for a President to get expelled from college
t.

s hard to carry on a real conversation with someone who's
asses.

pair of work gloves should be *two* rights and a left.

ırists who come to New York City this year can't see the build-
ini-skirts!

an awful feeling to miss an eclipse when they tell you there
her one like it for 50 years.

hard to remember what news programs did before Vietnam.

ıen a politician is being interviewed and he says, "I'm glad you
estion," it means he isn't going to answer it.

e short-short skirts are saving photographers a lot of trouble.
ıve to ask actresses to pose sitting on the ship's railing with
ed anymore.

e phrase, "Now here's a message of interest," doesn't exactly
e edge of my chair.

hion-wise, is it OK to wear Gucci with Pucci?

en you play a game with a child, it's nice to let him win—
ou're not really sure you could beat him if you tried!

ey aren't making Leap Year jokes the way they used to, are

raham Lincoln said, "Every man over forty is responsible for
usually responsible for his wife's, too!

funny how fast the time goes when you're not having any fun

w come it's a "*nice* cup of tea" but a "*good* cup of coffee"?

ls don't know what they're missing since they stopped using
at spin up and down.

hard to know *what* the public expects of former child movie
n't seem satisfied with Liz Taylor *or* Shirley Temple!

s will go down in history as the winter women wore blue knees
les.

c



Journal About Home

By MARGARET DAVIDSON, Home Management Editor

If you've put off organizing the drawers in kitchen, workroom, bedroom or study, you'll be glad you waited until now. The reason — a new set of drawer organizers (made by Rubbermaid) make it so easy. The idea is simple—we wonder why it hasn't been done before. Box-like plastic compartments are made to interlock by hooking the rolled-over rim of one onto the top edge of another. It's done quickly without tools or attachments. The three sizes (9 x 3, 9 x 6 and 15 x 3 inches) are all 2 inches deep and accommodate an amazing assortment of beauty aids, kitchen tools, desk accessories, etc. Groups of these sizes fit neatly into rectangles to fill many typical drawer sizes.



Look,ma—nowires!With new hair curlers such as the ones from General Electric, you can curl your hair without sitting still near an electric outlet. Rollers are heated electrically in a small portable kit; then when you're ready to use them, you simply pick out the warmed curlers from the kit and roll up your hair. It's fast this way; a teen-ager short of time before a date, or anyone with a tight schedule, can redo curls in half an hour. Without electrical connections, it's even possible to roam about while doing other last-minute preparations.

We heard the other day about a homemaker disenchanted with her slowpoke clothes dryer. She called the service department for new felt pads. The old pads are "dirty" she reported and asked if perhaps changing them would speed the drying. In three years of use, the lint trap had never once been cleaned and the collection of lint did indeed look like a felt pad! For two years and eleven months, at least, the dryer had not been efficient. Had my friend read her instructions, she would have known about lint traps and the importance of keeping the exhaust from getting lint-clogged. The trap should be cleaned at least once a week or, better yet, after each use.

It's a truism that appliance users with the best know-how are most likely to have read instructions. Places to keep these are almost as important as the directions themselves. Good places: a file drawer, a kitchen cupboard, a bulletin board. Or, if you are looking for a new aid to keep records and directions in order, consider the new Homemaker's Warranty and Manual Minder (Bram Associates). It's a handy looseleaf binder—with spaces for data, pockets for tags—that can be lined up on the cookbook shelf.

Practical and pretty, too, is a new kitchen hood. The important concealed workings consist of a dependable exhaust to draw off the heat, smell and moisture of cooking. But the news is on the outside, in the new design that combines fiberglass for practical cleanability with walnut, oak or maple trim for personality. Models for mounting on walls or hanging above island range installations are available in six colors and black and white. These range hoods (by Fashion Craft Products) have a distinctive design with a rim at the bottom for small useful or decorative objects.

Did you know: The bathroom is a good place for a supply of plastic bags—they are good for washing stockings and other hand washables. Put water, detergent *and* the wash in the bag and shake. . . . An unlikely kitchen device is a propane torch. Yet it turns out to be mighty useful for singeing fowl, browning pie meringues, crisping meat and fats and other such tasks—when it can be spared from the tool bench. Compact torches that weigh a little over a pound are easily handled. Look for a U.L.-approved model such as the BernzOmatic. . . . A new bathtub has bright metal grip rails (chrome finish or gold-plated, no less) at either side and a textured non-slip bottom. The new design with built-in safety fea ically called the Guardian (and comes in white or new c ing avocado green and gold.

With spring aro ner, it's appropr sider new colors is an enamel for many diffe refinishing children's toys (i lead content); protecting iron grills (a rust-preventive prir able); coloring furniture enamel gives a hard, shiny fi Gloss all-purpose enamel (is a relief in a year when pa be so specialized the pain brims with leftovers. Happil most-used colors and the n are packaged in spray cont dreds of special colors are the quart.

When someo on the new patter of littl a new chair, the results nee sastrous. Not if the upholste the new kind that can be ea off, such as materials made o The Herculon olefin uphols (cousins to the carpets s they've been used in kitch most worry-free. Fabrics of olefin fiber are cleaned wi detergent-and-water treatm all, the new fiber is availa bright and clear colors in wo tures and patterns (some w woven appearance).

"As easy to was dish"—one of compliments w cleanability. A new counter t have been using is indeed as as any plate in our cupboard white—stays that way, t and hard. It's the Corni saver of Pyroceram, of the as the white Corning W utensils. "Such a handy p pans," says Betty of her Sizzling utensils directly fro will not faze this surface. scratch," Lee tells us. Eve cuts and slices, the surface scarred. "I think it's hands easy to wipe clean," Elizabe material is a true white, an has a stain or scratch to re me, I concur with the othe also found it useful for k dough and rolling out coo crusts. The counter sectio three sizes, from 16 x 20 u inches and can be set into used as separate sections. sections have small self-adh bumpers on the back to an they are used.

My favorites in all New Y followed dow the other day. She was easy she bobbed up and down as As I neared, I discovered she up debris from the sidewal ping it into a paper bag on don't like to see the dirt," sh anyway it's good exercise to So right she is; our streets tered in spite of the best o forts. The best solution is f to be his own anti-litter age time to put his debris in tainers.

e want to wash your face

like it's never been washed before.





ore harsh
g soaps.

auty Wash cleans like
d rinses off like soap.
ou feeling scrubbed clean
h—but never dries.



Washing cream or lotion



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greasy creams.

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YOU AND YOUR SLE

By BOB GAINES

Milk Dreams: A baby nurses or takes his bottle and then falls into a deep, dreaming sleep. Sleep researchers have begun to wonder if there might not be a connection between a baby's dreams and the chemical composition of milk. I spoke recently about this with Dr. Ernest Hartmann of Boston State Hospital, who writes about milk dreams in his new book, *The Biology of Dreaming* (Charles C. Thomas). "The problem evolves around a mysterious brain chemical called serotonin, which can be found in blood," he told me. "Many researchers believe that serotonin somewhat resembles LSD and can make the mind hallucinate—or dream. The fact I find interesting is that serotonin is produced from another compound called trytophane, and milk is an excellent source of trytophane."

Dr. Hartmann told me about some studies involving lambs, dreams and trytophane. It seems that lambs on milk spend at least 10 percent of their sleep time dreaming. But the moment they are weaned and start feeding on grass, which is low in trytophane, their dream time drops to 2 percent.

Says Dr. Hartmann, "The problem from the point of view of the researcher is that few children are as abruptly weaned as lambs. If we could find a society where children are suddenly weaned from milk to, say, wine, we would have something to work with. But, for the moment, we just have questions."

Elephants: Sleep scientists end up in odd places. Two researchers from Tufts University School of Medicine recently found themselves in the elephant compound in the Franklin Park Zoo in Boston. Their purpose: to determine the truth of the old story that elephants seldom lie down to sleep. The researchers, Jacob Bernstein and Clair Wilson, report that it is not easy to spy on a pachyderm—the elephants were suspicious and stared fixedly at the researchers, reluctant to doze off.

The researchers discovered, however, that while elephants can sleep on their feet, they do spend an hour or two lying down at night. Most of the lying-down time is filled with periods of tail- and trunk-twitching, which is taken as evidence of dreaming.

Diet Sleep: Worried about weight? How about dreaming it away? Sleep researchers know we burn up 63 calories an hour when we sleep (just lying in bed awake, but absolutely still, uses up 70 calories). Dr. Louis Gottschalk of the University of California now reports that the amount of calories we burn up at night fluctuates, and there is nothing like a good, worrisome anxiety dream to nibble away at that excess avoirdupois.

Dr. Gottschalk ran a blood check on a number of subjects over several nights and discovered that whenever any of them had an anxious dream, this seemed
the release of "free fatty a
body fat" into the blooc
But don't go looking to yo
as the new wonder diet.
schalk tells me that the a
fatty acids released into
is relatively minor. The v
work lies elsewhere. "We
quite a few heart attacks
at night while the victims
and dreaming," he sa
dream may even bring on
attack. This work on
acids in the blood is pa
tinuing research by many
to learn as much as possi
how dreams affect our
ical and biochemical acti

Smoke Dreams: Researche
University of Cincinnati
ran a study on the effect
drawal from cigarette sm
dreams. Their conclusi
nights can be as tough as
On the first night after wi
volunteer subjects tossed
and their dreams were an
the second night, they d
food and eating. The thi
dreams were again of eati
gives support to psychiat
describe smoking as an
fication). But at no tim
volunteers dream of ciga
the fourth night they we
easily, their dreams seren

Sleepwalkers: The somnam
sleepwalker, has medicine
Dr. Joost M. Meerloo of
York School of Psychiatr
that "the clinical estima
there are four million sle
in the United States.
most of them never wand
the confines of their
rooms." This doesn't stop
nambulist from injurin
and others. One Arkans
dreamed he was fighting
aginary attacker, and wo
cover he had killed his da
young English girl drea
was a burglar in the house
family revolver while as
killed her father and bro
Australian press told th
cently of a young woman
who dreamed her fiancé
ladder against the windo
third-story bedroom an
her to elope. The police
in the street, both legs br

With the use of brain
cording devices, sleep re
know that most episodes
walking take place during
non-dreaming phase of sl
also know that sleepwal
sodes, while not necessaril
tom of neurosis, are usua
vated by tension or an
should not be considere

Should you wake a slee
Says U.C.L.A.'s Tony
dedicated somnambulist
"A sleepwalker can st
bang into things, so for
either wake him or lead
to bed. But do it gent
of them thrash about on
and *you* might get hurt."

wer you're certain to be
w durable-press, easy-
or some clothes, drap-
covers. Today, cotton
olid colors as well as
ics are available, and
s certain to grow. But
tures that make these
lly useful require spe-
echniques for complete

ing the Pattern

tern that takes advan-
us features of durable-
These fabrics are easy
good body and don't
nk. Since durable-press
ist creasing, they are
t. Ideal patterns use
main decoration, have
f exposed seams, gores,
d buttonholes. Keep
action simple, for extra
be eased in as with un-
ials.

ving Strategy

ess fabrics are excep-
stabilized, but careful
eded to avoid pucker-
n and needle marks
right the first time

ches should be longer
an for other similar-
als. This allows leeway
shrinks—the material
A good stitch guide:
ne for 10 to 12 per inch
aterials; 10 to 14 for
; and 8 to 10 for bulky,
addition to changing
loosen the tension of
(carried by needle) a
titch will remain un-
ough many washings.
ension seldom needs
en, check results by
thicknesses of the
he same length. If the
om tensions are ad-
m will appear smooth
s lined up at the end.
press fabrics tend to
me layer may move
the presser foot ten-
y. If you find the top
eyond the bottom at
e trial seam, reduce
pressure bar.
aped part in the throat
lines sometimes causes
e durable-press ma-
et caught in it. If you
ese, consider a new
nd hole) such as used
itching, or cover the
gummed paper until
nt is finished.
hine do the work and
ic along at its own
these materials tend
ide; with these, guide
om but do not pull it
jerks and starts, for
s are less apt to be
en.



Sewing Supplies

- Pins and needles with sharp points prevent unsightly marks. Good are number-16 pins and numbers 11 to 14 needles (lower numbers for sheers).
- Thread that gives good results is the new type with polyester core wrapped with cotton and mercerized cotton with silicon finish.
- Zippers, tape, rick-rack and interfacing must be the non-shrink type or treated to be. For instance, zippers with cotton tapes should be hand-washed several times, or use an automatic washer to preshrink them.
- Fabrics, especially if patterned, must be checked carefully. Stripes, checks or plaids, for instance, must run with the true grain, since no pulling will restore them to proper alignment. To check, unroll about a yard, fold it back, matching selvages, and note whether or not design is parallel to the fold. Do check both sides.

Fitting and Finishing

Try garments or furnishings for fit before stitching; it's difficult to remove unwanted stitching and the old needle marks linger on. Press seams only after fitting, for ironed-in creases are a problem. Don't count on achieving sharp creases, for the material has been finished to lie flat. With or without a steam iron, use a pressing cloth or press on the back side to prevent shine or glaze on the material.—BETTY WADSWORTH

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LP-4

A New Look at Len

Meatless meals during Lent need not be dismal. In many countries meatless meals are the rule rather than the exception. Home cooks and great chefs have developed a wide range of delicious and unusual fish, vegetable and pasta dishes. We've scoured the globe to make a collection of exciting recipes—sans meat. Ideal for a family treat. A new kind of party dish to serve at any season of the year.

NORTH GERMAN FISH PIE

Kissing cousin of the popular Shepherd's Pie, this recipe works with any frozen white-fleshed fish, such as sole, flounder or halibut.

- 1½ cups sliced onions
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 2 Tb. oil
- 2 (1-lb.) pkgs. frozen fish fillets, partially thawed
- 2 (8-oz.) cans whole oysters, drained
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- 1½ lbs. potatoes (6 medium)
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted

Sauté 1½ cups sliced onions and 1 clove crushed garlic in 2 tablespoons oil until tender, about 5 minutes.

Toss in a large bowl along with 2 (1-lb.) pkgs. frozen fish fillets, partially thawed, which have been cut into 1-inch strips. Stir in 2 (8-oz.) cans whole oysters, drained, ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Place in a large shallow baking dish, approximately 2 quarts. Cover and bake at 400° for 30 minutes.

Meanwhile peel and slice 1½ lbs. potatoes. Cook until just tender.

Uncover cooked fish. Cover evenly with cooked potato slices. Brush with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted. Continue baking for 10 to 15 minutes more or until potatoes are golden. Or broil 6 inches from heat to crisp potatoes. Serves 6.

ROMANIAN GEVITCH

A traditional Romanian vegetable stew. You may like to stir in 1 cup green seedless grapes during the last 15 minutes of cooking time, which makes it truly authentic. Could be the main dish for a hearty lunch or supper, a vegetable side dish at dinnertime . . . excellent with fish. To thaw vegetables, quickly dunk in boiling water. Drain and use immediately.

- 1 cup green pepper strips
- 1 cup sliced celery
- 2 Tb. olive oil
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen green peas, thawed
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen baby lima beans, thawed
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen cauliflower sprigs, thawed
- 1 (1-lb.) tomato drained
- 1 (8-oz.) baby c drained
- 2-3 clove slivered
- ¼ cup oil
- ¼ cup le
- 2 tsp. sa
- 1 tsp. po
- ½ tsp. p

Sauté 1 cup green pepper st cup sliced celery in 2 tables oil until barely tender, 4 to

Place in a 2½-quart casser mix in 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen thawed, 1 (10-oz.) pkg. fr lima beans, thawed, 1 (1 frozen cauliflower sprigs, (1-lb.) can stewed tomatoe and 1 (8-oz.) can whole ba drained. Add 2 or 3 cloves ered. Sprinkle over this mix olive oil, ¼ cup lemon juice, salt, 1 teaspoon powdered teaspoon pepper. Stir onc combine. Cover and bake 30 to 40 minutes or until ve tender. Let stand uncovered utes to mellow flavor. Serves ED. NOTE: Leftover Gevit drained, marinated in Itali and served as a salad.

FISHERMAN'S EGGS WITH DILL SAUCE

From the northern provinces a rich, tasty combination oven-poached eggs and di puff-pastry shells.

- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen puff-pastry shells
- *Filling:*
- 1 (7¾-oz.) can red salmon, drained
- 1 Tb. lemon juice
- ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- 6 eggs
- *Sauce:*
- 1 (2-oz. white-
- 1¼ cups or mil
- 2 Tb. fr chopp
- 2 tsp. weed
- ⅛ tsp. n

Prepare 4 (10-oz.) pkg. froz try shells according to labe Remove from oven. Cut ou directed on package. Lift ou dough. Reduce oven to 350

Make filling by mashing (7¾-oz.) can red salmon, tablespoon lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, ¼ te per and ¼ teaspoon dry mu approximately 1½ tablesp



"Boy! Didn't that bowling ball going downstairs sound just like

cooked pastry shell. Break
ach of the 6 shells. (If the
en unevenly, make the top
by placing a little crumpled
ne bottom.) Bake 15 to 20
until egg is just set and has
" consistency. Make dill
nding 1 (2-oz.) pkg. white-
ith 1¼ cups light cream or
to a boil slowly, stirring
Add 2 tablespoons fresh
(or 2 teaspoons dried dill
⅛ teaspoon mace. Cook 1
er. Serve alongside eggs.
lunch; 3 for dinner.

SHRIMP

ry shrimp dish from Indo-
n exotic flavor and a sur-
ent—peanuts!

p,
or
d
red

½ tsp. chili powder
1 (12-oz.) can mixed vegetable-juice cocktail
¼ cup water
1 cup coarsely chopped salted peanuts
1 cup raw long-grained rice

lbs. fresh frozen or canned
rding to label directions.
et aside.
uce by sautéing in 2 table-
or margarine 1 cup chopped
tender, approximately 5
in 1 tablespoon flour, ½
dered ginger and ½ tea-
owder. Remove from heat,
nd in 1 (12-oz.) can mixed
e cocktail and ¼ cup wa-
wly to a boil, stirring con-
in 1 cup coarsely chopped
ts and reserved cooked
gently to make shrimp

raw long-grained rice ac-
el directions, reducing salt
n.
time, pile cooked fluffy
r around edge of serving
n shrimp and sauce into
kle with chopped parsley,
ves 6.

LLA MARINARA

giant, hollow manicotti
ffed with a cheese filling
marinara sauce. If you
manicotti pasta, cook 1
oodles according to label
ace half in bottom of a
ole. Top with ricotta fill-
the remaining noodles.
arinara sauce over. Bake
350°.

sta
a or tage
inch
ed eese

2 eggs
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup chopped almonds (optional)
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. nutmeg
1 (1-lb.) jar meatless marinara sauce

(8-oz.) pkg. manicotti
g to label directions. Drain
tly. Meanwhile prepare
ting together 1½ cups
curd cottage cheese, 1½
ozzarella, 1 (3-oz.) jar
an cheese, 2 eggs, ¼ cup
ey, ¼ cup chopped al-
spoons salt, ¼ teaspoon
teaspoon nutmeg. Stuff
anicotti "tubes." Pour 1
sauce over bottom of
ow baking dish. Arrange manicotti over sauce in one layer. Cover with remaining sauce. Bake at 400°, covered, for 20 to 25 minutes, or until pasta is fork-tender. Uncover and bake 5 more minutes. Serves 6 generously.

SWISS SPINACH AND ONION PIE

A hearty, spicy version of a quiche—an enticing way to present spinach.

1 (9-inch) unbaked pie shell
1 egg white
Filling:
1 cup sliced onion (1 large)
2 Tb. olive oil
2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen chopped spinach, thawed and drained
4 eggs
1¼ cups milk or light cream
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. nutmeg
⅛ tsp. cayenne pepper or hot-pepper sauce

Using a fork, prick a 9-inch unbaked pie shell well over base and sides. Brush well with 1 unbeaten egg white. Dry at room temperature about 10 minutes.

Meanwhile prepare filling by sautéing 1 cup sliced onion in 2 tablespoons olive oil for 4 to 5 minutes or until just tender. Combine with 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen chopped spinach, thawed and *very well* drained.

In a separate bowl, gently beat together 4 eggs and 1¼ cups milk. Stir in sautéed onions, spinach, ¼ cup grated Parmesan, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 375° 30–35 minutes or until a silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. Let set 5 minutes before serving. Cut into 6–8 wedges. —POPPY CANNON

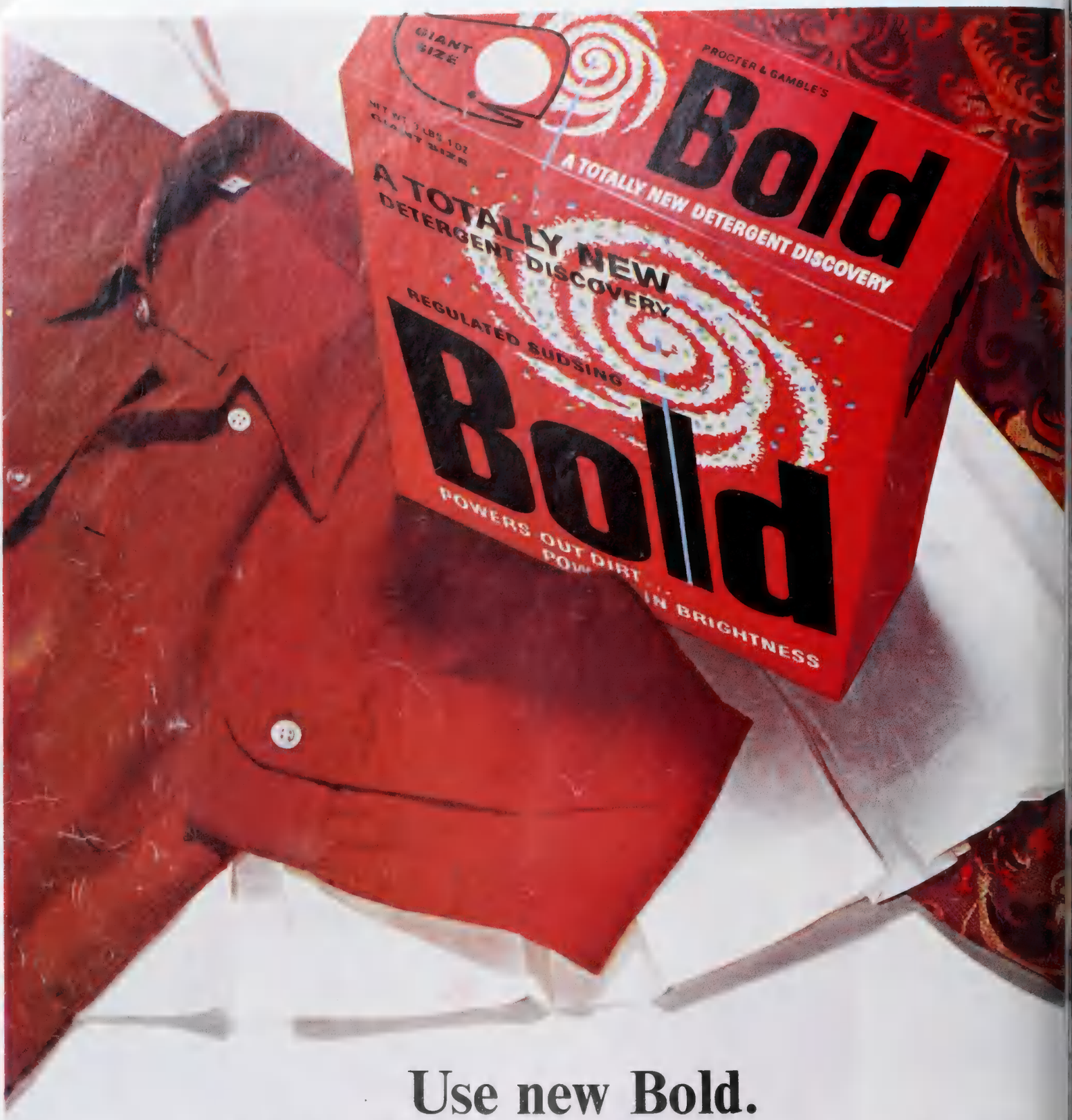
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settle for less again.

Bold gets clothes brigl

JOURNAL SHOPPING CENTER

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, Towels, sheets (for shower curtains) by *J.P. Stevens;* wallpaper (prepasted, ed, vinyl-coated) *The Birge Com-* Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.; accesso-ching "Posies" design, *A.G. Fein Sales* 5 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.; rattan *Tropi-Cal, 5731 South Alameda, Los Calif. 90058;* shower stall, "SPA" er closet "Venus," both *Universal orp.;* floor, cushioned vinyl, *Congol-n;* hair curler, electric manicure set, *neral Electric;* facial sauna, *Lady* lock, *Seth Thomas;* scales, *Detecto;* nting, *Karl Mann Associates, Inc.,* 9th St., New York, N.Y. **Drawing 1:** set, *Hamilton Beach;* hot cup, *Regal c., Kewaskum, Wisc. 53040;* light, ." *Lightolier.* **Drawing 2:** Fiske ool, *Brearley Co., 2107 Kishwaukee ckford, Illinois 61105.* **Drawing 3:** ith lights, *Moe.* **Drawing 4:** Door . *Levy Sons, 1107 Broadway, N.Y.C.*

Colonial chestnut paneling, *Arm-*tainless steel sink, *Elkay;* counter, n Textolite, *General Electric;* side och & Lowy, Inc., 940 Third Ave., , N.Y.; overhead lamp-heater, *Em-ne;* towels, Royal family, *Cannon* ental center with clock, cordless ady Sunbeam shaver and Oral Jet *Sunbeam;* Instant Hair Set, *Clairol;* ecto; Mexican Tin Frame mirror, *The 703 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.* **5:** water-softening attachment, and shower, Shower-All, *Jaclo, Inc.;* spray, *Crane.* **Drawing 6:** His and less shavers, *Ronson.* **Drawing 7:** accessories, *Tiger Things, 1457 Broad-York, N.Y.;* hairdryer, *Presto.* **Draw-**li'N-Dor Storage, *Pearl Wick;* water ompact," *American Standard;* col-s and numbers, *Azuma, 666 Lexing-York, N.Y. 10022.* **Picture 9:** Fisk p, *The Brearly Co.*

ower, *Swan Corp.;* corner sink, " *American Standard;* Porta-Dryer, oncealed bathroom clothes line, *Hall-*ll mounted electric toothbrush, *West-*vanity hamper, *Pearl Wick;* tooth-anitizer, *Hamilton Beach;* shower, ash basin, *American Standard;* awer storage, *Pearl Wick;* refriger-*cold;* dryer, *Maytag;* toothbrush, *use;* bathroom unit, *Hamilton Beach.*

LIFE

CHEZELLE at-home gown: *Bon-New York; Sibley's, Rochester, N.Y.; Washington, D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Jacobson's, Michigan; Bramson's, Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.* K coverall in pink & white check Dacron knit. Sizes 0–18 months; *Franklin Simon, New York; Blum Store, Philadelphia; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Himelhoch, Detroit; The Broadway, Southern Calif.* Babygro by KAPART pink-nylon knit overall and pink-striped nylon and Dacron knit shirt. Sizes T 2–4; overall, $5.50; T-shirt, $3. At *Best & Co., New York; E. W. Edwards, Rochester, N.Y.; Filene's, Boston; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Ivey's, Southeast; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.*

PAGE 85. PAUL PARNES plaid dress: *Lord & Taylor, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Halle Bros., Cleveland; B. Siegal, Detroit; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Nordstrom Best, Seattle.*

PAGE 86. MALLORY pink suede suit: *Lord & Taylor, New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Nordstrom Best, Seattle.* IMP ORIGINALS navy & white checked Fortrel and cotton broadcloth jumpsuit and jacket. Size T 2–4; jacket, $10; jumpsuit, $8. At *F.A.O. Schwarz, New York; Thalhimer's, Richmond, Va.; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.* WHITE STAG dawn-blue jacket and culotte of cotton sailcloth. Size 3–6x; jacket, $7; culotte, $5. At *Lord & Taylor, New York; Young Elites, Rochester, Minn.; William Goodyear, Ann Arbor, Michigan; Kassis Dry Goods, Casper, Wy.; Scotts Dept. Store, Lancaster, Calif.*

PAGE 87. JOAN LESLIE hip-pleated dress: *Lord & Taylor, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Nordstrom Best, Seattle.*

PAGE 88. FLORENCE WALSH canvas coat and skirt; *Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston; The Honey Bee Shop, St. Louis & Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.* WRANGLER faded blue cotton denim jacket and pants. Size 1–7; each $2.50. At *Alexander's, New York; Doerflinger's Dept. Store, LaCrosse, Wisc.* SPATZ red rubber raincoat. Size 3–6x, $5. At *Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.*

PAGE 89. GINALA coatdress: *Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.*

CURLY HEADS—PAGE 92.
Ruffly fashions from left: shirt by *Gregory & Goldberg,* dress by *Bill Blass* for Maurice Rentner, blouse by *Jax,* dress by *Craig-Craeley.*

MEAL A DAY—PAGE 106
March 4: Frozen Cheese Straws are *Durkee's;* Fried Chicken and Whipped Potatoes is a *Campbell's* Frozen Entree; Chocolate Cream Pie from *Jell-O.* March 7: Frozen Corn, Tomatoes and Peas from *Bird's Eye.* March 10: Make lamb chops with *Laureleaf* Lemon-Pepper Marinade. March 13: Safflower-Herb Spread with Diet *Chiffon* Soft-type Table Spread. March 18: *Borden's* Pistachio Almond Ice Cream. March 22: *Jell-O* Double Banana Cream Pie mix. March 24: *French's* Au Jus Gravy mix. March 25: *Nabisco* frozen Fudge Nut Drop Cookies. March 27: *Kraft's* Sweet-Sour sauce mix. March 29: Deep Dish Coconut Cream Delight by *Jell-O.* March 31: Bottled Green Goddess Dressing is *Seven Seas.*

AT HOME WITH MIKE DOUGLAS

continued from page 82

Set on a hilltop above a trout stream, a crumbling swimming pool, a tennis court and all those acres of giant trees and lawn and sculptured hedges, Mike's English Tudor mansion spells optical opulence.

"It was built in 1930 at a cost of over a million dollars, and has been owned by two or three families. Each of them put about $100,000 worth of improvements into it," he explains.

There are 11 other bathrooms besides the master bath that sold Mike on the house, nine fireplaces made of Italian or French marble, two living rooms, a dining room sufficient unto a banquet, and a kitchen so vast as to discourage mice: if the little ones couldn't find their mother, they'd be forever lost.

Genevieve Douglas, a warm, blond woman who until four years ago pressed Mike's suits every morning before he started for work, is both entranced and embarrassed with the house. "I feel like the new rich," she says.

"Make that the old poor," corrects Mike.

"It looks so big, but it's really a perfect child's house," says Gen. "The children can't help playing hide and seek in it. And they love to slide down the circular staircase on their stomachs."

"We're only using about a third of the house, so it's really beginning to feel like home," adds Douglas. "The first night, I kind of felt I didn't belong."

"He still spends most of his time in the den," Mrs. Douglas says.

"I'm comfortable in little places," explains Mike. "It's more like what I'm used to . . ."

Excuses, excuses. The Mike Douglases are still not willing to admit, even to themselves, that Father has hit it big.

As stars go, Douglas is a phenomenon of simplicity—compared to, say, Jack Paar or Johnny Carson. He has no noticeable neuroses. "I'm completely uncomplicated," he says. "I've managed to keep my sanity and my home life as normal as it's ever been. I'd have to say I'm a square, and happy that I am."

Of course, even an idol as obviously wholesome as Mike has his little cynicisms, his deep concerns, his touches of anger. "Everybody says Mike is so sweet," confides his wife. "Well, he's not *that* sweet. He's normal. He has his Irish temper. He says he's uncomplicated, but I've had trouble keeping him uncomplicated." She adds, wistfully, "There are so many 'yes men' around him now, giving him praise."

The reason Mike is afflicted with "yes men" is obvious. The Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, which makes $5 million a year by syndicating *The Mike Douglas Show* to 175 TV stations, knows that it has an endearing talent on its hands, and Mike is treated accordingly. Last spring Westinghouse's "Cary Grant of the Coffee Break" won the first Emmy ever to go to a non-network star, and Douglas is now watched by nearly twice as many viewers as Carson. When a network tried to lure Mike away from daytime TV to take over a late-night show, Westinghouse asked open-palmedly, "What will it take to keep you here?"—and Mike got a deal that will provide (*continued*)

he stainless eel sandwich.

eflon-coated irons have the Teflon* to a surface of aluminum. Not 's Steam/Dry Spray Iron. You see, um is a good heat conductor, but it's ratches easily. So between the aluminum Teflon, Hoover sandwiches a layer of scratch-resistant stainless steel. er way of doing things, perhaps. 't that what you expect oover?

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him with financial security for the first time in his life.

Yet he denies feeling altogether secure. "I've been a loser too long. Anyway, who is secure? What is security?"

The question inevitably arises: "What makes Douglas tick?" To get the answer, it's best to call on him first where he starts his business day, at 10:30 A.M. It is a compact, black vinyl-and-wood office, dimly lighted because Mike doesn't "work" here; he thinks and dreams here . . .

One of the first things you will learn about Mike Douglas is that he's an admittedly sentimental man who unabashedly adores his family.

"My wife," he says enthusiastically, "boy, she's something. She's the class of the family. I met her in Oklahoma. I was singing on a radio station, and her brother was a writer there. He invited me to their home for Christmas dinner. Gen was 16, and I was 17. We were kids but, gosh, we really . . ." Mike shakes his head, purses his lips, and doesn't verbalize the rest of the thought.

"We eloped. She came home from school one day and put on a little blue suit and sneaked out of the house, wearing loafers in case anyone should see her leave. Then she put on high heels, and we made a getaway. After that we fibbed. She wrote 19 on the marriage certificate and later took ink eradicator to change it.

"Things weren't easy for us, financially, but we didn't care. I'll never forget our first piece of elegant furniture. We went to a tombstone maker and bought a piece of marble, and then got a wrought-iron base and called it a coffee table. We still have it.

"Our twins (daughters Michele and Christine) were born 22 years ago. That was an awful day. I nearly lost my wife. That's why we waited so long before we had Kelly Anne. (Kelly is nine, the only daughter who still lives at home.) I didn't want to take any chances."

In the years between the end of World War II and the early 1960's, the Douglases lived in eight homes. "I was basically a singer then. In 1945, I was singing with Kay Kyser's band, Gen and I had a $7,500 G.I. bungalow, and everything was wonderful. I'll never forget two things that happened that year. Kay told me never to buy on credit—always to pay cash. I still believe in that. And for Christmas, 1945, Gen and I bought ourselves a galvanized garbage pail for a present. It was all we could afford, but it was also a luxury. You couldn't get galvanized pails in those days."

In the 1950's, Mike emceed a Chicago radio show. From there he was hired by NBC. "But things didn't work out," he says. "We went to Los Angeles, and that was where I really hit a low. I was ready to quit the business when Westinghouse opened up a whole new world."

That "whole new world" is best illustrated by Mike's gorgeous new home. As the limousine pulls up before it, an enormous tail-whopping German shepherd named King woofs from a fenced-in pen in the yard. And a small girl's holler can be heard from an upstairs room: "Hi! That you, Dad?" Before Mike can answer, a slender form hurtles down the stairs and clutches him.

Here is Kelly, all big eyes, brown hair and precocity, braces on her teeth, freckles and love.

Behind Kelly comes Gen, a serene beauty who looks scarcely more than the 24 years she has been married to Mike.

"Here's Mama," Mike says.

The family dinner is served at 6:30—because that is when Midwest-oriented families with school-age children dine, even if Father is a television star. It is a real family dinner; the blessing comes first, instead of cocktails, and the lemon pie after.

The roast beef is big enough to serve a dozen people. "It's the smallest one we had," pipes Kelly cheerfully.

"Oh, Kelly!" groans Gen.

"Say, is that sugar in the sugar bowl?" asks Kelly.

"Why wouldn't it be?" queries Mike.

"Because I put salt in it for April Fool's and we haven't used the good china since," replies Kelly.

"Atta girl, Kelly, tell the guests everything," Mike laughs.

"Well, golly, we *are* eating fancy tonight, aren't we? We even have radishes," says Kelly candidly.

"One of the reasons we needed a bigger home is that we just couldn't entertain in the one we had," Genevieve Douglas says, deftly changing the subject, "and there is a certain amount of that sort of socializing that a man like Mike is expected to do." Until last July, their house was a two-s with a dining area large enou only six people comfortably that could be described as "intimate," one that could re belonged to a man earning year instead of $500,000.

"When we had guests, it sary to take them out some I didn't like that," Mrs. Do on. "We wanted to bring taining back into the home."

Mike hope mansion won ple a wrong i "We've never in help in ou fore, with a children," "We're just n you could sa are just not bit because we Buckingham rounded by Wall of Chin

Mike's co his image cor certain cyni the club wh golf, would y that since wo ten out that house, there talking to me

HERALD

By Maureen

March means
out-of-door
Till it stumbl
a . . . croc
What a lovel
hokus-pokus
To have such
As a purple
us
Into Spring!

to play golf who'd never me before I b home? Why c be the same of who you a

Gen nods. the thing th me about hav It is why I under the na Michael Dou legal name) charge acc made out th people in stor me like every

The phone Mike goes to the kitchen to He returns moments later "Mother, how would you lik Harrah's in Lake Tahoe? me to sing there."

"What month?" asks Kell

"Next," says Mike.

"Dad, you've *got* to be h fifth, because that's King's bi you couldn't miss that."

Mike solemnly pledges home on the fifth. Forget only scenery and money. I hold like the Douglases' no cept in dire emergency, wou birthday of its only dog!

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IS: THE YACHTSMAN HAD THEM ALL ABOARD

d from page 91

dislikes an entourage. "I perfind it embarrassing to have aiting for a command," he says. iably travels alone and without except for the little attaché has suits, shirts, shoes waiting vherever he goes. If pressed too ut definite dates and places he plead: "Please me down... !" *is* pinned down, hat it's like: A.M. on a day in 37. The sun is igh in the sky own on Athens A small group e officials, me- and assorted gathered by the angar, looking n the direction ate. There are ations. His e *Christina*, has rop, five-seat n aircraft, the t brought Onthens the prey, but is still g inspection ot be available im back. But s big, black car sweeps he gate, an 84-6 airliner of Airways, which wns, is revving e its place.

a 30-minute lands at Akesolate, lonely rstrip on the p of the Greek A car is wait- awaits Onsver he goes—rumbles along dusty road as can without he passengers ides or roof, sis continues batch of doc- if it were a down Park He does not until the car a jetty where e *Christina's* s is tied up.

oniously, he car for speedh is off with a the first time n of business all from Onassis' shoulders. up in his shirt sleeves at the e boat, he takes in the famil- d view of the coast behind he islands ahead. He knows of the way: "This canal," he everything Greek launches historical, geographical, eth- l lecture interspersed with pography and mythology—ally built for Alexander the drinks in the air as if craving ating properties of freedom. stance is Ithaca, his spiritual close by on the left lies y dot in the sea: "It's mine," he says, "I bought it as a protection against unwelcome neighbors." And now Scorpios, green, luscious, almost tropical, the 500-acre island shaped like a scorpion that Onassis bought in 1962 because he wanted roots in this part of the world.

For an instant during the approach, Scorpios is almost hidden behind the tall, elegant white hull of the *Christina*. The newly built jetty and the small inner harbor stand out against the background of thick vegetation and the macadamed roads, six miles of them, hewn into the rock and supported by walls: "There was not an inch of road here, and the problem was to build the walls . . ." This is what cost Onassis the better part of the three million dollars he has already invested in the island.

Onassis steers his mini-jeep toward the quadrangle of new chalets that await his guests, each with bathroom, hot and cold running water and all modern conveniences, more than a dozen of them grouped around a big dining hall, with two very pretty maids in permanent attendance. On to the stables big enough for half a dozen horses, which can trot along the miles of riding paths he had cleared from the thicket.

The only snag is that after years of effort Onassis has failed to discover a source of water on the island, but three boatloads are brought in every day. Pipelines, part of a new seven-mile irrigation system, take the water to the reservoirs that have been built on the highest ridge. Gardeners use water lavishly to spray the flowers; Greek peasant women, heads covered with thick shawls against the relentless sun, water and prune the trees and strawberry bushes. The telephone exchange being completed ("Somehow it works by mirrors") is big enough even for the man whose lifeline is a telephone wire.

To the question, which of his residences he regards as his home—Avenue Foch in Paris, Alvear Avenue in Buenos Aires, Avenue d'Ostende in Monte Carlo, the house in Athens or Scorpios Island—Onassis has a prompt, unequivocal answer: "The *Christina*, of course!" He spends more time on his ship than in any of his homes, as much as four or five months a year, probably because it enables him to accomplish the impossible—to stay put and move about at the same time. None of his houses is subjected to the meticulous scrutiny he applies to the ship, and, snuggling against the steeply rising side of the island, where she has been tied up since he sailed her back from Miami, she looks worthy of the care and attention lavished on her. The crew of 50 ("More than it needs to run a 40,000-ton tanker," Onassis says, with a hint of self-reproach in his voice) have been busy sprucing her up after the Atlantic crossing. Now she is as finely polished and immaculate as when Onassis first took her over in 1954 at the North German shipyard that converted the 1,600-ton Canadian frigate *Stormont* into the world's most luxurious yacht.

It is nearly midday when Onassis climbs up the accommodation ladder. Some of the guests have arrived during his absence, among them the famous opera star and his frequent companion, Maria Callas. Her two miniature poodles, Pixie and Jeddah, white and brown respectively, come out to greet him, followed by Callas herself, strikingly handsome without a dab of makeup, her long hair loose save for a ribbon, wearing a shift and sandals, relaxed and happy.

Onassis takes the dainty, vitrine-lined circular staircase to the bridge-deck and his private quarters, a three-room apartment. In the big study the shelves are filled with books—the collected works of Winston Churchill, each volume signed by the author with a big "W. S.C.," the English classics, the Greeks he likes best, Euripides, Herodotus, Plato; books on ships, on the arts, on Greece. He glances at the most precious of his paintings, El Greco's *Ascension* ("El Greco's El Greco," some of his friends quip), the Russian ikons, the swords in golden scabbards (a gift from Arabia's King Saud), and the whaling trophies on the wall.

Still dressed in his city clothes, he goes to the bedroom, almost sedate in this setting except for the 18th-century Venetian mirror and the gold-plated brushes, combs and containers of cosmetics, to the mirror-lined dressing room and the bathroom—ah, the bathroom! For years it has been a talking point among millionaires, because there is nothing quite like this Sienna marble temple—the bath itself an exact replica of the one in King Minos' lost Palace of Knossos in ancient Crete, with inlaid flying fish and dolphins of (*continued*)



delicate beauty made by mosaic artists in Berlin. But even here he is soon on the telephone—three of the *Christina's* 42 extensions are in the owner's quarters.

While he changes into a pair of brown slippers and white linen trousers, leaving his muscular, sun-burned torso bare, his guests—the president of an oil company, an international banker, an American insurance tycoon with families and friends, owners of no mean yachts themselves—wander through the *Christina* like reverent visitors in the Museum of Modern Art. Unless they have already spotted it, their host is bound to take them to the big salon and, with a fondly appreciative gesture, draw their attention to the landscape painting of a deep forest with a lively brook. It is by the hand of Winston Churchill, who, in the summer of 1961, sent it from London as a present for his favorite host. The salon also serves as a private cinema where some of the latest American, French and Italian films will be shown after dinner in the all-white dining room with the round table and the wall paintings by Marcel Vertes. Onassis takes his guests to the poop deck and the huge, elegant smoking room with its grand piano and the open fireplace of lapis lazuli, which cost four dollars a square inch.

Before lunch, the more venturesome guests are encouraged to join their host in a swim of some 200 yards to one of Scorpios' soft, pebble beaches. Onassis makes this swim twice every day, striking out vigorously with the stamina of a man half his age. The party naturally gravitates toward the bar, which is also unique. Genuine old parchment maps line the walls, tiny models of almost every famous ship from Noah's Ark to the Kon-tiki are under glass. The bar stools are covered with white whaleskin, and giant whale teeth serve as support for those who do not find their sea legs at once. Onassis, who takes quite a few whiskies in the evening, prefers an iced Coke during the day.

The party spills over into the children's room, which has changed little since they were small and the *Christina* was their home. The wall has been decorated by Ludwig Bemelmans. the small electric organ is still in its place by the side of a music box in the disguise of a real Monte Carlo fruit machine. Soon the crowd gathers around the *Christina's* pièce de résistance, the swimming pool, with another mosaic of the Minos Palace theme—an enlarged reproduction of the famous fresco of the Minotaur and the Dancing Acrobats, graceful, bright, glowing through the water. The bottom of the pool can be raised electrically to deck level, where it becomes one of the costliest 16 square yards ever to be tapped by dancing feet.

Then comes the call to lunch, prepared by the French chef (a Greek chef caters for those who prefer native cuisine): freshly caught prawns, Macaroni à la Béchamel, roast veal, local goat cheese, ice cream, fruit, pink champagne, Turkish coffee, liqueurs and brandy. Onassis offers cigars of Churchillian proportion, and lights one himself.

Afterward, the guests return to the cabins for a siesta—nine double cabins along the corridor below, each named after a different Greek island, each a gem of luxury designed in a different style, with baths, showers, washbasins with fish-mouth faucets, lavatories and bidets of different-colored marble. There is *Chios*, which Churchill used to occupy, with his male nurses in *Crete* next door. *Ithaca* across the corridor was the cabin Lady Churchill preferred, but it has also been inhabited by Greta Garbo (except on one cruise when she was in *Lesbos*) and Jacqueline Kennedy. Now it is Madame Callas' favorite cabin.

With everybody safely installed, Madame Jeanette Herzog, the Alsatian-born housekeeper, can find a moment's respite, because the guests need only pick up their telephone to ask for the Maids' Cabin (two trained ladies' maids and a number of well-versed valets are among the crew), the Pantry Galley or Bar and the Laundry. It is a long time since anybody needed the ship's hospital, with surgical and X-ray equipment matching that of many a well-known shore-based medical installation.

After the siesta the men gather for a drink. The talk of this In-group of wealth, power and influence is deliberately inconsequential, but the calls over the radiotelephone and the cables and messages from the other yachts, brought in on silver trays, keep the spirit of "big business as usual" alive under the nonchalant surface. The explosive Israeli-Arab confrontation was just ening into permanence, yet the ships and the money in th these men do not visibly int their relaxation.

The *Christina*'s speedboat all, but two of them are lif available for general use) ar for a quick flip around the n islands; guests can organize a in the glass-bottomed fish-wat the sailing boat or the two try to match water skis, this field, as others, he is equaled. As t the *Piaggio* f Athens, and raises the air berth on deck Onassis' spe signed Fiat 5

Of the fam on the *Christi* ill was the r sis admired two had a gr common (bot sea and ships Churchill wa Onassis him over the arr with filial Churchill ha climbing the accommodat but Onassis chuckle, "W for the lad pulled up w Everything to the routine tinguished Sir Winston called at 9 Onassis dire his valet, to strict breakf At the stroke tray with orange juice of coffee wa Sir Winston quickly follc second tray w and, when S had dealt wi third tray wi itary glass

After that ill sat up in ing: "His a books was Onassis rec Winston read pages a day up the Onas After lunch, on deck, doze out onto the sis often sat silently by his sid The old gentleman preferred motion to her lying at anch the gentle rhythmic hum of soothing. Sometimes he a played poker or chemin de f

Play stopped in good time f ill to go to his cabin and c dinner jacket and black tie. missed his cocktail, never ce joy the carefully chosen w and red, followed by champa brandy and cigar. Dinner w time for conversation, but b Winston liked to see a film, a ended at midnight was rathe



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French's: Flavor so good it fools the experts.

day. Lady Churchill, with Ari, usually to persuade him to at around 12:30. master of the Eng- uage often recited He had an astonish- ory," Onassis said. was in this mood tumbled out like n a tap." From po- ng was but a short many of Churchill's ngs dated back to as a young corres- n the Boer War: re rather naughty ongs," Onassis re- Onassis quickly the tunes, joining recurring refrains n of a gun," which ursts of laughter. hen the *Christina* nte Carlo harbor, Winston aboard, ard that John F. then a Massachu- r, was in the south ith his wife Jacque- who had known ennedy for some ad dined with him k and Washington, ee him again. Since ife was giving a rty on the *Chris-* ked Senator Ken- ne along, but made : "I shall have to eave not later than P.M. because Sir ways has dinner at h." On no account assis disturb the imetable: "I am e told Kennedy, will have to be a one."

Kennedy arrived, k him to the cor- Churchill was sit- nston went straight rt of Presidential What are your the election?" he nedy said it would "I am a Catholic, To which Church- l: "If that's the lty, you can al- e your religion and a good Christian." aughed, and the roceeded to talk nine.

Jacqueline Ken- guest aboard the 10 days after the r infant son Pat- ss Lee Radziwill, as in Athens when Mrs. Kennedy's arrived. Onassis, ing with the Rad- diately suggested ennedy might like ise to speed her d offered to put at her disposal. ll thought it was dea; after her or- was bound to be ysically and psy- A cruise was just ded. They passed ation, and Mrs. Kennedy accepted. But she made it clear that she would not go unless her host, Onassis, came along. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. accompanied Mrs. Kennedy to Europe, and escorted her on the cruise. Onassis took his sister Artemis, but whenever the yacht was in port, he tried to keep out of sight—until Roosevelt told him that while Mrs. Kennedy appreciated his attitude, she insisted that he join her whenever they went ashore. Almost every day throughout the trip, President Kennedy and his wife talked over the *Christina*'s radiotelephone.

In the wake of this cruise some nasty flotsam was hurled at Onassis. Rumors compounded of malice and ignorance suggested that he had invited Mrs. Kennedy to get even with his brother-in-law, shipping millionaire Stavros Niarchos, who had scored over him by entertaining Britain's Princess Margaret aboard his own yacht. (It is true that a keen rivalry exists between Onassis and Niarchos. The two wealthy Greeks are former brothers-in-law: Onassis married Athina "Tina" Livanos, while Niarchos married her sister *(continued)*

Eugenie. Onassis once said of Niarchos: "In business, we cut each other's throat—but now and then we sit around the same table and behave, for the sake of the ladies.")

Another "regular" aboard the *Christina* has been Greta Garbo. Onassis first saw Garbo when both lived at the Ritz Towers in New York. They met in the corridor and the elevator, but, apart from exchanging an occasional distant nod, did not strike up an acquaintance. Much later, at a party, Onassis was introduced to Garbo, and promptly reminded her of the time when they had been neighbors. "You used to put your head down and did not look at anybody," he told her. "I suppose you never noticed me." But Garbo flattered him by saying that she remembered him well. They talked about her native Sweden, which he knew well, and about Hollywood, with which he was more familiar than she. When Onassis asked her to stay with him and his wife at their château in Monte Carlo, she accepted—and brought George Schlee, her inseparable companion.

Onassis found that Garbo loved Greece as much as he did, and was as fond of the sea. They discovered that they had been born within a few months of each other and, with a common continental background, seemed to see their times in the same perspective. It took a while, but Onassis was delighted to see Garbo slowly unbending, relaxing and beginning to feel at home. Schlee, who knew her better than any other man, thought the change that came over her was astounding. For the first time in the company of strangers, the guarded, ever suspicious Garbo turned out to be an enchanting companion, full of fun. She sang Swedish folk songs, Onassis joining in with his sonorous baritone; she gave exhibitions of Scandinavian dances, and swam in the pool. She was gay and happy, but her mood could change—as Onassis found out.

On one occasion, Onassis and his wife invited Garbo on a cruise starting in Venice. Before they left, Tina Onassis invited the press to visit the *Christina*. But before the launch carrying the newspapermen could come alongside it was vigorously waved away. All the reporters saw was the accommodation ladder being hurriedly pulled up; they did not know that a minor drama was in progress aboard the *Christina*. Tina Onassis had been waiting to receive the press when Ari rushed up to her: "For God's sake," he exclaimed, "they must be stopped. If Garbo sees them, she will jump overboard!" Garbo's reaction to the news that a whole boatload of reporters was about to join the yacht was a fit of panic. No amount of persuasion would change her mind. It was not enough for her to hide in the cabin. They shall not pass! Ari and Tina, who genuinely liked Garbo, were too polite to force the issue or to reproach her. But those who saw Onassis at this moment were convinced that he was really annoyed: "She has this insane phobia about the press and about photographers," he said.

Onassis has always been friendly with the Hollywood elite, particularly those with a Greek background, such as Spyros Skouras, former head of Twentieth Century-Fox. But Onassis was never enthusiastic about movie-making. He once confided to friends that his close association with Hollywood had robbed him of his illusions. "When I saw how the cooking was done," he said, "I did not care to eat . . ."

Ari water-skiing at breakneck speed reminded Skouras of Joe DiMaggio, and the movie executive told Ari so. Unaware of DiMaggio's fame as America's greatest sports idol, Onassis did not like this comparison—until DiMaggio married Marilyn Monroe. Ari then telephoned Skouras. "I would not mind being Joe DiMaggio now," he said. Skouras later told the story to Marilyn. "She didn't seem to mind the idea either," he said.

Until their disagreement over the future of Monte Carlo, Onassis saw a great deal of Prince Rainier—often staying to lunch at the palace. But when someone asked him if he was a friend of the Prince, Onassis answered shrewdly: "I know the Prince. But you do not become the friend of a king by saying you are his friend. He has to say you are his friend."

In 1955, a Hollywood film unit arrived in Monaco to produce a movie with a Monte Carlo background, *To Catch a Thief*, starring Cary Grant and the beautiful Grace Kelly. Grant was an old friend, and Tina Onassis asked him and his co-star to lunch. Ari drifted in, a little preoccupied. "Are you a
nected with the motion-pictur
try?" he asked Grace Kelly. Tin
violently at his sleeve: "Don't h
she hissed in Greek, "she is a
mous actress!" The faux pas
ciously overlooked. Ari departe
ing his wife in charge, and
women got on extremely well. G
back in the south of France bef
to attend the Cannes Film Festi
she came to Monte Carlo once mor
Gallant, a *Par*
photographer, c
Prince Rainier a
if Miss Kelly co
and visit his pa
less hospitable t
assis, the Prince
that he'd be d
to show her arou
rest is history.

The last time
set foot in Mon
was early in 1
though he do
maintain an
Monaco. (His
there is bare exc
copy of *How to*
by J. Paul Ge
Lord Moran's
Churchill.) The
was emphatic
and Rainier ha
quarreled, Ona
deeply hurt by t
ences to him in
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as speaking rath
icately about
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nial affairs. Th
often said to ea
that they wish
Monte Carlo
would end so th
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But when both a
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in Venice last
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to an end—they
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Later that eveni
ever, they we
guests at a sma
that was also a
by Elizabeth Ta
Richard Burton
Onassis and Rai
a friendly, pol
inconsequential

Onassis is re
for his largess.
occasion he reportedly spent
simply to dine with Churchill in
kech, Morocco. Another time he
vited to have lunch with Eva
wife of Juan Peron, then the stro
president of Argentina. *Señora P*
ceived him at her holiday villa
Italian Riviera in an unexpecte
mestic atmosphere. She was
the meal herself, she announce
cooked an Escalope Milanaise,"
told a friend, "and when I told
much I enjoyed it, she suggested
show my appreciation by maki
nation to one of her causes in th
time." He wrote out a check for



s the most expensive escalope I before or after," he said. Some er, Onassis was Juan Peron's Buenos Aires. "Welcome," Peron am glad to see you—and you 're no fear that this meal will another ten thousand dollars!" he women Onassis has known, relationship with Maria Callas caused the most curiosity. s first met Callas in Venice in a party given in her honor by ly's leading hostesses, Countess co. But Ari, with his passion- st in all things Greek, already t about Callas. "What always d me," he later said, "was the er early struggles as a poor girl ns, when she sailed through un- ough and merciless waters. At f fourteen, this girl earned a ip to the Greek National Thea- he was so poor that she could ue her studies with borrowed d borrowed books. During the ccupation her family was starv- lly starving, and while study- id not only have to run the well but help to find food." assis, it obviously evoked the f his own beginnings—and to was an event. mmer of 1959, Callas and her manager-husband, Battista i, went on a Mediterranean h Onassis and his wife—and ean press began speculating omance between Onassis and star. The rumors hardened as admitted that she and her ad separated. Callas termed friend helping her through dif- es. Wearily, Onassis made a . "Friends have described me —sailors do not usually go for ' he said. secret that Onassis does not . "It reminds me of my child- choir boy," he says. "Even at f ten, when I did not really t opera was, I formed an aver- st it. The screaming, the yell- g all those people onstage, I why they did not say right ver they had to say." "friendship" with Callas led of his own marriage. In 1960, a secured an Alabama divorce d custody of the children. ine years that have elapsed, d Callas have made no secret iendship. But Ari grows irri- he is asked if they will marry. t often consent to talk about ship with Callas. irs of Callas and Onassis were t into the open last year when iend, Greek shipowner Pana- ttis, brought suit against p claimed a share in one of his ssis himself took the stand jected to a searching interro- Vergottis' attorney.

"I must ask you about your friendship with Madame Callas," counsel began. "After you got to know Madame Callas, did you in fact part from your wife and did she part with her husband?"

"Yes, but the partings were just coincidence," Onassis replied.

Counsel: "Since then you have been very close friends and she has spent a great deal of time in your company?"

"Yes."

"Do you regard her in the position as being equivalent to your wife if she was free?"

"No, sir. If that was the case I would have no problem to marry Madame Callas and she would have no problem to marry me."

Counsel: "Have you a responsibility toward her beyond mere friendship?"

"No, none whatsoever."

When it was implied that he had turned Callas against Vergottis, Onassis perked up: "Madame Callas is not a vehicle for me to drive; she has her own brakes and her own brains," he said.

The verdict was a foregone conclusion. The judge pronounced in favor of Callas and Onassis.

Onassis' admiration for Callas has not abated with the years, and to see them together is to marvel at the intensity of their friendship. "What our friendship means to her," he explained, "is that it gets her absolutely outside the world of opera houses, agents, conductors, colleagues, all people connected with music; away from professional matters and preoccupation with her career."

Conversely, Onassis liked to think that the company of Callas would do a similar thing for him: banish, for a while, all thoughts of ships, captains, engineers. But while Callas always made good her escape from opera, Onassis never really got away from shipping. Too many of his friends and cruising companions were shipowners for the topic to remain submerged for long. Worse still, the enthusiasm with which he talked about ships soon infected Callas with a profound interest in shipping operations and finance transactions; the amusing and significant cross talk of the Greek tycoons turned the opera star into a fascinated audience.

And so Aristotle Socrates Onassis goes on and on like the sea he loves so well—surrounded simultaneously by mystery and headlines, by fascinating women and financial transactions involving fantastic sums of money.

From time to time, he finds himself exposed to the question that pursues every wealthy man: "How does one become a millionaire like you?"

To this question, Onassis has given a classic answer—one that sums up his own fabulously successful life: "One must always swim on top," he says, "like oil!" **END**

For more about Aristotle Onassis—an irreverent view—see the article below.

At Sea with Ari

An Irreverent View by Stephen Birmingham

rmingham is a free-lance writer l Remarkable Auchincloss Fam- he Jacqueline Kennedy Style," *67,* Journal) *and author of best seller,* Our Crowd.

ri Onassis plans a cruise, he supposition that a yachtful g international celebrities automatically guarantees a gay, stimulating and congenial group. It doesn't always work out that way.

Every Hollywood hostess knows that she cannot surround a dinner table with nothing but first-magnitude movie stars. There must always be a few unknowns, or at least lesser-knowns, to support the giants and to give the giants confidence, to remind them pleasantly that all are not as blessed as they. Otherwise, the giants will spend the evening trying to outrank and upstage each other, and everyone will have a ghastly time.

This often happens among the overfed egos Ari likes to gather aboard the *Christina.* The ructions that have taken place are legion, and a number of Ari's favored guests have set up their own little rules about when they will, and when they won't, accept an invitation to a cruise. Greta Garbo, for instance, declines when Maria Callas is to be aboard: nothing personal, but why should Garbo share her luster with another, somewhat younger, woman? Callas herself would never come aboard when *(continued)*





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the late Sir Winston Churchill was a guest. Churchill simply used to ignore her, and for a woman such as Callas it is most difficult to be ignored. One cruise that included Ari, Maria, Princess Grace, Prince Rainier, Xavier Cugat and Erich Remarque and their respective wives—Abbe Lane and Paulette Goddard—ended in a shambles of bruised vanities and slighted temperaments. They were simply all too famous.

The important thing about a yacht cruise is that it is not the cruising that counts: it is the stops. For this reason, a proper cruise must be planned in exacting detail, with as little time spent at sea as possible—two days at most. Otherwise, boredom sets in, even on a vessel as lavishly equipped for diversion as the *Christina*.

And yet, by the middle of the second day out of port, the familiar, heavy signs of weariness and lassitude have crept into the proceedings. The guests have slept till noon, and have arrived on deck looking haggard and feeling, perhaps, hung over. Drinks are tried, in an effort to recapture the spirit of the night before. The talk is of what took place in the wee hours of it—and, as a rule, with who had how much to drink and what happened as a result thereof.

Ari appears on deck to greet his guests, and to tell them a new dirty joke. Then, for a moment or two, there is a bit of that noisy, off-color talk that only the very rich and very secure can carry off successfully—barracks language in peerage accents from famous heads wrapped in Pucci scarves. Then this too palls. The talk becomes small, very small. Poker is tried, or craps, or bezique, or "Towie"—the rich man's three-handed bridge—and, over yawns and glassy looks, more drinks.

Some of the other forms of entertainment devised by the *Christina*'s host on longer cruises smack of desperation. Once, to relieve the torpor of the third day out, Ari announced that lunch would be served on the sunken floor of the empty pool. Soon after the meal was served, however, he ordered the water turned on. To their surprise, if not to their delight, his guests soon found themselves, along with chairs, tables, bits of food, crockery and napery, floating sociably to the top.

When Onassis' inventiveness wears thin, more extreme measures are taken to entertain his guests—as happened not long ago when the yacht was passing through the Strait of Messina. Ari, like most Greeks, is fond of food, and the small talk had been reduced to its tiniest. The subject was groceries. Ari mentioned a shop in Athens that sold a pastry he particularly favored and—this news drawing a spark of interest among his guests—he suddenly announced that they all must have a sample of this pastry *right now*. Immediately the *Christina*'s yellow seaplane was launched. A radio-telephone call was placed to the shop in Athens. The plane sped eastward across the Mediterranean to Athens, where the oven-hot pastry was being rushed to the airport. Loaded aboard, the tarts headed westward again, to join the *Christina* at Palermo. The feat infused a lagging cruise with new excitement, and, of course, everybody said, "Isn't Ari wonderful?" and, "Who else but Ari . . ?" etc.

Still, such frolicsome episodes are relatively rare. In fact, most of Ari's friends admit that he has no particular talent as a host. On most days at makes only one brief daily appear acting cordial, but quickly reti his office-den where he spends h the ship-to-shore telephone, track of his scattered enterprises. are left to amuse themselves. The *tina* usually sails from port at mi to allow guests as much time as to recover, in bed, from the night After brunch and drinks, they off to nap or change clothes for th tail hour. Unl boat is due at port for dinner, t tail hour is leng dinner is served

Sometimes A a movie projecto and a new film shown, but mos alcohol is the e only pastime. Hi linger around the on the patio dance-floor sw pool, talking and getting drun drunker. On these occasions, himself fails to at all. But when it is with a favor The bar stools, his friends, are stered in skin whale's testicle story gets a big

At the same Onassis remains what moralistic say downright p host, and this ha dispiriting effect tain guests who a somewhat mor *faire* attitude o the world's most pleasure ship. makes it quite cl all affairs of should they occu transpire entirely the closed sta doors. A few friends find th cramping. Also other owners of in the Mediterr Ari does not offe members of his escorts to unesc dies. A strict status, between and crew, is dr fact, Ari once sailor whom he l squiring a lady

Onassis learne the importance cruise stops t way. Once, the *Christina* pull Venice the day *after* one of t important balls in the Venetia season—and the disappointment passengers was beyond descript other time, the *Christina* was b Marbella, on Spain's southern where—Onassis assured his f Ava Gardner waited to join th when the yacht arrived in Marbe Gardner was in London, hav Marbella two days earlier—a bit to Ari. Today, the schedule of planned with extraordinary ca the success of each stop depend

(*continued on p*

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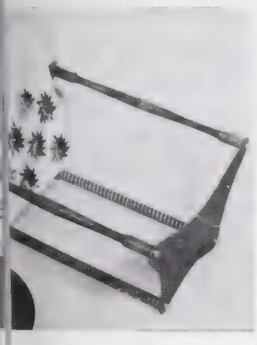
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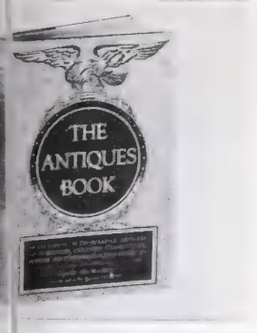
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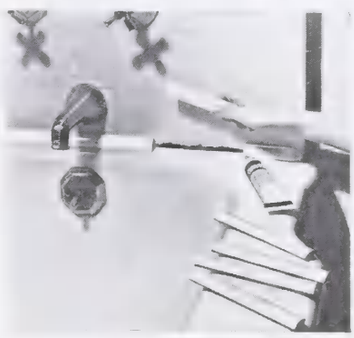
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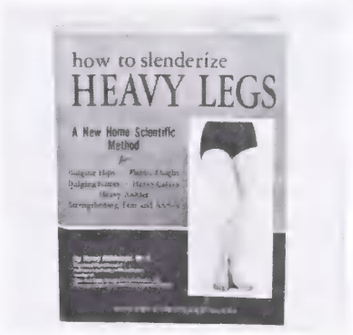
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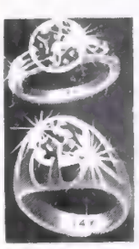
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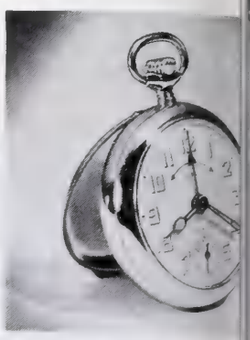
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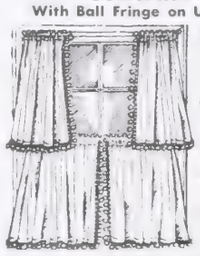
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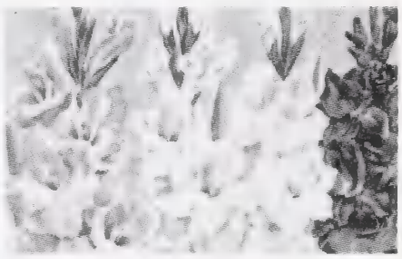
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social schedule—and the social prominence—of the people who will be there. Celebrities being just as arbitrary as Onassis, slip-ups and missed connections with this or that luminary are always occurring, but Ari now deals with them cleverly. He never tells his guests exactly what or whom they are to expect at the next port, and advertises a "surprise" at each stop. This way, if Ava Gardner does turn up when the *Christina* docks, she will be treated as the "surprise" —even though her presence has been hoped for all along. If Miss Gardner has flown elsewhere, the surprise will turn out to be dinner at a local restaurant and a trip to a nightclub.

Whenever the *Christina* docks, her passengers head for shore with remarkable alacrity. And, on shore, life is determinedly gay—so gay, indeed, that often a note of desperation seems to have entered the proceedings, just as occasionally it does at sea. Mrs. Bob Considine recalls one evening in Majorca when Ari's guests took over the orchestra in a local club. The late Elsa Maxwell played the piano, and Prince Rainier and Maria Callas tried their hands at a variety of other instruments. At the height of things, photographer Jerome Zerbe snatched off Millie Considine's wig, put it on his own head, and asked Princess Grace for a dance!

At another party, this one in Monaco, 22 members of a Hawaiian and Mexican orchestra were flown in from somewhere—and when the music was still not enough for Ari, he and Callas set out to prowl nightspots for more musicians. They led the new musicians back to the *Christina*—Ari at the head of the procession, like the Pied Piper, and Maria just behind him, playing a saxophone.

Usually, Ari's guests return to the *Christina* only when the last party is over on shore—perhaps with an added guest or two from local society, more often with a few hangers-on who have simply been swept along with the group. Onassis himself describes the *Christina* as "a floating nightclub"—a club whose bar knows no closing hours—where friends can gather in the tail of the evening before tumbling, exhausted, into bed. "The *Christina* is most fun of all when she's at anchor," says his friend, Greek actress Melina Mercouri.

In port, the palatial *Christina* may be a fun showpiece. But even in the lightest seas—and even with her costly new stabilizers—even her most ardent admirers admit that she doesn't sail as comfortably as some less-famous yachts, such as Lady Docker's famously ugly *Shemara*, or the *Gaviota*, which used to be owned by Chilean millionaire Arturo Lopez Wilshaw. The *Christina* pitches, yaws, twists and wobbles from side to side. Maria Callas is one of Onassis' very few friends who has made the full 24-day Atlantic crossing aboard the *Christina*. The trip was so rough that many crewmen were too seasick to work, yet Maria did not seem to mind. It was early in her romance with Ari, and even in the worst weather she would appear with him on deck. They would sit side by side in deck chairs, like young lovers, or, according to one crewman, "walk like sleepwalkers," holding hands.

Though the *Christina* has two "French" chefs, most guests agree that the food aboard the yacht is undistinguished—another reason why the cruise stops are looked forward to so eagerly. Onassis has no palate for the of French cookery and, caring ercises scant supervision over kitchen staff prepares. The crew is called "the worst pa Mediterranean." As a result, nal German and Greek sailor left Ari, and he settles for inex part-time seamen, picked up there for short periods, and th ways complaining about the the food served *them*. It wa yachtsman,En a notorious t who first p Onassis of t tance of mak economies, p where they in crew. "Look ir bage cans in kitchen," Em vised. And, gr it seems, Ari just that. He r prise visit to kitchen and the lids fron bage pails, p hands deep unlovely cont ing up with l uneaten spa "Golden Gr angrily, "Wh good food be away?" Fror the strictest b omies were and, today, served no ve beans, no mea chicken. In quarters, Ar as *skilapsaro-*

Of course, fazes Ari—th is evidence t be getting a with the *Ch* mors have fl may be for rumored b metics ma Charles Rev fered a rum $5 million. decide to sel *tina*, his new probably be and gaudie often spoken a yacht. Th after all, is Canadian fri as Ari's frie him—if he w more elabor *Queen Eliz* sale.



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t demi-colors. Soft demi-textures. For lids. Lashes. And even brows. nslucency makes eyes look soft. Glowy. (Marvelously 'unmade-up'!)

Revlon invented Demi-Makeup for *skin*, your face e way of Today. Open. Fresh. Free. And now we've for *eyes*. With new Demi-Makeup. The Today in eyewear. Everything is totally translucent. That *soft*. A whole new kind of soft. Almost *see-through* soft, in fact, it shouldn't even be called makeup. And It's *Demi*-Makeup.

ors are the merest little *mists*. The gently polished are refined (and *re*-refined) to an almost floatable s. What they do is absolutely *rivet* attention to your hout being show off-y about it. From now on, hard, ye makeup has had it. The look that's in for eyes is cent. Soft. *Demi*.



nslucent Brow Lightener. The first 'cosmetic way' to lighten brows. Now you can lighten your brows to the palest, high- aircolor shades. (It's the *now look* fashion models love.) Just The soft color lasts till you cleanse it off. 6 lightening shades.

nslucent Brow Color. The first brush-on powder that shapes, ur brows as precisely as a pencil—but softer, *softer*. In 6 barely- demi-shades. To use with or without Brow Lightener.



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EDITOR'S NOTE: The *Journal* will publish brief letters from read ing answers to important personal problems, along with replies from of our board of experts. We welcome such letters and greatly r only those selected for publication can be answered. The address Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.

Dear Mr. Brinkley: I watch you on TV every evening, and sometimes I wonder what your personal opinion is of the war in Vietnam? Are you torn by the same doubts I am—that what we are doing there has gotten out of hand, and that somehow we must change our policy before utter disaster overcomes us? Do you think the President is doing all he can to end the war? Would you do anything different? HELEN CHARLES
Stamford, Conn.

● *It is a matter of fact, not opinion, that the war has proved to be bigger, longer, costlier in lives and money than the President thought it would be when he expanded it three years ago. Government officials then spoke confidently of bombing the Communists into surrender in weeks or months. The answer to your question is yes, I have the same doubts others have. Specifically, I am doubtful the American objectives in Vietnam can be achieved. We say we are there to save South Vietnam, but after these years of savagery, killing, destruction, corrupt Vietnamese leadership and political chaos, I cannot see there is much there to save. If the responsibility were mine, I would turn the war back to the South Vietnamese themselves, to win or lose. Unless Americans are willing to stay there and prop them up for a generation, it is theirs to win or lose anyway. That was the original idea stated by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, but somewhere along the way it has been forgotten.*
DAVID BRINKLEY

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Seaman: I am 34 years old, married and the mother of two children. My problem is that I love the new clothes styles. I don't wear miniskirts or Mary Quant designs, but I *have* had my dresses shortened to several inches above the knee. This gives me a whole new lease on life, because I am one of those women with a small bust and good legs. Sweaters and décolletage left me flat, but now when I wear short skirts and patterned stockings, men—my husband included—treat me like something special. I love it, but I keep reading all these disparaging remarks about mothers who want to copy teenagers, and I wonder if I'm acting immature. MRS. J.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *Those disparaging remarks about short skirts are made by women with big bosoms and bad legs. Relax and enjoy your turn in the sun—but don't let your legs go to your head.*
DR. GIDEON and BARBARA SEAMAN

Dear Dr. Bettelheim: Is there a way to predict whether a you ready for summer "sleep-away he has never been away from develops severe homesickness, to come and "rescue" him, or to stick it out through the w season? MRS. DOLORES
Jackson He

● *I wish you would have indic of your child, because a great de on that. While some parents children to camp at a very ea has been my experience that young children may ask to g they are hardly ever emotionall fore 10 or 11. That is, if the p vide a good home for them. If younger child might be better off his parents. One way to gau a child is ready is how he t all-day camp, and how much stay overnight with a friend.*

A young child away from ho a bit homesick and unhappy at he is befriended by his counse the other children. Therefore, i idea to send some children who friends to camp together, so th days of utter loneliness are avo

If, after about a week, a c make a go of it at camp, and returning home, then I think accede to his wishes. After all, c be a pleasure, not a test of en an ordeal. DR. BRUNO B

Dear Miss Vanderbilt: I know book says and what everybod why should ushers at a wedd the lady to a seat and pay n to the gentleman with her? Wh band accompanies me to a w arrive at the church sort of st For the moment, we could be and groom again on that lon Then, bang! I accept another and my husband does not even me, but trails behind. I don't it should be done, but I wish so you would use some imaginatio out a plan that will allow ever bridal couple to enter togethe is a good reason for the custo glad to hear it. CATHE
Toron

● *You are being overly sentim reason for this rule is that the u where to seat you—your husba After the service your husba privilege of escorting you. He pew ahead of you and waits take his arm.* AMY V

THE WING M EUROPE A GUARDIAN ANGEL OR THE CROWNED EADS OF MERICA



(SHORT, LONG, STRAIGHT, OR CURLED)



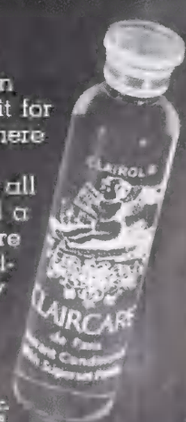






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WHY MOMMY HATES SCHOOL

THE JOURNA "VOICE OF WOMEN" PO

If mothers were handing out the report cards this term, the nation's public schools would be in serious danger of flunking out. But, ironically, the teachers in those same schools would rate straight A's—or at least B+. This conflict in parental thinking emerged when 1,261 readers told the *Journal*'s third "Voice of Women" poll how they felt about their children's schools.

From a parent's point of view, American education seems to be a confusing mixture of bad management by good, but apparently helpless, people, who just happen to be in charge of it. As a result, Johnny not only can't read; he may graduate from high school without knowing how to spell or add, while other youngsters may wind up as delinquents because of the breakdown of classroom discipline.

Yet all the blame is laid at the door of "the system."

In expressing agreement or disagreement with 59 statements about the way schools are run, readers pinpointed three major trouble spots: discipline, guidance of pupils in nonacademic matters, and official efforts at racial integration.

For example, only 15 percent thought today's teachers were "incapable of handling discipline problems"—yet 72 percent believed that "delinquents and troublemakers are now getting away with murder at other children's expense."

Again paradoxically, a majority of readers do *not* want schools to help mold children's "behavior," but they were emphatic in suggesting that long hair and smoking were up to the school to control.

A split attitude also appeared on the subject of guidance in religion and sex education. A great many parents—47 percent—would like schools to find some legal way to instruct their children in religion. Yet another 41 percent would definitely *not* like that at all.

More than half the *Journal* parents felt that sex education should be handled by schools and not by parents, but a substantial minority of 35 percent *don't* want any more sex education in their schools.

School integration is one topic that mothers seem to feel sure about. They are, for the most part, against extending it. A large number—45 percent—said they wished authorities "would stop telling parents how much better off a child would be if there were more Negroes in his classes," and an overwhelming number—75 percent—take a dim view of the practice of "busing" children out of their own neighborhoods to achieve better racial balance in schools.

Even when it comes to t
business of schooling—seei
that Johnny masters the t
and the rest of the curricul
ents were positive the job wa
ting done, but blamed crowc
rooms, poor treatment and
ries of teachers; poor poli
cerning tests, homework,
and inadequate methods of d
ing the learning powers of in
children.

Readers were almost ev
vided on the question of
children learn more from t
than they do in school.

Few parents thought "
children were being negl
class; and they did not
teachers lavished excessive
on the brighter ones. Mos
that the bright students got
encouragement "to devel
abilities fully."

The furor over I.Q. t
whether they are overemph
indicators of a child's potent
to have died down. Only 2
of the parents think schools
tests "too seriously."

The schools also got a pass
for not "stifling children's
ality." Yet 63 percent of th
declared that schools someti
too closely to the textb
"don't train children to
themselves."

As for academic pressure
in the race for college accept
parents seemed to implica
selves more than the schoo
three percent declared tha
did not give too many test
percent wished they gav
Forty-five percent said the
did not assign too much hc
40 percent wished they assig
and nearly half disagreed
statement: "Schools put t
emphasis on getting the c
college."

Only 12 percent thought
were too wrapped up in t
problems to listen to a mo
just 10 percent complain
teachers expected "too m
from parents."

Teachers were generally
as honest in reporting the fa
a child's progress. They wer
understanding, helpful, and
man: they sometimes play
and sometimes pick on chil
are *not* their favorites.

A final paradox: Nearly
parents believed it possible
to graduate from a public hi
without learning spelling
matics; but more than half
consider placing their child
vate school—even if they
ford it.

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IF IT WERE MY CHILD

A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other th solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.



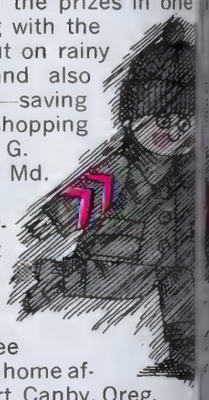
HOOK HANGERS: I have found that snap-on plastic sh curtain hooks are the ideal thing for hanging my baby's rattle toys on his crib. The hooks come in colors, are strong, keep the toys handy and in view, and—best of all—off the floor.—Mrs. Gilbert Corman, British Columbia



TOOTHBRUSH TRAINING: I've always had a slight problem getting my son to brush his teeth, so I decided to start training my baby daughter early. I bought her a very soft toothbrush and gave it to her, with a dab of toothpaste on it, to chew on. She is getting used to the brush and the taste of toothpaste—and cleaning her two tiny teeth.—Mrs. Richard C. Bauer, Hamburg, N.Y.



GRAB-BAG GIFTS: To solve the lem of fights between my children ove gets the gift in the cereal box, potato bag, etc., I put all of the prizes in one "grab bag." The bag with the goodies is brought out on rainy and/or sick days, and also used for party favors—saving time and expense of shopping for small gifts. —Mrs. G. Ferguson, Hollywood, Md.



REFLECTOR PROTECTOR: For after-dark protection, I put reflector tape (that reflects light) on my little brother's dark jacket; I stick it on in Army-stripe formation on each arm (like a decoration). In the evening, drivers in cars can easily see him if he happens to be coming home after dark.—Miss Linda Stewart, Canby, Oreg.



MAP READERS' ROUTE: When my childre old enough to walk to school alone, we d it was a good time to teach them how t maps. We drew a map of the school route plete with familiar landmarks. It worked tifully, and they enjoyed the adventure. Th step was giving them a map of the city where Daddy works and where their fr homes were. Now, they're accomplishe readers and can easily chart our route on outings and trips.—Mrs. Elizabeth W. Vl Las Vegas, Nev.



TOY STORAGE SHELVES: My little daughter loves to bring her toys out to play with, but isn't too good about putting them away, yet. To make it easier for her, and me, to keep her room neat, my husband built shelves of bricks and boards. The area underneath the first shelf is her "garage" for pull toys, and the shelves hold her other toys. This works well since we can sweep the toys to the shelves, and then put them in order in one step. My daughter likes to "sweep," too. —Mrs. Marcia Reed, St. Paul, Minn.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pay the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and bat as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., because such submission cannot be

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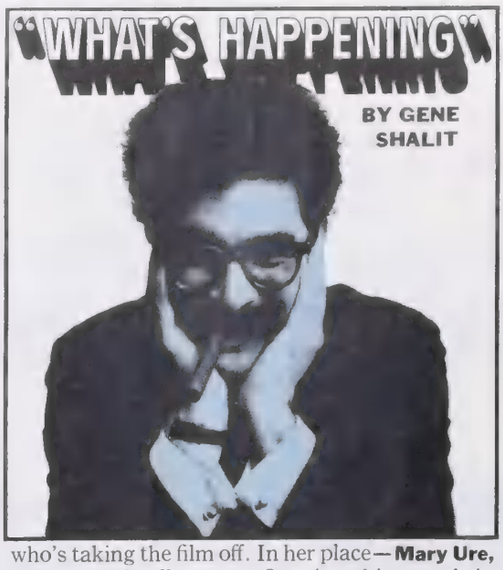
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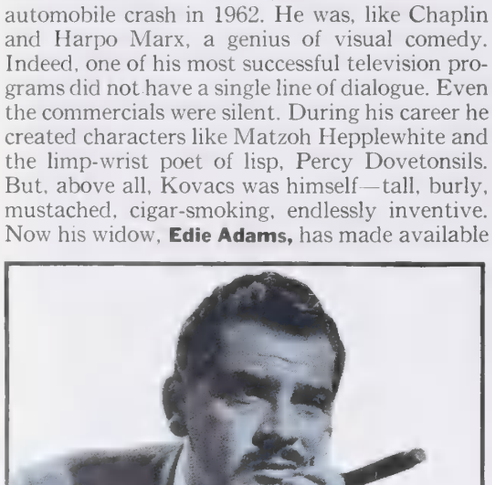
"WHAT'S HAPPENING"

BY GENE SHALIT



Movie titles get longer and wackier: Paramount is planning a **Julie Andrews/Rock Hudson** film called *Darling Lily, or Where Were You the Night You Said You Shot Down Baron von Richthofen?*, to be shortened, no doubt, to *Von Down*. . . . And **Anthony Newley** has written a screenplay for **Joan Collins** and her husband called *Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* Newley (*Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*) calls *Hieronymus Merkin* "a modern musical with no plot, but very sexy, very funny and very serious." Pretty soon the marquees will be more fun than the pictures. . . . You needn't dash to New York to rock at *Arthur:* **Sybil Burton** is flinging discothèques everywhere. Already you can spend Arthurian nights in Detroit and Los Angeles. . . . Meanwhile, in Chicago, April's the month they plug in *The Electric Theater*, an eclectic version of Manhattan's *Electric Circus*—lights, cameras, refraction! And anyone tired of tossing her torso can retreat to "a soundproof meditation room." . . . With electronic cacophony colliding coast-to-coast, what a sweet pleasure to hear great old swing and jazz. So a fanfare, minus mute, for Epic's new albums that play it like it was: **Red Norvo** (recordings cut between 1933 and 1938); **Duke Ellington**'s Men (1936–1939); **Bobby Hackett** (1938–1940); and **Big Maybelle** (1952–1955). That ought to bring back memories of a prom or two! . . . It had to happen: Hollywood is making a movie called *The Guru*, filming in India with **Rita Tushingham, Michael York,** and the Indian actor **Utpal Dutt,** who sounds like a phrase from an insulting cable.

How many movies do you think **Henry Fonda** has made? Give up? Sixty-six—and he's set for number 67 this month: *Once Upon a Time in the West*, with **Jason Robards** and **Claudia Cardinale.** The director is Italy's **Serge Leone,** who stacked the screen with **Clint Eastwood.** The American Wild West with Leone? You bet! Being Italian, he knows what goes into making a hero. . . . One of the great comedians of the past 30 years was **Ernie Kovacs** (shown below), killed in a California automobile crash in 1962. He was, like Chaplin and Harpo Marx, a genius of visual comedy. Indeed, one of his most successful television programs did not have a single line of dialogue. Even the commercials were silent. During his career he created characters like Matzoh Hepplewhite and the limp-wrist poet of lisp, Percy Dovetonsils. But, above all, Kovacs was himself—tall, burly, mustached, cigar-smoking, endlessly inventive. Now his widow, **Edie Adams,** has made available



many of his great shows—including the immortal Nairobi Trio—to ABC for a full hour special on Tuesday night, April 9. Title: *The Comedy of Ernie Kovacs*, an anthology of his snapped-short career. Wherever you are that night, whatever you have planned, get thee to a television set. And let your children stay up late this one time. They won't leave the room, even during the commercials. . . . **Richard Burton** is currently shooting *Where Eagles Dare* without **Elizabeth Taylor,** who's taking the film off. In her place—**Mary Ure,** rhymes with *allure*. . . . Opening this month in New York: A musical based on Leo Rosten's hilarious book, *The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N*. George Abbott, 81, directs for the 110th time on Broadway.

You may enjoy the film *Bye Bye Braverman* if you go knowing that **Godfrey Cambridge** plays a Jewish cab driver, and that **Alan King** sets back the rabbinate two millennia. But **George Segal, Jack Warden, Sorrell Booke** and **Joseph Wiseman,** as four New York Jewish intellectuals, have their characters down pat—or should I say Morris.

Joel Gray of *Cabaret* switches this month, impersonates George M. Cohan in the new Broadway musical, *George M.* Does anybody still care about America's Yankee Doodle Dandy? Betting *yes* is the show's thinker-upper, **David Black,** who was lyrical as he spoke from his office to the *Journal*'s **Joyce Illig:** "I've discovered more than 300 unpublished and unheard of Cohan songs in the New York home of his daughter, Mary. We've put 40 songs—old and new—in the show, and I think half a dozen of the new ones will be as big hits as anything he ever wrote." Black auditioned some 2,000 song-and-dancers, all of whom had to know how to tap. It was one of Broadway's noisiest auditions, and old teachers trembled out of retirement to get in on a good thing. "We ended up with 25 attractive young people, and Joel is the only one anybody has ever heard of," said Black. "One thing, he doesn't look anything like James Cagney—but neither did Cohan. Joel is perfect for the role. He has talent, drive, personality, and my other phone is ringing."

Are California girls different from their 49 state sisters? You'll recall the *Journal*'s special issue about California women last July: Now ABC-TV analyzes The California Girl in an April 4th special. . . . **Herb Alpert** and his tight trumpet sound off April 22 when CBS presents the Tijuana Brass in a musicale from all over including the St. Louis Children's Zoo and Grand Canyon. . . . Herb is tired (aren't we all?) of hearing 16 consecutive songs by a single group, so his A&M records has released *Family Portrait*, 16 performances by 16 artists, including Herb himself, the **Sandpipers,** and **Liza Minelli**. . . . And while you have your phonograph on, you may be interested in the British rock'n'roller, **Graham Gouldman,** whose new RCA Victor album is *The Graham Gouldman Thing*.

Allan Sherman, the young graybeard, is preparing a Broadway musical. What's it all about, Allan? "It's about a 23-year-old girl who changes the life of a 43-year-old man." Dream, Allan. Sherman writes the lyrics, collaborates with Stoo Hample (author of *The Silly Book*) on the sto all fit to music by Albert (*Plain and Fan* Hague. Premiere: Next fall. Guaranteed hit so *Have I Ever Really Lived?* . . . **Ellen Terry,** on the three most famous actresses of her time (others were Bernhardt and Duse), is biograph for Putnam this month by Roger Manvell *Ellen Terry . . . Great Interiors* is not by Christiaan Barnard. It's Ian Grant's illustra book of sumptuous décor . . . Have you noti that **Frank Sinatra** rarely uses the same lead lady twice? In the case of **Mia Farrow,** he did even use the same one once. That was during *Detective*, when Mia quit him and it at the sa time. But his personal loss may be the audien gain because the role then went to **Jacquel Bisset,** a yummy trifle who first gave men he throb in her momentary appearance in *Cas Royale*. Sinatra's next leading lady will be t well-known thespian, **Raquel Welch,** for *Lady in Cement*.

For the 14th year, **Bob Hope** (who else?) m.c. the Academy Awards, that boon for envelope industry. To celebrate Oscar's 4 birthday, movie memories of the first four (ades will be shown: **Marie Dressler, Mary P ford, Paul Muni, George Arliss, Gary Coo** Also clips from the most honored films: *It H pened One Night, Gone With the Wind, From H to Eternity, On the Waterfront, Ben Hur*. All ABC-TV, April 8. . . . **André Malraux**' 1 classic, *Man's Fate*, will be filmed at last, v **Fred Zinnemann** directing. . . . Doctors—8 them—reveal exactly what they eat and h they exercise to get thin, feel better and longer, in *How the Doctors Diet*, by **Peter Barbara Wyden,** available this month. . . . Th are also patients who seek nothing but everl ing youth and beauty. They're the conquesta ables, who steal off to lush hideouts around world for a $3,000 Bargain Baby Face, cell t apy, deep-face peeling and con and con and You can read it all in **Patrick McGrady's** Ju out book, *The Youth Doctors*, an investiga that covered two years and 20,000 miles. *Re* Fact, fable and, as quipped by the book's edi "hilarious tales of famous faces that were mac and fell—in a day."

The Comedians was not a comedy, and *Ca* is not for children. *Candy* is a funny and er book, now being filmed. Making her debut in title role is Sweden's **Ewa Aulin,** (that's her there), the 17-year-old who was Teen World of 1966 and who app to be not Miss Cast of 1968. For lov she'll face the year's dizziest arra leading (and leering) men: **Rich Burton, Marlon Brando, R Starr, Walter Matthau, Mar Mastroianni, Sugar Ray Robin** and **James Coburn.**



On Sunday night, June 20 **Sullivan** celebrates his television anniversary. that long run he deserv take a bow from the audience. M ing the event: *Always on Sunday*, ography by **Michael Harris,** who happens to be the Sullivan sh CBS press agent, making Harr candidate for this year's *Prix d'O tivity*. Sullivan told it best himse *Don't Make Me Laugh*, which he wrot the *Journal* last June. . . . If you wa tune in on young people, watch *R* ABC-TV's April 21 special sweeping on music, fashion, fads around the w which is rapidly becoming American The segment filmed in Tokyo limeligh group doing *Sakitumi*. . . . The wild y sound is often exceeded only by the formers' names. Columbia's this-month *Blood, Sweat and Tears*, a new group w big-band feeling worked out by **Al Co** who formerly accompanied **Bob D**



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YOUNG EGGHEADS IN TROUBLE

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Pessimists sometimes assert that marriage begins with two stages, honeymoon and disillusionment, which often coincide. Fortunately this is not inevitable: Many couples say, "We found marriage much more satisfying, more wonderful than we'd ever dreamed." But those who wed with romantic illusions can hardly expect to avoid some disillusionment before they "settle down." Difficulties can be prevented by adequate acquaintance before marriage, particularly by seeing each other at work as well as play. After that, competent premarital counseling will help each to understand his or her own real personality as well as that of the other, and to make realistic plans for management of the budget and the relatives, division of labor and other "facts of life" that they must encounter as soon as they begin to live together. The young couple, Tom and Ivy, in this case went through many unnecessary troubles because of inadequate preparation, but they learned quickly when they were shown the way. The counselor was Mrs. Yetta Bernhard.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and president,
The American Institute of Family Relations

"The phone rang for me at the obstetrician's office that afternoon in Philadelphia," said 29-year-old Ivy, tall, blond newcomer to California and mother of three. "It was Tom, my husband. He had news for me. Once again he was changing jobs, moving three thousand miles across the country to Los Angeles, a city neither of us had ever seen. Once again he had run into difficulty with his doctoral thesis and decided that a drastic change in scenery and a different job was the way out.

"I felt like screaming. I was seven months pregnant and literally popping out of my clothes. My hospital accommodations were all set. My obstetrician, young and modern in his methods, a man I trusted implicitly, had guaranteed to guide me through natural childbirth again—as he had done twice before, with Karen, now three years old, and Cindy, now 14 months.

"Fifteen months was as long a time as we'd lived at the same address in ten years of marriage. I began to wonder if Tom would ever finish his thesis, and I also began to wonder if I hadn't sacrificed enough for Tom's education. At least Philadelphia had suited me as a place to live—it was near Baltimore, where my mother and three brothers lived, and I could count on seeing them often.

"And now we were to move again. I resisted the impulse to scream, and once again forced myself to remain calm. I've had ten years of practice in forcing myself to see Tom's side of things, respect his judgments and refrain from arguments with him. Both Tom and I were raised in Baltimore, and both of us, I guess, are egghead types. We married as undergraduates—I was just nineteen—and during our courtship we agreed that Tom should make his career decisions without interference from me. I took that agreement seriously.

"After our undergraduate days, Tom and I roamed from campus to campus and job to job because of his postgraduate ambitions. While he chased a Ph.D. in physics, I held a full-time job as a computer programmer to support us. It was hard work but fun. Tom completed his doctoral courses at the University of Michigan with honors, but his doctoral thesis was still a long way from being finished, and it bugged him constantly while he tussled with the demands of a full-time job. Now he seemed to be yanking us across the country on a new and doubtful adventure. The fun was over for me.

"Burning inwardly, I returned to our apartment. There sat Tom. I did manage to smile, but when I tried to congratulate him on his new job I couldn't make it; the words stuck in my throat. I hoped he would ask about my health, about the baby's health, the obstetrician's prognosis, and maybe cheer me up. As usual he plunged into talk about himself. The California job was in a missile program, and it did sound exciting, I'll admit.

"Tom proposed to take off for California at once in our beat-up car, leaving me to pack our personal belongings, parley with the landlord about our lease, perform all the errands involved with moving, and then fly West with the girls and join him.

"Next morning, bright and early, Tom climbed in the car. He tossed in his thesis notes, a change of clothing, and that was it. He was in such a hurry to get away, he even forgot to kiss the girls good-bye. I rushed them downstairs and caught Tom just as he was pulling away from the curb. He kissed the girls, but not me. Instead he shouted that I was a stupid idiot to race down to the car.

"I went back upstairs in tears. I called Mother—she came over by the next train, and soon my spirits revived. She sweet-talked the landlord into canceling our lease with penalty charge, notified the ut and the post office, got esti from moving companies.

"Mother is terrifically efficie well as being very feminine. father was devoted to her. My ents had an ideally happy mar they never quarreled or raised voices and my childhood was derful. I was their youngest, s tardy arrival I was nicknamed Caboose, and Father got a grea out of carting me around. Unt death Father was head statis for a big insurance company, ch the gyrations of the stock mark recreation, played all kinds of g with numbers. When I was small he used to work out co equations for me, pretend I'd the work and offer warm congr tions on my brilliance. Natur chose math as my college majo

"The first time I saw To barged up to me in a huge class (he was 21, extremely handsom I was very shy) and introduced self as an aspiring scholar holdi election for a wife *with* beaut brains. Then immediately he that the returns were in, the h counted and I had won by a slide. Well, I was fascinated.

"Six weeks later we were ma My parents thought I was too y but we promised to stay with until our graduation, and turned the second floor into a p apartment for us. Both were f Tom, although his loud voice ar way he shouted upset my fathe worried Mother, even though didn't complain. Neither of m ents ever criticized Tom to me

"The girls and I arrived a Los Angeles airport in the mid a heat wave. The plane was Tom was later. The girls were on the flight, but while I was h around the waiting room they s fighting. I screamed at them, a that moment Tom showed u yelled at me for screaming a girls, and people stared at wished I were back in Baltimo

"Tom had located two hous me to look at. One house had an matic washer, a fenced-in ya the children, and a decent ki The other house had an un yard on a busy street and the k equipment wasn't automatic. ever, it was near a well-stocke versity library, and Tom said cation would be a convenien him. He so obviously preferr second house that I said O.K. than argue, though I dreade prospects of washing diapers w an automatic machine and of h no place for the children to pla watched him sign the lease. I burst with rage at his callous in ence to *my* convenience and co the physical safety of his ch

"The temperature was ea hundred in the shade the da furniture arrived. There was conditioning in the house, of c and the old-fashioned wringe washing machine had a broke dle. There was a pretty goo porch, a glassed-in space where pictured the new baby (cont

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educ counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic lo and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.


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BY THE MAKERS OF Armstrong FLOORS

napping and the girls playing with their toys. Tom said the sun porch would do just fine as a study for himself. As soon as the movers placed his books, his filing cabinets, his desk, and set up the beds, he signed their manifest. The movers vanished instantly. So did Tom. He snatched up his briefcase, mumbled that he needed to check a reference at that convenient library, and off he went. The kitchen was jammed with barrels, boxes and cardboard cartons. I finally located the toaster, the juicer and a frying pan so I could fix breakfast, but I flopped in bed, exhausted, before I found the coffee pot.

"Eight days later our son was born. Through my obstetrician in Philadelphia I had been referred to a good doctor and a good hospital. I didn't get natural childbirth, was heavily anesthetized and missed the thrill of hearing Bobby's first cry, but the delivery went well. On the fourth day Bobby and I were released and Tom drove us home. On the way he said mysteriously that he had a surprise waiting at the house. I thought maybe a negligee, flowers, or a rocking chair I'd hinted for, even though Tom isn't good at hints or gifts. He had his arm around me when I stepped through the door carrying our first son. I looked around for the surprise. The kitchen was still crammed to the walls with unpacked boxes, cartons and barrels. The handle on the washer wringer was still broken. The whole house was chaos except for the sun porch. It was tidy. There on Tom's desk neatly stacked beside his typewriter was a tall sheaf of copy paper. Tom's surprise was that he'd revised the main section of his thesis. This was his homecoming gift—between caring for our newborn son and our two daughters he expected me to type the latest version of his thesis.

"Very quietly I sat down with the baby on my lap and said I wouldn't do it. I then telephoned my mother long distance and asked her to telegraph plane fare for me and the children. She said I should be patient and think it over but I'm sure she will sen

"Our marriage was once one could ask for," sai headed, handsome Tom. " because it was guided by as by emotion. My wife our lives so I could make contribution in my field— ics—and so that, at the p could have the children I heart on.

"Now the whole thing cracking up, and I think t be that Ivy herself is cra screams at our little girls, all like her. She glares at isn't like her either. Ivy calm, gentle girl; now sh nervous.

"I'm sure it isn't easy guy who is tied to schol search the way I am, but from the start. We discus often before our marriage anywhere in today's scie nity without a Ph.D. I ha yet and Ivy seems to thir too long a time on the wa I cannot understand. Bo many men who got a Ph. ties. I've been working o five years, but I'm on During our courtship we I might be thirty-five b pull was finished.

"I know there are flaws ament. I've never been was pretty much of a lone I still find it hard to warm leagues. A lot of them strik and insincere. I prefer hon speech myself, even if it I am indifferent to our ch contrary I love them ve young children, parti need their mothers mo fathers. My baby is a doesn't need me at all. Ivy handed him to me wh the formula and he sti testing rod, turned purpl until she thought





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de baby...

who grew a little
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Now, be a blonde again!

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(The happiest thing that can re-happen to a blonde.)

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Kraft Easter Bunny Co

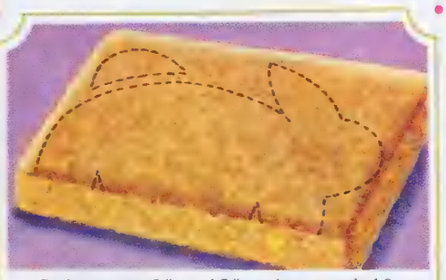


Make it easy!

New idea!

Cut out this bunny cake pattern ... get some Kraft Marshmallows and Kraft Marshmallow Creme ... get ready for fun!





Bake one 9" x 13" cake; cool 10 minutes. Remove from pan. Cut out Easter Bunny pattern or trace onto paper. Place pattern on cake; cut along outline. Place bunny cake on tray. Attach tail to bunny with wooden picks.



Frost bunny completely with *Angel Mallow Frosting;* reserve ¼ cup. Tint reserved frosting a deeper pink and frost center strip of ear and whiskers. Coat tail with flaked coconut. Use Kraft Miniature Marshmallows for nose and eye; decorate eye and mouth with strawberry jelly.



For daisies: cut Kraft Jet-Puffed Marshmallows crosswise into petals. Press petals on cake in daisy design. Use Kraft Miniature Marshmallows for centers. Use mint jelly for stems. Cut miniature marshmallows crosswise for leaves.

Angel Mallow Frosting: Combine ½ cup sugar, 2 egg whites and 2 tablespoons water in double boiler; beat with electric or rotary beater over boiling water until soft peaks form. Add 2 cups Kraft Marshmallow Creme; beat to stiff peaks. Remove from heat; beat in ½ teaspoon vanilla and a few drops red food coloring.



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10¢ 10¢

CAN THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

I had stabbed him with a safety pin.

"Ivy and I met in a math class as college seniors. Frankly, we came from quite different social strata. Her family was moderately prosperous; mine was dirt poor. From the time I was in grammar school I hated my father and mother because I thought they were crass and as ignorant as peasants. Father was a door-to-door salesman who may have tried hard, but no paring knife, hairbrush or cookie cutter was ever put on the market that he could sell. He neither believed in his product nor in himself. If there had ever been any masculine ego in his makeup, my mother squashed it. I can still hear her shouting at Father for his deficiencies, and my five sisters screeching along with her, and my father's weak, whispery efforts to defend himself.

"I decided right then no one would ever talk to me like that and get away with it. Yet Mother was never unkind to me, and my sisters were fairly affable. I never had to pick up my clothes, and somebody else made my bed, if it was made. Ivy can't say I beef about her housekeeping the way some men do. I would judge Ivy as a pretty fair cook and housekeeper. She's certainly a big improvement on my mother. Actually I don't pay much attention to anything around the house except keeping track of my papers.

"When I met Ivy I knew at once that this was the girl for me. In the first place she was as beautiful then as she is today. She was serious, and she was smart. Since we both agreed that it was I who should have the intellectual career, I pressed for marriage at once. I'm sure Ivy's parents wanted her to wait, but they wouldn't come out and say so, which was one of the things that always kept me edgy around them.

"After we moved in as students to stay a while with them I felt out of place in the genteel atmosphere, although nothing was ever said. Her parents were generous to us financially and insisted we live rent-free while we made up our own minds about our future. What fun that planning was! Ivy knew how tough and how long the educational distance race would be: one year for a master's degree, and then (with luck) for the scholastic work for maybe more. After that the research and writing for my

"On the basis of my grade cepted by a Midwestern uni graduate work, with a part ship. We agreed that she wo chief family support while I z my studies. She also agreed t with me on my classwork un children. The help she gav great, just great.

"Ivy became pregnant wi child just before I completed graduate studies, which w ahead of our schedule. We h she would have two children was thirty, one girl, one boy. with a fairly adequate payc my way into commercial en there was no financial crisis resigned as breadwinner to home mother. Our present financial, it's an emotional th

"Ivy hasn't been herself pulled out of Philadelphia. W opinion she went into a spin didn't want to be so far awa mother. She's ashamed to ad she is trying to maneuver her the old apron strings.

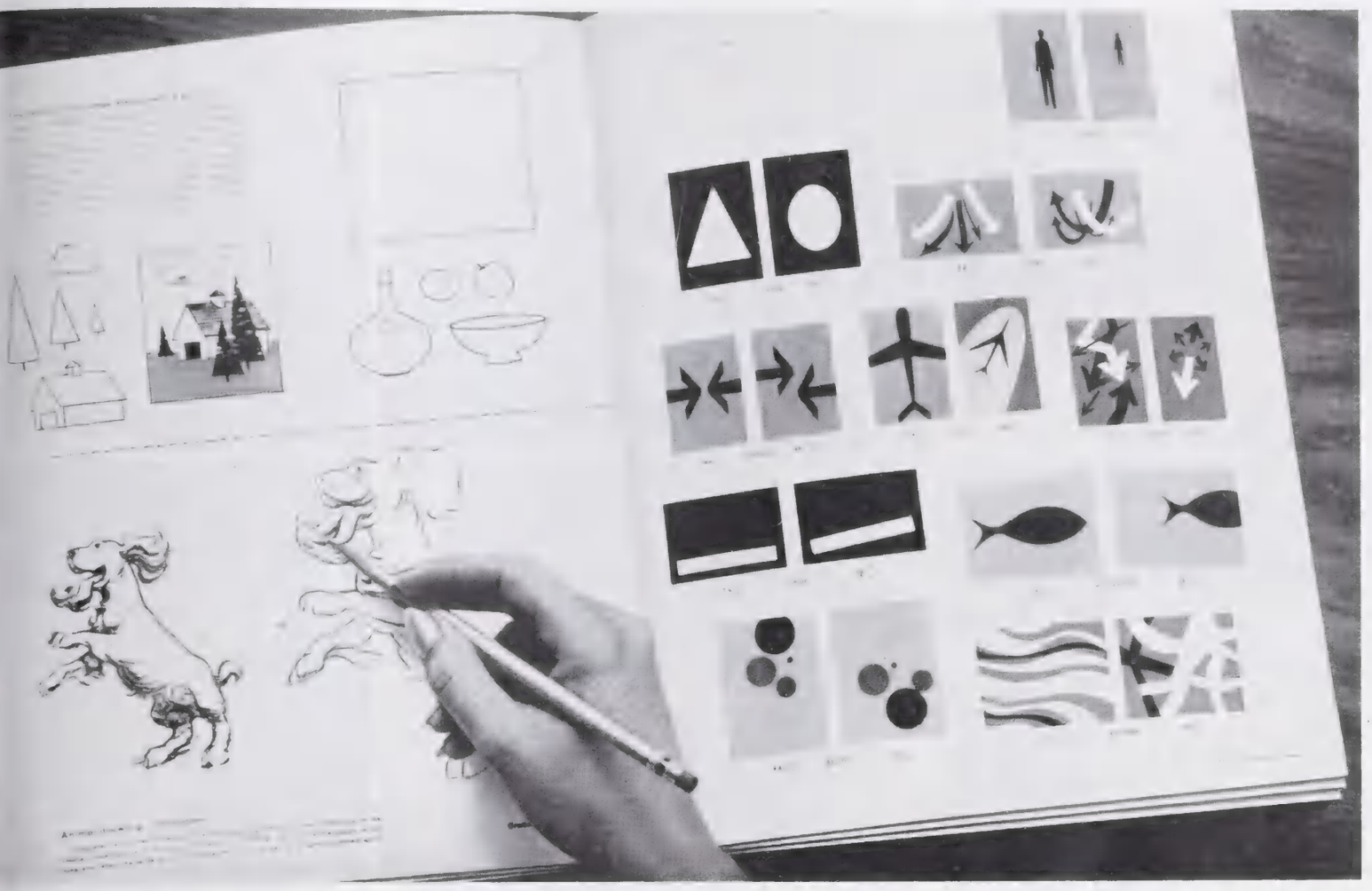
"It's been a long while sin taken any interest in me an cerns. The day I told her abo from California she didn't ev any questions. To be sure, gripe about making a change the feeling she hated me. A she thought I was selfish for leaving her pregnant and wi little girls. Ridiculously en cross-country race ended in anti-climax. When I arrived discovered there had been foul-up; the missiles guy wh had lost his government cont was out of a job.

"Luckily I found anothe The new job isn't as exciting a expected, but it will do for th ing. And I'm back at work on One good result of the move t is the friendship of the man v have been my boss. This stem nally from his own embarras now has its roots in his inte project.

(continued on



"This might be a good time to ask . . . what would you like for dinner?"



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ility of this method of screening, as fectiveness of the training, has been and again by the impressive record our students and graduates.

he test and went on ccessful artists

Ryan took the Art Talent Test, he "stuck" in a low-pay routine job. illustrator at Hughes Aircraft, and t a steady stream of free-lance work ime. Kathleen Gironda went from a salesgirl in a department store to a fashion illustrator in the same store. Virginia Bartter, a farmer's wife and mother of three, now sells just about everything she paints. These are just a few of the literally hundreds of "success stories" our students report to us.

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First, you will be shown ten pairs of simple designs and asked to pick the one in each pair that has "a feeling of rightness" about it. Then you will see twenty pairs of pictures, and check which composition in each pair is more pleasing. You'll be asked to do original sketches to demonstrate your imagination and powers of observation. And in similar ways, your feeling for mood, form, movement, and so on will be tested.

When you complete the test and mail it back, it will be graded free by a member of the School's staff. If you receive a passing grade (and we must warn you that many don't), or can offer sufficient evidence of art talent, you will then be eligible to enroll. You may choose whichever of our courses is best suited to your goals.

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You will receive an interesting brochure about our School and its revolutionary methods along with your free Art Talent Test. If you have ever dreamed of success in art, and wondered if it were possible, why not mail the attached post-paid card for both the Talent Test and the brochure right now? (If card is missing, just send your name, address, and age to Famous Artists School, Studio A-5859, Westport, Conn. 06880.)



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What a way to cover gray!
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it's like getting a clean new mouth.





You'll breathe easier all day

MEDICINE TODAY

BY PHYLLIS WRIGHT, M.D., WITH DAVID R. ZIMMERM

The odds that your life will be extended significantly by a heart transplant seem about the same today as the odds that we'll all soon take weekend excursions to the moon. Heart disease, if it can be "conquered," is likely to succumb to far less dramatic—but simpler and more widely applicable—techniques. Atherosclerosis, for example, the build-up of fat plaques on the blood-vessel walls, starts closer to age 14 than it does to age 40; by then the process may be irreversible. So, Dr. Robert P. Noble of Sharon, Conn., ran blood-fat tests on hundreds of high-school students, and he can now pick out those youngsters who seem prone to plaques later in life. This means he can establish standards for what are normal fat levels in the bodies of young people and can prescribe special low-fat diets for the minority who seem destined for trouble later on.

If there is a prize for coffee nerves, the lady who recently drank her way into a case report for the *AMA Journal* certainly deserves it. She had developed a mysterious fever, lost weight, had no appetite, and was troubled by insomnia and irritability. Her doctors could not figure out why. When they put her in the hospital, where the diet included one cup of coffee a day, she immediately got better. Only then did this patient admit that it was her habit, at home, to drink 15 to 18 cups daily.

If you're having a party tonight, you had better empty out the liquor glasses before you retire. Tom, who is 20 months old, is an early bird, and toddled downstairs before the rest of the house was awake one morning after a party. He was found unconscious in a chair, having emptied several glasses that guests had left half full. A quick trip to the hospital was needed, but Tom recovered. Other Tommies have not been as lucky.

The number of cancer patients (900,000 Americans) and the rate of new cases *increased* last year. However, the number of patients who survived for five years following treatment has risen from fewer than one in five in 1937 to one in three. The National Advisory Cancer Council says that prevention, by stopping smoking and by early detection through repeated Pap tests and other screening procedures, remains the best cancer "cure."

For a copy of the council's full report—which includes a roundup of research-in-progress—send 65 cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, ington, D.C. 20402. Ask for Publication No. 1720, *Progress A Cancer—1967*.

What a child does with stolen will tell you why he stole them psychiatrist Dr. Marshall Shea the University of Michigan.

- If a youngster divides the "s among his companions, he or lonely and trying to "buy" fr
- A stolen article that is h fondled and cherished, but nev tually put to use is a child's himself; proof that he is lovab worthy of getting a present.
- A cigarette, alcohol or peri knife that is stolen and used intended purpose is an item youngster feels he is old enou have, though his parents den him.
- The child who arranges, s sciously, to get caught by lea "calling card" at the scene theft or by displaying his loot ing to get even with rejecting p

Children should be made to or replace stolen items, Dr. S adds. Along with their parent may need psychiatric counse resolve the rejection and he that led them to steal.

A single-shot mumps vaccine ha licensed by the Federal Gover and is being marketed to phy at $3 a dose. The preparati pears safe, is better than 90 p effective in adults and in childr protection lasts at least a yea and may last indefinitely—on will tell for sure.

Because of the newness mumps vaccine, and the cha istics of the disease, the rules f should—and who should n quickly vaccinated are differer those of polio and measles i tions, which everyone needs.

Mumps is usually a relative illness, but it may cause ster post-adolescent boys (but not y boys or females of any age). males approaching puberty, o who have not had mumps m be vaccinated, according to th lic Health Service and the Ar Academy of Pediatrics. So boys who live together in b schools and summer camps. Y boys and girls of all ages neec vaccinated until the duration vaccine's protection and it term safety have been eve solidly established.

Some hospitals have switche the normal five-day (co

Shouldn't have to. Because good eating, along with good exercise, are two very important ways of building a healthier future for your family. And there just isn't any more nutritional margarine around than Fleischmann's. It's made from 100% corn oil and the medical fact is, no vegetable oil is better for you than corn oil. Because not one, but a combination of factors, makes a vegetable oil beneficial. And the combination in corn oil is unsurpassed. But what's health without enjoyment?



The good taste of Fleischmann's is the other reason more families use and enjoy it than any other premium margarine in America.



Fleischmann's Margarine—Stick or Soft. It won't replace a sit-up. But then exercise never tasted so good.

Will Fleischmann's Margarine ever replace the sit-up?





Red, Right and Blue

Start Spring off with three loud cheers for Dorothy Gray's Red, Right and Blue!

Red as in Glory Red, a brilliant knock-'em-dead-in-'68 shade.

Right as in Right White gloss, an over-or-under glaze of pure glow-power.

Blue as in Cherry Blue, the blue pink that's so right with Spring's prettiest navys.

Red, Right and Blue is a whole flagful of colors in Dorothy Gray's moister-than-moist Liquessence® Lipstick... and coordinated nailenamels, too.

And, of course, Red, Right and Blue is a snap-to silk stripe by Mollie Parnis.

Red, Right and Blue is so gay, it's almost sinful.

Then, after all, isn't that what Spring is for?

Dorothy Gray





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matter who is the manufacturer, all garments that earn the trademark Koratron have been independently tested and approved by the Koratron permanent press laboratory



Slender® diet food for weight control, Carnation Company, Los Angeles, Calif.

It's 225 calories. It tastes like 2,225 calories.



Slender® from Carnation, mixed with cold, fresh milk, just doesn't taste like a liquid diet ou Slender tastes rich. Creamy. Satisfying. You hav to keep reminding yourself that it's only 225 calories. And a completely balanced diet meal. Isn't it about time somebody put a little fun in your diet?

day week so doctors can ostic and therapeutic ser- weekends. This speeds up lization of patients and more efficient use of hos- equipment and personnel. are rewarded for Satur- nday work with occasional eekends.

ts are regarded as ogres by nts. In psychological tests of a group of 100 Italian ages 6–14, portrayed rs as huge, aggressive and people, armed with dan- ruments, including guns. sters said their braces oublesome!" "Something with," "Ugly—and they gly!" Few could see the as improving their body traightening and preserv- eeth. Perhaps orthodon- ts and orthodontists could al counseling to keep the seeming worse than the

hernia that popped up in a figure-conscious young found, by surgeons, to be t had seeped out of her they had been foolishly— y—injected for cosmetic

h small but severe burns esce better at home than ital, says a University of rgeon, Dr. Edwin Smith. more secure place for the se he is safe from infec- ria that constantly sift st hospital rooms and cor- ne care also is cheaper. treats burned youngsters ital emergency room, us- and cold water to reduce burn is bathed in deter- l in salt water, covered ial antibacterial medica- ft unbandaged. Parents v to change dressings and of trouble to watch for. aling time for the burns:

w pill racket, which was o years ago in the *Journal* 6), has become headline gress and the U.S. Food Administration are trying he lucrative activities of who push pills for weight ighly dubious and some- rous enterprise." It's good vernment has spotlighted vory medical practices, able that the medical pro- ch insists on the right to failed to act against this

eat works as a treatment it does *not* work for the ginally suggested by Drs. era and Albert M. Lef- ew York's Mt. Sinai Hos- ng watched the disease veral patients whose pro- stricted to white turkey loctors suggested that its no-acid tryptophan might son. They now have re- urkey white meat—and find it does contain tryptophan. Yet, two of three new patients whom they put on the turkey diet—which excludes all other meat proteins—have had impressive remissions. Why turkey helps psoriasis—if in fact this *is* what helps these patients—remains unclear. What *is* clear is that the turkey diet is highly experimental, and should not be used except under doctor's orders.

For the first time in history, an entire year has gone by without a single case of rabies anywhere in the U.S. Rabies remains common in animals, but this is no cause for panic or for slaughter of species in which it is found. Dogs are far less of a rabies menace than bats—the one species that people ought to leave completely alone. If a bat comes into the house, you should leave until you, the health department and the police can work out a plan to expel it. Rabbits, hamsters, gerbils and other pet animals almost never get rabies, and neither do squirrels.

With the help of a feeding machine that he built, Dr. Sami Hashim of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, has shown that thin people eat in response to inner pangs of hunger while fat folks respond principally to food clues and excitement about eating that are generated by family, friends, and the food-conscious world in which we live.

The feeding machine is, essentially, a locked refrigerator that pumps out a measured dollop of a tasteless, unappetizing food supplement every time a person presses the "feed" button. The machine keeps track of how much is consumed, and when.

Normal individuals locked in a hospital room with the machine pushed the button, usually at meal time, until they'd eaten just enough to meet their daily nutritional needs. But fat persons, who previously had put down endless trays full of regular hospital fare, lost interest in eating when confronted with the machine's pap as their sole source of nourishment. Living off their fat pads, their caloric intake fell to less than one-fifth of normal—though they insisted they were not hungry. Now Dr. Hashim wonders whether fatties might not slim themselves down if plain food, in plain surroundings, were substituted for the zesty, crunchy taste delights that food lovers eat at every meal. A Spartan approach to food might allow us to eat less of it.

Why are there freckles? Doctors don't know for sure, but in sunny Sydney, Australia, geneticist E. M. Nicholls counted freckles, moles and birthmarks on 1,456 schoolchildren, and found that the number and density of all three types of increased pigmentation seem related to the gene that determines hair color. When both parents have the gene, their child will have red hair and lots of freckles and other dark marks. But if the child inherits the same gene from only one parent, he or she will have brown hair and fewer marks. The double gene dose, suggests Dr. Nicholls, predisposes a youngster to both sunlight-induced and spontaneous skin changes. **END**



DRESS BY JEUNESSE

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come clean fast!
Household spills can't be
absorbed on our textured
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(No special cleaning
techniques are needed!)



"My, what a warm, quiet room..."
It's true:
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(How nice on your nerves!)

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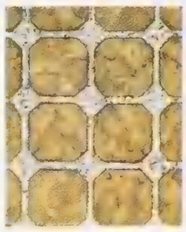
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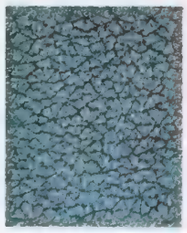
Here are 8 more Kid-Cushioned Vinyl Floors. (We don't have room to show the other 122.)



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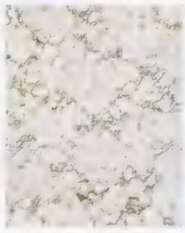
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HOROSCOPES FOR HOMEMAKERS

By Sybil Leek

ARIES March 21–April 19. No one can be brighter in than you. However, you tend to do your housek sudden impulse rather than by plan. The danger is that in you enthusiasm you may begin too many jobs at once and forget t your family in on your intentions. Try to remember to cons and, along with giving them a voice in how the house is run, gi duty to be responsible for. You will not be so bored with a h routine if you realize that it's the easiest way to be certain of the major jobs so you can have time to enjoy the outside prc are so good at.

TAURUS April 20–May 20. Happy and interested home, you are one of the best homemakers of the zo love to maintain a well-run house and serve good food; howeve a danger that you may become confined by, indeed a victim of tine of duties you set up. Try to be more flexible and don't b your household routine is changed. You can remain in contro delegate responsibilities to other members of your family (there, too). Since all housework and no play can make a gc keeper a dull mate, be sure to put aside at least one day a week ities outside your home. This will keep your mind fresh and enable you to retain an identity beyond being one of the be keepers in the world—and you'll appreciate your home even

GEMINI May 21–June 21. Housekeeping is never a to you. Because you tend to do things in spurts ra according to an organized plan, many obvious household d overwhelm you. Try to realize that efficient organization (w feel restricts your freedom) will actually give you more, not for intellectual pursuits. You are adept in getting your famil you—but you must set a good example by taking your full sh sponsibilities. You're not fussy, and your whimsical quality quite charming to your family and friends, but they will all a it if you make a determined effort to plan—and sustain—the

CANCER June 22–July 22. You appreciate a luxuri but your desire to be an efficient homemaker is s destroyed by a wayward quality of your nature caused by yc planet, the moon. Your home can become a major problem come involved in many outside interests, resulting in general u The main danger is that you may so firmly believe you are a housekeeper that you fail to see the mess around you. It's no s delegate chores, because you hate to let go of anything—obje thority. Try to get into a basic routine whereby essential cho handled with dispatch, and from this small beginning, larg will fall into place. Most important—learn to match good i with some effective follow-through. If you must get involv redecorating projects, do so only when the moon is waxing; wane sets in, so does your disinterest.

LEO July 23–August 22. The Leo woman excels at h ing, taking pride in her home and her children. T be difficulty when there are divided interests between the l professional life, but generally you are able to cope—perhaps someone else do the main chores, so all you have to do after a lc work is supervise. Because Leos are so well organized, mos left to their own ideas of running the house. The main upset r when the household budget runs low, thus defeating houseke entertaining plans. Leos would rather not entertain than not provide an adequate welcome for guests. Plan the household well and you will always be happy to work on and show yc

VIRGO August 23–September 22. Virgos are the mc housekeepers—everything is always very clean and However, your naturally meticulous nature can sometimes b fussiness by other people and can be irritating, especially to ot bers of your family. Encourage them to be (continued o

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es have been touched with the gic, too. The sentimental trum-nostalgic spell around "Take the "Maria Elena". . ."Red Roses dy." and many more!

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Maria Elena
Say Si Si
Strangers In The Night
Sweet Maria
I Can't Give You Anything But Love
Good Night Sweet Dreams
Mambo Mania
Danke Schoen
I'm Beginning To See The Light
Hold Me
The Breeze And I
Star Dust
Red Roses for a Blue Lady
Rose of Washington Square
Three O'Clock in the Morning
A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square
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Once In a While
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Wiederseh'n
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works . . . The Longines Symphonette has ribed gifts for holders of lucky numbers, nic computers under the direction of the ion. Each Lucky Number entry submitted by older will be checked against the official nbers. Employees of The Longines Sympho-iates, or persons less than 21 years of age, le. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. Entries must be received by December 31, 1968. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. If you send a self addressed stamped envelope, a representative list of prize winners will be sent you. Unless you return your Lucky Number, you will be giving up your chance to win valuable FREE prize. Winning Lucky Numbers must be returned before prizes can be awarded.



Skin Beauty, An Asset Beyond Price

Today a beautiful skin with all the enchanting attributes of youthfulness is possessed and cherished by women who have long ago stopped counting their birthdays. Simply being young does not necessarily entitle anyone exclusively to a dewy, young-looking skin these days—knowing about the remarkable advances made by modern skin researchers, however, can open up new vistas of complexion beauty you never envisaged before, no matter what your age or the type of climate in which you live.

Scientific progress has particularly confirmed and high-lighted the unique beauty benefits afforded by a tropical moist oil with an astonishing ability to beautify the skin and keep it at its finest peak of flawless splendour. In America all skins need ministration of this sort because sooner or later they will fall prey to climatic conditions, unfavourable weather hazards and, finally, the inexorable passage of time. Skin cell production, which occurs so spontaneously in childhood, slows down considerably during the advancement towards maturity and the complexion benefits tremendously from the stimulating, supplementary values provided by this tropical beauty fluid that encourages the retention of radiant health and superb beauty.

By smoothing this moist oil over your skin each day and using it as a base for make-up, you help nature to put back the elements of youth which time and weather drain away. It is isotonically pressurized to balance with the skin's own fluids and will help promote nature's efforts to replace outer skin layers in days to come. Being particularly homologous to the natural fluids of the skin, this moist oil readily merges with existing fluid reserves and admirably helps boost dwindling levels.

Dryness and flaky patches are discouraged from developing; your complexion is almost 'proofed' against the formation of premature wrinkle-dryness and retains its dewy bloom all through the day.

In tropical countries this beautifying moist oil is known as oil of Ulan, in England and other parts of the world as oil of Ulay. In America it is available from druggists as oil of Olay and is the truly amazing means by which women throughout the world have been able to gain the priceless asset of skin beauty.

Beauty Skin-Care Consultants Recommend

For sheer loveliness in complexion beauty, consultants are now recommending that a film of moist tropical oil of Olay should always be smoothed over the face and neck before applying make-up. This will cherish and beautify the skin as well as protect it against the drying effects of wind and weather.

* * *

Towards maturity cherish your skin with a little extra care to smooth wrinkle-dryness and help keep premature facial lines at bay. Before retiring, apply a generous film of oil of Olay (or Olay invitalizing night cream form), massaging it with the fingertips in circular movements that spiral upwards and outwards.

(continued from page 40)

neat, and let them see your good ex but don't expect them to keep their things in a state of institu cleanliness—remember, it's their home, too. Satisfy your need for by doing the major chores yourself, and instead of being critical c family, realize they're trying to help. Think of yourself more in of a homemaker than a housekeeper and everyone will be happ

LIBRA September 23–October 23. Librans are concerne their homes and love to live well. Being very sensitive t surroundings, you take great care in decorating. When running a hold, realize that it is a responsible job and even the most h chores must be taken care of. If you can't do them, accept your fa help graciously and don't treat them like servants. If your bud lows, a good investment for you would be household help for the jobs. You are an entertaining and charming hostess, and it will preciated if you show this part of your nature in your approach t household duties and family relationships.

SCORPIO October 24–November 21. Although you are r world's best planner, you can provide a terrific force ergy for major household projects. You thrive on excitement and entertain many people, but you must remember to take care routine duties without getting upset and irritable. With your sense of drama, you tend to exaggerate if anything has gone during the day—however, remember to keep your sense of humor will appear to be constantly complaining. You need admiration c pleted housekeeping from your family, but do realize that you h earn it. Although you are easily able to persuade family mem help you, let them schedule their own time, for they have the lives to lead, too.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. Sagittaria generally do a good job of anything they decide upon ever, you have a great many diverse interests, so your household may be put aside. You tend to leave many jobs to other mem your family, sometimes forgetting that they, too, have outside int They should not be expected to carry the major part of the work—therefore, try to plan your schedule so you have time fc housework as well as your outside activities. When you are goin out, be sure there is food available—perhaps you could prepare it vance. They will appreciate what you do and be more helpful wh take the time to have an orderly home.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. You are a conscie and consistently good homemaker who always thi others ahead of yourself. Because of your selfless devotion to you ily—trying to make their life as pleasant as possible—your fami not realize all of your efforts. However, you should try to achiev ance and ask members of your family to take responsibility for jobs around the house. Their participation in the housework a preciation of your work will lift you out of those occasional m depression. Running the house should not be a one-woman job house is to be a home. Realize that you do have other talents, an time in your schedule to develop your outside interests.

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. You are naturally ganized but tend to focus your attention on activities your home. You don't have to let housekeeping curb any of thes ests; however, you should try to organize your time and sche least one day a week to take care of all major household duties ar gate to your family members the job best suited to each. Whil always have many interests and friends, realize that a major your life is involved with your family and that you should put good effort to keep them happy and your home running smoot

PISCES February 19–March 20. Your intentions of l good housekeeper are the best, but they are often d because of your disregard of time. Your hit-and-miss housekeep be overcome if you will organize your activities and be realistic how much time each will require. Give yourself enough time to r able to finish the jobs that you begin. You're apt to be sensitiv criticism and take it more personally than was intended. Try no come upset, and realize that along with the praise you enjoy fro family there will be an occasional word of criticism. When yc efficiently finished the chores and your housekeeping is under you'll then have free time to indulge in the creative pursuits th you pleasure.

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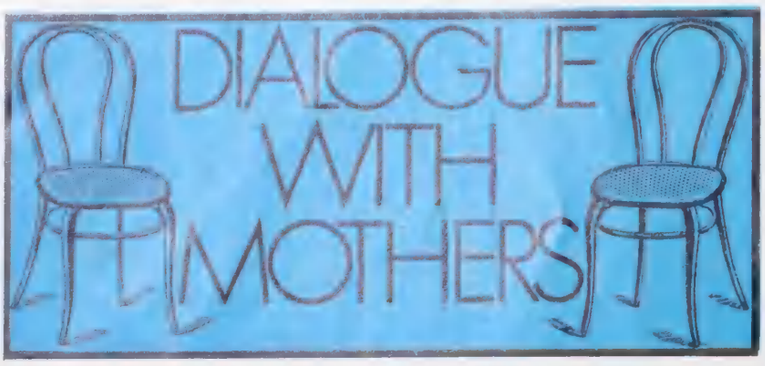
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HOW TO DEAL WITH HANDICAPS

By Dr. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

First Mother: I have a three-year-old girl and a two-year-old boy. Everything my little boy picks up to play with or look at, my little girl immediately grabs it away from him. What can I do?

Dr. Bettelheim: What does your boy do about it?

First Mother: He cries, and then eventually forgets about it.

Dr. B.: Well, if it isn't serious, I'd let them figure it out for themselves. Usually these things work better when the mother doesn't step in too often.

First Mother: I should mention, perhaps, that Betsy lost an eye because of a malignant tumor at age two. But it doesn't seem to bother her except when she first meets somebody, or when she's upset. Then she pulls at the eye. I suppose some children would stick their finger in their nose, or some such thing. It's a sort of shyness, more than an awareness of her being different.

Dr. B.: You don't think it has any connection with feeling that her brother has an advantage?

First Mother: No, I don't think so, because Betsy's never felt she was at a disadvantage.

Dr. B.: How old was she when the surgery was done?

First Mother: Two. She was in for just a week. Evidently eye surgery is relatively painless.

Second Mother: Did they let you stay with her in the hospital?

First Mother: Oh yes, my husband was there day and night. But we felt she adjusted very well.

Dr. B.: Still, I wonder if you don't make very light of the surgery. Does she have an artificial eye?

First Mother: Yes. It stays in permanently.

Third Mother: Can you tell by looking at her that it's artificial?

First Mother: Only that it doesn't move. It just looks as though there's a weak muscle. It's not that noticeable.

Dr. B.: When did she get the artificial eye?

First Mother: About a month after surgery.

Dr. B.: So she went without an eye for a month, which she's old enough to know about. The strange thing to me is that you didn't mention your child had lost an eye when you first started talking.

First Mother: I just didn't feel it was part of the problem between the two children.

Dr. B.: If you've lost something very valuable, isn't it natural to make up for it by gaining other things?

First Mother: I really don't feel at this age a child is all that aware of losing an eye.

Dr. B.: Let's think about this word "aware" for a minute. Suppose someone has a limp. Do you think he's aware of it constantly, each time he takes a step?

First Mother: I suppose if somebody was watching him, he might be. But I'd think, after a time, he wouldn't be.

Dr. B.: OK. But don't you think that his limp influences his life at all times?

First Mother: Oh, absolutely, it influences his life.

Dr. B.: Whether he thinks of it all the time or not?

First Mother: Yes. Now I see what you mean.

Dr. B.: So, surely if you've lost an eye, as your little girl unfortunately has, she isn't thinking of it all the time. As a matter of fact, she probably thinks of it very little, because it's too painful a thought. But it may influence her actions all the time. Going back to our man with the limp: What kind of occupation might he select?

First Mother: Something that involves sitting down.

Dr. B.: That's right. So his whole life and all his actions are conditioned by a limp, which he's by no means aware of all the time. With a limp you see it, but with your girl who lost an eye, you don't.

First Mother: Well, I don't notice that Betsy acts much different from other children.

Dr. B.: That's right; she just—what did you say she does?

First Mother: She takes things away from Jeff. But many children take things away.

Dr. B.: That's right, many children do. But you brought it up as a problem. So shall we talk about many children, or do you want to know about your particular girl?

Third Mother: How *should* one respond?

Dr. B.: First, it's important to recognize that your daughter is a unique child with unique problems of her own, who, as a three-year-old, has a limited repertoire for dealing with these problems. There are her toys, her relation to her parents and siblings. She can't take off on a safari to Africa to get away from all these people who have two eyes and didn't have to suffer this operation. That is, she has to find some way, in the small apartment you live in, to give expression to her needs.

Second Mother: When her child starts school, should she prepare her for being the only child in the room with an artificial eye?

Dr. B.: You can't tell a parent to prepare her child for something that the parent herself doesn't wish to recognize as a problem.

First Mother: But if the child's grown up with this type of thing, should I make her aware that she's different?

Dr. B.: You don't have to *make* her very aware . . . she's already aware.

First Mother: I agree. But does she differentiate at this age? Does she remember what it was like to see with two eyes? I really doubt it.

Dr. B.: Does the person with a limp remember how it was to walk without it?

First Mother: But Betsy's never known anything but one eye. She doesn't know the trauma of having this sight suddenly taken away.

Dr. B.: Wait a moment, there are several of you here who wear glasses and maybe some of you wear contact lenses. Why the contact lenses, those of you who wear them?

Fourth Mother: I don't wear lenses, but I'm not painfully aware of the glasses until I go to a party. Then I take them off.

Dr. B.: You can afford to do that because you're not very nearsighted. Is there somebody here who's very nearsighted?

Fifth Mother: I look much better with the glasses on. Maybe they're my defense.

Dr. B.: Well, I have very bad eyesight. I've worn glasses since I was a very small child. Most of the time, of course, I don't think of it. But whenever I do think of it from time to time, I hate it. I've never known anyone who didn't have the same feeling.

Sixth Mother: Aren't you making everyone with glasses the same?

Dr. B.: Yes. But I think, with physical disabilities, everybody has the same reaction. He hates it.

Fifth Mother: You mean it's my defense that's individual.

Dr. B.: The defense is individual, but the need for a defense is universal.

First Mother: I'd like to bring up another point, if I may. We often have to take Betsy's eye out.

Dr. B.: She's not aware of that?

First Mother: No, she *is* aware of that, but she's never shown it until the last time we took the eye out a few months ago. At that point she was very upset. She said, "Put my eye back! Put my eye back!" So I do realize that she's aware of it, and I'm definitely aware of the problem.

Dr. B.: But up to now you've insisted it doesn't make any difference because she's had the use of her one eye. Of course she doesn't know what she's lacking in vision, but the point is that she had to go to the hospital, and lost an eye, and now has an artificial eye, so she's disadvantaged. To come back to the question of the toys: Here's a child who feels deficient compared to other children. Since she lacks an eye, she feels she's entitled to more of other things. It's one of the most primitive reactions, but it seems to re-establish a natural balance that got out of whack. We all feel the same way—when we're sick, we feel we're entitled to special attention. Now there's her brother who has two eyes, and he can see and has all these toys. So she feels she's entitled to more toys than he is, because she's disadvantaged.

First Mother: Then what do you suggest I do?

Dr. B.: The first thing is to recognize what a tremendous problem this your daughter. And give her a lot assurance that while one eye is n good as two eyes, it's good enoug practical purposes.

First Mother: With just her one ey can see much farther than I can.

Dr. B.: But she has no depth vision cannot judge distances correctly.

First Mother: I always understood with small children depth perce doesn't come at a very young age.

Dr. B.: It should have come by th of your child. As I told you, I was sighted from an early age. My pa (and, I'm sorry to say, my eye d told me, "With your glasses you full correction; you see like every else." I believed them because I h way of knowing how other people tried to play tennis and what not other kids, but I was always poor and felt pretty bad about myse wasn't until I was well into my f before my eye doctor said, "Look, with the best correcton I can give you have about a 30 to 40 percen of vision." Now, as you see, I do all in life. But I'd have been much b off if somebody had told me, "Yo don't see the ball as well as the o Don't think there's something w with your body because you can the ball as well as the rest."

First Mother: And you feel that years old isn't too early? I hate to her feel that she's different.

Mothers: She *is* different.

Dr. B.: You don't make her diff she is. You can only recognize it work with it. You can always "That's too bad, but it won't int with your having friends." She can friends and she looks nice, and ca enough for most purposes. But sh only one eye and she *has* feelings it. Of course, like sex educatio nothing you can deliver on one Sunday afternoon. It's a lifelong p to be done in terribly small doses.

First Mother: Of course. But, yo we were told we shouldn't make he different, that she would adapt.

Dr. B.: Well, you heard my own Your little girl, too, will never se ball coming as well as a kid wit normal eyes.

First Mother: The other day they throwing the ball in a little baske it didn't even dawn on me at the Other kids were throwing it in fr distance, but she got up real clos dropped it in.

Fourth Mother: You haven't real cepted this disability yet. That problem.

First Mother: It hasn't seemed a pr to me.

Dr. B.: But just look at how eas for the rest of us to recognize it as a lem. And how difficult it is for th whom it happens.

First Mother: It's very difficult.

Dr. B.: It's very difficult if we're t jured party, because of our own sive needs. After all, you love you girl, and you'd like her not to be ent from others. The wish is father thought, and the thought is father action. You must convince her she handicap, but not an earthshakin

I don't think you should be ov tective. But you should prepare he in a few areas she will not see quite as well as other children, bu enough always with the reassuranc for all practical purposes her see adequate.

Dr. Bettelheim is Rowley Professor of education at the University of Chicago's Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School. Each "Dialogue" is based on actual open-discussion meetings Dr. Bettelheim conducts at school with 30 or more mothers from the Chicago area whose children range from infants to junior-high-school age

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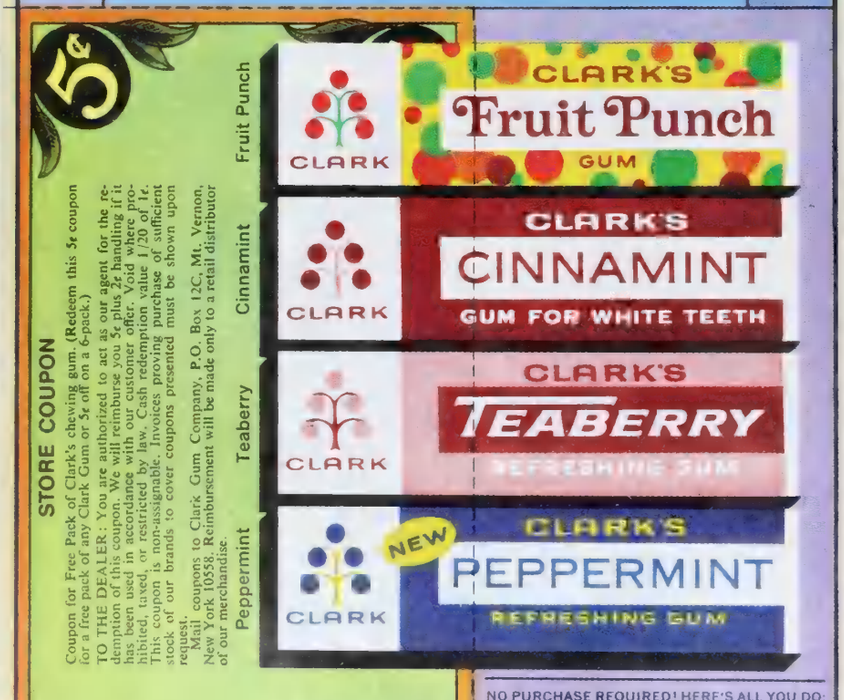
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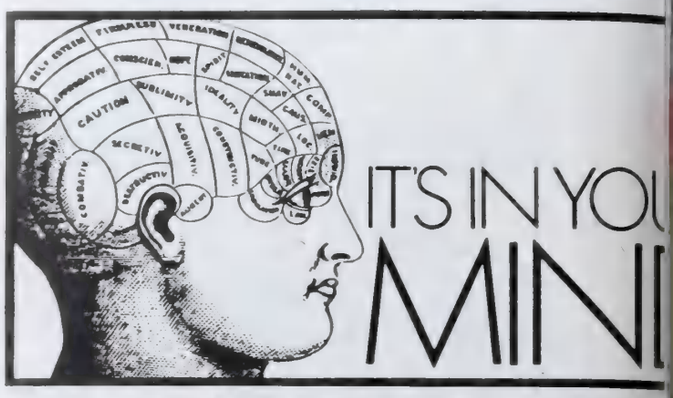
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By Gideon Seaman, M.D., and Barbara Seaman

If your child suffers from nervousness, irritability, shyness, seclusiveness, tantrums, insomnia, fears, speech defects, hypersensitiveness or tics, there is a good chance that you need not be alarmed. Such children tend to grow up as normal, or as neurotic, as other kids on the block who have no such symptoms. If, on the other hand, your child exhibits the kind of destructive anti-social behavior that could be grounds for a juvenile-court appearance, don't dismiss it as a prank. Many destructive children become criminals, mental patients and alcoholics. These are the findings of Dr. Lee Robins, a Washington University sociologist who did a follow-up study of youngsters who were having problems in the 1920's. It is available in book form as *Deviant Children Grown Up* (Williams and Wilkins).

Ninety-six percent of adults daydream several times daily, but women build mini-castles in the air, at least when compared to men. Dr. Morton Wagman, University of Illinois, asked 200 college students whether they have fantasies such as: 1. I am vacationing in Hawaii, where I have a very lavish suite at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. 2. I imagine myself involved in sexual relations that are too embarrassing to admit. 3. While rowing on the lake with friends, the boat capsizes and I manage to save the one who cannot swim. 4. People notice me as I enter a room and think I am awfully good-looking.

Dr. Wagman reports that, according to the responses to these and other statements, daydreams of women are less heroic and less sexual than those of men, but more practical.

Far from being in love with the sound of our own voices, most of us can't even recognize them! A Menninger Foundation study showed that only about a third of the people tested could identify their own tape-recorded voices. But when a group of professional radio announcers took the same test, every one passed with flying colors. A close second to the announcers were divinity-school students—65 percent made a correct identification.

While paid prostitution has declined sharply, most of today's college boys are not in love with their first sex partner, according to Dr. Paul Gebhard of the Kinsey Institute. By contrast, four out of five college girls surrender their virginity to a man they do love. Despite this discrepancy, Dr. Gebhard notes a strong trend toward sexual equality. Today's college girl enjoys he encounter much more mother did, and she may e orgasm. And her lover is m to regard her as a human b her own needs and rights- sexual object to be exploit

"Rotating depression" is a phenomenon in families, to Dr. Leonard Siegel of monides Medical Center. alcoholic husband is cured, ously "dry" wife may take he left off. If a depressed w married to a "well-adjus band gets better, *he* may p deep depression a few mo Dr. Siegel says: "I have r a family in which only *on* is suffering from emotio and everyone else is healt

Birth-control success may depend on a doctor's at least in part. In one New Y doctors remove intra-uteri from 3½ percent of the p the morning clinic—and 1 in the evening clinic. The the variation: removal of takes only a minute, but and reassuring a worrie takes much longer. Th staffing the evening clini ready put in a full day's were evidently just too tire the extra effort.

If people won't sit with you necessarily mean they don Perhaps they respect you A University of Califor shows that most people ch farthest away from both and *high-status* individual most comfortable with pe we regard as social equals– it by sitting next to them.

It is not unusual for a wo to seek psychotherapy fo purpose of improving his g weekend sportsmen may b the ad man whose anxiety tennis game was so great hardly wait to return t laxed" Monday-morning a at the agency where he living. Dr. Harold Gre New York psychologist, that *fun* and *games* are sarily synonymous.

"A game is entered in purpose of winning, and very essence, competitiv gressive." Even adults play in their lives, Dr. maintains, and they sh some outlets that are tru creative and humorous.

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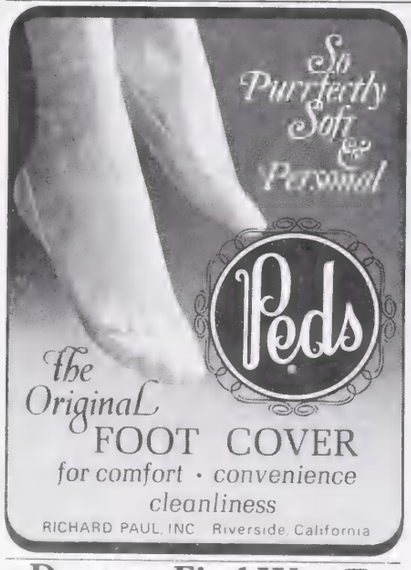


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BY JOYCE KUH

If you plan to give a child a rabbit for Easter, don't make it a complete surprise. The American Humane Association suggests that everyone, including the bunny, will be a lot happier if the household is prepared in advance. Being prepared includes having a cage or hutch ready, knowing what kind of food to feed (mainly rabbit pellets with a few carrots and leafy green vegetables for variety), and appointing someone to be in charge of cleaning the cage (which will need doing often). A handy book that cheerfully tells you how to care for your hare is *Charming Rabbits* (TFH publications, 50c).

One veterinarian at the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals says that a rabbit (fully grown—no babies, please) is not a bad pet if you are willing to spend the time caring for it and watch it closely for disease. It's a good idea to give it a tough piece of wood to file its teeth on so it won't chew the furniture. If you already have a dog in the house, be careful—dogs and rabbits are not usually compatible.

Teaching your puppy to play the right way and with the right toys may be one of the most important lessons you can give him, according to Bob Bartos, who manages the Friskies Research Kennels. In addition to being good exercise, playing will keep Spot from being bored and sluggish, will divert his energy from enterprises such as gnawing on chair legs, and may even teach him something useful—searching for a hidden favorite toy develops his sense of smell, for instance, and bringing back a tossed ball teaches retrieving.

Don't give your puppy an old shoe or glove to play with. He has no way of knowing the difference between your old shoes and your new ones. Don't give him painted toys or ones of soft rubber—he may swallow pieces of rubber and paint may be toxic. Buy him dog toys, not baby toys. Pieces of *hard* rubber or leather make good chewing items.

Among other things, the cat has been praised, maligned, imbued with strange magical powers, become an inspiration for artists and fashion designers, and put to work for human beings through the centuries. Fernand Méry, a French veterinarian, has chronicled feline sagas and lore down through the centuries from all over the world in a beautifully illustrated book, *The Life, History and Magic of the Cat* (Grosset & Dunlap, $9.95).

If you want to know why the black cat represents bad luck, you'll find all the reasons here. (It may have started centuries ago when the black cat made a pact with the Devil.) Some cats have made up for their diabolical image by doing good works for people. It was only three years ago that the New Zealand Post Office crossed cats off its official list nel! (Unofficially, they still keeping rats from eating the

Wild cats, tame cats, all friends of cats (Louis Pasteur, sisters, Sophia Loren), enem (Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Vo are examined. A fascinating b

If you ever wondered about al breeds that are *not* recogniz American Kennel Club, many included in the new book, *Cha of the World* (Doubleday, $12 200 breeds are described, and tured (the A.K.C. recognizes breeds), most of them show The breeds are listed by all of t (the Pug is a Carlin in France in Germany). Many breeds a that are not bred for show therefore seldom registered w clubs. The popularity of br sessed, and surprisingly, that vorite the poodle comes out s According to editor Sir Richar world's most popular dog is th also known as the German sh

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25th Anniversary Party

Q: When the daughter of relatives arranged a 25th anniversary party for her parents, she put "Donation $15" on the invitation. The funds were used to pay for the caterer, the hall and the music. The remainder went to my relatives as a gift. I have never heard of a party with a required donation; neither have my friends. Are we right to be offended?

A: Yes. Only when a *group* gives a Dutch-treat party should guests be expected to contribute. In this case, the daughter arranged the party and should have planned an affair she could manage herself. It was improper to ask the guests to pay their own way.

Legal Separation

Q: I am legally separated from my husband, but would like to continue to wear my wedding and engagement rings. Would it be better to put the wedding ring on my right hand and continue to wear the engagement ring on my left? Or should I put both rings away—or sell them?

A: If you feel more secure wearing the rings on the usual finger, continue to do so. If the separation goes on indefinitely, you will probably begin to think in terms of remarriage. When you are ready, I suggest you remove the wedding ring and wear the engagement ring on your right hand, or have the stones set in another piece of jewelry. If you remarry, you will probably wish to dispose of the wedding band, unless you have children for whom to save it.

Wedding-Gift Acknowledgment

Q: When the mother of the groom writes thank-you notes to her personal friends and members of the family for gifts received by the bride, does the bride follow up with notes of her own, or are the notes from the mother-in-law sufficient?

A: The groom's mother has no obligation to write thank-you notes for gifts received by the bride. She, of course, may tell relatives and friends of the bride's pleasure in receiving certain gifts. But the bride is responsible for writing the thank-you notes, which she should send almost as fast as she receives her gifts before the wedding (or at least within three months after the wedding). She writes in her name only, mentioning her husband's pleasure in the gift in the body of the note and specifically mentioning what the gift was. Notes with joint signatures such as "Mary and Bill" should be avoided.

Developing Charm

Q: I married at an early age, and have never developed charm. I have no personality traits that make me stand out in a group. My husband and others think I have outward beauty, but I realize my shortcomings and want to improve. What would you suggest?

A: Nearly everybody is born with charm. Environment shapes—or destroys—it. At any point in our lives we can look at ourselves, as you have, and decide that we need to improve. I have no instant formula for the development of charm, but I believe strongly that people can change in ways that will make them more attractive. Talk to a close friend. Ask her to be frank about the following: your voice, wardrobe and grooming; your grammar, tact and ability to listen to others; your attitude toward other people. You may emerge from this session with a better view of yourself, and you may find areas in which you will want to improve.

Bas Mitzvah Party

Q: I am planning a large cocktail party in honor of my daughter's Bas Mitzvah. The hors d'oeuvres will be served from a buffet table. Are assigned seats necessary even though this will not be a sit-down dinner?

A: You will certainly want to assign seats to very important guests: the rabbi, his wife and your close relatives. You and your husband should sit with them. Circulate occasiona make sure your guests fe come and are meeting othe

Introducing a Doctor

Q: When I introduce a do my husband, should I refer as Dr. John Winters or sin John Winters? Using a title the name in this situation awkward.

A: I find that most people to use the title. It is disconc to find out you have been t to a doctor when he was troduced by his title. Say t husband, "David, this is D ters....John, my husband, D

Married Woman's Nam

Q: I have been married al year, but I am still un about how to sign my na certain circumstances. F ample, how should I sign account receipts, guest boo order blanks for mail-orde ing? I believe that "Mrs. Doe" is wrong in most ins

A: Your signature on account receipts should same as it is in the store's r in other words, the wa signed the application for count. Guest books at w clubs, etc., should be signe John Doe. A guest book ir body's home could be Mary Doe (no "Mrs."), your hostess uses this boo record for future invitatio Christmas cards, she mig preciate your proper marrie and your address. On ma blanks, use your full n name, Mrs. John Doe.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes tions from readers, to be an in this column as space pe

The following booklets by M derbilt are now available to J readers: "Teen Manners," ment and Wedding Etiquette, Manners," and "Office Et Send 25 cents in coin for eac ordered to Miss Amy Vander 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.



Remember when home was a place
where the whole family got together?
Go home this weekend.
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

Now the low rate of $1 or less* is in effect all day Saturday as well as all day Sunday.
(*Three-minute, station-to-station interstate call, anywhere in the continental U.S., except Alaska, plus tax.)





By Sylvia Porter

Q: Our daughter, aged 19, and her husband, aged 22, have been married for only six months, but already they're talking about using their wedding money as a down payment on a $30,000 house in the suburbs. Considering the fact that our son-in-law is getting a beginner's salary at his first job, do you think buying a house makes financial sense for them right now?

A: The price of this house almost surely will be higher a year or two from now. By waiting, they're virtually guaranteeing a higher price tag on this house to them. But are your daughter and son-in-law sufficiently financially secure on their own to swing a house in this price range? Are they fairly confident where they want to live? Do they know enough about housekeeping to know what kind of house is right for them?

You might tell them that only about one in five families in their under-25 age bracket owns its own home today and that the average young couple lives in an apartment for five or six years before buying a house.

Q: I understand that the yields on tax-exempt bonds can be much greater than the stated yield. If my husband bought bonds yielding 5 percent a year, what yield is this equivalent to when you count in the tax advantages?

A: It depends on your income and tax bracket. If your taxable income is in the $12,000–$16,000 range, a tax-free yield of 5 percent is equivalent to a taxable yield of 6.67 percent. But if you are in the $52,000–$64,000 taxable income bracket, a 5 percent tax-exempt yield is equivalent to a taxable yield of 10.64 percent.

The following table shows you what taxable yields a married man in various income brackets would need to earn to equal various tax-exempt returns:

If your taxable income is	And the tax-free yield is:			
	4%	4½%	5%	5½%
	The equivalent taxable yield is:			
$12,000–$16,000	5.33%	6.00%	6.67%	7.33%
$20,000–$24,000	5.88	6.62	7.35	8.09
$28,000–$32,000	6.56	7.38	8.20	9.02
$40,000–$44,000	7.69	8.65	9.62	10.58
$52,000–$64,000	8.51	9.57	10.64	11.70

Q: My father-in-law refuses to pay the cost of graduate school for my husband, who wants to become an architect. What do other students do in this sort of predicament?

A: A substantial majority of graduate students in the U.S. today are paying for their schooling from their own part-time earnings, their wives' earnings and graduate fellowships. Others have been helped by low-cost loans from the U.S. Government and from other sources. The fact that your husband's father won't—or can't—bear the cost of graduate school should not deter him from making the decision to go after an advanced degree.

Q: I read recently that it costs a typical city family of four $9,191 to live on a "moderate" scale today. The total income in our family, which includes two young children, is $8,200 and we get along comfortably on that amount. Does this mean that we're considered poor by the national yardstick?

A: The "moderate" budget you describe was drawn up by the U.S. Department of Labor. It is much more a reflection of the soaring *standards* of living in this country than it is of the rising cost of the traditional necessities of life. To illustrate, the budget includes such items as dining out once a month, periodic hair coloring, dancing lessons for the children, wine and liquor, jewelry and watches, and $259 in "gifts and contributions."

In essence, the budget does not represent what the typical city family "must" have to sustain life today. It represents what living standards this family would "like" to achieve today. At $8,200, you're not poor by any national yardstick.

Q: My employer's group health insurance plan covers our children until they reach age 19. But our three boys are now all finishing college, and I am wondering whether we should still be paying the full premium.

A: Probably not—if all of your children are 19 or over. You should tell the personnel officer at your job this fact, and ask if you qualify for a premium reduction and or a refund. You also should now consider getting outside individual policies for your uninsured sons.

Q: Do you have to pay Social Security taxes for a carpenter who is doing extensive work in your home?

A: No, because he is not your employe, but is, instead, an independent contractor. This also is the rule for painters, plumbers, electricians and repairmen.

Q: My husband and I are getting a divorce. Will I remain the beneficiary of his life insurance policy after the divorce is completed?

A: The answer depends on the laws of the state in which you live, but in most states the divorced wife continues to be the beneficiary of her husband's life insurance policy until the husband names somebody else as beneficiary. Often, the separation agreement preceding a divorce decree will stipulate that the wife remain beneficiary, perhaps until she remarries. But these generalizations may not be true in your case, and I strongly suggest that you consult your lawyer on the rules applying to you.

Q: My husband's gross income last year was $8,500. Can we use, in filing our income tax return, the simple form 1040A?

A: You can use Form 1040A:

IF your gross income is less than $10,000,

IF your income is primarily from wages or salary and is listed on your accompanying W-2 withholding statements,

IF your income from dividends, interest and wages not subject to withholding amounts to no more than $200, and

IF you do not itemize your deductions.

Q: We are debating buying a home freezer in order to take advantage of the many money-saving "specials" at the supermarket. Is there any way to figure out whether the savings we might expect would offset the cost of buying, operating and servicing the freezer?

A: If yours is a large family and if you really shop the "specials" regularly and carefully, your savings could be many times the total cost of the freezer to you. Here are the estimated yearly costs of freezer ownership by urban families from the U
partment of Agriculture
on a 15-year life of the free
an initial cost of $331.

Depreciation	$2
Repairs	
Electricity	2
Packaging	
Total	$5

Q: Can I deduct the $36
last year in Medicare vo
supplementary insurance
ums from my income tax

A: Yes. If you itemize y
ductions, you can deduc
50 percent of the premium
the new category of medica
insurance—up to $150
Your Medicare insurance
tion is $18. You can then
other 50 percent to your
bills in figuring how much
bills you can deduct as
medical expenses. This also
to $18.

Q: Every year my alma
seems to put on more an
pressure for alumni contrib
So far, both my husband
have managed to boost
nual giving by a few dolla
year. But we're now face
the problem of whether t
our contributions at last
saturation point—or to h
call and give amounts we c
to be beyond our means.
would you do?

A: One thing each of you
do is to ask your respecti
ployers whether they part
in today's rapidly growing
gift-matching program. A
mately 384 major U.S. con
now are involved. As a r
companies will match a
made by employees (and
times their wives as well)
former colleges.



*Miss Porter welcomes question
readers. Those of general intere
be answered here as space per*



This is Cindy Pinkstaff and her doting daddy. Her diapers and his greasy work clothes are both washed clean in cold water with Cold Power!

Mrs. Alice Pinkstaff, Middleton, Mass., wrote us: "I gave it a try, and now I really can't say enough about Cold Power."

Alice Pinkstaff

ate-Palmolive Co.

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We want to soften you up



If you're hard-boiled about most skin lotions, we can't blame you.

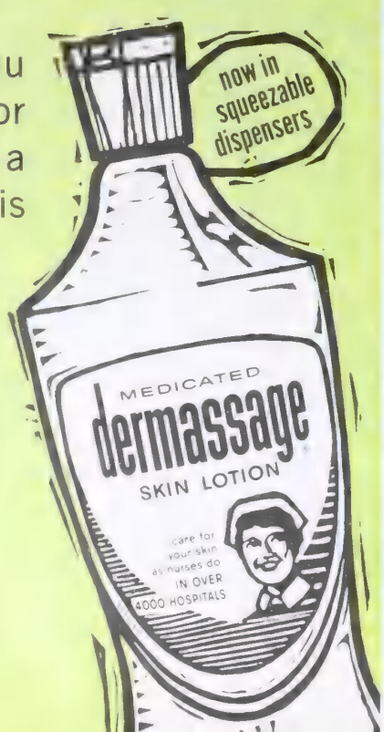
Especially when they haven't worked on your brand of rough hands, tough elbows and dry irritated skin.

Still, it's not hard to be soft. Just try the lotion over half the nation's hospitals use for patient skin care: Dermassage.

Cooling, soothing, moisture-rich, that's Dermassage. It helps soften and heal and smooth your skin with good medication, pure and simple.

With Dermassage, you don't buy muted pastels, or misty perfumes, or even a magic potion. All you buy is help. The kind that works.

Call it the soft sell.



Soften often with Dermassage Lotion. Or try super-moisturizing Dermassage Skin Cream.

Be sure to watch "The Doctors" in color, NBC, Monday, through Friday, 2:30-3:00 p.m. NYT.



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

The only time I get a phone call at eleven o'clock at n I go to bed at ten.

You don't have to like to cook to love reading recip

I used to think the Oriental custom of taking off your you come into the house was odd, but since I've been vacuuming I've begun to think it makes a lot of sense.

Expensive clothes last longer. Of course, if you ca pensive clothes, why would you want them to?

I'm vaguely pleased when someone asks me for dire

It's too bad a cake of soap doesn't disappear from th so it could stay the same size until it was all used up.

Count me out of the group if you address them as "

If they made apples baking into a perfume, I'd wear

The Youth Movement is getting so organized that p will be just like the Organized Society it's rebelling against!

I don't know whether it's me or them, but I find it than it used to be to recognize car makes from a distance.

I've always admired people who can make witty sma elevator.

Being on a committee for something makes you unde it's so hard for the Government to get anything done.

A lot of girls who got tired of waiting for Mr. Right h too badly with Mr. Wrong.

One of the best things about stamp collecting is you to dust them.

I won't be satisfied with the Income Tax Form until t so simple you can figure it out in your head.

The words "betrothal" and "nuptials" sound old-f today's engagement and wedding notices in newspapers.

People don't save string the way they used to, and no worse off for it.

Why is there always one more frost after I plant azalea outdoors?

Strangely enough, the safest things to argue about and religion. It's the *little* issues that come between friends.

Why do bad habits form so easily, and good habits fo

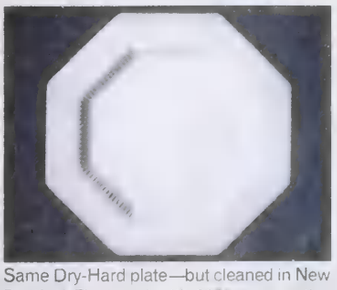


he first ishwasher etergent or dry-hards.

rds are tough-to-clean foods—like fruit pie, oatmeal, meat fats, eggs, —that dry and cake and stick. And stick. And stick. To plates. On forks. glasses. New Fortified Electrasol, with 20% more active cleaning ents than other leading dishwasher detergents, really removes Dry-Hards. ur dishwasher give you cleaner, brighter, film-free dishes.



er perform a test like this, but Fortified Electrasol's supe- Dry-Hards. Plate with Dry- blueberry pie baked on for 330°F. came out looking washed in another leading hwasher detergent can re- soils. The ultimate test for on a Dry-Hard.



Same Dry-Hard plate—but cleaned in New Fortified Electrasol with 20% more active cleaning ingredients than other leading brands. Electrasol removes tough Dry-Hard soils like blueberry pie—prevents them from drying into spots on dishes, glasses and silverware. Try New Fortified Electrasol. It's especially designed to give you cleaner, spot-free dishes.



Good Housekeeping

ECONOMICS LABORATORY INC. St. Paul, Minnesota

TIME-AND-MOTION STUDY IN BEAUTY

Is a busy life as wife and mother an excuse for letting yourself go? We say a thousand times no. And to prove our point, we played inquiring photographer, discovered these pretty young mothers in action, asked them how they program their time for beauty so that they can keep up as they keep going. Here are some of their methods, plus some extra suggestions from us. By **Susan Harney,** *Beauty Editor.*

Pat Lipsky (below) takes her baby on regular spins through the park on her bicycle-built-for-one-and-a-half—great exercise for Pat, fresh air for the baby. Pat's off-duty interest—painting—plays havoc with her hands. To offset the effects of the harsh removers she constantly uses, Pat has made it a ritual to cream her hands every time she cleanses her face. **WE SAY:** Parktime is the perfect time for hand beauty treatments. Smooth on your favorite lotion or cream, slip hands into thin cotton gloves, then your regular gloves, and your hands will soak up benefits for hours as you stroll.





Take a tip from Paula Cooper and exercise as you go, the way she does.

Paula Cooper (above) mother and art dealer, walks everywhere, finds that chapped lips are one of the consequences of being outdoors so much. Now, she never fails to slick on lip gloss several times a day.

Another beauty trick: Paula uses her baby carriage as an exercise machine—practices a simple routine to tighten stomach muscles as she pushes the carriage at a brisk pace. **WE SAY:** Try some of the newest lip glosses with built-in color.



mum indifference tc
weather. **WE SAY:** P
nents give body as w
curl—so necessary for fir
if you want to achieve a
ing curly head.
Nancy Hillman (above
versatility and a fresh-
the-hairdresser look with
pieces that she's taugh
self to use like an expert
SAY: One way to beat th
when it's wilted *(conti*

Polly Schwerin's (below) busy schedule allows almost no time for the detailed eye makeup that helps her eyes show up to best advantage. Her solution: Prescription sunglasses that she wears for all her daily outings. **WE SAY:** When you wear glasses, tinted or otherwise, remember they're a fashion accessory and you need more than one pair.
Sallie Bulley (right) "winterizes" her naturally curly fine red hair with a body permanent so that she can keep her great curly look with a minimum of care and maxi-





Plain to see, Polly Schwerin's sunglasses are a fashion accessory, not apologetic hideout for her eyes.

low to get gorgeous

Minute Make-Up Stick is how to get gorgeous. It's the ingenious new make-up from Helena Rubinstein. The first light-as-a-liquid make-up whipped into a stick. An outrageously clever, fluffy little stick. It isn't greasy or heavy or cakey. It slips over your cheeks and forehead and chin lightly and gracefully. Then suddenly incredible things happen. All those uneven colorings are gone. And the shadows. And little flaws. Your skin is warm. And radiant. And terribly alive all the time. Minute Make-Up Stick. It's a whole new face in a little swivel case. It's how to get gorgeous, gorgeous.

New Minute Make-Up Stick™



It makes you gorgeous in a minute.

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Making the most of your looks in the least amount of time—that's every young mother's challenge. To get some first-hand information, we asked big-city mothers in Chicago and New York how they do it. All of them spend hours every day in the park with their children, away from home and mirror. Here, we pass on some of their secrets to you.

your curls: Get one of the new short curly wigs by Lisa ($135). Martha Donovan (below) keeps her exceptionally deli-



cate skin well protected with a moisturizer "because whether you like to face it or not, your skin begins to dry out after twenty-five." **WE SAY:** Once you're an adult, no matter how perfect your skin, it will need constant protection from exposure of all kinds—heat, cold, indoor and outdoor climates. So always "slipcover" with a moisturizer.



Molly Strater's (below left) long hair kept her under the dryer for hours. Now she uses a hand dryer (results in ten minutes). **WE SAY:** A set of electrically heated curlers is one of the best beauty investments you can make—they're portable, are especially great for the new curly, fluffy hairdos, can cut curling time to five minutes,



or, for hair as long as Molly's, fifteen.

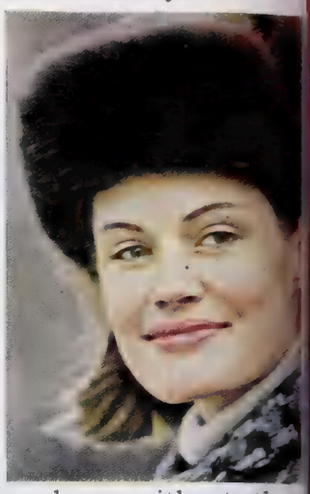
Tish Baldrige Hollensteiner (top) developed a crash beauty routine when she was one of the world's busiest press secretaries—Jackie Kennedy's. She still follows it. Up every



morning at six, ten minutes of exercises and enough time left for unharried dressing, hair and makeup. **WE SAY:** Proof that where there's a will there's a way.

Lynn Hummer's (above) answer to straight, heavy hair that needs constant setting is to wear it in a style that requires none. She brushes front and sides to the crown, holds in place with a bow, lets back hair tumble down around her shoulders. **WE SAY:** Be realistic. Know your type of hair and its limitations. And always have a good professional cut.

Pat MacFarland (left) preempts winter pallor with a just-vacationed look she maintains with sunlamp. **WE SAY:** Great idea. But remember, never face a



sunlamp without the sun lotion you use to fac sun itself. For an instar try one of the new sun Jean Leff's (above) for for a marvelous comple Lots of fresh air, re salon facials and face-s ings at home. **WE SAY** one of the new electric saunas and get into the steaming habit for a glow-y complexion.

Mari Stadler (below serves that "after 21, one big diet." **WE**

Today's mini-fas make it more i tant than ever t in shape. Diet exercise are a of life f

Long hair was once a luxury in time few could afford. Now more women, like Molly Strater, are discovering jet-sets—speedy electric curlers or hand dryers.





Living proof that energy begets energy, Mari Stadler, right, walks her children to school every morning, jogs two miles in the park every day, goes to a regular exercise class, studies singing, loves to sew and cook.

Photographs by Susan Wood



NK IS FOR GIRLS

why Lustre-Creme is pink. Because it's made
ust for girls. Lustre-Creme has gentleness guys
wouldn't understand. It's so gentle, you can
shampoo every day and still have soft, touchable hair.
lair that whispers of Lustre-Creme's delightful
"pink" fragrance, too. Pink, creamy Lustre-Creme.
It's the one shampoo made just for girls.
Because pink is just for girls.
You're a girl, aren't you?



You might be tickled pink to know that
Lustre-Creme is safe for color-treated hair.

UNDER THE ADMIRAL'S BED







Let's say you were me: an Australian girl, age 20, in love with a U.S. sailor. And let's say there was only one way you could get to America to be reunited with him. Would you do what I did? By Sandy Hilder with Sherman Williams

"Mom, they think I'm a spy."

"I beg your pardon," Mother gasped.

"They caught me under the admiral's bed," I explained.

"I beg your pardon," she repeated.

I suppose it *was* difficult for Mom to understand, especially on the telephone. It certainly was difficult for me.

Here I was, a 20-year-old Australian girl whose life had always been proper and very predictable: governess to three children, engaged for 18 months to a man who is best described as "steady." But then I met a handsome, 21-year-old American Coast Guardsman and fell in love with him. And now I had just been arrested for trying to stow away in the admiral's cabin of the U.S. Navy's top-secret, nuclear-powered missile cruiser *Long Beach*.

What was a nice girl like me doing in a place like this?

It began innocently one rainy day last March, in a comfortable room in Turrumurra, a suburb of Sydney. I looked at the innocent, but somewhat bored faces of my three charges and decided that their studies needed something lively and different. The newspapers had told about the impending arrival of the American icebreaker *Glacier*, after six months' duty around the South Pole. That reeked of drama and derring-do. I called the *Glacier* when she docked and asked if the ship had material available that would interest my students. Much to my surprise, I was invited down to view it all.

It was evening when I stepped off the train at Town Hall station for the two-mile walk to the dock where the icebreaker was tied up. Two men in American naval uniforms stood beneath a street light. The taller one said, "Hi. Where are you going?" He had a pleasant voice and smile.

"I'm going to the *Glacier*."

"It's awfully dark," he said. "Do you want me to walk you down there?"

Did I ever!

The young man introduced himself as Bud Brewer of the U.S. Coast Guard, and he walked me all the way aboard the *Glacier*, which turned out to be his ship. There I was given the material I wanted. Afterward, Bud escorted me back to the train. He said little, but when my train arrived, he surprised me by boarding it with me. He said he insisted on taking me home.

When we reached my house, we sat on the steps and chatted for an hour. Finally, Bud just stood up and walked away. No "good-bye." No "I'll call you tomorrow." Just his back and his heels fading into the night.

I sat and stared for a moment, strangely unsettled. This tall Yank had stirred me in a way I had not been stirred before. But I went to bed sadly convinced I would never see him again.

The phone rang at nine the next morning. It was Bud. "Are you doing anything?" he asked.

"No."

"Why don't you come down to the ship and we can talk some more?"

Although it was raining, I retraced my route to the *Glacier*. Bud joined me on the pier. We found shelter from the rain and talked for hours. We talked about America, and Bud told me about the Grand Canyon. He told me about his boyhood in Florida—he's from Fort Lauderdale. His taciturnity vanished as he described the tropical fish he and a friend had collected, and he spoke nostalgically of the hunting and fishing trips he missed. He was, he said firmly, going to finish college when he got out of the Coast Guard and then enjoy the out-of-doors as a Florida game warden.

Suddenly I glanced at my watch. Unaccountably, it was 11:30 P.M.—and my train home left at midnight. I barely made it. This time Bud left me with the promise, "I'll see you tomorrow."

Bud and I had dates the next two days. Once we went to the beach together. Australian bikinis are much more revealing than American ones, and when I walked out of the bathhouse to meet Bud, who was already sprawled on the sand, his eyes widened.

"Don't tell me you're going to wear that thing?" he said. With that he pulled me over his knee and spanked me. He spanked hard, and it hurt.

"There," he said. "Next time you come to the beach, wear something."

The following day, I knew, would be our last day together; the *Glacier* was to sail back to the United States. Bud and I celebrated that final night in Sydney by going out to dinner with one of his officers and the ship's doctor. It was late by the time we returned to Turrumurra. It was raining again, and neither Bud nor I had a raincoat, so we stood under a shop's awning and talked. We had never talked seriously about our feelings for each other, so I was taken aback when Bud suddenly said that things might be different if he were staying in Sydney.

"How?" I asked.

"Forget it," he said. "I don't want to talk about it." He hesitated. "I think I had better go now," he said. "Good-bye."

Bud turned and walked across the road while I watched, absolutely stunned. Then he stopped and slowly came back. That's when I had a good cry. "You can't just walk away and leave me like that," I told him.

"Don't worry," he said. "I won't forget you, and I'll come back in September." He embraced me and, with the rain dripping from his brow into my face, he kissed me. "I'll write you, Sandy," he said. "Now don't cry anymore."

Again he turned and walked away. This time he didn't look back.

I was in no state to think, but I had to. I had just learned what love was. Now it was walking away from me.

I sat down on a wet park bench and made up my mind. I was sure I was in love with Bud. If I let him go and the Coast Guard transferred him off the *Glacier* before September, I might never see him again.

I decided that I had to get to America anyway I could.

When Bud called me the following morning, I had a cold and a temperature of 104. I told him I couldn't go down to watch the *Glacier* sail.

"OK, Sandy," he said. "When we sail, I'll on the bridge, wave, and say 'Good-bye, Sy Good-bye, Sandy.'"

That was it. Two days later, a postcard a Bud had mailed it just before he sailed. " you very much," he said. A letter came fron Caledonia a few days later. Now it was up to get to America somehow. One thing was c my family could offer no financial hel father is on a war invalid's pension) and my a governess didn't bring in enough money t me any hope of saving up for the trip.

The one possible way, it seemed, would stow away on a ship bound for the United Opportunity knocked shortly when the *Long Beach* arrived in Sydney for a five-da Visitors, the newspapers said, would be a aboard.

I told no one of my plans. There was no smuggle a suitcase with spare clothing out house, nor was there any chance to smu aboard. My plan was to go to the ship on v day and keep talking to members of the cre I found someone willing to hide me.

Before boarding the launch for the s checked myself over. I wore a white hat, gloves, a white chiffon, Empire-line dress short mini-skirt. Over that was a whi matching coat.

I climbed aboard the *Long Beach* a few m before 1 P.M. From then until 4:30 I did wh other visitors did: I looked. Except I was l not at the marvels of a ship that could run w wind or coal or oil but into the faces of the saw. I was looking for a crewman who woul sider it a lark to smuggle a girl to Ameri wouldn't insist on exacting a "price" fro The first Marine to escort me around the sh all machine guns and missiles and dwelt at on just how to operate a fire extinguisher. one off the list.

But he had a friend, a tall, gorgeous fell like Australian girls," he said, which got th versation off to a good start. Time was sho asked him straight off, "Do you think sc would be able to stow away on the ship an America?"

"Sure," he said, looking at me though Then he laughed. "We could hide a g months."

"If I was going to stow away, would yo me?" I asked.

"Are you kidding?"

"I am quite serious," I told him. He was a gum chewer. The muscles in his cheek bulged. The gum popped. The decision was made.



"If you're serious and game

(continued on p. 68)



EARLY AMERICAN "CAPE COD" SOFA, LESS THAN $260

ush, deep-seated sofa with the famous Sleepy back, you see the authentic styling and careful nship that make Kroehler *Cape Cod* one of this s all-time best-selling Early American collec- ere are many other *Cape Cod* sofas and chairs, de selection of fabrics, and many handsome eces such as those shown. Each piece, from the nt of good design, worthy construction, and ble price, is a ble reason why–*You're right at home with*



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THE FURNITURE NAME THAT GOES INTO MORE LIVING ROOMS THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD.



"Feeding's so easy with Evenflo"

Mrs. Ronnie Greenstein, Little Neck, N.Y.

"Dana never fusses or frets during feeding. It's so fast and easy with Evenflo." That's because Evenflo's exclusive Sure Seal Nipple flows smoothly, won't pop out. No wonder more women use Evenflo than all other nursers combined, according to independent surveys.

Complete nursers, 30¢

mothers know evenflo®

RAVENNA, OHIO

DISCOURAGE Thumbsucking and Nail Biting

just paint on fingertips. 70¢ at your drug store.

THUM TRADE MARK



I suffered from menstrual cramps.

I feel sorry for any woman who suffers from menstrual pain. But I also feel sorry for her husband. ☐ Cramps, headaches and body aches used to make my wife so depressed, so irritable that I suffered through those bad days each month, too. ☐ She tried just about everything. Then one day the druggist told her to try FEMICIN. It seems that FEMICIN is formulated to relieve every single one of the common symptoms of menstrual pain whenever they occur. But most important, its 5-ingredient formula is designed to concentrate on the worst symptom of all—cramps. ☐ Well, life has been different for my wife, and for me, ever since she first used FEMICIN. Thanks to FEMICIN, she now acts like the woman I married — every day of the month. ☐ I recommend FEMICIN to any woman who is suffering from menstrual pain.

Femicin ■ Fast relief of Menstrual Pain

UNDER THE ADMIRAL'S BED

continued

enough, I'll give it a try," he said. "But if it's going to work, we'll have to bring two other guys into the act."

He disappeared, and a few minutes later came back with two more men. One, he informed me, was in the ship's mess—so I would get food to eat. The other man got around the ship enough to keep an eye out for trouble.

By 8:30 P.M., when all visitors were supposed to go ashore, arrangements had been made to feed me and to keep me hidden. I was spirited into a small room that contained a few file cabinets, a chair, a wall desk, a phone and some cans of paint. I was made to promise I wouldn't touch anything or look into anything. Just sit tight, I was told—and I did. Nervously, and for the first time half-afraid, I sat and waited.

An hour later, the door opened, a hand beckoned, and I was hurried down a passageway, around and up and to a door. "The admiral's cabin," I was told. "He's not aboard and won't be." My guardian angel pushed me inside and closed the door.

I looked around me, aghast. The admiral's cabin hadn't been included in the visitors' tour, and I could see why. It was shockingly un-nautical. The wall-to-wall carpet was yellow. A yellow bedspread with a floral design covered the large double bed. Vases were filled with chrysanthemums, and paintings hung on the walls.

I sat down on the delicate bedspread and tried to conjure up a picture of the admiral. He must be henpecked, I concluded, and his wife had designed the room.

It was scary sitting there all alone in a place where I shouldn't be. What worried me most—and I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before—was what would happen to the men who had helped me if I were discovered. But the excitement of the day had worn me out more than I had realized. Before long, I fell asleep on the admiral's elegant bed.

I awoke to a stealthy rap on the door. It was daylight. I opened the door and was handed coffee and food. That cheered me up. Might as well make myself at home, I decided. I smoothed out the bedspread, stepped into the adjacent bathroom and indulged in the luxury of the admiral's shower.

As the morning wore on, the room grew increasingly stuffy. The air conditioning may have been turned off because of the admiral's absence. By noon, it was unbearable. I decided to take a chance. Opening the door a crack, I peeked out. The passageway was empty and refreshingly cool.

I stepped outside, then slipped off my shoes in order to feel the coolness of the deck on my feet. Just then, I saw hands appear at the top of a ladder leading to a lower level. I scurried to the admiral's door, opened it, and slipped back inside.

Then it struck me. In my haste to get back inside the cabin, I had left my shoes on the floor outside. I didn't dare reopen the door yet because of the man I had spotted coming up the ladder. Perhaps if I waited a moment, he wouldn't notice the shoes and I could reach out and grab them.

"Good God!" I heard someone shout in the passageway. "A woman's shoes!"

I dove under the admiral's bed. It was a tight squeeze, but I made it. There was still hope. Perhaps they would think it was a prank. All was quiet for a few minutes, then the door opened. I could hear footsteps on the carpet and caught glimpses of shoes passing as men checked the bathroom and the lounge. I saw a pair of shoes near my face. The edge of the bedspread lifted, and there, ludicrously upside down, was hair, a forehead and a pair of startled eyes.

The marine who owned them stood up, walked over to the wall, placed his head against it and groaned, "Oh, no!" His shoes and forehead were replaced by another, who also went to the wall to groan. "A damned woman," he said, "and it looks like she's in her nightie."

There was nothing to do but slide out and face the music. I wormed out from under the bed, then looked up at the brawniest marine sergeant imaginable. There was no tolerant glint in his eyes.

I stood up, crestfallen. My beautiful white miniskirt was so rumpled and hiked up that the tall, tough marines—who by now seemed to fill the room—averted their eyes. But they were the least of my worries. *Now I have to face Mum and Dad,* I thought.

The big sergeant looked very official. "Well, what are you going to do now?" he rumbled.

"To start with," I told him, "I am going to get all you guys out of the room and freshen up."

The marines looked at each other and shrugged. Amazingly, they filed out of the room and gave me a half an hour to wash and put on makeup.

When I opened the door from the bathroom into the bedroom, there must have been a dozen marines and one stern-looking Australian policeman waiting. The marines asked a few questions, then turned me over to the policeman, who started to take me off the ship. Midway, he appeared baffled and admitted, "I can't find my way out."

"I'll show you," I said. And I did. He took me ashore to police headquarters, where the real questions began. How did I get in the admiral's cabin? Who had helped me? What had I seen? Had I looked into any files? Did I have a juvenile record? Why did I do it?

There was little I could say. I didn't know who had helped me. I had seen nothing but the admiral's cabin. No, I hadn't peeked into anything. No, I didn't have a juvenile record. The only reason I was there was because I wanted to go to America and see Bud. They were polite, but darkly suspicious.

Finally, the police took me back to the *Long Beach.* The entire crew was lined up, and I was marched past each man in an effort to get me to point out those who had helped me. When I failed to do so, I was escorted back to police headquarters.

After more questioning, the police decided that I was telling them the truth—that I wasn't a spy, but simply an impulsive blonde in love.

"You ought to be spanked," one officer told me. They let me call my mother, and placed me in a car for the two-hour drive home.

The next morning our phone began ringing. The story had reached the newspapers. Calls came from New York and California. To my delight, I was invited to fly to the United States to be on the Johnny Carson TV show. But I couldn't accept the invitation because I couldn't get an American visa unless I had a round-trip ticket. Just when I was about to give up, an Australian benefactor—a sailor—stepped forward with t for the return trip.

Ten days after I stowed awa the *Long Beach,* I was on a plan York. I suddenly found that I v thing of a celebrity. Reporters tographers followed me incess

Everywhere I went the que "Are you going to marry Bud

The truth was, I didn't kn would speak to me. The firs known of my escapade was whe led him to a newsstand in Lo Calif., and pointed out my pict front-page story. When I spok by long-distance telephone, Bu his ship was being hounded by He had been unwillingly thru limelight he didn't like. "Kn Sandy," he pleaded.

Publicity, the springboard propelled me to the United St losing Bud for me. Desperately forward to the flight to Los Would Bud even bother to m

At Los Angeles Internationa an airlines representative wh by a crowd of newsmen. We da a flight of steps to a helicopte

"Where are you taking me?

"Get in and I'll take you to pilot said.

I got in, and in a minute w the air. Only then did the pil where we were going. A news chartered the helicopter so th meet Bud privately. A few mi we arrived at a house in Lo When I walked into the liv Bud was standing there. He long look, smiled and said Sandy." Then he kissed me. left alone in the room.

"Sit down," Bud said.

I sat beside him on the c next minute, I was across his k need a good spanking," he sa

The Australian police w loved him!

For an idyllic month, Bud a just as though we had grow door to each other.

"We know each other a now," he said one night. "Wh think now?"

I didn't know what to answ know each other better. His peal had not worn off. But I self better, too.

"We need more time," I to

We sat in silence for a mon Bud said: "After all that e Sandy, life will never be the sa will it?"

He was right. It never wou

I am married now, but no Logically, my visit to the Uni should have resulted in marri man with whom I was the What actually happened was alized that Bud and I were for each other—a realization honesty, was made easier t Bud's transfer to another s from Long Beach.

The man I married is Richa He is 25 and a graduate of the of New Mexico, where he n anthropology, with a special the Aborigines of Australia. settle down in Sydney. Pe story does not have the "happ you wanted it to have (or does). But I know I am hap Bud the same happiness, alth hope he doesn't have to hid admiral's bed to find it.



General Electric invented the self-cleaning oven. Now we introduce a range with an oven that cleans itself, the oven racks, the reflector trays and the other oven.

You still have to wipe off the top. Sorry.

GE has just abolished the dirtiest job in the kitchen. With the new Americana® you can cook the biggest, messiest meal and still not have to worry about cleaning the range. You just pop the dirty pieces into the P-7® oven — the oven racks, the reflector trays and now the removable interior panels of the top oven. The Americana cleans them all electrically.

And the Americana bakes, roasts, broils and barbecues as automatically as it cleans. At your fingertips are pushbutton controls, a rotisserie, an automatic meat thermometer, a timer, an easy-to-clean, non-stick, coated griddle and everything else you could ask for in a range.

The Americana is the best thing to happen to the kitchen since electricity.

You'll rarely need service on a GE Range. But it's nice to know we're nearby.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The "His and Hers" toaste
Makes light and dark at the same tim

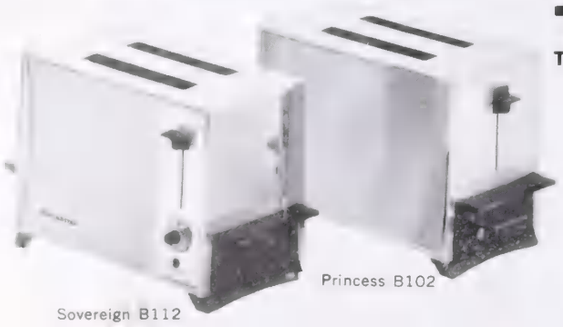
Toastmaster's 4-slice toaster has separate controls for each pair of slots, so you can toast 2 slices light and 2 slices dark. Pops up a family-size order of toast just the way each of you like it. Toastmaster's compact cabinet takes up less space, stores easily.

And your Toastmaster toaster is sure to w right when you get it because every one is te with toast before it leaves the factory (you even find a crumb inside to prove it).

For a gift or for yourself, see the Toastma model D111 at your favorite store soon.



For 1 or 2-slice families.
Our deluxe 2-slice toasters are also toast-tested at the factory. The Sovereign comes with smartly styled up-front, gold colored control panel. The Princess has end-operated controls. Each has a dial for selecting toast color.



Princess B102

Sovereign B112

TOASTMASTER

Toastmaster Division • McGraw-Edison Company • Elgin, Illino

Imperia II in all its beautiful variations puts fine cabinetry throughout your home

In kitchens. The "right" kitchen can make your home all you've dreamed it could be. Imperia II is so definitely right, because its luxury, its beauty, fills you with new pride each new day. And behind the sable-dark, distressed furniture finish, you'll find all the "housewife-approved" conveniences that make your hours in the kitchen more pleasant, more relaxed, more efficient. Beauty and efficiency. A wonderful combination. Plan around Imperia II . . . there are cabinets to fit kitchens of any size and shape.



Home Management Centers. And while you're planning, save a spot for an Imperia II Home Management Center. It's a delightful convenience, with room to plan menus, write checks, telephone, or to store things. I-XL makes sizes to fit small nooks or entire walls.

Baths and powder rooms. Bathrooms are prettier than ever, and you can have the prettiest. With an Imperia II Lavanity. You'll find it adds the beauty you want, provides storage that keeps bathrooms neater, makes organization and clean-up easier.

Your I-XL dealer is listed in the Yellow Pages.

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The kitchen people with different ideas







For professional planning help, send $1.00 to I-XL Dept. 37, Goshen, Indiana 46526 for our book "How to plan a kitchen you'll love."

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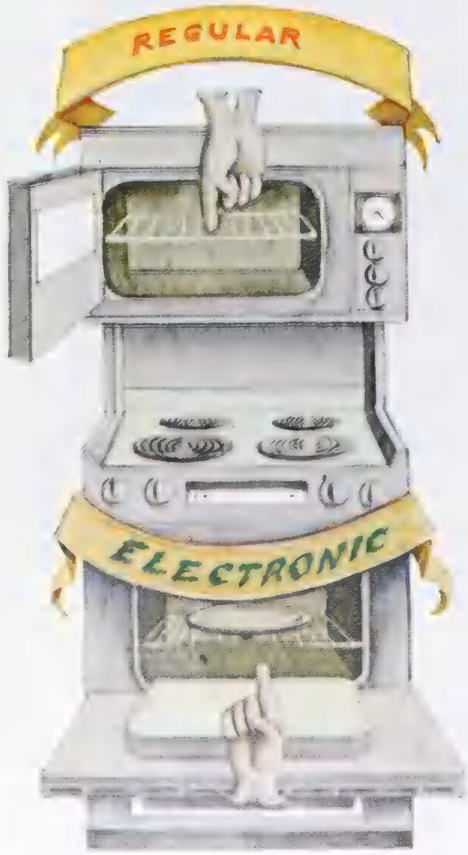
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NEWS ON THE RANGE

The great news about the great new ranges is—they're even better than ever. Cooking is easier and often speedier; time-and-temperature controls are more accurate. Cleaning is whisk-ier; design is freer. And you can now find ranges in all different sizes to be installed where it's most convenient for *you*. With such a wide range ranges available, life in the kitchen gets pleasanter all the tin Affirming this, here are first-hand reports from readers acro the country, describing features they like best. By Margal Davidson, Home Management Edi

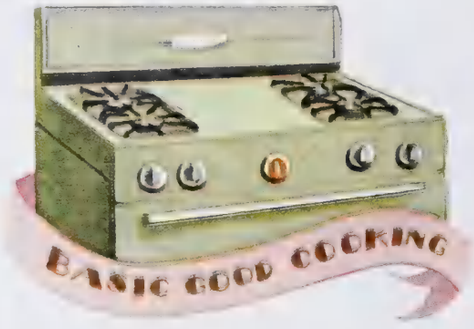


MRS. W. M. HALE—CLEVELAND, TENN. Thanks to the pair of broiler pans on our Hardwick range, cooking-to-order for a crowd is simple. We use one pan for medium burgers, one for rare. Both are small enough to fit into the dishwasher. The infra-red broiler is at the top of the gas oven, just under the cooking top—so convenient, especially since I'm only 5'3".



MRS. ROY D. HUGH—GLENDALE, ARIZ. I'm so busy with clubs and other projects that my versatile, new two-oven General Electric has proved a life-saver The lower oven is specially designed to speed-cook and thaw frozen foods electronically—frozen casseroles in 20 minutes. The oven also works in the usual way, and even cleans itself. Compact, too—just 30 inches wide.

MRS. THOMAS E. LE FURGE—WYOMING, MICH. We have just bought a new house—so I had to equip my kitchen on a very tight budget. I selected this basic Magic Chef gas range—and I'm delighted with it. It has all the things I need for good cooking but without de-luxe features. I'll wait for the fancy frills until we get the two children educated.





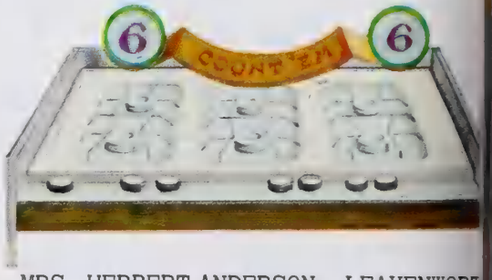
MRS. GERTRUDE GIROUX—ESMOND, R.I. It seems to me the foods my family of ten likes the most are those foods that splatter the most—roasts in the oven and spaghetti sauce on the stove. Cleaning my new Norge is a cinch! It has removable oven panels and a tray under the cooktop—all Teflon-finished. I just swish a sudsy sponge over everything.



MRS. E. Y. CHAPIN—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN. It's like a miracle, the way my Modern Maid gas oven cleans itself—a chore I always hated. I chose the 30-inch-wide copper-and-black model with two ovens. One of its four top burners can be set for holding any temperature—especially good for sauces.



MRS. KARL BENDETSEN—NEW YORK CIT N.Y. Everyone appreciates a h meal served on warm plates—one re son I like my Westinghouse "warme section, installed near the rang [Ed. note: This unit is included some brand-new models.] The warm has a modern-looking dark-gla front and can also be used to th frozen food, warm leftovers, he croutons, and freshen crackers.



MRS. HERBERT ANDERSON—LEAVENWORT KANS. I love to cook, am constant experimenting with new recipes fr my 500 cookbooks. So I really a preciate my new Caloric range. It just a yard wide, but it has t ovens and six burners in a new d sign: When I lift off the utens supports and burner cups, the smoo porcelain underneath is so easy wipe clean.



MRS. MYRON VON PELT—DRYDEN, N. I never dreamed I'd be cooking a glass counter. This marvelo Corning design is smooth as a mi ror, with the heating units unde neath. When using any one of t cooking areas, the rest of the t stays cool. I've used it for month and it still looks new. Ceram dishes that came with it, go direct from refrigerator to counter.

(continue

Illustrations by Blake Hampton



Frivolous our foot. These new Kleenex towels may be soaked with color, but they're still the thirstiest ones around. Each one is *two* layers thick to absorb 50% more. So don't let those "frivolous" shades of gold, blue and green fool you—handsome is as handsome does. Right?

Kleenex® towels in new deep-tone colors

Another new product from Kimberly-Clark



NEWS ON THE RANGE continued

MRS. LAURA NEEDHAM—ST. JOHNSBURY, VT. We use the warming shelf on the Tappan range for every meal. Built-in above the cooktop it has a temperature control, with electric units that are embedded beneath the tempered glass. When my children are late, it's nice to have hot food waiting for them on the shelf. It warms dishes, too.



MRS. LOUIS REICH—MASSAPEQUA, N.Y. My kitchen looks so handsome with the new built-in range. Hotpoint has solved the will-it-fit problem with a special molding (in matte finish of shiny metals) that adjusts to the old opening and covers up gaps. One of the spacers for the surface cooking unit even has a wood cutting board—great for slicing and for holding hot pans.



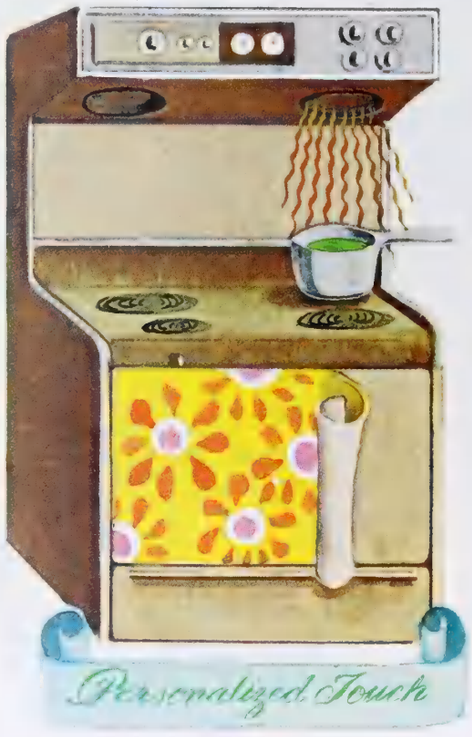


MRS. MELVIN JENKINS—WESTLAKE VILLAGE, CALIF. We like a cheerful kitchen, so we chose a turquoise-blue range (one of a dozen colors), by Gaffers and Sattler, to match our other appliances. The lift-up top on the cooking center makes for easy cleaning. My husband (he's a talented cook) and I both appreciate the automatic clock to stop and start the oven.





MRS. LILLIAN ROSENBOM—CHICAGO. I am blind and have to "see" with my fingers. This Admiral range with controls identified in Braille is remarkable. It's the easiest appliance I know of for blind people to use. When we have proper equipment, those of us without sight (there are thousands of us) can cook, and we are grateful when a manufacturer keeps our problems in mind.



MRS. ROBERT WATSON—KETTERING, OHIO. Our new Frigidaire can be redecorated anytime the kitchen is redone. The front is like a picture frame in which you can easily insert fabric, wallpaper, or a panel to match cabinets. The infrared heat lamps are marvelous for keeping my husband's supper at serving temperature when he misses eating with the children. The controls are convenient, too—up on the ventilator, where they're easy to see.



MRS. A.W. MOORE, JR.—PEA
This Philco is my third
range in 30 years, and
easiest of all to clean.
proved is the cooking
lifts up. My 12-year-old
appreciates this too, sin
rule that she must clean
cooking. Another joy—the
clock that can be set to st
while I'm out.



MRS. PAUL TOLLEY—KANKAK
This range is made for busy
With three active child
a hectic schedule as a
volunteer, the Roper frees
a lot of kitchen chores.
temperature controls work
On a top burner or in t
food cooks a preset time, an
ature is then automatica
at serving heat.



MRS. PAUL BRENNAN—JOLIE
Once milk boiled over on
pool. But even this clean
was surprisingly simple.
lifted the pan supports
burners and sponged the
enamel surface—it's forme
piece with no hard-to-cle
ices. We first saw this a
hibition model and had t
bit for delivery. It was

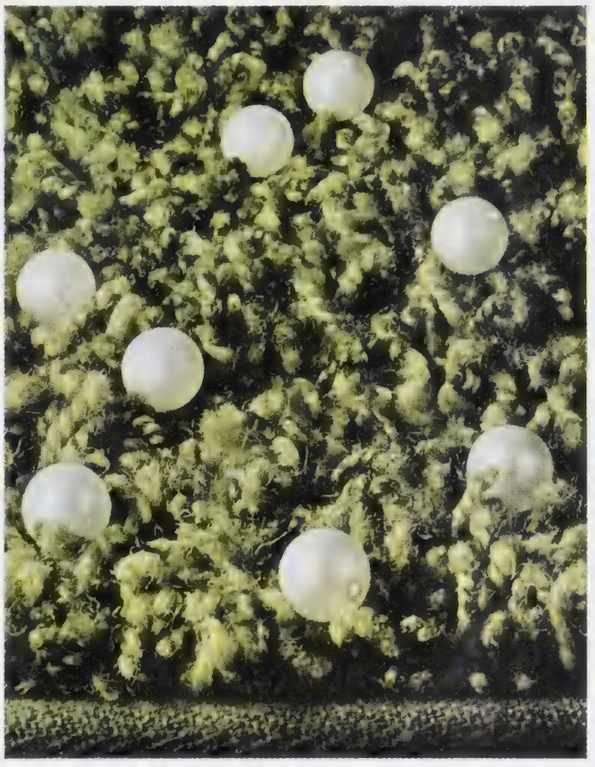
(co

Lees Civilized Shag is the only shag with a haircut and set.

Before Civilization.



After.



TO ILLUSTRATE: If you dropped your pearls in our long-haired Shag (above left), they're as good as lost. However, in our Civilized Shag (above right), they're a little easier to find.

©1968 Lees Carpets, a Division of Burlington Industries

ou're looking for something un-
in a carpet, for goodness' sake,
wn and get your fingers into our
zed Shag.

a very unusual shag indeed.

not one of those long-haired
es you'd be practically up to the
in.

there's still plenty of nice, thick shag to prowl around in.

Oh, yes. Nice, thick shag that we've trimmed and snipped and twisted and curled and turned into a more civilized thing.

You should just see it in a house.

Cosying up to French Provincial. Nestling among the Early American. Stretched out beneath the Bauhaus.

Our Civilized Shag is a rare, home-loving animal in anybody's home. (It wouldn't even scare your mother.) A worthy Son of our Great Woolly Shag.

And you can have it in wool, nylon, or polyester. In almost any color.

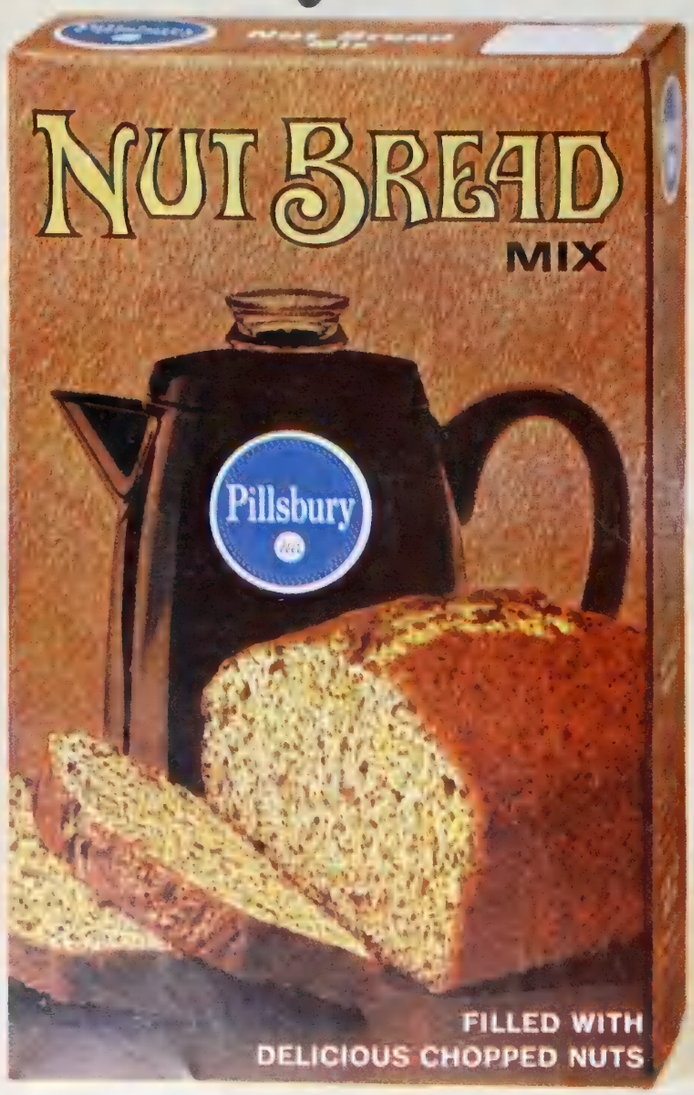
Wall to wall.

Room to room.

Rrrruff!

LEES CARPETS

Pillsbury Nut Bread Mix is homely.



home'ly (hōm'lī) **a.** familiar, friendly **b.** characteristic of home life; simple, unpretending; home made.

Come home to Pillsbury's Coffeetime Mixes. Very homely.

MORE NEWS ON THE RANGE. What's a good way to dis
advantages of a particular range? Ask the woman who o



MRS. HAROLD A. HAWI
RAPIDS, MICH. It's wo
to be able to dial ar
of heat on my electr
vinator surface unit
cooking is so fast—
I thought too fas
I read the instru
Even the broil
three heat sele



MRS. J. H. PLETCHER—BERWYN, ILL. In spite of its appearance, our charming, old-fashioned range by Sears is modern as can be. It's electric, with temperature controls, a clock and rotisserie. These conveniences suit our fast-paced way of life. And that look of yesterday blends well with our antiques.





MRS. RUSSEL CREEL—NAPERVIL
With our counter-top radar
keep it next to the oven),
band cooks frozen food in j
utes, then gets credit for
great cook. This Amana is so
I can heat frozen rolls fo
klatch after my friends



MRS. SAUL SIMON—NEW YORK, N. Y. I wanted an easy-to-use oven that I could look into, so I chose the Crown side-by-side model. The complete range—oven and cooking top—is just 42 inches wide. Because the oven is almost eye level, I don't have to stoop or stretch when baking.



MRS. HAROLD BERGER-
CALIF. We enjoy a
year-round—right
family breakf
Our Waste Ki
Glo was insta
to the fireplac
there's a flue for
tion. Since grids can be sl
drains into a pan, not onto t



MRS. CHARLES VINING—GREEN-VILLE, MICH. Because we wanted a range with a sleek appearance, but didn't want to go through the trouble of installing a built-in, we chose a Lady Gibson electric range with a built-in look. The ventilation system takes care of the two ovens and cook top.

Best Coffee break ever!

Get a $3.00 refund on any neral Electric Coffee Maker

When you purchase any General Electric Coffee Maker and two cans of Maxwell House Electra-perk™ Coffee, here's all you do to get your $3.00 refund: Cut out the center designs from the plastic covers of two Maxwell House Electra-perk Coffee† cans (any size). Mail them with the Fact Tag from your new General Electric Coffee Maker along with completed Refund Form below.



tric Coffee Makers. Choose any g the easy-clean immersible illus- ide range of prices and features. h General Electric's Mini-Brew* ing 2-3 cups of delicious coffee.

Maxwell House Electra-perk is the coffee that's right for your new coffee maker. It's the first coffee specially made for your electric percolator. Makes the best coffee a percolator can, rich in flavor and aroma, cup after cup after cup.

Take advantage of the above offer and get a $3 refund!

GENERAL ELECTRIC KITCHENS

*™ General Electric Co.
†Or use ground Maxwell House® Coffee.

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DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL

WHAT'S WRONG WITH "THE GRADUATE"

people love this movie and its James Dean-like hero, Hoffman, because it puts down parents as l clods. But TV's most articulate critic considers aduate a caricature, misrepresenting both generations.

ight at our house my son and several of his college-age friends hemselves in heated agreement. They thought *The Graduate* olutely the best movie they ever saw, and so I went to see it to t what they liked so much.

, it was far from the best movie I ever saw and, except for a nutes at the beginning, I thought it was pretty bad. But it they liked it because it said about parents and elders what *they* nave said about us if they had made the movie themselves—are self-centered and materialistic, that we are licentious and nypocritical about it, that we try to make them into walking sements for our own affluence, our own vanities draped around ecks like garlands of rancid marigolds.

se are harsh judgments. I wonder how often they are true.

he movie, a boy named Benjamin comes home from college to s parents have invited friends—their friends, not his—to a vhere he is to be put on display and congratulated for his aca- and athletic triumphs. It turns out these upper-middle-class, niddle-age friends, in their forced and alcoholic cheer, don't ow what his triumphs were, and are vastly interested in them- nd in him hardly at all.

re is a scene where the father, with unknowing brutality, *uses* in, browbeating him into a hideously embarrassing little per- ce, forcing him to come out to the swimming pool in a new skin- outfit, its price loudly announced, and then to make him r into the pool for the raucous amusement of the father's guests. se episodes are shrewdly and effectively developed, and even the picture thereafter stumbles into confusion, it persuades a age audience that Benjamin's furies are their furies.

n our black arts of communications and phrasemongering, yet musty commonplace has now been made to appear a glittering ry because it is impaled on the point of a vivid phrase. enduring conflicts between parents and children have now, y, been phrasemongered into something called The Gen- Gap.

rent and a child are of two different orders of being. The age ce is only the least of it. One gives, one gets. One is independ- e dependent. One is experienced, one is not. One is looking finishing his work, one has yet to begin. One has many responsi- one has none. One grew up in depression and war, one in vast ity and mainly in peace. One grew up with Franklin Roose- l Benny Goodman, the other with Eisenhower, Kennedy and atles. How could they ever understand each other?

knew all this before we knew the new phrase and before *The le* put up there on the screen a caricature of this classic conflict. nts as phony and cruel as these would never get, nor even de- son's understanding; and a son coming out of college as dumb, rd and inarticulately self-pitying as Benjamin would have holding theirs.

hat is new about The Generation Gap is the phrase itself. And, of the enthusiasm for it among the young, it seems to me *The le* only makes a few exaggerated points about familiar facts and then slides off into the kind of frantic nonsense Mack would have made if he had had the money.

David Brinkley



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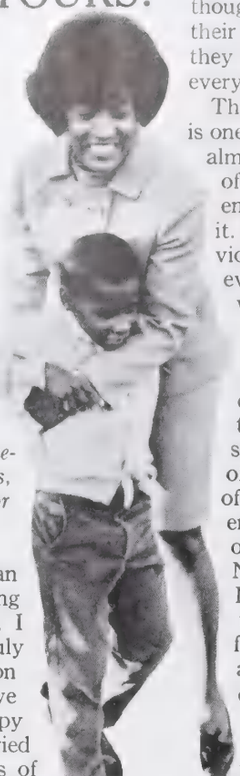
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A distinguished Negro mother asks: WHY SHOULD MY CHILD MARRY YOURS?

By Mrs. Medgar Evers



Photograph by Julian Wasser

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Medgar Evers, 35, is the widow of the Mississippi leader of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People who was murdered in 1963. She is the author, with William Peters, of the recent book,* For Us, The Living, *and lives in Claremont, Calif., where she recently received her B.A. degree from Pomona College. She is a housewife, active in promoting civil rights, and will be writing exclusively for the* Ladies' Home Journal.

When Secretary of State Dean Rusk's daughter married a young Negro college graduate last fall, I read the news stories with truly mixed feelings. My first reaction was a hope that the attractive young couple would have a happy marriage. But underneath, buried deep in the psychological debris of 31 years as a Negro in Mississippi, there were other, less coherent, feelings.

Nor were they all remote and impersonal. As the mother of two boys, ages 8 and 14, and a daughter, 13, attending nearly all-white public schools in Claremont, Calif., where we now live, I had long ago begun to face the question of what would happen when they begin to date. For, though they know Negro children their own ages, their closest friends are inevitably the children they are growing up with, the children they see every day in school.

The subject of interracial dating and marriage is one that summons up unexplored emotions in almost every American adult. Often, at the end of speeches to both white and Negro audiences, I have been asked my attitude about it. Sometimes the question is posed with obvious antagonism. More and more often, however, white people have been asking it with what appears to be genuine curiosity, as if to test their assumptions that the problem might appear differently to a Negro.

To understand my feelings, to attempt to explain them, I have had to go back and trace their origins, for my attitude is not the same today as in the past. In the Mississippi of my youth—and even today—the mere idea of a Negro-white couple, married or not, is enough to stir violent passions in the hearts of whites—provided, of course, that the Negro is the man and the white, the woman. It is a fact of history that illicit relations between white men and Negro women account for most of the wide variety of skin colors among Negro Americans and that most of these liaisons were forced on Negro women under slavery and segregation. My own great-grandfather, who could have passed for white, was the illegitimate son of a white slave overseer named McCain and a slave woman. My grandmother, who raised me, was as white as most white people. Out of t guilt-ridden past comes the abhorrence of m white Southerners for the thought of a Ne man dating or marrying a white woman. It is essence, a fear of Negro male retaliation for centuries of white misuse of Negro women.

I can recall an incident in my home town Vicksburg when I was in high school. One of classmates, an attractive girl, was the product one of these illicit relationships, and as fa skinned as the white man who was known to her father. Yet to us, and to everyone else Mississippi, she was a Negro.

There were six of us, three couples, wander down the main street of Vicksburg that aft noon, window-shopping, talking, joking—te agers relaxing after a day in school. The girl w with her boyfriend, a tall, handsome and ve dark Negro. There were stares and angry loo from passing whites when he put his arm arou her, and before any of us made what should ha been the obvious connection, a white policem confronted the boy, abusing him verbally a pushing him around.

The boy was arrested and taken to the pol station. There, after more abuse, and to the e barrassment of the arresting officer, his explan tion was finally accepted. The "white girl" came a Negro again, and all was well.

I grew up, as do all Southern Negroes, kno ing of the after-dark affairs of white men a Negro women. I knew of the disgrace it meant the Negro community for a Negro woman w consented to such an alliance. And I knew, t of the mortal danger to a Negro man so daring so insane as to approach a white woman—or ev to attempt to protect his Negro women from t advances of white men. Sex between whites a Negroes was a one-way street, and the white m was invariably the aggressor. *(continu*

PEGGY RUSK: FIRST PICTURES OF HER INTERRACIAL MARRIAGE

After the first burst of publicity last September, when the only daughter of Georgia-born Secretary of State Dean Rusk, 18-year-old Peggy, married Guy Smith, a 22-year-old Negro from Washington, D. C., the couple settled down to the quiet, everyday life of married students. Peggy is in her sophomore year at Stanford University in Palo Alto, Calif., and Guy is working toward a graduate degree in history at the same school. Both had zealously guarded their privacy—until they agreed to let these pictures be taken by photographer Harry Benson.

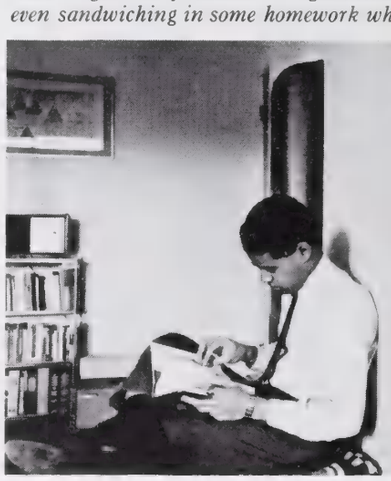


Despite their mixed marriage—with its Guess Who's Coming to Dinner *overtones—Peggy and Guy refuse to regard themselves as "unusual."*



The Smiths' favorite game is one they invented and built themselves—it's a cross between roulette and Monopoly. "Peggy usually wins," says Guy.

Peggy races to beat Guy home every day at noon—to have his lunch rea when he gets out of class. He's a good student and spends a lot of time studyi even sandwiching in some homework while Peggy whips up a salami on r







The Smiths live in Palo Alto, near the Stanford campus. They rent a mod three-room apartment, which they have decorated with wall posters and m biles. When her father, Secretary of State Rusk, visited San Francisco recent they rushed up to see him, but told nobody—in order to avoid publici

Photographs by Harry E



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A distinguished Negro mother asks: WHY SHOULD MY CHILD MARRY YOURS?

By Mrs. Medgar Evers



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Medgar*

Nor were they all remote and imper
the mother of two boys, ages 8 and 1
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The subject of interracial dating and
is one that summons up unexplored em
almost every American adult. Often,
of speeches to both

not grow up in such a cli
n atmosphere where the boy-
ships of Negroes and whites
ended at the age of four or
same-sex relationships rarely
e age of 11 or 12—without
hat interracial affection and
are dangerous. You are never
And, as with most things that
den without explanation, the
self becomes one of mystery
e fascination.

myself, as are most Southern Negro women, the occasional target of a white man's approach, and I have known the fear that comes from the sure knowledge that you have no defense but your own intelligence and agility. I was fortunate; none of those advances was vigorously pursued. And I married, at 18, a man I knew would risk his life to protect me.

Medgar had nothing but scorn for the Negro man who would not face certain death to protect his women from predatory whites. He reserved a special disgust for the Negro women who permitted such relationships. This, too, helped form my attitudes about interracial alliances of any kind.

In the end, Medgar was murdered by a white man, and there was a time, afterward, when all white faces were to me the faces of the enemy. When I moved from Mississippi to Claremont in 1964, I felt myself in the midst of the enemy. There were three other Negro families in town, none in our neighborhood.

Though we were personally welcomed by many whites, hundreds of whom actually came to my door with words of kindness and sympathy, I was suspicious and distrustful. I wondered how many were sincere, how many simply curious. And then, as my children made friends, white children began to pour into the house. I could not be suspicious of the children.

My grandmother, visiting from Mississippi, found the constant presence of white children in the house and yard a threatening experience. She asked nervously why they didn't go home, why they didn't stay in their place. It was my daughter, Rena, then 12, who answered: "What's wrong with whites and Negroes playing together? That's the way it should be." I can think of no better reply.

As my own suspicions waned, as I met more and more white people whose sincerity could not be questioned, I slowly reached the point where I could look at people as people, rather than as whites and Negroes. I learned what I should have known: that to be hated is as distorting to your personality as to hate.

The children lost their race-consciousness rapidly. Van, my youngest, never had it. I watched them with their white friends, saw the growth of open, honest, warm relationships, observed their squabbles, which never had anything to do with race, and I learned.

I have made it a point, when I meet a Negro couple with children the ages of mine, to get together as families. I want my children to have Negro friends. In part, this is because I don't want them to grow up in a segregated society, whether in Mississippi or in California. But I have also been thinking ahead to the years when my children will want dates and may wish to know Negro children their own ages. In fact, their closeness to the children they k
the children they go to sch
would appear to make my pr
unnecessary. I feel sure that
children will, at one time or
have dates with white children

The fact is that I have
concern about my children d
even marrying—whites. It is
may be hurt, either by white
who reject them or by the insu
olence of whites who see them
in public. I will warn them of
sibilities not so much to prepar
to make it easier for them to
me about them if they occur.

I have met several interracia
since I moved to California. F
they were as much an object of
to me as they must be to man
But even more fascinating
couples themselves was the fac
one but me seemed to pay mu
tion. I suspect interracial marri
the controversial thing it once

And so when I read of the m
Peggy Rusk and Guy Smith,
wished them well. I was please
that they had somehow mana
cape the glare of publicity du
years of dating. I was moved b
that so much of the publicity
their marriage was warm and
Time magazine, for example,
story, "A Marriage of Enlight

What displeasure I felt wa
to the fact that it should be a f
story at all. We will have arriv
enlightenment in America wh
story is covered, if at all, on t
pages. It disturbed me to read
Rusk had felt it necessary t
resignation to President John
riage—one's own or that of
dren—ought to be a private
yond politics. I am not so n
believe that it is—yet.

As for myself, I want my c
go out with young people wh
them as individuals and who
selves worthy of respect. The
race is irrelevant. Nor do I f
real problems for them. Inter
ples, married and unmarrie
seem to find their friendshi
people with whom they have i
ideals—in common. It is not s
from what we all do.

The most enduring problem
racial married couple may ha
to be the attitudes of opposing
of the families. Where one or
ally break with the couple
marriage, I suspect the great
to the family. Young marri
have a habit of making their
building their own lives. It i
ents who are likely to be left
such a case.

I envy my children's color
and the color-blindness of t
white friends. I know that the
that their attitudes are those
ful future. My own scars are
deeply rooted in a past where
the only commodity in plenti
I have learned, largely throug
dren and their white friend
away the suspicion and hostili
some time made it difficult for
real friendship to white peo
more trusting and open than I
been. But I have still some
go before I catch up with tha
lack of concern with race tha
so often demonstrate. I will
failing, with regret.



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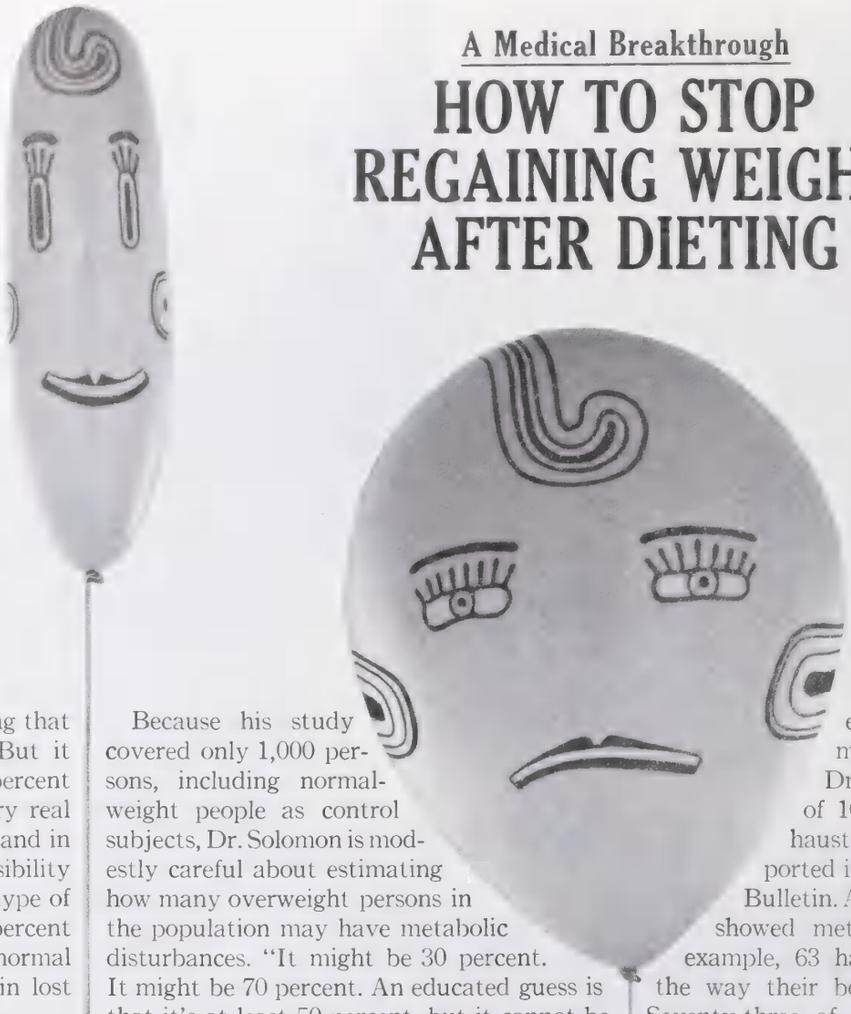
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AMERICAN TRADITIONAL INTERIORS

Are you one of those many unhappy dieters who keep losing pounds only to watch them come back again and again? If so, there now is new evidence that you may be suffering from a metabolic disorder that requires medical diagnosis and help. By James C. G. Conniff



A Medical Breakthrough

HOW TO STOP REGAINING WEIGHT AFTER DIETING

For years, doctors have been insisting that overweight eventually shortens life. But it turns out that if you are as much as 20 percent over your ideal weight, there is a very real chance that you are actually now sick and in need of a doctor. There is even a possibility that you are suffering from the same type of abnormality if you are less than 20 percent overweight. And it is this same abnormal condition that can cause you to regain lost weight again and again after you diet.

How can you tell whether you are one of the overweight persons who are, literally, sick? The simplest test is the answer to this question: Do you go on crash diets, lose weight, and then gain it all back when you resume a sensible diet? If you do, you probably have some metabolic disorder that is contributing to your weight problem.

These are conclusions of a detailed new study of obese patients at the Clinical Research Center of The Johns Hopkins University Hospital, the University of Maryland Hospital and at the Obesity Research Clinic of the Baltimore City Hospitals. The study was begun five years ago by Neil Solomon, M.D., Ph.D., Associate Professor of Physiology, who is on the faculties of both the University of Maryland and The Johns Hopkins schools of medicine. Dr. Solomon, who reported on this study at the recent meeting of the Southern Medical Association in Florida, is a 36-year-old scientist devoting his career to research in physiology, particularly how enzymes and hormones work in the human body. His most startling discovery is that *the very fact of being overweight* can disturb the body's metabolism.

In other words, a person can start life with perfectly normal metabolism and by overeating can *cause* metabolic problems. Once these metabolic problems have occurred, that person is chronically obese, and crash dieting will do him no good—in fact, it may do him actual harm. And he will probably gain back whatever weight he lost, even though he eats no more than the average person.

"We call it the Yo-Yo Syndrome," says Dr. Solomon. "Weight down, weight up. And there are thousands and thousands of people who go on that way, year after year."

Balloons designed by Seymour Chwast; photograph by Irving Elkin

Because his study covered only 1,000 persons, including normal-weight people as control subjects, Dr. Solomon is modestly careful about estimating how many overweight persons in the population may have metabolic disturbances. "It might be 30 percent. It might be 70 percent. An educated guess is that it's at least 50 percent, but it cannot be proved until thousands more persons have been studied."

This is the scientific explanation underlying Dr. Solomon's study:

The human body produces a half dozen hormones and over 100 different enzymes that affect what happens to the food a person eats. The whole complex process by which food becomes muscle or fat or energy is summed up by the word metabolism. If any of those hormones or enzymes are not being produced in the proper amount, the whole process may be disturbed.

A good example is the most thoroughly studied hormone that affects sugar metabolism—insulin. Some people exhaust the pancreas gland that produces insulin. If the damage is slight, the person may be restored to normal by restricting his diet to the amount of sugar that he can handle. But if the pancreas has been badly damaged or has a hereditary weakness, that person suffers from diabetes seriously enough to require medication.

As an endocrinologist, Dr. Solomon reasons that a similar process may be involved with many of the other substances that play a part in metabolism. He has discovered, for instance, that many overweight people have a lower-than-normal amount of a liver enzyme that produces crotonyl coenzyme A. This enzyme is needed to break down fats. Without it, fat is accumulated in the body instead of used. These overweight people may have exhausted their ability to make the enzyme.

"There is still an enormous amount of work to be done in this field," Dr. Solomon says. "We have barely begun to trace down most of these metabolic factors. But we think that we can already show, by laboratory tests and by experience, that many overweight Dr. Solomon's in of 100 patients were haustive medical work ported in The Hopkins Bulletin. An amazing num showed metabolic abnorma example, 63 had something w the way their bodies used carb Seventy-three of them had exce acids in their blood. Other de showed up were in their thyroid steroid metabolism and protein n

"My staff and I took all day wit of those patients," the doctor expla we have learned how to streamline so that we do not need to do as on most people." Dr. Solomon repo Southern Medical Association me fact, we have it down now to proc a doctor can order at a hospital c laboratory that does metabolic an

Dr. Solomon has presented d nutritional staff of The Johns Ho pital showing that only about one of every 10 starts out with a meta lem that *causes* his obesity in the But metabolic defects caused b ing can produce similar effects, what makes his findings particu worthy.

Lecturing to the nutritional s hospital, Dr. Solomon described va of cases. An example is the middle- wife who has been on any number lost some weight, and then gained each time. Dr. Solomon told his

"Her trouble—and that of h others like her—began in her chi was probably metabolically norm she had one of those clean-your-pl who also used candy liberally a for good behavior. She was re from childhood to overeat. Ever link in her metabolic system ga was no longer able to produce on enzyme."

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diet and lose weight. But unless the body regains its ability to produce the missing enzyme, the heroic performance is useless. They will regain the weight. In this instance, Dr. Solomon was able to pinpoint the missing enzyme and give her medication that would enable her body to resume making it.

A different type of case is that of a younger woman who was very careful to keep her dress size small as long as she was single. But once she was "safely married," she relaxed—and gained 30 pounds in six months.

"She tried each new fad diet that came out," Dr. Solomon told the Hopkins group. "But between diets, she continued to gain." This patient had so overtaxed her metabolic system that she had actually become pre-diabetic. By giving her one of the oral diabetes drugs for a short period and a sensible reducing diet, the doctor expects to reverse her course toward diabetes.

Dr. Solomon pointed out that many metabolic disorders are the result of obesity, but there are also other situations that can strain the complex system that keeps food, weight and energy in balance. One is pregnancy. He discussed the typical case of a young woman who had no weight problem until she had her first baby. Then she gained 10 extra pounds. After two more pregnancies she was really overweight.

Some other telltale symptoms accompanied the poundage: she began to have irregular menstrual periods and to have more hair on her face than any woman wants to have.

In her case, pregnancies had upset her adrenal cortex, producer of various important hormones. Her metabolism was so adversely affected that it was almost impossible for her to lose weight. She went on a crash diet, lost weight for the first few days, and then began gaining it back while still on the diet. But once her problem was analyzed and she was given corrective hormones, she could diet successfully and keep her weight normal thereafter.

Dr. Solomon concedes that a few overweight people were born with metabolic problems. One is the patient with an inadequate thyroid. (Some persons have thyroid problems brought on by overweight, but some persons are born with them, according to Dr. Solomon.) Another typical case is a woman in her forties who had been obese all her life. Even as a child in school, she had trouble fitting into desk chairs. In her middle years she began having chest pains. Her heart was overworked by trying to keep her blood circulating through her tremendous bulk. It was clear that she was in for serious trouble unless she could lose a great deal of weight.

Her case was not an easy one, since the usual test of thyroid function showed nothing wrong. But eventually, after more refined and complicated tests, it became clear that her thyroid was not producing one component that is necessary for burning up food. All the diets in the world—and she had tried many of them—wouldn't solve her problem until that missing component was supplied.

But most of the patients in the Baltimore studies did not present such cryptic mysteries to solve. Dr. Solomon believes that a majority of metabolic disorders do not require medication. "If a person is put on a low calorie d truly balanced and includes al elements necessary for good the body usually restores its b bolic balance," he says.

The key words are "low-cal "truly balanced," because th route away from fad diets. Dr is a crusader against fad diets, a any recognized nutrition auth cares to name, including su guished experts as Fredrick J Jean Mayer at Harvard; Williams at the University Clayton Foundation Biochem tute; Theodore B. Van Itall Luke's Hospital in New York; Dupertuis at Western Reserv sity; and Albert Stunkard at versity of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Solomon's diets are built six major food groups: vegetab starches; meat, fish and eggs; butter or margarine; and "fr such as bouillon, tea, and drinks. (He puts some vegetab the free foods, such as raw cab cumbers, celery and lettuce.) son who goes on a diet that doe vide balanced amounts from food groups is not giving hi chance to restore its normal processes. In other words, you weight by eating nothing b boiled eggs for three weeks, or nating all starches and living and lettuce, or by going on a d sommé and fruit juice. But weight that is almost sure to c Most nutrition experts hav preached this, but Dr. Solo provided scientific reasons why Indeed, if a diet is freakish en may have further impaired y bolic processes, so that your ever reaching your normal w staying there are worse than before. Furthermore, you m significantly increased your d developing some serious organ

By now it is well known t people are more than normally a host of life-threatening or diseases. The Baltimore stu made this fact stand out in b Nearly half of a group of outp Baltimore City Hospitals had sc icant disease along with the problems. These included, in frequency, diabetes, arthritis, ease, gout, high blood pressu disease, excessive cholestero thyroid disease, colitis and pep

"The high incidence of s chronic disease in overweight one more reason why they sho any reducing effort by going t or clinic for a thorough medi up," says Dr. Solomon. "If ther a 50-50 chance that you ma significant disease, you need t about it, and the sooner the b

For his Baltimore patients, mon has devised variations in reducing diet for those who h medical problems in addition weight. Those with high blood heart disease and high chole diets that are modified to re amount of animal fats they Those with colitis or ulcers ge ing diet that is also a bland d possible seriousness of marke weight and of the condition often go with it requires comple management," the young sci serts. "It is sheer folly for

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STOP
G WEIGHT *continued*

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support and they attended weekly meetings where all the non-clinical factors in weight control received full attention. These groups, called W.O.N. (Weight Off Now), were first of all given a thorough medical evaluation by their doctors, a diet and corrective medication if necessary for metabolic disorder—not so-called diet pills or appetite depressants. Then they began a series of 12 weekly meetings.

A dietitian, a psychologist, and an expert trained in physical exercises conducted the programs.

A nutritionist helped members of a W.O.N. group to understand their diets—and why they were set up as they were. She gave them some friendly guidance in planning appetizing menus and recipes within their dietary limitations. They also learned something about the psychological factors that so often contribute to overweight—and they analyzed some of their own motives for overeating. They even did homework—writing out a dietary autobiography, answering such questions as:

- What members of your family are overweight?
- Were you a chubby child? If not, at what point did you begin to be overweight?
- When do you eat too much? Is it night-nibbling? Is it when you are emotionally upset?

Volunteers read the personal histories to the rest of the group, and members began to see patterns, similarities, differences. They learned from one another and gave one another group support.

The W.O.N. patients also had programs of exercises, carefully tailored to their ages and physical capacities.

All through their 12-week course the W.O.N. people remained under the supervision of their physicians. Urinalyses determined whether they were cheating on their diets and whether the metabolic disturbances were being corrected. Weights and measurements were carefully recorded, so that patients could closely observe their improvement.

Of course, not every W.O.N. member succeeded. Out of a group of about 150 patients, 100 stayed to the end and eventually reached their normal weights and improved metabolic balance.

Out of 28 persons who had an abnormal amount of uric acid in their blood, for example, indicating that they were not metabolizing proteins properly, all but two returned to normal. While there is as yet no specific diet to attack the uric-acid problem, doctors postulate that in those 26 persons, the body regained its own ability to handle proteins, just by reason of a carefully balanced diet and weight reduction. Nutrition researchers believe that similar results can reasonably be expected when others use these findings.

END

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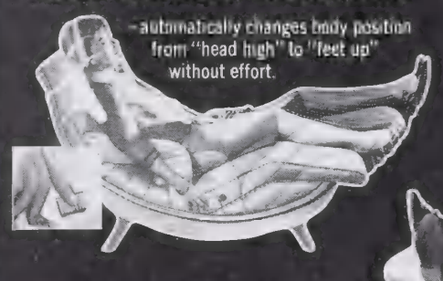
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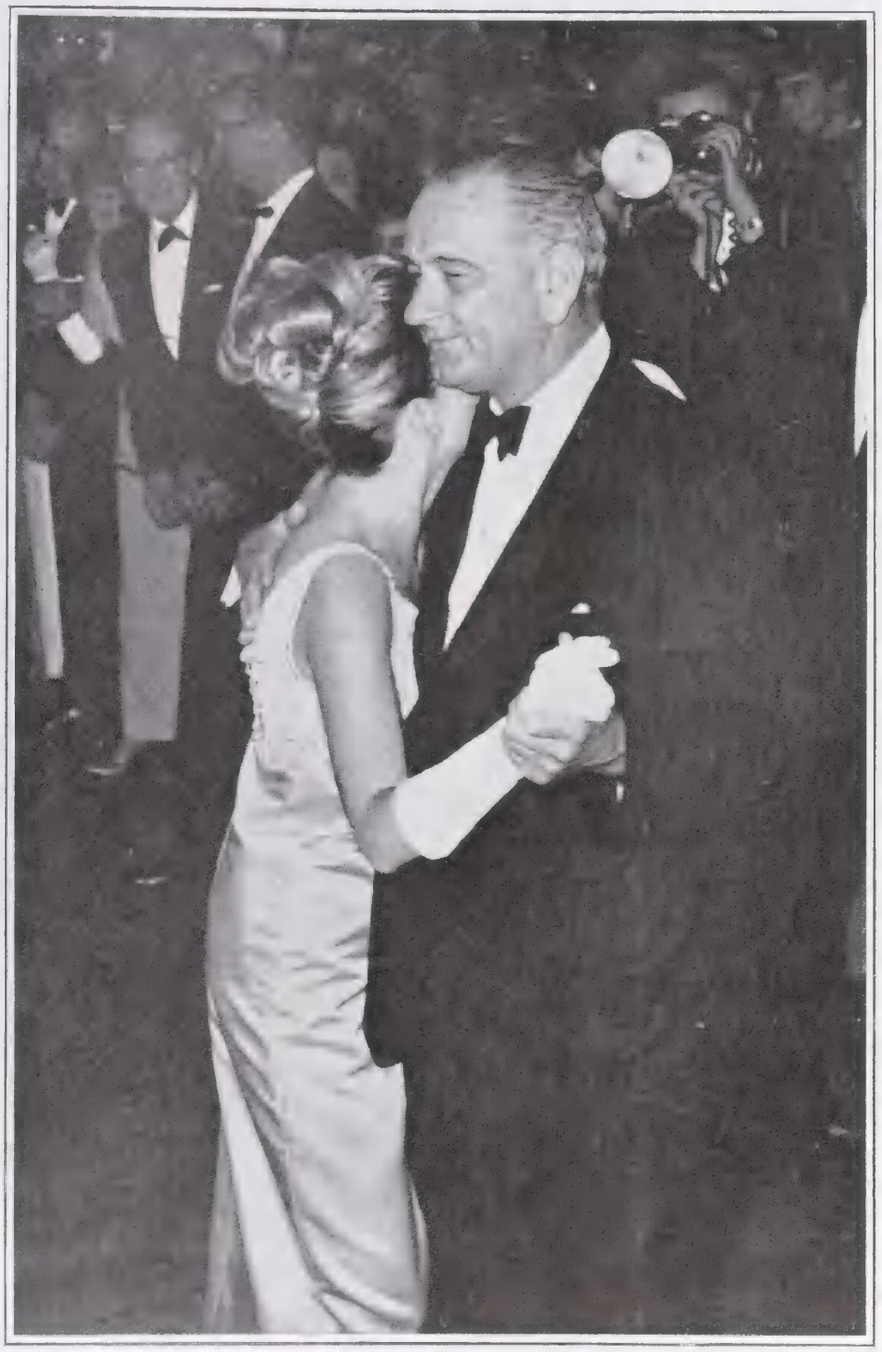
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WHY L.B.J. DROPPED ME

BY BARBARA HOWAR

A funny thing happened to this beautiful Washington hostess on her way to the White House. She found all the doors locked in her face by the First Family—to whom she had been friend, confidante and unofficial fashion adviser. Here she tells for the first time what it was like to rise and fall in the graces of the Lyndon Baines Johnsons.



As cameras flashed, L.B.J. cut in on Vice President Humphrey and danced Mrs. Howar across the floor at the 1965 Inaugural Ball. "I was in hog heaven," the lady remembers with delight.

e Alice down the Rabbit Hole, I spent two years at
on Johnson's tea party.
e Alice, I was *very* big one day and *very* small the
-depending on how much of the magic cake I could
ch. Just exactly who was the maddest Hatter of the
for you to judge . . .
first encounter with the Johnsons came in 1964, in
orned-beef capital of the world, Atlantic City, New
—perhaps prophetic of my ensuing relationship with
mily of the 36th President of the United States.
vas at the Democratic National Convention and I was
n one of the "Ladies for Lyndon." Like most Amer-
I felt that President Johnson was the one man who
pick up the pieces of the world that Lee Harvey



Oswald had shattered in Dallas. I knew I had been selected to serve because the Johnson camp was short on talent and long on desire to find new volunteers not previously connected with the Kennedy Administration.

Then, during the campaign, I went on the Lady Bird Special, the colorful campaign train that took the First Lady into eight Southern states. For five days I passed out buttons, brochures, banners and bourbon to the faithful and dubious alike. I accepted flowers, hams, chickens, preserves and good will in the Johnson name. Along with some dozen other ladies of the Great Society, I sang "Hello, Lyndon" some hundred or so times a day. I'm convinced that's how L.B.J. almost lost the South. When I wasn't waving the Democratic Party's banners, I was *(continued)*

combing the hair of Mrs. Johnson and her eldest daughter, Lynda, in their comfortable private railroad car. Since I had graduated from school with a cum laude degree in dishing up tea and botching up my schoolmates' hair, these academic laurels made me an obvious choice to be Mrs. Johnson's amateur coiffeuse. Peggy Goldwater had been sharply criticized for traveling with a professional hairdresser, so the Johnson train-brains made great efforts to avoid a similar mistake.

When President Johnson received his election mandate, I was appointed coordinator of the five Inaugural Ball sites in Washington. The Ball is the vehicle that carries all other Inaugural events financially, so we worked long hours for several months to make sure the Johnson-Humphrey debut ran smoothly. I pressed into service the capable friends I had in Washington, and on more than one occasion I was chided by Johnson aides for bringing so many of the old Kennedy crowd into the act. But "Kennedy" and "capable" were synonymous words in Washington then, and I went blithely about the business of working with them toward what was a smashing finish.

It was during this time that Mrs. Johnson asked me to undertake the additional job of helping to buy her two daughters, Lynda and Luci, a suitable wardrobe for the Inaugural festivities. I was charmed by the request and challenged by the task. I undertook the inventory of the girls' closets and wardrobe wishes with all the arrogance and efficiency of a Coco Chanel. If that threw every other female nose in the Johnson camp out of joint, my own was too far up in the air to notice.

The girls were in school at the time, so all their shopping was done by me and the purchases charged to my personal account. I don't know which suffered more—my feet or my finances. Even though Mrs. Johnson reimbursed me promptly by personal check, Bernard Baruch would have had difficulty keeping the bills straight. To add to that confusion, every outfit had to coordinate with what the First Lady and her fashion adviser, Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, had selected for Mrs. Johnson to wear. The President was shown each article purchased, and he had most definite opinions as to color (no purple), fabric (no nubby or coarse materials), and style (nothing too loose). He and Mrs. Johnson would watch the girls model the selections and then grade them A, B or C. The price had to be RIGHT.

At that time Lynda was a size 14 or 16 and Luci was a voluptuous 10. Neither was fashion-conscious, the way they are today, and I can assure you that finding what they liked so late in the season was a chore to match the President's quest for men to fill out his Cabinet. However, the Johnson girls were easy and pleasant to work with, and their parents were charming and appreciative.

The first time I was invited to stay for dinner at the White House I was given a view of the First Family at rest. We sat in the family dining room with the President at the head of the table in a high-backed leather office chair. He has a pointed aversion to small talk, and I quickly learned that you do not speak to the President of the United States until spoken to. Mr. Johnson was served a wooden bowl of green garden peas, which he mashed with the blunt side of his spoon and ate Chinese-rice style. He also was very partial to a battery-operated pepper mill that stood in front of his plate. The rest of us had to make do with the hand shaker. I recall Mr. Johnson being served a clear broth soup as a first course. He never put his spoon in it, but turned to Mrs. Johnson and suggested that she keep her hot dish water in the kitchen where it could be put to better use.

Typical of the early Johnson method of handling friends, the President turned *(continued on page 156)*



Barred by the White House fence, Barbara Howar manages to keep smiling.

Photograph by Melvin Sokolsky







White—pure and simple, from high-beamed ceiling to painted concrete floor—sets a cool spring theme in the bedroom, above left. Discreet touches of black (Conso's velvet stick-on trim) accent the whiteness of the airy Fortrel batiste curtains, quilted antique-satin bedspreads underlined with graceful swags of the same batiste.

Bedspread, "Fantasy" Fortrel and trim all available at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Sanger-Harris, Dallas.

Spring brightenings for the living room, above right: At the window—breezy Fortrel flower print, trimmed with white ball fringe, frames curtains of two coordinated solids in topaz and gold Fortrel ninon. Another spring touch, the chair cushions, ottoman in tangy tangerine antique satin. Lacy straw rug is painted sharp lime green for a cooling change of pace.

"Silhouette" rose Fortrel by Cohama at Bullock's, Pasadena; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh.

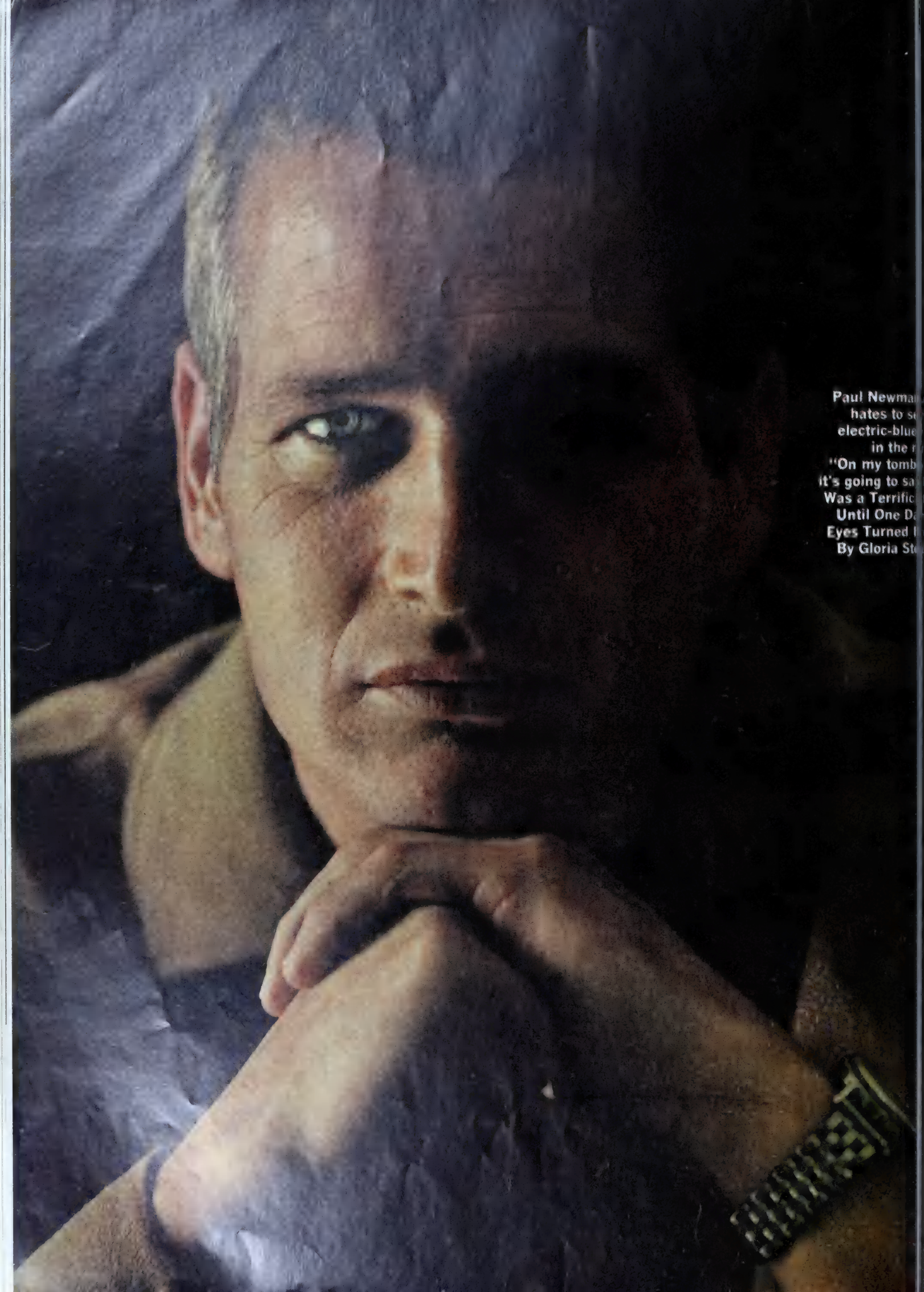
In bedroom, opposite, a butterf print goes romantic. For a cont version of an 18th-century Fren "angel bed," a butterfly canopy (floating from three curtain rod arranged in a triangle) in Fortr ninon, lined in two coordinated Butterflies repeated on quilted antique-satin bedspread, pillow and rattan furniture complete

"Butterfly" Fortrel, companion print c acetate and Fortrel ninon, at Bloomin New York; Denver Dry Goods, Denver

Preceding page: "Piccadilly" Fortrel batiste and "Leicester Square" rayon and acetate antique satin (both by Cohama) are available at Bloomin York; Barker Bros., West Coast; Sanger-Harris, Dallas.

For further shopping information, turn





Paul Newma
hates to s
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"On my tomb
it's going to sa
Was a Terrific
Until One D
Eyes Turned
By Gloria St

UL NEWMAN: E TROUBLE TH BEING TOO OD-LOOKING

York, a well-known hostess rushed ts through dinner, left them looking ed over dessert, and went off to watch n. "*Sweet Bird of Youth* is on tonight," husband, resignedly, "and she *never* chance to see Paul Newman."

zona, making a film with Newman, arbara Rush watched fans—not just rs, but grown women as well—burst s at the sight of him. This reaction surprise her: "He reminds me," she kly, "of a sculpted Roman statue." d give her pause for a moment was weeping ladies kept their distance. e explained: "Women don't try to ck of his hair or tear the clothes off metimes happens with younger idols. hey have too much respect for him." e. The fact is that to many female ers Paul Newman is what Marilyn was to men: they just like to watch hard to think of a movie, good or hich he hasn't been required to take irt at least once. And most of his n films have been in Technicolor, to unbelievable eyes of Tintex blue. Paul looks at you with those eyes of Janet Leigh, "he commands you to im and listen. He *makes* you respond That's the basis of his sex appeal.")

Paul Newman is the youngest and the last male American actor who an audience on personal charisma Aside from Cary Grant's, the only e chemistry rated higher than New- that of Richard Burton and Eliza- lor combined.) In 11 years of picture- Newman's weekly salary has risen 0 to $75,000, and his current price re is $1,100,000.

ewman is no Valentino. There are no s, gentlemen's gentlemen, champagne or publicity-generating romances in nd he hasn't got a paternity suit to . Despite his matinee-idol image, he is the serious and devoted father of six children; his 10-year marriage to actress Joanne Woodward seems stable; he is politically active, especially in civil rights; he is a beer-drinking, sports-playing nonconformist who is nominated regularly for the Worst-Dressed Man list; he is earnest, even contentious, about the actor's craft—and shows up for work on time. In short, he is perhaps the only romantic actor who could play opposite Elizabeth Taylor (and did, in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*) without rampant speculation about a behind-the-scenes love affair.

The two Newmans, on-screen and off, seem contradictory. After all, a private life doesn't go hand in hand with screaming fans, and being a Hollywood sex symbol is traditionally at odds with serious acting.

"Damn right it is," said Newman grimly, opening a bottle of cold beer. "I can't wear a beard or disguise myself in any way, even when the part would be helped by it. In *The Prize*, for instance, I tried like hell to keep this beard—I always grow it between pictures—but the money guys said no. It would have made me look older, more like the Nobel Prize-winning author I was supposed to be, but they said no anyway."

He plucked morosely at the strings of his tennis racquet—we were sitting near the swimming pool while he cooled off after an arduous lesson—and then wiped the sweat off his face with the tail of his shirt. "I probably would have gotten farther," he said wryly, "if I'd based my whole argument on Clark Gable's mustache." His six-year-old daughter, Melissa, chose that moment to come bounding up, corn-silk hair flying, and balanced on one skinny leg in front of her father. She opened her mouth wide, and, gently, with the air of performing a familiar ritual, he tested one wobbly front tooth. "Nope, not ready yet," he announced, and she was off again, back to the driveway where she and several neighbors' children were playing.

"I'm not exactly complaining," he continued, looking a little more cheerful, "but sometimes it *is* like being on a meat hook. You work your tail off for 15 years, you think you've done a couple pieces of good work, and then some lady comes up to you and says, 'Oh, Mr. Newman, I just love *all* your movies! Now, take off your sunglasses and let me see those pretty eyes!'"

His good work includes *Hud*, *The Hustler*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and *Cool Hand Luke*, to name a few; yet with all those laurels to rest on, he is still apologetic about what he feels to be his repetitiousness. "The more I do, the more I duplicate," he said. "I'm not inexhaustible, like an Olivier; I don't have that kind of talent."

Like many glamorous people who are appreciated more for their outsides than their insides, Newman is afflicted with a special insecurity that makes him unsure, a little cynical about his acting.

"I figure," he said, smiling faintly, "that on my tombstone it's going to say, 'He Was a Terrific Actor Until One Day His Eyes Turned Brown.'"

Newman has several lines of defense against this kind of worry. For one thing, he is looking toward the day when he may give up acting in favor of a profession where appearance doesn't count: directing. In 1959 he directed a half-hour film based on a Chekhov story, and found it the best creative experience he ever had. "Why merely be a first violinist," he once told an interviewer, "if you feel you can conduct?"

Now, opening another bottle of beer, he said that he probably had only a few years' acting left. "Every time I see myself on the screen lately, I think, 'There's *Hud*.' And, 'Oh, yeah, that was a little *Harper*.' It's all getting pretty familiar."

The first full-length movie Newman has chosen to direct, *A Jest of God*, will be released this year. Newman, who is not in the film himself, accepted no salary for directing it—nor did his star, Joanne. The picture is about a neurotic woman, and may shock people with an extremely candid depiction of a Lesbian relationship.

A second line of defense is his private life in general and his marriage in particular. He is very proud of his wife Joanne ("the best of the big-time broads," he says admiringly). In a profession where advice can easily be colored by sycophancy, he relies heavily on her judgment and taste.

"We read each other's scripts," he said, gesturing toward a stack of unread manuscripts on the bar, "and make notes for each other in the margin: 'Watch out for this scene, it's a trap.' Things like that. Joanne is the only person I trust about what parts to take. Her taste is impeccable. And when we do scenes together, we both know we can't rely on tricks. If one of us tries to, the other is sure to sound off (*continued on page 165*)

y Dick Richards

DRESS YOUR AGE

once meant look your age, too. New definition: Forget your age. Every age is the right age for today's fashion. And what now makes the pertinent difference between your years and your daughter's is not which dress you wear, but how you wear it—like the three generations of dress-alikes here and on the next pages. Common sense dictates what the distinctions should be: the youngest, with the closest to perfect figures, can dare to wear minis, accessorize on the wild side, without a second thought. Add ten or twenty birthdays, or even forty and th dress can still do very nice things for you—provided you're realistic about s off or hiding what the years have done to your waist, legs, neck and arms. Th the match game, changing hemline, length of sleeve, belt to your personal prop And don't be a stick-in-the-department—move freely from Misses to Juniors to wear. Here, the winners, dresses photographed on 12 women who represent section of our readers, from 16 to 68, who participated in a Journal try-on proving that there is no age-gap in fashion. ***By Trudy Owett, Fashion E***



Patty McBride, just out of high school and on her way to college.

Eileen Fields, mother of seven boys, the oldest, 12½, the youngest, 1.

Margaret Sha school teache sons, four gra

A zip-front dress for all ages, with collar that flatters every face, the ideal sleeve, takes its patent belt at the most becoming place—waist or just above. Of zigzag Dacron rib knit, by Micia of Rome for Robert Peters, 4–14, 3–13. About $40.

The up-to-the-minute accessory, big wristwatch by Oris.

Minimized length, makes the maximum of legs clad in black tights (by Phoenix).

The young look right down to her shoes, low-heel patents by Golo.

The stan pate (Car

For her total look, off-white stockings (Berkshire), black and white shoes (Herbert Levine).

Photographs by William Helburn
All dresses available at Lord & Taylor, New York, Marshall Field & Company, Chicago.
For further shopping information, see page 145.



Martha Stewart, stockbroker-to-be, lawyer's wife, mother of a 2½-year-old girl.

Edith Brener, mother of two teen-agers, boy and girl, Planned Parenthood committeewoman.

Hylah Kitchel, part-time sculptor, hospital volunteer, mother of two, grandmother of two.

The shirtdress, an all-time, all-woman favorite, in its newest edition—long sleeves, rounded skirt, fitted waist. By Stan Herman for Mr. Mort. Of diagonal cotton twill with gleamings of pewter acetate satin, 3–13, 4–14. About $55.

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Good looks, good walking: low-heeled silk shoe by David Evins.

Pewter playback—patent shoe with Lucite heel. By I. Miller.



Barbara Coffin, mother of three boys (ten, nine and five) and amateur actress.

Bobbie Schwanda, 16-year-old high school junior, skier, basketball and field-hockey player.

Ann Porter, mother of three (oldest, 23); her hobby—painting heraldic motifs.

A simple dress that knows no age limit—with a wide white belt to wear at any pretty point above its pouffy dirndl skirt. By Preston Smith for Pab Ltd. Of cotton ottoman, 6–14. About $50.

Walking away with the young look, low-heeled baby shoes by Golo, white tights by Hanes.

Teens have no priority on white tights—these (by Hanes), with white patent-leather shoes by Golo.

The classic pump, in white patent, by Carel.

SS YOUR AGE



Agnes Duffy, mother of four girls and one boy (the oldest, 15).

Susan Stolp, Cornell University graduate, now in fashion at an advertising agency.

Harriet Mays, mother of four—oldest, 25, youngest, 9. Works part-time in a boutique; designs needlepoint.

A touch of color—turquoise earrings. By Napier.

All for one, and one for all, a sunny way to span the generation gap, tailored trench-coat style. Dress by Jeannene Booher for Claret. Of rayon and flax in a linen weave, 4–14. About $50.

te accent
e, Oris
twatch.

For the woman who can carry it off, the bold bracelet. By KJL.

Low-heeled chic—Corfam "alligator" shoes by Julianelli.

White makes one more point—checkerboards—on patent shoes by Herbert Levine.

Yellow unlimited—low-heeled patent shoes by I. Miller.

WITH-IT MISS: TRENNY ROBB

Typical girl of her time (with one notable not-so-typical exception—she's Lynda Bird Johnson Robb's sister-in-law), Trenny's flashed on the scene like quicksilver. Her charisma, the kind that makes heroes and heroines overnight. There's no doubt about it, Trenny's going places—from hometown Milwaukee to a career in fashion, U.S.A. And, like so many girls who are really with it today, it was sewing that clicked on her fashion awareness. First precocious success, an apron she made for her mother at seven. Now she designs almost everything she wears, would like someday to make it big as a designer and model. Here, in her debut as a model, Trenny wears some of the great young looks of today. All are Butterick Patterns. **BY NORA O'LEARY, PATTERNS EDITOR**



Still going strong, the mod mood (as right-now as Trenny's favorite pop singer, Donovan). By the first lady of modness, designer Mary Quant—culottes ballooning from a high waist. Of embroidered dotted swiss by George Richardson. Butterick 4779. Franken's Irish lace trim; starched hat by Manichetti; shoes by Nina.

One of today's most important looks, a remembrance of heroines past. Here, inspired by the film "Elvira Madigan," a romantic white organdy shirt and skirt. Of Logantex fabric. All pleated ruffles added. Shirt, 4817. (To make wide shirt sleeves, see page 166. Also skirt directions.) Hat, Manichetti; shoes, Nina.

The annual Singer World Stylemaker Contest opens April 8. All girls 18 and under who sew are eligible. Entry blanks available at Singer Centers.

Photographs by Francis Scavullo

Stealing the '30's scene, the Bonnie and Clyde look—a sleeveless vest over a reverse print skirt and blouse. Of dotted swiss by Valtex. Vest, Moygashel linen. Butterick 4893. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans; shoes, Sandler of Boston.

Scarlett O'Hara enters again—all sugar-and-spice enticement in embroidered organdy (George Richardson). Butterick 4832. Can be made midi length. Hat by Archie Eason; rings, Sarah Coventry.

Happiest with the hippest, Trenny's favorite dress—in a Beatles-shirt image. Simply shaped, wildly trimmed. Of exotic Javanese print from Far Eastern (the Carnaby Street guru print, so hard to come by we snatched up our own exclusive supply; to order, only $8.95, see page 166). Butterick 4708. Gold trim by Wrights; jewelry by Monet; sandals by Bernardo.

Backviews on page 166.

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MRS. CARY GRANT TALKS ABOUT MARRYING AND DIVORCING CARY GRANT

Actress Dyan Cannon thought her dream had come true when she married Cary Grant. Here she tells what went wrong—and how she is rebuilding her life.

By Phyllis Battelle



The future Mrs. Cary Grant was first spotted by her glamorous husband on—yes, you are hearing correctly—his television screen. The year was 1961.

Cary Grant is a man of limitless curiosity, with an insatiable appetite for new faces, tastes, sensations. He had just reported enthusiastically that he had been taking LSD in controlled sessions with a psychiatrist and that his attitude toward women had changed: "I do not intend to foul up any more lives. I could be a good husband now."

And now there was Dyan Cannon breathing across his living-room screen as the heroine in an unmemorable series called *Malibu Run*—all long-legged grace and beauty.

Grant picked up a phone.

Miss Cannon's agent, Addie Fiddler, promptly answered the summons to visit Mr. Grant. Miss Fiddler spent the next few hours answering questions about her client—this golden girl who'd sprung into Grant's life out of electronic limbo—about her acting experience, her family, her upbringing, what she thought about life. He seemed to want to know everything about her—and all at once.

When his research was concluded, the actor asked the agent to bring Miss Cannon in for an interview about a role in a motion picture he was planning to make.

Miss Fiddler rushed back to her office and telephoned Dyan in Rome, where she was vacationing with a girl friend.

"Cary Grant wants to see you about a picture. Can you come back?"

"Is he paying my way?" asked Dyan blithely.

He wasn't? Then, no.

Addie said, "Dyan, you're not only going to do this picture with Cary Grant, you're going to fall in love with him, and you're going to marry him."

"You are out of your mind!" declared Dyan. And she went on with her vacation.

■ It was a dim, chill winter dawn in 1966 when Cary Grant rushed his seven-and-a-half-months-pregnant bride, Dyan Cannon Grant, to the hospital.

The labor was hard. There were complications. Dyan kept thinking, *Dear God, let's get this blessed event over with!*—but never saying it aloud because it might disappoint Cary. Grant stayed close by her until he was asked to leave when the birth was imminent. Dyan first saw her baby lying face down on a cold-looking metal table.

"I waited for the doctor to pick her up by the feet and go whap! the way they do in the movies, but he didn't. He whapped her right there, lying on the table, and I screamed in protest."

When the baby yowled, appropriately, Dyan calmed down and asked what sex it was. Somebody told her it was a girl.

Wearily, Dyan asked the nurses to inform Mr. Grant at once.

"He so wanted a girl . . ."

■ The 62-year-old actor, who had had four wives but never a child, scarcely controlled his enthusiasm. His daughter Jennifer was "the most beautiful baby in the world," he announced. "She's the most winsome, captivating girl I've ever known, and I've known quite a few girls."

Dyan said nothing for publication. Perhaps nobody asked her.

Ten months later, Grant's brief domestic idyll broke up with apparent suddenness. Dyan left their rented California home with the baby.

She still didn't say anything—though, this time, everybody was asking her.

■ Now it is 1968, and Dyan has just returned from a bicycle spin through *(continued on page 168)*

Photograph, opposite, by Francesco Scavullo; above, by Wide World Photos

The Summer of the Car

BY WILL STANTON □ When I was 12 and my brother Rupert was 10 my father decided we should learn to drive the car. My mother was against it. She had also been opposed earlier when he had taught us to build a fire. "You're only asking for trouble," she said. / "Nonsense," he said. "I could build a fire when I was six. I could drive a team when I was eight." / "They aren't old enough to drive a car." / "Ordinarily no," he said. "But in case of emergency it could be of vital importa Suppose the boys and I were on a fishing trip and I broke my leg. They'd have to drive me to the doctor." / "If you broke your leg you shouldn't be moved." / He ran his hand through his hair. "Very well then, it's a sprained ankle." / "You can't be sure without an X-ray." / "Oh, for heaven's sake," he said, "let's just say I've lost my mind." He almost did, too, trying to teach my sister Leonora. She was 16 and without any mechanical sense whatever. Her driving lesson was a disaster. / With Rupert and me it was different. Learning to drive was the biggest thing that had ever happened to us, and for once we did exactly what my father told us. We backed and turned and shifted until he was satisfied we were *(continued on page 141)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DAVIS




"Now you boys got a
little problem and we got a
little problem," he said. And
that's how we turned
a car that was worth only
two cents into a gold mine.

Pennywise Ham

"A heartwarming sight," said the gentleman with the famous face, gazing at the lavish spread of party dishes—all starring ham. Why should Jack Benny wax poetic over high-cuisine ham dishes that would tempt a Rockefeller? Because they're party fare at pennywise prices! "And you know what I always say about a penny saved," Mr. Benny said dryly. We pointed with pride to the Frosted Ham, the Barbecued Tenderloin en Brochette, the Baked Ham with Fruit and Sparkle, and the Ham and Egg Puff with Caper Sauce—all spectacular yet secretly economical because they're made with the cheaper types of ham such as the shank end of the butt, canned shoulder ham, fresh picnic or "callie" ham, even leftover ham. We mentioned modestly the savings of up to 50 percent. "There's more," we said, "like Jamaican Ham Flambé, Ham and Grapefruit Roll-ups, and Mock Canadian Bacon. Won't you have a bite, Mr. Benny? It's on the house." "I believe I will," said he, pulling up a chair. (Recipes for budget ham dishes begin on page 137.

Jack Benny is appearing in his own "Jack Benny TV Special" with Lucille Ball, Johnny Carson, Paul Revere and the Raiders, and Ben Blue on NBC, March 20 at 10 p.m. EST.

Barbecued Tenderloin en Brochette—economical smoked pork tenderloin cubes skewered, broiled with bacon, mushrooms, peppers.

A canned picnic ham frosted with a brandied cream cheese-blue cheese-chive mixture. The kumquat garnish is optional.

Ham and Egg Puff us leftover ham in a "quiche" with a puff or plain pastr crust. Serve with Parsley and Caper Sauce.



Photograph by Arthur Beck



Baked ham (from the shank end) takes on status cooked in champagne, ginger ale or cider, and garnished with fruit.

Parsley and Capes (or olive) Sauce goes with the Ham and Egg Puff. It starts with white sauce made from a mix and transformed.

AMERICA COOKS





JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH: NO. 29 OF A SERIES

All American as Uncle Sam . . . the brand-new red, white and blue *America Cooks* cookbook (G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $6.95) . . . packed with more than 3,500 favorite recipes of America's housewives—all of them members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Ann Seranne, one of this nation's leading food experts, has selected the best of a million recipes submitted from every state, edited them for ease of preparation, and arranged them in a definitive, all-purpose cookbook. There are dishes reflecting the international background of America's cooks, as well as regional favorites and family heirloom recipes—but they all show how the American woman cooks *today*, with ease, speed and sophistication. From the book we've chosen dishes that demonstrate the great variety of American cuisine. Shown above, top row, left to right: Green Chili Enchiladas from Arizona, Creole Gumbo from Alabama, Alaska Baked Salmon Fillets with Dressing. Front row: New England Boiled Dinner, Lemon Pie from Illinois. Recipes on page 135.

Photograph by Lynn St. John

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Popping into fashion again is the old-fashioned popover, made by a sensational new workless, worryless, sure-pop method. Mixes in 2 minutes flat! Pour into ordinary custard cups or muffin tins, turn oven to hot . . . 425°. Forget! In half an hour . . . popovers emerge high, gold and crusty. Don't bother to sift flour or melt butter (we use salad oil instead). Simply spectacular, these Hi-Rise popovers can appear in dozens of guises besides the usual. Make delicious containers for dazzling desserts . . . or fill them with savories like tuna, lobster and shrimp Newburg. Baked in tiny muffin tins, they become elegant little bouchées. Shown here are joys on the sweet side: Lemon Fluff Popovers made with pie filling, bananas and coconut; Strawberry-Peach Cream, and Mandarin-Almond Cream. For basic popover recipe, sweet and piquant fillings, plus tips on reheating and freezing, please turn to page 124.

By POPPY CANNON, FOOD EDITOR



Photographs by Arthur

Sure-Pop Popovers





LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1. April Fool Sundaes use diet ice cream and bright new sweet syrups (only 2 calories per teaspoon). Black cherry, strawberry, raspberry, coffee, grape, cola, orange, lemon, vanilla—take your pick!

2. World Conference of Hereford Cattle Breeders in Sydney, Australia. They should know about the new condensed-beef stockpot and vegetable soup. With a nuance of burgundy, yet.

3. Spiced Apple Yogurt is the coolest, especially on a baked apple.

4. Fresh asparagus season in full swing. Have you tried our new keep-warm, keep-crisp, keep-green method? Lay stalks, not more than 3 layers deep, in shallow pan. Cover with cold water (½ inch over stalks) and add ½ tsp. each salt and sugar. Uncovered, bring to a full boil. Cook 2 to 3 minutes. Let stand, still uncovered, at least 8 minutes or until wanted.

5. Time for shad to appear in the rivers. If you can't get fresh, turn to shad roe in cans. Such a joy with crisp bacon.

6. Little Loafers are made in miniature bread pans or large custard cups from a new pound-cake mix. Bake in 20 minutes.

7. Palm Sunday. In the Austrian Alps they decorate tree branches with flowers, fruits, eggs and chicks made of marzipan.

8. Panic Week, but don't panic. Serve canned Petite Marmite soup with *Diabolitans* ("imps"): Top pumpernickel melba toast rounds with cheese spread. Sprinkle with cayenne pepper. Flash under broiler.

9. Easter eggs will be more keepable with their insides out. Gently puncture a small hole in each end of the shell with a large darning needle. Enlarge the hole in the larger end of the shell to ¼ inch in diameter (at most). Plunge the needle into the hole and rotate it gently to break up the yolk. Put your mouth (sans lipstick) to the smaller hole and blow out the contents of the egg into a dish, until the shell is empty. Wipe off shell, and decorate with felt pens or food coloring. Use contents of eggs in one of our recipes, like below.

10. *Pots de Creme:* Blend together 3 envelopes no-melt chocolate, ¾ cup sugar, 2 cups evaporated milk or cream, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoon each vanilla and almond extract. Cook and stir in top of double boiler till thickened. Pour into 8 demitasse cups and let cool.

11. Question: Can you freeze extra eggs? Answer: Yes, beat with a speck of salt or sugar. Freeze in ice trays but *never use uncooked!*

12. Day of the Full Pink Moon! So we cover a cake with Pink Jelly Frosting! Over hot water in a double boiler beat together 2 egg whites, ¾ cup red currant jelly, 6 tablespoons sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt. Whip 3 minutes or until frosting "peaks." Cool slightly before spreading.

13. First Day of Passover. Night for *matzos*, unleavened bread. Now they come in many sizes, shapes and flavors—plain, square or round.

14. Enchanting dessert for Easter Sunday—a snowy ice cream lamb or bunny, made in a special metal butter or ice cream mold. Fill both halves with ice cream, smooth tops. Freeze solid. Unmold by covering molds briefly with a towel wrung out in hot water. Put halves together, sprinkle with coconut. Cloves make the eyes. Keep in freezer till serving time.

15. Sardines running, says The Old Farmer's Almanac. A school of canned sardines, drained and arranged on a potato, rice, egg or macaroni salad makes a hefty entrée, rich in protein.

16. Delicatessen, frozen, or leftover turkey (2 cups full) gets heated in ½ cup beer then tossed into a package of creole rice cooked according to directions. Add 1 can peas, drained. Two minutes on the range and you have *Arroz con Pavo Fantastico!*

17. For a party, impromptu or otherwise—*petites soufflés:* De-crust and quarter 5 slices firm white bread. Into 1 stiffly beaten egg white, fold 1 Tb. mayonnaise and 1 (4 ¾-oz.) can chicken spread. Heap a teaspoonful on each square. Bake at 400° 15 minutes, or until puffed and golden. Serve hot.

18. Artichokes, wildly stylish in all guises—whole, fresh or frozen, canned, or pickled, hearts and also bottoms. Elegant first course: Top a bottom with a mound of liver pâté. Frost with sour cream, garnish with sliced fresh mushrooms brushed with lemon juice. Scatter chives on top.

19. Shreveport Shrimp: Peel and parboil (i.e., half-cook) 6 large sweet white onions for 15 minutes. Drain. Scoop out insides, leaving shells intact; dice scoopings and mix with 2 cups cooked shrimp, 1 can frozen (undiluted but heated) cream of shrimp soup. Refill onions with mixture. Sprinkle with seasoned bread crumbs, bake at 375° 30 minutes.

20. A peanut-fed ham (or any other kind) takes kindly to . . . guess what? (Englishmen call them "ground nuts"; Southerners use the African word "goobers.")

21. For a Pan Dorato, make about 12 slanting gashes in a loaf of Italian bread, cutting almost, but not quite, through. In gashes place slices of mozzarella cheese lightly spread with anchovy paste. Brush loaf with beaten egg. Bake in 350° oven 20 minutes.

22. Today they discovered Brazil, so supper will end with *Copacabana*, a delicious fruit cup: 1 cup each chopped raw apple, strawberry syrup, crushed ice and 1 small (8½-oz.) can crushed pineapple, mixed well with 1 cup dry white wine. Garnish with 1 cup seedless green grapes. Serves 6.

23. President Buchanan . . . (it's his birthday) never got over his boyhood fondness for Pennsylvania Dutch Succotash: Heat together 1 can succotash, 1 can stewed tomatoes with g peppers, 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

24. International Fisheries Fair in Copenhage That's where we learned about fried fish fille We use frozen fish sticks, cooked, then topp with an onion, a tomato and an apple, all pee coarsely chopped and gilded in 2 tablespoon butter or margarine. Sprinkle with dill weed.

25. For Italian Liberation—liberation from fus we mean—serve frozen manicotti or lasagna.

26. Trout Festival in Kalkaska, Michigan. Call trout, oven-fried. Brush first with lemon juice vinegar, then with bacon fat. Roll in cornflake crumbs; bake in foil-lined pan at 400° for 10 minutes. Sprinkle with seasoned pepper.

27. 'Bout now in Missouri they used to start the roots out of the fields and ate Hoe Cakes. Add to 1 cup cornmeal sifted with ½ teaspoo each salt and baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, ½ cup milk. Forr dough into little cakes and bake on a hot gre skillet until well-browned on both sides.

28. Neighborly Good Will Week. Foster same a cheery quaff and some of the new package cocktail tidbits like bacon rinds, beef puffs, c straws.

29. Lamb makes lovely patties! Add a crushe clove of garlic, an onion chopped, a tablespoo capers to 1½ lb. ground lamb. Cook like burg

30. Delight small boys and their dads with a Railroad Cake. Bake devil's food mix in 2 (8-i square pans. Cool, cut in halves. Fit together to end. Cover with "snow" (canned white frosting). Tracks and ties are chocolate frosti squirted from a tube. Plastic railroad cars on track. We're off . . .







Photograph by Irving Elkin

Pick your mushrooms here.



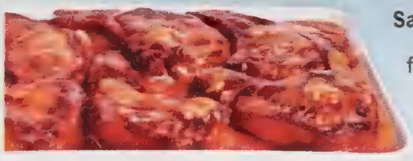
ke your
om soup rich
amy, pick Campbell's
of Mushroom.

If you like your mushroom soup brown and beefy, pick Campbell's Golden Mushroom.

And your mushroom recipes here.

ied Chicken. In a heavy skillet, lbs. chicken parts in 2 tbsp. ing. Pour off fat. Stir in 1 can ell's Cream of Mushroom over; cook over low heat for utes or until chicken is Makes 4 succulent servings. 'm! Good!





Savory Pork Chops. Brown 6 pork chops (about 1½ lbs.) in a skillet. Pour off fat and stir in 1 can Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup and ¼ cup water. Cover and simmer 45 minutes or until tender. Stir now and then. Serve with fluffy hot buttered rice. Makes 6 savory servings. M'm! M'm! Good!

e Sauce for Vegetables. Heat 1 npbell's Cream of Mushroom tir. Add milk if desired. Cook 2 0 oz. each) frozen green beans, oinach, cauliflower, corn, or egetables in unsalted water. our on soup sauce. 6 to 8 s. M'm! M'm! Good!





Golden Gravy Burgers. Blend 1 can Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup and ⅓ cup water. Heat, stirring now and then. Makes about 1½ cups gravy. Serve over hamburgers, beef, turkey, mashed potatoes, rice, or noodles to make an everyday meal something extra special. M'm! M'm! Good!

APRIL

MEAL-A-DAY
BY POPPY CANNON

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
 ASPARAGUS	**1.** APRIL FOOL'S DAY Clam Juice Cocktail Broiled Breast of Chicken Hot Broccoli with Low-Calorie Italian Dressing Summer Squash *April Fool Sundaes	**2.** BEEFY BREW †Stockpot Soup Chef's Salad Deep-Dish Peach Pie	**3.** A NEW-TYPE YOGURT Antipasto Salad Lamb Chops Buckwheat Groats Italian Green Beans †*Spiced Apple Yogurt on Baked Apples	**4.** ASPARAGUS TIME Asparagus with Eggs Hollandascher Beef Goulash (frozen) Poppy-Seeded Noodles Spring Onions Cherry Tomatoes Celery Sticks Canned Purple Plums Lady Fingers	**5.** SHAD DAY Cream of Tomato Soup in Mugs *Sautéed Shad Roe with Crisp Bacon Lemon Wedges Watercress Parsley Potatoes Green Peas with Pearl Onions (frozen) Cheese Strudel (frozen)	**6.** DEEP RUN HUN DINNER Grapefruit Toppe with Lime Sherbe Baked Virginia Ha Candied Sweet Potatoes (frozen) Zucchini Italienne (canned) Hot Buttermilk Biscuits Damson Plum Preserves †Little Loafer Pound Cake
7. PALM SUNDAY SUPPER †Chicken-with-Noodle-Rings Soup Breaded Veal Chops Garnish of Anchovy Fillets and Capers Mashed Potatoes (packaged) Apples Marzipan Candy Kaffee Mit Schlag (with whipped cream)	**8.** NATIONAL PANIC WEEK BEGINS †*Petite Marmite with "Little Imps" Beef Stroganoff with Noodles Cucumber Salad Pineapple Cheesecake (refrigerator)	**9.** AFTER THE EGG BLOW †Hot Dog and Bean Soup with Chives †Omelet with Tomato Sauce, Spanish Style Leafy Lettuce and Raw Carrot Salad Cream Cheese Apple Butter †Bran Toaster Cakes	**10.** SPY WEDNESDAY Sliced Tomato Salad Fillets of Sole in Wine Sauce (frozen) Leaf Spinach (frozen) Thin Cut French Fries (frozen) *Chocolate Pots de Creme Pirouettes (packaged)	**11.** MAUNDY THURSDAY Raw Vegetable Platter Meat Loaf Potatoes au Gratin (packaged) Mint-Spangled Glazed Carrots (frozen) Sliced Oranges in Cointreau	**12.** GOOD FRIDAY Hot Cross Buns with Cottage Cheese Grilled Scallops Herbed Rice (packaged) Stewed Tomatoes *Pink Moon Cake	**13.** SEDER SUPPE Gefilte Fish (jar) Beet-flavored Horseradish (jar) Chopped Chicken Livers on Lettuce Matzos Roast Chicken Cauliflower Stewed Rhubarb mixed with Strawberries (both frozen) Passover Sponge Cake (bought)
14. EASTER SUNDAY Easter Eggs Pretzels *Flaming Ham Spinach Soufflé (frozen) Scalloped Potatoes *Easter-Molded Ice Cream	**15.** SARDINES A-RUNNING Minestrone Soup (canned) Sardines on Egg and Potato Salad Hot Garlic Bread Scalloped Apples (frozen) Hard Sauce (jar)	**16.** DE DIEGO'S BIRTHDAY Arroz con pavo Tossed Vegetable Salad Oil and Vinegar Dressing Fresh Pineapple Coconut Macaroons	**17.** IMPROMPTU PARTY *Petites Soufflés Cocktails (spiked and otherwise) Ravioli en Casserole Escarole Salad Creamy Italian Dressing (bottled) Canned Whole Apricots in Bottled Eggnog-Flavored Liqueur Filled Chocolate Cup Cakes (packaged)	**18.** VEGETABLES GLORIFIED Deviled Crabs (frozen) *Artichoke-Bottom Entrée Shoepeg Corn Beet Aspic on Romaine with Mayonnaise and Sour Cream Dressing Lime Chiffon Pudding (packaged) topped with Mandarin Orange Segment (canned)	**19.** HAIL THE BIG ONION French-cut Green Bean Salad with Whole Pimientos and Vinaigrette Dressing *Shreveport Shrimp in Onions †Grits with Chicken Giblet Gravy Spice Cake Raspberry Applesauce	**20.** GOOBERS AND HAM Herring in Sour Cream with Sliced Radishes *Goober Nut Ham Yams Mashed with Orange Juice Fresh Asparagus Blueberry Turnover (frozen) Lemon Sauce (packaged mix)
21. BIRTHDAY OF ROME †Pasta-Fagioli Soup *Pan Dorato Chef's Salad with Salami and Chicken Biscuit Tortoni (frozen)	**22.** BRAZIL DISCOVERED Shrimp Cocktail Broiled Quartered Duck with Green Olives Fluffy White Rice Chick Pea and Sweet Green Pepper Salad *Copacabana Cup Caramel Peanut Cookies	**23.** PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S BIRTHDAY †Chicken and Dumpling Soup Country Sausage Cakes *Pennsylvania Dutch Succotash Wilted Lettuce Salad Cherry Pie	**24.** COPENHAGEN FISH FAIR Vegetarian Vegetable Soup with Milk *Fish Sticks (frozen) with Onions, Apples and Tomatoes New Potatoes in Their Jackets Raw Mushroom Salad Danish Pudding (packaged) Miniature Danish Pastries (frozen)	**25.** ITALIAN LIBERATION Parslied Tuna and Sweet Onion Rings with Wine Vinegar Manicotti or Lasagna (frozen) French Fried Eggplant (frozen) Watercress and Celery Salad Bowl of Fresh Fruit Italian Cheeses	**26.** NATIONAL TROUT FESTIVAL Beef Barley Soup (packaged) *Oven-Fried Trout Baked Stuffed Potatoes (frozen) Tartar Sauce (jar or package) Cole Slaw Yellow Squash with Dill Lemon Meringue Pie	**27.** MISSOURI ROOT-DIGGING DAYS Pickle and Relish Tray Pork Chops Mashed Potato with Lemon Turnip Greens (frozen) Scalloped Tomatoes *Missouri Hoe Cake Sweet Butter German Chocolate Cake with Coconut Almond Frosting (both packaged)
28. COMPANY FOR SUPPER Cocktails and Tidbits Charcoal-Broiled Steak Potato Puffs Artichoke Hearts Bibb Lettuce Salad Compote of Peaches and Black Cherries	**29.** HAPPY MONDAY Pickled Beet Salad (canned) *Lamb Patties with Anchovy Stripes Rice Milanese (packaged) Baby Brussels Sprouts (frozen) Green Gage Plums (canned) Angel Cake	**30.** REMEMBERING CASEY JONES Heated Corned Beef Slices on Cabbage Wedges Boiled Potatoes Belgian Baby Carrots (canned) Mustard Chow Chow (pickles) †Railroad Cake	 MATZOS	 ARTICHOKE	 SPRING ONIONS	 TROUT

*Title Recipe Index on page 172. †New products see Shopping Center on page 145.

Illustrations by Gyo Fi

If you've got this

d this

and this



and this

d this

and this

and this

you'll make a sandwich
to gladden a man's heart.

If you've got this.



The realcheese.
For-real, natural
Cheddar you can taste
no matter what you put with it.
Just don't forget. Its name is Kraft.

CHEESE IS KRAFT

See Kraft Music Hall, Wednesday Nights, NBC-TV



Rolling off the supermarket check-out counter are a raft of beautiful entrées and desserts—would you b all start with packaged cereals? The surprises t popped out of the boxes are: Front row—Italian Green Bea Improvisation (Michael Field's more colorful term fo overs). Made with shredded bite-size wheat cereal. Beside Peaches and Cream Cheese Pie, in a crust of corn Second row: Holipces (say it like "hull-lips-chess," more or l Polish cabbage rolls with oatmeal in the stuffing, and a Sauce. Next . . . Oriental Rice Timbales (cups of popped filled with Chow Mein. Back row: Wessex Barm C the kind that Thomas Hardy might have enjoyed, bu modernly with a nutty coconut frosting. These are o beginning of ideas for using handy packaged cereals new (and penny-wise) ways. Recipes start on page

Photograph by Henry Sandbank

Swift

makes
everything
better,
including
appetites



Cherry Glaze. Strain cherries from preserves and spread over ham (several minutes before removing from oven). Add syrup to top and sides.

Serving up Swift's Premium Canned Ham is easy on you and the carver. These sweet, moist and memorable hams are all tender meat. Lean and fully cooked, they're ready in minutes, either hot or cold. They come in company or family sizes. Or, for sheer elegance at holiday get togethers or parties, try our Swift's Premium Hostess Ham. It's ready to serve and, of course, brown-sugar cured. There is always something extra in a product that wears the big red Swift or Swift's Premium oval. It's the best of its kind, the best Swift can produce.

Swift's Premium





No wonder it's so fresh.
It's never been soup before.

Fresh means made right now. And that's what you do with Lipton. You make it yourself. Right now. Because Lipton doesn't ever make soup for you. Not ever. Never. You make it soup yourself for the very first time. In your kitchen.

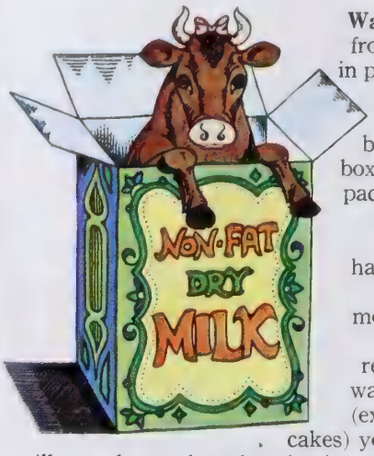
Like this Beef Noodle Soup. That's why it tastes so fresh. And smells so good. And that's why kids love it.



TOMATO VEGETABLE • VEGETABLE BEEF • NOODLE SOUP • CHICKEN RICE • GREEN PEA
ONION • POTATO • CHICKEN NOODLE WITH MEAT • ALPHABET VEGETABLE • MUSHROOM
CHICKEN VEGETABLE • TURKEY NOODLE

All About Powdered Milk

Things Your Mother Never Taught Yo



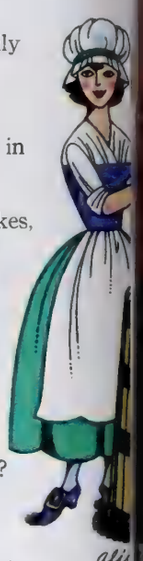
Was a time when real milk ca from cows—cows that spent in pastures and the night in ba everyone *should* know ab handy surrogate co bedded down on the pantry boxes of nonfat dry milk. Dire packages tell you how to trans ivory-white granules into fresh dairymaid's drink have a few additional pointe have made the non-cow more honored member of th For instance. "You don' reconstitute (which means water) beforehand." In man (except perhaps for the mos cakes) you can add the required a milk powder to the other dry ingredients and use the usual a of liquid. Different brand directions advise slightly different amounts of milk solids.

Want a pretty pitcher of thick yellow "cream" to go on the ta for berries or cereal or coffee? No problem. Simply mix equal



parts dry milk solids and water. Warm water dissolves more than cold. Stir well. Add to the illusion with a drop or two o yellow food coloring.

Your cow in a box gives hot milk almost as easily as cold. Simply add hot water from the tap.



Many recipes demand buttermilk or sour milk. Presto-chango . . . simply make the milk in the usual manner, then add vinegar or lemon juice—2 teaspoons per cup. Stir. Let stand 10 minutes, "to develop." Wonderful in pancakes, muffins, waffles, corn bread, spoon bread and even chocolate cake! You can substitute this homemade buttermilk for regular milk when you're using a pancake or German chocolate cake recipe. With a mix, add ⅛ teaspoon baking soda.

Some nonfat dry milk comes divided into packets. Each one makes a quart. But what if you want a mere cup or a glassful? Easy, too. Just add 6 tablespoons or ⅓ cup dry milk solids to ¾ cup water. Stir a bit. If you are on a diet (and who isn't?), you might like to make a shake . . . by adding to your milk a couple of teaspoonfuls of the new low-calorie sy like maple, strawberry or black cherry. Though it's sweet ar creamy, the shake has only about 80 calories.



Frozen Coffee Whip is a lovely elaborate dessert—one of our favorite unforbidden sweets! Starts with ½ cup nonfat dry and 1 cup ice water, in a small cold bowl. Blend 1 minute. A teaspoons liquid noncaloric sweetener or the equivalent of ⅓ and 2 teaspoons instant coffee powder. Beat at high speed until light and fluffy, about 3 minutes. Add 1 egg white, bea minutes longer. Spoon into 8 ½-cup molds. Freeze until semisoft. Only about 18 calories per serving.



‹fast without Orange Juice is like a day without sunshine.

Buy it chilled. It's the fastest, easiest way to serve 100% pure orange juice.
Loaded with natural vitamin C. And for quick energy that gets you going and keeps you going, nothing beats chilled orange juice from Florida.
Pick it up in the dairy case or produce section of your local store, or order it from your milkman.



Get your favorite brands—in bottles or cartons.

SURE-POP POPOVERS

continued from page 114

TIPS FOR MAKING PERFECT POPOVERS

1. To make popovers in glass or porcelain custard cups: First grease cups well with butter or margarine. For savory popovers: Sprinkle cup with finely grated Parmesan cheese or finely grated dry bread crumbs. For dessert popovers: Sprinkle the greased cups lightly with granulated sugar. This will help the batter adhere to the cups and puff into a perfect popover shape.

2. For popovers with a sauce-type of filling: Split warm popovers in half lengthwise, then fill halves with sauce and other ingredients.

3. To make popovers in muffin tins: Put the batter in every other cup. Fill the empty ones ¼ full of water. This keeps the popovers from bumping into each other and makes them puff to greater proportions.

4. For tiny appetizer popovers or "bouchées," make half of the basic popover recipe. Grease 24 (1¾x¾-inch) muffin cups. Sprinkle each cup lightly with grated Parmesan cheese or finely grated bread crumbs. Place 1 teaspoon batter in each cup. Put in a cold oven. Turn heat to 425°. Bake 15 minutes, or until puffed and golden brown. Remove from tins and fill centers with desired filling. (See recipes below.)

5. *To freeze popovers:* Simply wrap cooled popovers in aluminum foil or place in plastic bags. *To reheat,* unwrap and place in a preheated 375° oven. Heat 5 to 8 minutes. They'll taste as good as just-made!

BASIC POPOVER RECIPE

It's this easy! No butter-melting, no flour-sifting, just 2 minutes of mixing.

1 cup milk
⅞ cup unsifted all-purpose flour (measure 1 full cup and remove 2 Tb. flour to equal ⅞ cup)
1 Tb. cooking oil
½ tsp. salt
2 eggs

Combine 1 cup milk, ⅞ cup unsifted all-purpose flour, 1 tablespoon cooking oil, and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat with an electric beater set on high speed for 1 minute.

Add 2 eggs, one at a time, beating 20 seconds after adding each egg. Grease well 8 (5-oz.) muffin tins or 8 (5-oz.) custard cups. Fill cups ⅔ full. Set in a cold oven. Turn heat to 425°. Bake 35 minutes, or until puffed and golden brown. Remove from oven and let stand a few minutes, then remove from pan. Makes 8 popovers.

(To make bite-size popovers, see tip No. 4, above.)

SAVORY FILLINGS FOR POPOVERS

Two elegant fillings that turn popovers into party luncheon or supper entrées. The Asparagus Egg Filling has a hint of lemon and tarragon in the sauce. The Seafood Newburg Filling begins with frozen lobster Newburg.

ASPARAGUS EGG FILLING

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears
2 cups fresh mushrooms, sliced, or 1 (6-oz.) can, drained
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 tsp. dried tarragon leaves
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
2 (1-oz.) pkgs. white-sauce mix
1 Tb. cider vinegar
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. hot-pepper sauce
¼ tsp. pepper
2 beaten egg yolks
6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
6 popovers (see Basic Recipe)

Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears according to directions. Cut spears into 1½-inch-long pieces.

Sauté 2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms in ¼ cup butter or margarine for 3 or 4 minutes, until just tender. If using canned mushrooms, sauté 1 minute. Add 1 teaspoon dried tarragon leaves, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, and asparagus pieces. Cook 1 minute longer. Set aside.

Prepare 2 (1-oz.) pkgs. white-sauce mix according to directions. Add 1 tablespoon cider vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon each hot-pepper sauce and pepper. Cook according to package directions. Stir in 2 unbeaten egg yolks and heat, stirring, 1 minute longer. Add half of sauce and 6 quartered hard-cooked eggs to asparagus mixture. Heat 2 or 3 minutes, stirring. Split 6 popovers (see Basic Recipe) in half lengthwise. Fill halves with asparagus mixture. Spoon remaining sauce over filled popovers on plates. Serves 6.

SEAFOOD NEWBURG FILLING

2 (11½-oz.) pkgs. frozen lobster Newburg
1 lb. shrimp, cooked
2 Tb. chopped parsley
6 popovers (see Basic Recipe)

Cook 2 (11½-oz.) pkgs. frozen lobster Newburg according to directions. Add 1 lb. cooked shrimp and heat.

Split 6 popovers (see Basic Recipe) lengthwise in half. Spoon hot mixture inside. Sprinkle with 2 chopped parsley. Serves 6.

DESSERT POPOVER FILLING

Five lush dessert fillings for all as welcome as spring. We of an easier way to whip up s desserts with so little work.

STRAWBERRY-PEACH CREA

2 cups fresh strawberries, quartered, o
pkg. froze
2 cups (1 [14
diced clin
drained
½ cup rum
¼ cup sugar
½ tsp. allspi
1 cup heavy whipped, (2⅛-oz.) p topping m
6 popovers Recipe)

Combine 2 quartered drained fr berries and cling peach Add ½ cup

Combine and ½ te spice. Ad Chill.

Beat 1 cream until peaks or pr oz.) pkg. according directions. cup juice f and strawb

At servi a thin slice popovers (s ipe). Fill p fruit. Top w cream, or w ping mix. S

MANDARIN-CREAM

3 (11-oz.) ca orange se drained
½ cup Gran
¼ cup suga
¼ to ½ tsp. ginger
½ tsp. grate rind
1 cup heavy whipped, pkg. whip mix
6 popovers Recipe)
¼ cup toast almonds

Combine 3 well-drained orange sect cup Grand

Combine gar, ¼ to powdered ½ teaspoo ange rind. mandarin-o ture. Chill.

Beat 1 cup heavy cream soft peaks. Or prepare 1 (whipped topping mix accor age directions. Stir in poured from mandarin-ora

At serving time, cut a th top of 6 popovers (made Recipe). Measure out ¾ c cream mixture and ½ cu orange mixture. Set aside Drain remaining oranges gently with remaining whi Fill popovers. Top each w cream and garnish with ora Sprinkle with toasted slive Serves 6.



Vitamin A is the plus in carrots. Polyunsaturates are the plus in Mazola.

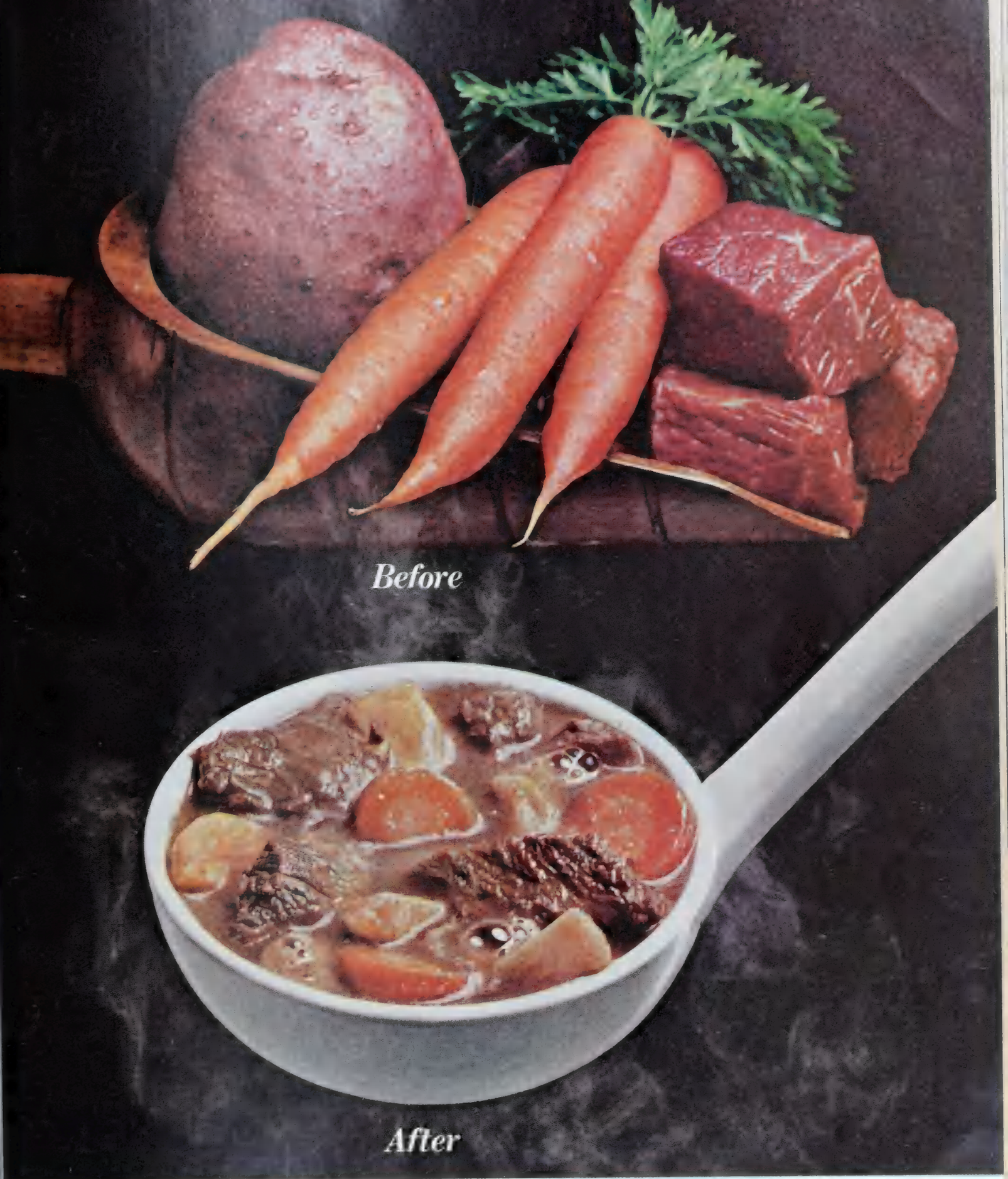
Eat carrots and you get more than just good taste. You get the "plus" of Vitamin A.

Use Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine and you get more than good taste. You get the "plus" of polyunsaturates.

Mazola 100% Corn Oil does more than make light, crispy fried foods and tangy salad dressings. Mazola Margarine, whose major ingredient is liquid Mazola Corn Oil, does more than make toast, vegetables or lobster taste better.

Mazola, used in place of the more saturated fats, is a simply delicious way to help balance the fats in your diet with polyunsaturates.

Mazola makes good eating good sense!



(Why Dinty Moore tastes closest to home-made stew)

We start our stew the way you do at home—with fresh, firm vegetables and good, lean beef, all carefully trimmed by hand. We measure them carefully into each can (adding a fresh-made beef gravy). Then the whole stew simmers together inside the can; the lid's sealed tight to save all the flavor and freshness for you. No one but you and Dinty Moore makes beef stew with such loving care. That is why Dinty Moore is America's favorite ready-to-serve stew; it tastes more like home-made than any other.



Hormel
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SURE-POP POPOVERS *continued*

LEMON FLUFF FILLING

- 1 (3½-oz.) pkg. lemon pudding and pie filling
- ½ tsp. grated lemon rind
- ¼ tsp. cardamom
- 2 egg whites
- 2 Tb. sugar
- ¼ cup more sugar
- 1 Tb. butter or margarine
- 2 Tb. white wine
- 1 not-too-ripe banana
- 6 popovers (see Basic Recipe)
- ¼ cup shredded coconut
- 6 maraschino cherries

Prepare 1 (3½-oz.) pkg. lemon pudding and pie filling according to package directions, but reduce water by ½ cup. Stir in ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind and ¼ teaspoon cardamom. Cook according to directions and let cool. Beat 2 egg whites until foamy. Gradually add 2 tablespoons sugar. Continue beating until stiff but not dry.

Stir cooled lemon pie filling until smooth. Fold in beaten egg whites. Chill.

Heat ¼ cup sugar in a skillet over medium high heat until browned. Remove from heat and stir in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons white wine. Add 1 sliced banana. Replace on heat; sauté 4 or 5 minutes or until slightly caramelized. Cool slightly. Fold into lemon mixture.

Cut a thin slice from top of 6 popovers (see Basic Recipe). Fill popovers with lemon-banana filling. Sprinkle with shredded coconut; garnish with maraschino cherries. Serves 6.

MAPLE-APPLE FILLING

- 1 cup maple syrup
- 1 Tb. flour
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. grated lemon rind
- ¼ tsp. allspice
- 1 (1-lb., 4-oz.) can drained pie-sliced apples
- 6 popovers (see Basic Recipe)
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, or 1 (2⅛-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix
- ½ tsp. vanilla extract

Combine in a large skillet 1 cup maple syrup and 1 tablespoon flour. Stir until smooth. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind and ¼ teaspoon allspice.

Bring to a boil and cook 3 minutes. Add 1 (1-lb., 4-oz.) can well-drained pie-sliced apples. Make sure apples are covered completely with sauce. Cover pan and cook 10 minutes longer. Slice 6 popovers (see Basic Recipe) lengthwise in half. Fill centers with apples and sauce, dividing evenly among popovers. Beat 1 cup heavy cream until it forms soft peaks, or prepare 1 (2⅛-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix according to package directions. Stir in ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Serve with a dollop of whipped cream. Serves 6.

CHOCOLATE BAVARIAN FILLING

- 1 (4-oz.) pkg. chocolate pudding and pie filling
- ¼ cup rum
- ⅛ tsp. nutmeg
- ½ cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 env. unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- ¼ cup boiling water
- ½ cup heavy cream, whipped
- 6 popovers (see Basic Recipe)
- ¼ cup chopped pistachio nuts
- 1 cup cut-up marshmallows

Prepare and cook 1 (4-oz.) pkg. chocolate pudding and pie filling according to directions, but reduce milk called for by ½ cup. Remove from heat; add ¼ cup rum and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Cool. Meanwhile whip ½ cup heavy cream until soft peaks form.

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Let stand 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup boiling water, stirring until completely dissolved. Cool.

Whip ½ cup heavy cream until just stiff. Stir cooled chocolate filling until smooth. Add cooled gelatin, stirring until well blended. Fold in whipped cream. Chill until firm. At serving time, slit top of 6 popovers (see Basic Recipe). Divide chocolate filling evenly among popovers. Sprinkle each with chopped pistachio nuts and cut-up marshmallows. Serves 6.



APPETIZER FILLINGS FOR POPOVERS

A new kind of party appetizer makes the scene—little golden popover mouthfuls or "bouchées" stuffed with these colorful, savory fillings. For directions on making tiny popovers from our Basic Recipe, see tip No. 4.

BLUE CHEESE AND CREAM CHEESE FILLING

- ½ cup cream cheese, softened
- ½ cup blue cheese, softened
- 2 Tb. plain yogurt
- 24 tiny popovers

Combine ½ cup softened cream cheese, ½ cup softened blue cheese and 2 tablespoons plain yogurt. Beat with an electric mixer until smooth and creamy. Place a heaping teaspoon of mixture inside 24 tiny appetizer popo Basic Recipe). Makes 24.

DEVILED-EGG FILLING

- 6 hard-cooked egg yolks
- 2 Tb. finely chopped celery
- 2 Tb. capers
- 2 Tb. chopped pimiento
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 2 tsp. tarra vinegar
- ½ tsp. dry
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pep
- ⅛ tsp. hot- sauce
- 24 tiny pop

Mash 6 hard-cooked egg yolk tablespoons finely chopped tablespoons small capers (or large capers) and 2 tablespoons pimiento.

Combine ¼ cup mayonnais spoons tarragon vinegar, ½ dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt spoon pepper and ⅛ teasp pepper sauce.

Add the mayonnaise mixtu egg yolks and toss. Place a hea spoon of the mixture in cent tiny appetizer popovers (see B ipe). Makes 24.

BEET AND APPLE FILLING

- ½ cup diced cooked beets
- ½ cup diced unpeeled apple
- 1 Tb. cide
- 2 Tb. may
- ½ tsp. sug
- ⅛ tsp. nut

Combine 1 cup diced cooked ½ cup diced unpeeled apple. 1 tablespoon cider vinegar drain.

Combine 2 tablespoons ma ½ teaspoon sugar and ⅛ teas meg. Add mayonnaise mixtur and apples and toss well.

Place a teaspoon of the beet mixture in the centers of 24 petizer popovers (see Basic Makes 24.



COOKS

rom page 113

LI ENCHILADAS

- und
- n,
- green
- ers,
- d
- heese,

- Cooking oil
- 1 (10-oz.) can tortillas
- 10-ounce can enchilada sauce
- ½ cup shredded American cheese
- ½ cup chopped olives

n beef and onion in skillet oses red color. Add chilis and neese; heat until cheese is ring occasionally.

about ¼ inch oil in another en tortillas one at a time. not be hot, for tortillas must

t oven to 400° F.

ablespoons meat mixture on a; roll up. Arrange rolls in dish.

auce over tortillas; sprinkle ican cheese. Bake in pre- n for 10 minutes, or until elted.

re from oven; sprinkle with es 4–6.

n Wilkerson, Junior Woman's Club, Phoenix, Ariz.

tomato slices and some watercress l garnish.

MBO

- ns
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- 1 small green pepper, minced
- 3 cups chopped okra
- 4 bay leaves
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon gumbo filé (optional)
- Dash of hot-pepper sauce
- Dash of cayenne
- Dash of Worcestershire
- 2 pounds shrimp, shelled and deveined
- 1 pound crab meat or 6 crabs, cleaned
- 1-pound can peeled tomatoes, drained (reserve liquid)
- 1 pint oysters, freshly shucked
- 3 cups cooked rice

1. Heat bacon drippings in heavy saucepan. Stir in flour; cook until lightly browned. Gradually stir in broth. Set aside.

2. Sauté bacon in soup kettle until crisp. Add onions, garlic, green pepper, okra and tomatoes. Cover; cook, stirring occasionally, until onions are golden.

3. Stir broth into vegetable mixture. Add reserved tomato liquid and all seasonings. Bring to boil; cover; simmer for 2 hours.

4. About 30 minutes before serving, add seafood and salt if necessary. Cook slowly.

5. Serve on a mound of rice. Serves 6.

—Gulf Coast Gourmet Woman's Club, Foley, Ala.
Ed. Note: A generous dash of hot-pepper sauce, cayenne, or Worcestershire equals ¼ teaspoon.

ALASKA BAKED SALMON FILLETS WITH DRESSING

- 6 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ¾ cup finely chopped celery
- 4 cups fresh bread crumbs
- 4 teaspoons minced onion
- Salt and pepper
- ¼ cup catsup
- 6 fillets of salmon
- Butter

1. Preheat oven to 350° F. Line baking dish with aluminum foil. Grease foil.

2. Prepare Bread Dressing: Melt butter or margarine in skillet; sauté celery for 10 minutes, or until tender. Combine with crumbs, onion, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Moisten with enough catsup to hold together.

3. Sprinkle fillets on both sides with salt and pepper. Arrange largest fillets in baking dish. Cover with dressing. Arrange smaller fillets over dressing. Dot with butter.

4. Cover; bake in preheated oven for 25 to 30 minutes, or until fish flakes easily. Serves 6.

—Bettie Peck, Woman's Club, Anchorage, Alaska

Ed. Note: If the fillets are large, place stuffing in center of each and bake singly. Garnish with cucumber rings for added glamour.

CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE (New England Boiled Dinner)

- 4- to 5-pound corned brisket of beef
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1 tablespoon cloves
- 6 peppercorns
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 clove garlic
- ½ green pepper, sliced
- ½ teaspoon rosemary
- 1 stalk celery, coarsely cut
- 1 carrot, coarsely cut
- 2 lb. small new potatoes
- 1 lb. white pearl onions
- 1 lb. carrots, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 medium head cabbage, cut into wedges

1. Wipe beef with damp cloth; put in large kettle. Add water to cover. Add sliced onion, cloves, peppercorns, bay leaf, garlic, green pepper, rosemary, celery and cut carrot.

2. Bring to boil, removing any scum that rises to surface; cover; simmer for 3½ to 4½ hours, or until tender.

3. About 20 minutes before serving, add potatoes, onions, carrots and cabbage wedges; simmer until tender.

4. Slice meat; arrange on warm serving platter; surround with vegetables. Serves 8–10.

—Mrs. Mike Sumara, Woman's Club, Wynnburg, Tenn.

Ed. Note: We removed a strip of peel from the center of the potato as a decorative touch.

LIME OR LEMON PIE

- 8-inch baked pie shell
- 4 eggs, separated
- 15-ounce can sweetened condensed milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup lime or lemon juice
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla

1. Prepare pie shell. Preheat oven to 325° F.

2. Put egg yolks in mixing bowl; add milk, butter and lime or lemon juice; beat until smooth.

3. In another mixing bowl beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually add sugar; beat until meringue is stiff and glossy.

4. Fold a few tablespoons of meringue into lime or lemon filling; turn into pie shell.

5. Stir vanilla into rest of meringue; spread on filling.

6. Bake in preheated oven for 20 minutes, or until golden.

—Submitted to Woman's Club, Kankakee, Ill., by Mrs. Dexter Otis Arnold, Honorary President, General Federation of Women's Clubs

Ed. Note: For a party dessert, swirl the edge with whipped heavy cream.

MIXED VEGETABLE SALAD

- 2 cups torn lettuce
- 2 cups torn chicory (curly endive)
- 2 cups torn spinach
- 6 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 medium red or white onion, thinly sliced
- 3 teaspoons sugar
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- Freshly ground pepper to taste
- 1½ cups drained cooked peas
- 1 cup julienne strips Monterey Jack cheese
- 6 slices bacon, crisply cooked and crumbled

1. Put half the greens in salad bowl. Dot with 2 tablespoons of the mayonnaise. Top with one-third of onion slices; sprinkle with 1 teaspoon of the sugar, ¼ teaspoon of the salt and pepper. Add one-third of peas and cheese.

2. Repeat layers twice more, seasoning each layer. Do not toss. Chill for 2 hours.

(continued)



3. Just before serving, top with bacon; toss. Serves 6.

—Mrs. George McMillan, Junior Woman's Club, Diamond Bar, Calif.

PEPPER POT SOUP

- 4 tablespoons butter
- ¾ cup chopped green pepper
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- ⅓ cup sliced onions
- 3½ tablespoons flour
- 5 cups chicken broth
- ½ pound honeycomb tripe, cubed
- 1½ cups cubed potatoes
- ½ teaspoon pounded peppercorns
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup heavy cream
- Celery salt to taste (optional)

1. Melt 3 tablespoons of the butter in heavy saucepan. Add green pepper, celery and onions. Cook slowly for 15 minutes.

2. Stir in flour. Mix well.

3. Gradually stir in chicken broth.

4. Stir in tripe, potatoes, peppercorns and salt. Bring to boil. Cover tightly; simmer for 1 hour.

5. Just before serving, stir in cream, remaining butter and celery salt. Serves 6.

—Mrs. Frieda Hart, Women's Civic Club, Richardson Park, Wilmington, Del.

GEORGIA FRIED CHICKEN WITH CREAM GRAVY

- 2 pounds shortening
- 1 cup flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon black pepper
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 2 frying chickens, cut into serving pieces and chilled
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup hot water
- Cooked rice
- Sliced tomatoes

1. Heat shortening in deep heavy frying pan to just below smoking point.

2. Combine flour, salt, pepper and paprika in paper bag. Add a few pieces of chicken at a time; shake well to coat. Reserve 4 tablespoons of remaining flour.

3. Place largest pieces of chicken in center of frying pan; surround with smaller pieces. When pan is full, reduce heat slightly. When chicken begins to brown on underside, cover for about 4 minutes. When brown on underside, turn (once only); cook until golden brown all over. Total cooking time is about 30 minutes.

4. Drain on absorbent paper.

5. Prepare gravy: Pour off all but 2 tablespoons of fat in pan. Remove from heat. Stir in butter and reserved flour. Cook, stirring, over low heat until slightly browned. Quickly add milk and water. Bring to rolling boil. Correct seasoning.

6. Serve with rice and tomatoes. Serves 4.

—Evelyn D. Adamson, New Century Club, Wilmington, Del.

CHINESE PORK CHOPS

- 6 ¾-inch-thick pork chops
- Flour
- 1 tablespoon bacon drippings or fat
- ⅔ cup soy sauce
- ⅔ cup vinegar
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon ginger
- ⅔ cup water

1. Dredge chops in flour. Heat drippings or fat in heavy skillet; brown chops well on both sides. Pour off excess fat.

2. Add remaining ingredients; bring to boil. Cover; simmer for 1 hour. Serves 6.

—Mrs. S. E. Herbert, Woman's Club, Hilo, Hawaii

CARROT CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1⅓ cups cooking oil
- 2 cups presifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 4 cups grated carrots
- ¾ cup broken nuts
- Cream Cheese Frosting

1. Preheat oven to 350°. F. Grease and flour 13 x 9½ x 2-inch baking pan.

2. Beat sugar and eggs until thickened and pale. Stir in oil.

3. Sift together flour, baking soda, baking powder and cinnamon; stir into egg mixture. Fold in carrots and nuts.

4. Spoon batter into pan; bake in preheated oven for 35 to 40 minutes.

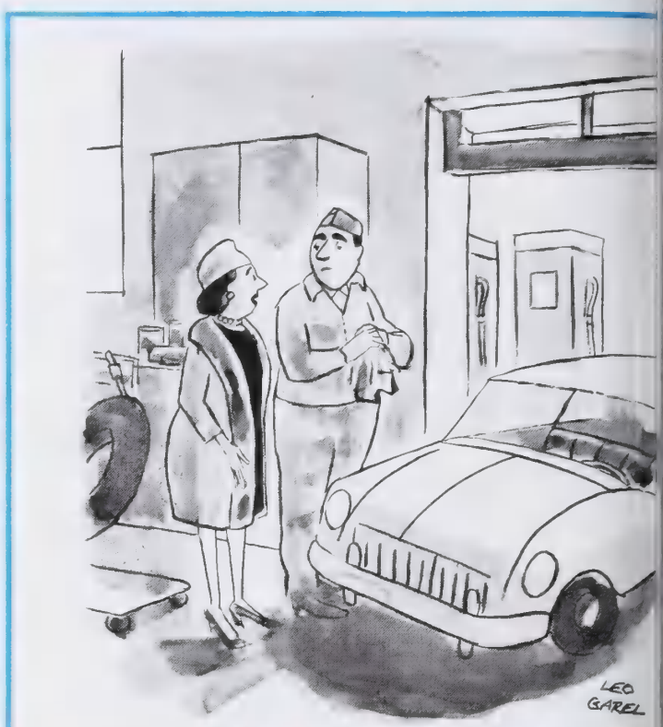
5. Turn onto cake rack to with Cream Cheese Frosting

—Mrs. Home and Country Study Clu

CREAM CHEESE FROSTING

- 8-ounce package cream cheese
- ½ cup margarine
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 pound confe sugar lumpy

Beat all ingredients until and velvety. *—An International City Woman's Club (C N*



"It acts like it needs to be burped."



Double-Delicious Meat Loaf! Bake two, freeze or easy, work-saving Reynolds Wrap way. Why, spec Reynolds Wrap? Because Reynolds Wrap is **oven-tem for flexible strength.** A special kind of streng resists tearing...stands up to oven heat and freez Maybe that's why more women buy Reynold than all other foils combined. **Reynolds** ...wouldn't you hate to be with

Reynolds Wrap DURABLE STRENGTH

DOUBLE-DELICIOUS MEAT LOAF

Serve One Tonight...Freeze One for the Future!

- 4 lbs. lean ground beef
- ½ cup each finely chopped celery and parsley
- 3 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 4 tablespoons grated onio
- 4 teaspoons Worcestershir
- 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes
- 4 eggs slightly beaten
- 3 cups bread crumbs
- Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrc

Mix together beef, vegetables and seasonings. Add eggs and brea lightly with fork until well mixed. Divide into two equal portions. Line two loaf pans with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. (For the lo freeze, use extra foil to allow for complete wrapping, later.) Place leaving foil open. Bake at 350° for 1 hour. Lift out loaves, using the Serve one loaf hot from oven. Let the second loaf cool thoroughly, the foil, seal tightly by double-folding edges and place in freezer.

SE HAM

om page 110

WITH FRUIT AND SPARKLE
page 110)

ars, green grapes and cham-
er ale or cider enhance this
It's the shank half, so it
an the butt end.

cooked m,
nbs sugar
stard
ered
pagne, or

3 cups champagne, ginger ale or cider (more)
1 (1-lb., 14-oz.) can cling peach halves, drained
1 (1-lb., 14-oz.) can pear halves, drained
1 (1-lb.) can green grapes, drained, *or* 1 cup fresh green grapes

n from 1 (7-lb.) precooked
n, shank end. Leave only
ch thick fat. Bake in 325°
hours.
e combine 2 cups fresh
s, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tea-
mustard and ½ teaspoon
inger. Add ½ cup cham-
ger ale or cider and mix well.
n from oven and turn oven
Pour all fat out of pan.
d-crumb mixture over ham.
ing champagne from bottle
ups ginger ale or cider into
ham to oven and bake 15
d 1 (1-lb., 14-oz.) can cling
s, drained, 1 (1-lb., 14-oz.)
ves, drained, and 1 (1-lb.)
apes, drained. Bake 15 min-
Arrange ham and fruits on
g platter. Serve sauce re-
oan in gravy bowl. Serves
ly.

TENDERLOIN EN
(pictured)

t tenderloin goes a long way
iled on a skewer with bacon,
and green peppers. One
at serves six!

ked
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bes
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pepper (1 large green pepper)
1 cup bottled barbecue sauce
1 (6-oz.) pkg. herb-seasoned long grain and wild rice mix

ers thread 24 cubes (1 lb.)
tenderloin, 6 slices bacon
to 3 pieces), 18 mushroom
green pepper pieces. Brush
ith some of 1 cup of bottled
ce. Broil, about 6 inches
r 12 to 15 minutes or until
t are crisp and vegetables
turning and brushing fre-
sauce.
h 1 (6-oz.) pkg. herb-
g grain and wild rice mix
rding to package directions.

G PUFF WITH PARSLEY
AUCE (pictured)

goes into a golden "quiche."
ist is made from thawed
astry shells. Final touch:
ice of parsley and capers.

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stard
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¼ tsp. mace
Parsley-Caper Sauce:
1 (1-oz.) pkg. white-sauce mix
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 Tb. drained capers
½ tsp. salt

o 450°. Press 6 defrosted
atty shells together. Roll
floured board to a 12-inch



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. . . you rinse 'em in the sink. With removable burner bowls and Teflon drip trays . . . you clean 'em in a wink! All this plus the goodies of gas: instant on-instant off, smokeless closed-door broiling, safety sentry and that unbeatable gas economy. See your Norge dealer or gas company representative. They love women who don't want to work. Gas makes the big difference. Costs less, too.

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circle. Fit into 10-inch pie plate. Scatter 1½ cups diced cooked ham over bottom of unbaked shell. Lightly beat 6 eggs with ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce, and ¼ teaspoon mace. Pour into pie shell. Place in oven and immediately reduce heat to 400°. Bake 30 to 40 minutes or until puffed and brown.

Serve hot with Parsley Caper Sauce: Prepare 1 (1-oz.) pkg. white-sauce mix according to label directions, increasing water to 1½ cups. Just before serving stir in ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon drained capers and ½ teaspoon salt. Makes 1½ cups. Serves 6–8.

FROSTED HAM (pictured)

An elegant buffet dish that needs no cooking at all! Canned picnic hams cost less than the usual canned hams. Sweet pickles may be used as a garnish instead of kumquats. (They're cheaper.)

1 (3-lb.) canned picnic ham
2 (8-oz.) pkgs. cream cheese
1 (3-oz.) pkg. blue cheese
2 Tb. brandy
2 Tb. chopped parsley
1 tsp. freeze-dried chives
1 (12-oz.) jar preserved kumquats or sweet pickles, drained
Chicory

Chill 1 (3-lb.) canned picnic ham (in can) for several hours, preferably overnight. Remove from can and place on serving platter.

Let 2 (8-oz.) pkgs. cream cheese and 1 (3-oz.) pkg. blue cheese soften at room temperature for 1 hour. Combine with 2 tablespoons brandy and *(continued)*

beat till smooth. Add 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon freeze-dried chives, mixing well. Makes about 2¼ cups, enough to frost ham all over. Chill well before serving. Garnish with kumquats or sweet pickles and crisp chicory. Serves 8.

STUFFED PORK TENDERLOIN

A delicious way to serve pork tenderloin—the corn-bread stuffing extends 2½ pounds of pork to feed 8.

1 (2½-lb.) smoked pork tenderloin
1 cup packaged corn-bread stuffing
2 cups apple juice
½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts
½ cup sliced mushrooms
¼ cup butter or margarine

Split 1 (2½-lb.) smoked pork tenderloin in half lengthwise. Prepare 1 cup packaged corn-bread stuffing according to directions, using ¼ cup apple juice instead of water. (Reserve remaining 1¾ cups apple juice for later.) Sauté ½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts and ½ cup sliced mushrooms in ¼ cup butter or margarine, stirring constantly. Add to corn-bread stuffing. Mix lightly.

Place corn-bread stuffing on lower half of tenderloin. Top with second half. Skewer or tie together. Place in baking pan. Pour in reserved 1¾ cups apple juice. Roast at 325°, allowing 35 minutes per pound, approximately 1½ hours. Baste frequently. Serves 6 to 8 generously.

JAMAICAN HAM FLAMBÉ

Caribbean drama at budget prices . . . the smoked shoulder of ham is coated with a spicy-sweet bread-crumb mixture, roasted, then dramatically flamed with rum. The diced jellied cranberry sauce does not melt when heated.

1½ cups fresh-grated bread crumbs
¼ cup brown sugar
2 Tb. dark rum
1 (1-lb.) can jellied cranberry sauce, chilled
1 (5-lb.) smoked shoulder of ham
¼ cup dark rum for flambéing

Make coating for ham by combining: 1½ cups fresh-grated bread crumbs, ¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed, and 2 tablespoons rum. From 1 (1-lb.) can jellied cranberry sauce cut off 2 slices (¼-inch thick). Dice it and toss into the bread-crumb mixture. (Reserve remaining cranberry sauce as garnish.)

Place 1 (5-lb.) smoked shoulder of ham in baking dish and top with bread-crumb coating. Cover loosely with foil and roast at 325° for 2 hours. Remove foil and roast ½ hour longer. Place ham on warm serving platter. Slightly warm ¼ cup rum in a small metal cup or ramekin. Set match to rum and pour flaming over ham. Serves 6.

GOOBER NUT HAM

Peanut butter has a glamour role here. With a touch of mustard and horseradish, it's used as a stuffing and coating for a boneless, precooked ham.

1 (3½-lb.) boneless processed ham
1 (12-oz.) jar chunky peanut butter (1½ cups)
¼ cup prepared mustard
2 Tb. drained horseradish
2 Tb. lemon juice

Cut 1 (3½-lb.) boneless processed ham into ½-inch slices. Combine 1 (12-oz.) jar chunky peanut butter (1½ cups), ¼ cup prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons drained horseradish, and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix until smooth.

Using 1 cup peanut-butter mixture, spread each ham slice with a little. Reassemble ham slices to form original ham shape and tie all together.

Coat sides and top of reassembled ham with remaining peanut butter. Place ham in shallow baking pan and roast at 350°, allowing 20 minutes per pound (approximately 1 hour and 10 minutes). Serves 6–8 generously.

DEVILED MOCK CANADIAN BACON

A bonanza for fans of Canadian bacon (and who isn't?). Our mock version tastes scrumptiously like the real thing, costs much less than half as much! If you prefer, you can omit the cracker crumbs and mustard . . . just slice the pork tenderloin and bake.

1 (1½-lb.) smoked pork tenderloin, cut into 18 slices
¼ cup prepared mustard
½ cup finely crushed cracker crumbs (12)
2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted

Cut a 1½-lb. smoked pork tenderloin into 18 slices. Spread one side of each slice with some of ¼ cup prepared mustard. Place slices, mustard side up, in a single layer in a shallow baking pan. Toss ½ cup finely crushed cracker crumbs with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted. Sprinkle on top of pork tenderloin slices. Bake in a 375° oven 15 to 20 minutes or until meat is heated through and cracker crumbs are crispy. Serves 6.

HAM AND GRAPEFRUIT ROLL-UPS

Wondering what to do with leftover boiled ham? Here's a refreshing solution.

Roll ham slices around grap
tions, sauté, then cook in an he
sauce *Voilà!* A glamorous-loo
dish to serve with rice and a g

12 thin slices boiled ham
12 sections of fresh grapefruit
2 Tb. butter or margarine
½ cup chopped celery and leaves
2 Tb. chopped parsley
1 small b crumbl
¼ tsp. th
1 (1 pint, can gra juice
4 tsp. co
1 tsp. su

Roll each
ham slices ar
tion of grap
cure with a
Sauté them
spoons melte
margarine for
Arrange in sl
ing dish. A
chopped ce
leaves, 2 t
chopped pars
bay leaf, cru
¼ teaspoon
Pour over 2
fruit juice
pint, 2-oz.) c
remaining ¼

Bake ham
375° oven 2
Remove roll
serving platt
teaspoons
and 1 teasp
with reserve
grapefruit ju
sauce remain
Cook over
stirring cons
til smooth a
thickened.
proximately
Spoon some
over ham
Serve remai
alongside. Se

ELSA'S STUF HAM STEAKS

Once again
stuffing mak
ham go a ver
Here are h
stuffed with
pineapple
cheese filling
ping. Make
family fare.
meal with a S
serve with bu
dles and a sau
green spinach

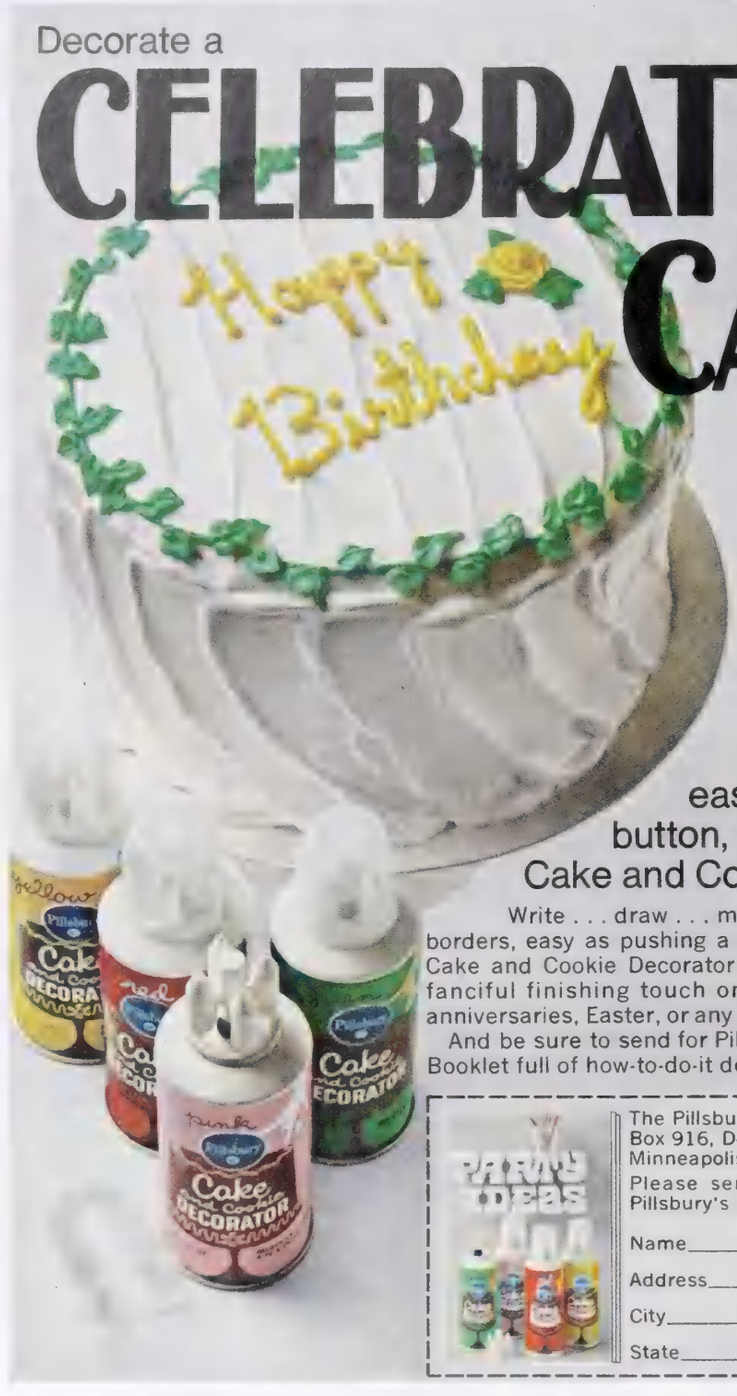
2 (¾-lb.) cen steaks
2 Tb. prepare mustard
1 (1-lb., 4-oz. crushed pi drained (sa
1 cup grated cheese (¼

Remove ring bone from eac
lb.) center-cut ham steaks. S
of each ham steak with 2
prepared sharp mustard, 1
per slice.

Place one steak, mustard
shallow baking dish. Top w
crushed pineapple, drained (
4-oz.) can, and ½ cup gr
cheese.

Cover with second ham
tard side up. Top with remai
crushed drained pineapple
grated Swiss cheese. Pour 1 cu
juice around ham. Bake u
325° for 30 minutes. Serves 6

Decorate a
CELEBRATION CAKE



easy as pushing a button, with Pillsbury's Cake and Cookie Decorator

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Minneapolis, Minn. 55460

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State_____ Zip_____

CEREALS

m page 120

u are confused by these
s for the cereals in the
are we), you will find a
and brand names at the
recipes.

EN BEAN IMPROVISATION

n? Add bite-size shredded
, a cheese-flavored white
talian green beans, and
ompany casserole.

s.
n
ham,
ips
asil

- 1 (1-oz.) pkg. white-sauce mix
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- ⅛ tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup bite-size shredded wheat

oz.) pkgs. frozen Italian
according to pkg. direc-
nd toss with 1 cup cooked
o julienne strips, 1 tea-
basil leaves, ½ teaspoon
easpoon pepper.
d cook 1 (1-oz.) pkg. white-
cording to directions. Add
Cheddar cheese, 1 clove
d, and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg.
time, combine green-bean
ce and 1 cup bite-size
at. Serves 6.

TONS . . . Use bite-size
aesar Salad or soups in
tons. Melt butter or mar-
an. Add cereal and garlic
evenly browned.

CHES AND CREAM PIE

canned peach slices with
eam cheese and a currant-
ll in a delicious pie shell
rnflakes.

kes
or
sugar
)
es
jelly
up

Topping:

- 1 cup (1 8-oz. pkg.) cream cheese, softened
- ¼ cup confectioners' sugar
- ½ tsp. vanilla extract

h 5 cups cornflakes cereal.
h ½ cup butter or mar-
) brown sugar and ½ tea-
.

ch pie tin with crushed
firmly along bottom and
pie shell. Bake in a pre-
ven 5 to 8 minutes. Cool.
ked pie shell 2 (1-lb.) cans
s, well drained. Sprinkle
over with 1 tablespoon
bine ¼ cup currant jelly
)oons corn syrup. Heat,
until jelly is melted and
n jelly over peaches. Let
up softened cream cheese
ir in ¼ cup confectioners'
teaspoon vanilla extract.
ing until all is well com-
)pping over pie. Serves 6.

SERT TOPPING... Top your
rd, pudding or ice cream
alted cereal granules. Fin-
t sprinkle of nutmeg.

LISH STUFFED LS)

d economical dish: tradi-
ean cabbage rolls filled
)eef, rolled oats and sour
)oked in a spicy tomato

Beefeaters rejoice!





New from Kraft! 3 flavorful seasoning mixes for ground and cubed beef.



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KRAFT

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One refund per family or address. Offer expires in 60 days. Good throughout U.S.A. only. Void where prohibited, taxed, or restricted. Duplicate requests constitute fraud.

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- ¾ cup quick-cooking rolled oats (uncooked)
- ½ cup sour cream
- 1½ tsp. salt
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- ½ tsp. each pepper, rosemary, marjoram
- 12 green cabbage leaves
- 1 cup green-pepper strips
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- 1 (2-lb., 3-oz.) can stewed Italian tomatoes
- ¼ cup tomato paste
- 2 Tb. white wine
- ½ tsp. each salt, sugar, pepper

Combine 2 lbs. ground beef, ¾ cup quick-cooking rolled oats (uncooked), ½ cup sour cream, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon each pepper, rosemary and marjoram.

Wash and trim 1 medium cabbage. Separate 12 large leaves from head. (Store leftover for later use.) Drop cabbage leaves in 2 quarts rapidly boiling water. Cook uncovered for 3 minutes or just until limp. Drain very well.

Place about ½ cup meat mixture on each cabbage leaf. Roll leaf tightly around meat and secure with toothpicks. In a large skillet, sauté 1 cup green-pepper strips and ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine 5 minutes or until tender. Stir into pan 1 (2-lb., 3-oz.) can well-drained Italian tomatoes, ¼ cup tomato paste, 2 tablespoons white wine, ½ teaspoon each salt, sugar, pepper.

Place rolled stuffed cabbage in pan, covering with sauce. Cover pan and cook over low heat 25 to 30 minutes or until meat is done. Serves 6.

TWO-IN-ONE CEREAL . . . Add extra crunchiness to hot cereal *(continued)*

by sprinkling it with crispy ready-to-eat cereal.

WESSEX BARM CAKE

An old-fashioned whole-wheat kind of cake, reminiscent of the homey dishes of the English shires. It's made with toasted wheat cereal. The frosting is full of shredded coconut and pecans.

- 1¼ cups boiling water
- 1 cup toasted wheat cereal
- ½ cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract
- 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 Tb. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg

Pour 1¼ cups boiling water over 1 cup toasted wheat cereal. Cover and let stand 20 minutes.

Meanwhile, beat ½ cup softened butter or margarine until creamy. Gradually add 1 cup granulated sugar and 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed, beating until fluffy.

Add 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, and soaked wheat cereal, mixing well.

Combine 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1 tablespoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon each salt and nutmeg. Add to oatmeal mixture, stirring until well dampened. Pour batter into a greased and floured 8-inch-square cake pan. Bake in preheated 350° oven 50 to 55 minutes or until browned and cake tester comes out clean when inserted in center.

Set pan on wire rack 10 minutes, then turn out cake and finish cooling on rack. Top with Coconut-Pecan Frosting (see recipe below) and cut into 2-inch squares. Makes 16 squares.

COCONUT-PECAN FROSTING

- 2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 2 Tb. softened butter or margarine
- 2 Tb. milk or cream
- ¼ tsp. vanilla extract
- ¼ cup shredded coconut
- ½ cup canned chopped pecans

Combine 2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 2 tablespoons each softened butter or margarine, and milk or cream and ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat until smooth and creamy. Spread on top of Wessex Barm Cake (see recipe above). Sprinkle with ¼ cup shredded coconut and then with ½ cup coarsely chopped pecans. Makes 1 cup frosting.

DEVILED POTATOES

Mashed potatoes have never been so sensational. Hot-pepper sauce and spices, plus egg yolks and onions make them devilish.

- 3 cups mashed potatoes
- 2 egg yolks
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 Tb. lemon juice
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. dry mustard
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ⅛ tsp. hot-pepper sauce
- ¾ cup high-vitamin whole-wheat flakes, slightly crushed
- ¾ cup coarsely grated Cheddar cheese
- ½ tsp. paprika

Combine 3 cups mashed potatoes, 2 egg yolks, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce. Stir, spoon into a well-greased 1½-quart casserole.

Combine ¾ cup slightly crushed high-vitamin whole-wheat flakes cereal and ¾ cup coarsely grated Cheddar cheese. Sprinkle over potatoes. Dust with ½ teaspoon paprika.

Bake in preheated 350° oven 20 minutes or until cheese is melted. Serves 6.

CRISPY BROILED TOMATOES . . . Mix crushed cereal crumbs with butter and other seasonings, if desired. Sprinkle tomato halves with crumb inches from heat, 4 to 5 min

These are the "translations" of the used in our packaged-cereal recipes: *rolled oats:* Instant and Quick Quak Mother's Oats; Quick Ralston *Toasted wheat cereal:* Wheatena. *O cereal:* Rice Krispies. *Whole-wheat* Grape-Nuts Flakes; Wheaties; Pep *Spoon-size shredded wheat:* Nabi Wheat, spoon-size. *Malted cereal* Grape-Nuts. *Bite-size shredded wh* Wheat Chex. *High-vitamin whole-* Total.

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GF GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



DETAIL FROM "THE FAMILY OF JOSEPH MOORE," COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON M. AND M. KAROLIK COLLECTION

MER OF THE CAR

ued from page 108

take on a fishing trip. Of course, g in the yard was pretty tame, e used to dream about getting a our own. We even tried to save , but we never got much over a before we found something else nd it on. My father was con- lecturing us on the virtues of and industry. When he was our had his own busi- a roadside fruit egetable stand— couldn't under- vhy we didn't get d make something elves.

was in the early f the Depression bs were scarce. boys did mow and deliver pa- ut they were "go- " who "knew the f a dollar," as we did not. We went ing and played d rode our bikes ly around town.

were riding our the country one llowing a narrow d, when we came old touring car in the ditch. An man in overalls lking around it the tires angrily. pped to watch, on our bikes.

l blast, dag nab g-dong buzzard utomobile," he ing it a last kick nging the hood s fists. "I swear Harry this in- Billy-be-blasted e can stay here before I'll lay ntinental finger and he punched d again. n't it start?" asked. man glanced at turned to glare ar. "Hughie M. k," he said. I tell if this was a or another of his ade swear words. me for a hog for han a year and couldn't pay. n't you take the ys—well, thinks etter than noth- lot I knew. For ts I'd give the blasted thing to person that come along." would?" I said. ing, he got in and tried the The engine turned over with a mble. "You see?" he demanded. what comes of dealing with dy like Hughie M. Bostwick." out angrily and cracked his fore- ainst the rearview mirror. "Yes, flaming heavens that's exactly d do." said for two cents?" I held out nies, and he took them. just bought a car," he said. th that he drew back his arm and threw the two pennies into the woods as far as he could. "That there is my opinion of this here car and of Hughie M. Bostwick," and he turned and strode off up the road. We watched until he'd disappeared over a little rise and then we rode up to see what he was doing. He had left the road and was crossing a field in the direction of a farmhouse. He had the look of a man that wasn't coming back. We pedaled as fast as we could to the car—our car.

We stood looking at it for a moment. "You don't suppose he stole it?" I said.

Rupert shook his head. "He didn't look like it." This was true. Somehow you don't expect a car thief to wear overalls and felt boots. The car wasn't the sort anybody would be likely to steal anyway. It was a Paxton touring car from the early '20's. The top was missing and the doors were held with bailing wire. The cords showed through the tires, the stuffing was coming out of the seats and moss was growing on the running boards. But it was ours.

We climbed in, and I took hold of the wheel. Even if we never moved an inch it was worth something to look down the road from the wheel of my own car. Rupert fooled around with the spark and the choke. "He had the choke all the way out," he said. "Why don't you try it?"

I turned the key and stepped on the starter, and the engine caught on the second turn. Rupert looked at me with a delighted grin.

I shifted into low, let out the clutch, and we started off, my hands and forearms clasped to the wheel, my toe just touching the throttle. "Hey," Rupert yelled, "we forgot the bikes."

I shoved in the clutch and brake pedals, and we stopped. I wasn't quite ready to try reversing, so Rupert went back for the bikes while I waited with my foot on the brake. He put them in back, and we started again. After a hundred yards I shoved in the clutch and Rupert shifted into second. I had to pull on the wheel with both hands in order to get the clutch all the way down.

At the first crossroads we turned right—that was the way the car wanted to go, so I didn't have trouble. "You want to shift into high?" Rupert asked.

"Plenty of time," I said. We were doing about 15, and that was fast enough with all I had to think about. There was a truck approaching, and I wasn't sure what to do about that. I kept well to the right, hoping the driver wouldn't notice me, but he waved, and it turned out he was a boy not much older than I was. I suppose there was a legal driving age in those days, but in the country nobody paid much attention. If we stayed off main roads we'd be all right.

After the next right turn I told Rupert to shift into high. Now we were really traveling. I was afraid to take my eyes off the road, so I asked him how fast we were going. He said 75, but I didn't believe him. Finally I pulled off the road and stopped. We had to figure out what to do with the car. I knew we couldn't take it home. After talking it over we decided to find a place in the woods where nobody would see it. We were lucky. A short way down the road we found a lane almost hidden by bushes and leading back to an old maple-sugar house. We parked in back where it didn't seem likely anybody would stumble over it.

We were late getting home, and my mother wanted to know where we'd been. I said we'd been bike-riding in the country and had gotten lost. "What were you doing in the country?" she asked.

"Looking for work," Rupert told her.

"I should have known better," she said.

After we'd gone to bed Rupert and I had a long talk. Owning a car involves certain complications, and they were just beginning to dawn on us. A car requires tires, oil, plugs, battery, points—we weren't sure what points were, but we knew you had to get them from time to time. And gas—that was something we were going to need immediately.

My father kept some in the garage, so we borrowed a gallon of that. After we'd put it in the car the tank measured an inch and a half—enough to go about 12 miles we thought, maybe even more. Naturally Rupert wanted to drive, too, but this brought up a problem. I was tall enough to pass for 14, but he was short and obviously not over 10. When he got his foot down to the throttle, his eyes were on a level with the hood. He agreed to settle for driving back and forth in the lane, and then I took over and we roared out down the road again. We weren't much worried about running into anyone we knew on weekdays, and weekends we didn't drive. *(continued)*

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Gas was our big problem. All the summer jobs were already taken, but Rupert found the solution in our Nickel Service Co. At that time people would think twice about spending a dollar for something, but just about every housewife had some trifling, nagging chore that she was glad to pay a nickel for. Usually it wouldn't take more than a few minutes and four jobs would buy a gallon of gas and 10 or 12 miles of care-free motoring through the countryside. I found an old cloth cap and a pair of goggles, and Rupert dug up a leatherette aviator's helmet. We wore these partly for style and partly as a disguise.

After about 10 days Rupert said he was tired of driving back and forth over the same place. There was a sort of track through the woods that had apparently been used for gathering sap, so we decided to try that. We'd wound around through the trees for a couple of hundred yards when we came out of some thick underbrush, and there was another car parked just ahead of us. It was a seven-passenger black sedan—not the kind of car you expect to find in the woods.

While we were staring at it a couple of men stepped out of the bushes and came up to us. They wore city clothes, dark suits and felt hats turned down in front and back. "What do you think you're doing here?" the younger one asked. "Who sent you?"

"Nobody," I said. "I mean, my father did." It occurred to me it might be better if they thought there was a grown-up on our side.

"Who's he, a Fed?"

"Bugs, shut up," the older one said. He was fat, with a wheezy voice and a lot of gold teeth, shining and sharp-looking. "Now, boys, how come your old man sent you back here?"

Rupert, who was at his best in a tight spot, said, "He didn't, but one of our cows got out and he sent us out looking."

"Well, he ain't here," Bugs said.

"Bugs, shut up. . . . Now you boys got a little problem and we got a little problem. Maybe we better talk it over."

"You gone nuts, Felix?" Bugs asked. "They already know too much. Go on, you two, get lost."

"And have them spill what they know?"

"OK, we keep them here."

"Sure we do," Felix said, "and have every hay shaker and appie knocker in the county out looking for them."

"Well, what do we do?"

"If you could shut up for a minute maybe I'd think of something." He looked worried, scowling and chewing on his lip with his gold teeth.

"We'd be glad to help out," Rupert said. "What's the trouble?"

"Well," Felix said, "it's like this—we was on our way to see a friend."

"A sick friend," Bugs said.

"That's right, a sick friend. And we was taking him something ——"

"Yeah, we was taking him some jelly," Bugs said. "Only now we can't take it on account of . . ." He scratched his head. "What was that on account of, Felix?"

"On account of this little ape runs a red light," Felix said, suddenly getting mad. "So now all the cops in the country are looking for us. But if you two was to take your car ——"

"Felix, you gone off your nut?"

"You want to tell the Boss you loused up the delivery?" Felix asked him savagely. "And if we was to get picked up with the car full ——"

"Full of jelly," Bugs said.

"You talk too much." He looked around the woods nervously as if every tree were dangerous. He took out a silk handkerchief and mopped his face. "Do you boys know where the Ox Yoke Inn is at?" We did. He said that his sick friend was there and he'd like us to take him the jelly. He and Bugs got some heavy cases out of their car and loaded them into the back of ours. "Anybody asks you tell them you're delivering eggs."

"Them cases don't look like eggs to me," Bugs said.

"They can put some on top, can't they?" Felix asked. "The countryside is full of eggs." He gave us a couple of dollars to buy them and told us to come back as soon as we'd made the delivery.

We turned and drove out, with the two of them, their hats pulled over their eyes, standing and watching us. At a farmhouse we bought 12 dozen eggs and put them on top of the boxes. Just before we got to the Ox Yoke Inn we passed a car parked off the road with a couple of men in it. Rupert waved, and they waved back. We turned in the drive and drove around to the back of the inn.

A man in a derby and vest opened the door partway and asked us what we wanted. I said we'd brought him jelly. "Jelly and eggs," Rupert s

He waved us away. "Go o

I looked at Rupert uncer looked at the man. "Felix an going to be disappointed."

He was down the steps in over to the car. "Good Lord looking in the back. He ran garage attached to the bui tioned us to follow him in and door. He took us down a hall the kitchen, where a lady wi and a kimono ing a cigar holder. "Kee here a while her, "they ju delivery," a out yelling fo named Al.

The lady as like some gin cookies. We would. "Ho two get starte she asked.

"Well," R "my father our age ou thinking of besides play and should g do something

"My God, "what's the coming to?"

"My father going to the told her.

"He ought she said.

After a littl man came i door. He'd b car out in the set," he said. thick envelo pocket. "Ca this to Feli losing it? It's he rubbed hi

"Recipes," said.

"Yeah, re said. We said

When we there was sight. The ca too. While we dering what heard foots Bugs came the lane fro "It's OK," There was s ling, and Fel out of the u "I watched Bugs said, "t anybody in s

Felix sm looked almost pleasant. "Eve all right?"

"Sure." I handed him the "Your friend sent you some

"What the hell?" Bugs sai

Felix grabbed the envelope aside to open it. "Recipes, cluck," he told Bugs. "Wh think?"

Felix put the recipes in "You done real good," he to handed me a five-dollar bill. it blankly.

Rupert took the bill and sh my pocket.

"Thank you very much,"

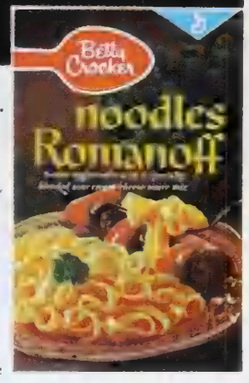
How about eating out in?



At Jacques, on Chicago's fashionable Michigan Avenue, Chicken Casserole Supreme is a delicious dinner favorite. Here's how to make it with Betty Crocker Noodles Romanoff.

- 1 pkg. (4-serving size) Betty Crocker Noodles Romanoff
- 1 can (10½ oz.) cream of mushroom soup
- 2 cups cut-up cooked chicken
- 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen chopped broccoli, thawed and drained
- ½ cup pitted ripe olives, cut into wedges

Heat oven to 350°. Prepare Noodles Romanoff as directed on package except—use ½ cup milk. Stir in soup, chicken, broccoli and olives; pour into 2-quart casserole. Cover and bake *25 to 30 minutes* or until broccoli is tender. *4 to 6 servings.* French rolls and a tossed green salad round out the meal.



Doing anything tomorrow night? Sure. Eating out—in.

want to come
fter tomorrow,
have something
."
e'd be back, and
As soon as they
sight, Rupert
"Drive slow," he
l get the bikes."
ahead. I hadn't
ought, but it was
ouldn't leave the
ugar house any-
s waiting beside
the bikes, and in
ey were in back
on the road.
to be hard to find
g place," I said.
deserted farm-
road," he said.
got half a dozen
ne yard. I don't
y will notice one
was right. I've
few fast think-
n, but none like
ad the gift.

listening to the
ening while my
ading the paper
angry noises. "I
said. "I wash my
vhole thing." My
what it was.
't it?" he de-
e farmers are ask-
money, gangsters
shirts, and right
klin Street a milk-
en by a dog." He
ercely. "And the
running wild, too
ap of work—the
step-ins and do-
ny ——"
een working," I
ted telling about
ng up old news-
g up a dead lilac
dog's collar. He
o be quiet.
I suppose you're
, too." She looked
om her magazine.
or what?"
he paper at her.
te the country's
h the racketeers
ers and girls do-
my and getting
rcelled ——"
does the shimmy
e said.
don't," he said.
must be a great
the mailman."
't we talk about
cheerful?" my

I had a money
had too much.
break a five-
he candy store—
uld ask questions.
t on the idea of
e at a gas sta-
e out close to a
Rupert stayed
while I walked
two-gallon cans
man my mother
gas. There was
ious about this,
the gas anyway.
ond day as we
to the meeting



place we spotted Bugs lurking in the bushes. In a couple of minutes he came panting up and whistled. This was the signal for Felix, who came down the lane from the other direction, driving a different car.

"Well, boys," Felix said, "do you know where the Old Trail Coach House is?" We nodded. "I'd like you to take something to a sick friend," he said.

"An awful lot of your friends seem to be sick," I said.

"Only the lucky ones," Bugs said. Felix told him to shut up and get the jelly loaded.

We made the delivery without any trouble—I guess the man was expecting us. He was thin-faced and nervous—he really didn't look well. All the time he was unloading the cases he kept talking to himself. "They've all went nuts," he said. "Next time probably the paper boy makes the delivery—then most likely a circus parade with a band." He straightened up, pressing his arm against his stomach. "With my condition I shouldn't have to put up with this."

I said I hoped the jelly would make him feel better. "See what I mean?" he said. He handed me an envelope. (*continued*)

"Recipes for Felix?" I asked.

"What else?" he said.

Felix gave us another five-dollar bill, and then for the next month or so we made two or three deliveries a week. You couldn't have asked for a better job. Good pay, and we got to drive the car and meet all kinds of different people. Of course, it was hard to have that much cash and not spend any, so we started up the Nickle Service Co. again. That way if my mother wanted to know where we'd gotten the new cap gun or anything we could say we'd carried 25 pounds of ice for old Mrs. Zivic, and so on.

Then things began to go wrong. For one thing the car had developed some new noises. We were getting only 15 miles to a quart of oil, and we had to fill the radiator every half hour. The tires had worn pretty far into the cord, and we worried about them all the time. Another thing, there were an awful lot of police cars on the road, although my father didn't think there were enough.

"They keep promising to crack down on all the roadhouses and booze joints," he said, slapping his hand on his newspaper, "but when are they going to get some results? Where ar
lice?" Rupert an
told him. "Wh
going to end?"
pacing up and d
ing the paper.
bootleggers an
around it isn't sa
to be out on the
had a point there

The next day
to the meeting p
Bugs were waitin
didn't waste ar
started loading t
were sweaty and
over their shoulde
ing into each ot
most got nabbed
"The place is lous
"We saw a c
way here," I sai
"The local cop
me none," Felix
you see a coupl
a green sedan
plates ——"
"You mean M
Rupert asked.
Felix dropped t
carrying. "You h
"Sure," I sai
time coming ba
Yoke Inn he st
asked what we w
said delivering
bought two doze
Bugs sank dow
ning board. "Oh
said.
"OK, hurry u
ing," Felix said.
still lucky." We w
the delivery and
without any trou
were about a m
turnoff, a figure
the bushes in fr
was Bugs. He c
back, followed b
police had jump
they had just m
cape through th
"The whole p
out," Felix said.
how we'll get th
gested they hide
dark, but they
afraid of the w
than of the polic
Finally they
the floor in back
ered them with
and pulled egg c
that. The eggs
very well, so we'
out and filled th
gravel. As a h
wasn't very goo
the best we could
on, keeping to th
I noticed Rupert
sort of tense.
"I guess we
lot of trouble,'
"You can get ou
He shook his he
my voice. "If
car, we could pu
middle of the r
up our hands."
head backwar
never know."
"But we'd ki
slowly. "They t
"That's the w
said. I thought

because it's baked with farm-fresh whipped cream, it's the creamiest, smoothest cake you've ever tasted



The texture of this cake tells the story. The tender, delicious story of a real old fashioned cream cake! That's why you make it with REDDI-WIP brand whipped cream. REDDI-WIP can go *in* a cake because it's real farm-fresh cream (whipped the easy way, so you don't have to)! Just see how good a whipped cream cake can be.

¼ cup butter or margarine
1 can REDDI-WIP
1 cup sugar
½ tsp. *each* vanilla & almond extract
2 eggs, very well beaten
1¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup milk

Melt butter; cool. Empty REDDI-WIP into large bowl (do not shake can); stir in sugar until mixture is like soft whipped cream. Blend in flavorings; stir in eggs. Sift flour with baking powder and salt; gently stir in half the flour mixture. Add milk, melted butter. Sprinkle rest of flour mixture over top; fold in until blended. Pour into pan (9x9x2", bottom lined with plain paper). Bake at 350°, 30-35 minutes. Cool 10 minutes; remove from pan; cool on rack.

Filling & topping: 1 (3¾ oz.) pkg. instant vanilla pudding • 1½ cups milk • Coconut to garnish cake • 1 can cherry pie filling • Prepare pudding as package directs, using 1½ cups milk. Split cake in half, making 2 layers. Fill and lightly frost with pudding; coat sides with coconut; top with cherry pie filling. *(And of course you can decorate it with REDDI-WIP, too, just before serving—but you'll need an extra can!)*

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CHERRY WHIPPED CREAM CAKE



main highway we'd be O.K. approached it the police were oping all the cars. I slowed en with panic. Rupert grabbed cartons, jumped out and ran of the men who was looking car.

Ir. Burgess," he yelled, "want ne eggs? Strictly fresh."

" He turned around impa- Oh, it's you—go on, will you, " I had edged the car up, ne only open lane, the engine and the radiator steaming. damned thing out of here, will Burgess yelled. He motioned nd tell your father to peddle gs after this."

ne highway the road was nar- serted. It looked like we were . I shot a glance at Rupert. It believe he had offered to sell ns of gravel to an officer while was searching for were in an x feet away. Considering the ces, I don't suppose he was m above, but he was inspired place. After a couple of miles , and our passengers got out. vas making really alarming

ly about a mile to Valley id. "You can get a bus there. to get back before they start us."

rted up the road, but Felix is with us. "Boys," he said, ass. Don't let nobody tell you He pulled down his hat and ay.

e it back to the farmhouse. ut of water and oil, and the so hot it kept going for a few

Journal hopping Center

OOM FOR SPRING

Pink Bedroom. "Piccadilly" For- and "Leicester Square" *rayon and* Cohama, available at William Heng- o, N.Y., Meier & Frank, Portland, und Town Tweeds" yellow Fortrel Barwick, available at Joseph Horne, Pa.

Black and White Bedroom. "Fan- *Fortrel*, by The Georgia Co., avail- on-Pirie-Scott, Chicago, Ill.; Foley's, ex. White quilted *throw* in rayon/ Bartmann & Bixer, at Hochschild, imore, Md.; Bon Marché, Seattle, mbels-Shusters, Milwaukee, Wis.; w York, N.Y. "Stik-Fast" black vel- by Conso, at Abraham & Straus, N.Y.

Living Room. "Sheer Elegance" *iste*, by Melbee, at Jordan Marsh, ass.; Bamberger's, Newark, N.J.; oane, New York, N.Y. "Elegante, *cetate* in tangerine, by Bartmann & Bullock's, Pasadena, Calif.; Jordan ton, Mass.; Hochschild, Kohn, Bal- ; Stern's, New York, N.Y.; Gimbels- Milwaukee, Wis.; Bon Marché, ash.

OUR AGE

Robert Peters dress, available at Julius Washington, D.C.; Davison's, At- Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Stix, ler, St. Louis; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Houston; ZCMI, Salt Lake City; Wilshire, Los Angeles; Frederick & ittle.

Mort dress, available at The Blum delphia; Julius Garfinckel, Washing- Burdine's, Miami; Higbee's, Cleve- ervoort's, St. Louis; Marie Leavell, owitz, Houston; Makoff, Salt Lake h Magnin, California and Nevada; Best, Seattle.

Tab dress, available at Charles Sum- ; Woodward & Lothrop, Washing- J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Cricket West, ty, Mo.; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; uston; Margaret's, Oklahoma City; F, Denver; Joseph Magnin, Cali- Nevada; Nordstrom Best, Seattle.

Claret dress, Woodward & Lothrop, , D.C.; Cricket West, Kansas City, s, Houston; Joseph Magnin, Califor- vada; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

DAY, page 118. April 2: Stockpot *Campbell's*. April 3: *Borden's* new e Yogurt. April 6: Pound Cake from er mix. April 7: *Campbell's* Chicken le Rings Soup. April 8: Petite Mar- rom *Pepperidge Farm* and *Crosse & April 9: "Little Imps" made with ndon* melba toasts. *Campbell's* Hot an Soup; *Del Monte* Tomato Sauce, yle. April 9: Bran Toaster Cakes s. April 12: Make Pink Moon Cake *teral Foods* mix. April 17: Make ouffles" with *Underwood* Chicken il 19: Chicken Giblet Gravy from *rican*. April 21: *Progresso* Pasta- . April 22: *Nabisco* Caramel Peanut *ampbell's* Chicken and Dumpling 26: *Wyler's* new packaged Beef . April 28: Cheese Straws and Beef rom *Durkee's*; *Wise* Bacon Delights.

seconds after I turned it off. When we'd buried the license plates and let the air out of the tires it looked like it had been there for years. It had been a good car and served us well. I was sort of glad there were some other old cars around.

By the time we got home the others had almost finished supper. My father looked at us gloomily. "I give up," he said. "You can't be depended on to do any work, you spend every cent as soon as you get it, you can't even get home on time for meals. I swear I don't know. My father was a hard-working, thrifty man, and his father before him. I'd thought there was hope for you two, but now . . ." And he got up shaking his head and went into the living room.

My mother began clearing the table, her mouth drawn in a thin line. "Your father works hard every day," she said. "He doesn't expect any thanks, all he wants is a little consideration—the feeling that somebody appreciates what he's doing. But no, you couldn't be bothered."

I looked at Rupert, and he nodded. We went down in the cellar, and then came up and went into the living room, where my father was reading the paper. "We've saved up some money," I said, "and we want you to have it."

"What's this?" he asked, puzzled. "You've actually saved some money?"

"All summer." And I held out a coffee can. He reached for it, and it fell from his hand, spilling out nickels, dimes and quarters—all the change from the five-dollar bills we'd gotten.

He stared at it, stupefied. "My good Lord, there must be thirty dollars there—how in the world?"

"We used the same system as Henry Ford," Rupert said, "a small profit but a lot of sales."

My mother had come in from the kitchen. "I can't believe it," she said, looking at us sharply.

"Money talks," my father said, starting to gather up the coins. "The boys have learned the secret of mass production."

"You'd better find out what other secrets they have." Leonora had just come in from the hall, where she'd been talking on the phone. "Elsie Lesnak just got back from Lake Winamoka. She said when they were going up last week they saw the boys out in the country, and they were driving a car."

"Really, Leonora," my mother said.

"You can ask Elsie. She said her father saw them, too."

"What's this?" my father asked. He looked at Rupert and me. We looked at each other. I knew we had to say something, and I couldn't think of any more lies.

"I guess we might as well tell the truth."

"O.K.," Rupert said. "You see there was this man that had a car he couldn't start, and he said he'd sell it for two cents."

"So we bought it," I said.

My father said: "For two cents."

"That's right," I said. "And then a little later we were driving through the woods and we met a couple of men ——"

My father was beginning to smile. "Going through the woods ——"

"They were parked there," Rupert said. "They wanted to take some jelly to a sick friend, only they were afraid to go out because they'd gone through a red light."

"You two think you're so funny," Leonora said.

My father chuckled. "You don't appreciate your brothers' sense of humor, Leonora. You take after your mother's people."

"Anyhow, they loaded the jelly in our car," I said.

Rupert nodded. "About 300 pounds."

"All right," my mother said, "that will be enough of that."

My father was choking, trying to catch his breath. "Three hundred pounds of jelly," he said, "for a sick friend—oh my . . ." He wiped his eyes. "Nobody could tell a story like your grandfather," he said. "I guess you take after him."

My mother was staring at the coins piled on the table. "I still can't believe it—saving all that money."

My father looked at us proudly. "Blood will tell," he said. **END**



Look into Contadina for a perfectly seasoned, richer tomato sauce



This is the tomato sauce that tastes like it's homemade. Contadina makes it with plenty of plump, red tomatoes—seasoned and simmered to perfection. Look into Contadina for a better tomato sauce.

BURGERS YOU "FLIP OVER"

1½ lbs. ground chuck	⅛ tsp. pepper
⅔ cup undiluted evaporated milk	½ cup sliced stuffed green olives
½ cup cracker meal	½ cup chopped onion
1½ tsp. seasoned salt	3 slices American cheese

Mix chuck, evaporated milk, cracker meal, seasoned salt and pepper thoroughly. Shape into six 5½ inch patties. Place heaping tablespoon of olives and onion on each. Fold, turnover fashion; seal edges. Bake on broiler pan in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes. Top each burger with half cheese slice. Bake 3-5 minutes longer. FOR SAUCE: Simmer 1⅔ cups CONTADINA® Tomato Sauce with ⅛ teaspoon oregano and ¼ teaspoon tarragon 15 minutes. Serve on burgers. Makes 4-6 servings.

FROM THE 8 GREAT TOMATO FOLKS



CONTADINA FOODS Div. OF CARNATION Co., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

"Madge, sometimes I wis
I'd never gotten married!"

"My hands are a wreck from dishwashing. Just look around my ring!"



"Looks like a disaster area! Marriage has its little problems . . . but it sure pays a girl's rent. Say . . . have you ever tried . . .

Palmolive® Dishwashing Liquid? Softens hands while you do dishes. Why, you're soaking in it now."

"In *dishwashing* liquid? Sure must be mild!"

"More than just mild! You've never seen suds that do more dishes!"

Next visit:

"Hey, Madge! Since I've been using your Palmolive Liquid, only my husband has rough hands."

"So do him a favor . . . let *him* do the dishes."

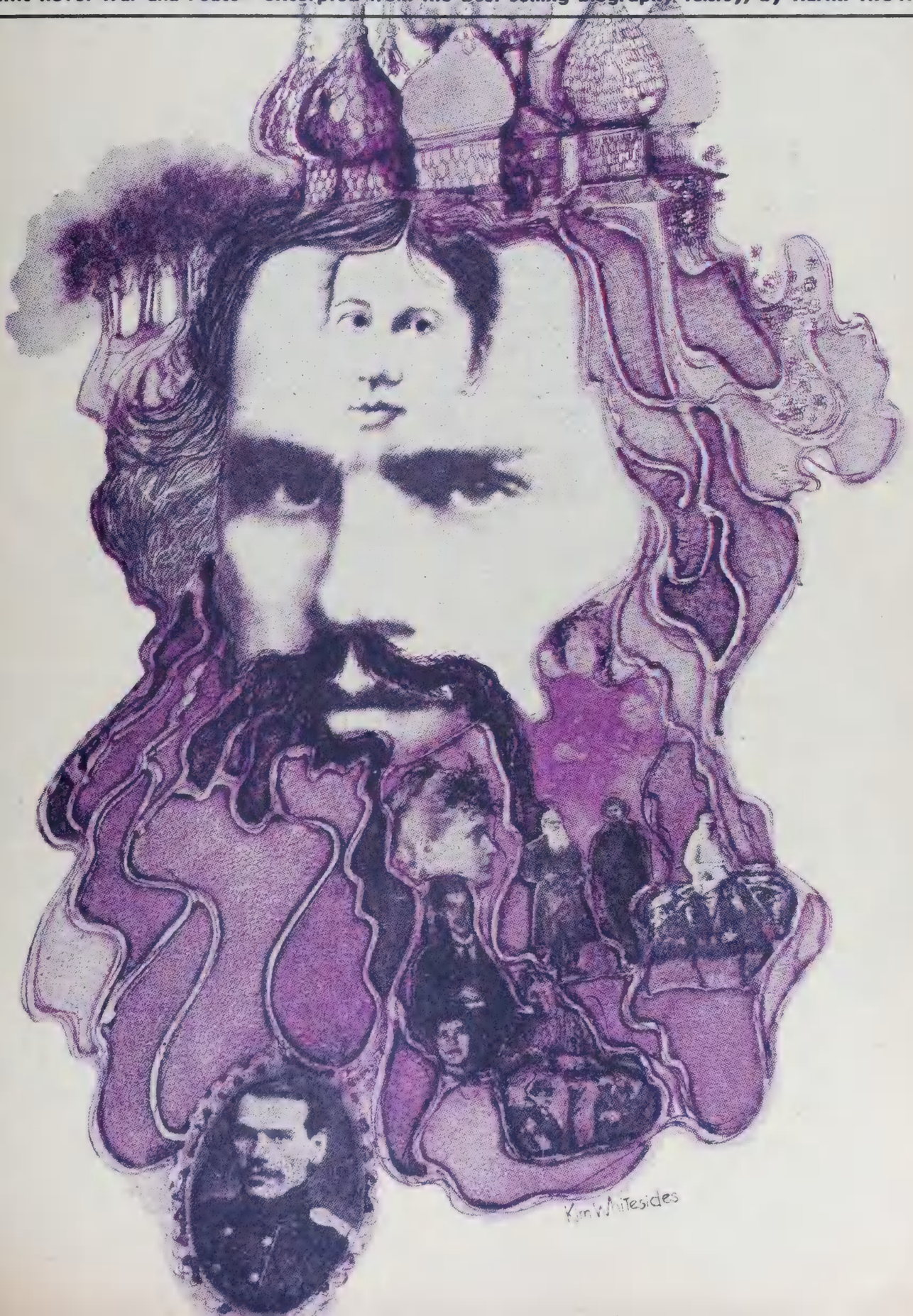


Do yourself a fav too . . . soften you while you do dis

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TOLSTOY

In court circles the romance caused scandal. Count Leo Tolstoy was rich, famous and, at 34, a veteran of many love affairs. Sonya Behrs, daughter of Tolstoy's childhood sweetheart, was a mere 18, naïve, virginal and easily overawed. Here is the story of their stormy courtship—and the beginnings of the gigantic novel *War and Peace*—excerpted from the best-selling biography *Tolstoy*, by HENRI TROYAT



In the Behrs' home the most animated gatherings took place on Saturday evenings in the winter in Moscow. At eight o'clock, the cadets and students who were friends of the family came trooping in, their noses scarlet and their coats covered with frost. The three Behrs girls, both they and their hair dressed for the occasion, came toward them with a swirl of wide skirts, but their governess stopped them with a cry: "They're all cold! Don't go near them yet!"

Their mother brought her daughters up strictly and kept a close watch over them, but all three possessed that particular form of appeal the French call *du chien* (a rather knowing allure). The eldest, Lisa, had lovely regular features and pretended to be as aloof as a statue, accepting admiration without ever provoking it; she was interested in literature and philosophy and smiled condescendingly when her sisters teased her, calling her "the scholar." At the other extreme was Tanya, the youngest, all bright mischief and emotion. One moment she would be sighing over the novel she was reading in hiding, the next she would be giggling in front of her mirror at some new grimace she had invented. Two jet eyes, glittering with mettle and wit, flashed in her narrow face with its full lips and big nose. One day she wanted to be a dancer, the next a singer, the next a mother. Sonya, more pliant than Lisa, less mercurial than Tanya, boasted a graceful carriage, lovely complexion, dark hair, a smile of dazzling whiteness and large, dark somewhat myopic eyes whose attentive wondering expression was as disturbing as a confession. She was withdrawn, willful and melancholy. She read a great deal, cultivated herself, wrote stories, painted in watercolor, played the piano and had chosen the education of children as her life work. At 17 she had received her teacher's certificate but, like her sisters, all her hopes were centered on love and marriage.

The young horse guardsman Mitrofan Polivanov, a friend of her brother, was already courting her assiduously. Would she become Mrs. Polivanov and end her days as the wife of a general? The idea did not horrify her, but neither did it thrill her. Her older sister Lisa would have a more exotic fate should she, as was likely, marry Count Leo Tolstoy. He was coming to the house more and more often, but could not make up his mind to propose. And, to tell the truth, Lisa was so cool and haughty that she was not making it any easier for him. Sonya thought to herself that in her sister's place she would have spared no effort to elicit his impassioned avowals. She was awed by Tolstoy's talent, his fame, his legend. She remembered that in 1854, when she was 10, he had come to call on her parents at their apartment in the Kremlin. He was in uniform then, about to join the Army of the Danube. After he left she had tied a ribbon around the low mahogany chair, upholstered in cerise, on which he had sat. She learned whole passages of his works by heart and had copied out a few lines of *Childhood*, which she kept as a talisman inside her schoolgirl shirtwaist. He had reappeared in 1856, still in uniform, full of war stories and plans for novels.

Now—six years later—he had left the army, but seemed no happier than before. He wrote less, traveled, gave all his time to his village schools. True, he was not handsome. Average height, stocky, bony and brawny, his face overgrown by a bushy chestnut beard, thick lips planted in the midst of all that hair, a crooked nose and iron-gray eyes with a piercing glint. His body was used to the unconstraint of country life, and was uncomfortable in the elegant attire he wore in Moscow. He looked as though he were in disguise and hating it. Thirty-four years old—an old man! And to top it off he had lost nearly all his teeth. But Lisa was not going to marry a man for his teeth. For her, marriage meant founding a home, making a distinguished entrance into the world: Countess Leo Tolstoy. . . Her sisters, who did not like her very much, teased her because when the count was there her expression changed; she warbled and cooed and, they said, played the "sweet almond."

Sonya sometimes felt that she would know better than Lisa how to make a great author happy. To whom could she turn in her dilemma? Little Tanya surveyed her out of the corner of her eye, and one evening, when the two had just gotten into bed and blown out the candle, asked in a low voice: "Sonya, do you love the Count?"

"I don't know," she answered.

Sonya lay awake a long time. In the ensuing days she wrote a to ease her aching heart. The heroine was Helen, a charming gi black eyes and a passionate temperament; she had two s Zinaida, the elder, who was fair and distant, and Natash younger, who was petite, spritely and sweet-natured. Altho young man of 23 (alias Mitrofan Polivanov) was courting Hel had eyes only for a friend of the family, a middle-aged man of possessing appearance named Dublitsky. Dublitsky, who was to become engaged to the fair-haired and disagreeable Zinaid being increasingly drawn to the dark-haired and charming Torn between love and duty, the girl planned to enter a conv Sonya read this transparent tale to her younger sister, who thou splendid, but she did not dare to show it to "the Count."

Winter had passed uneventfully, and July was almost over Tolstoy next saw the Behrs, in Moscow. Seated at the end table, Sonya never took her eyes from him. He returned to Ya Polyana, his country estate, and a few days later Mrs. Behr suddenly inspired to visit her old father at Ivitsi and take her daughters and her son Volodya with her. Now, Ivitsi was not fa Yasnaya Polyana, where Tolstoy's sister Marya, an intimate hood friend of Mrs. Behrs, was staying. By all means, Mrs. would call on her old friend. Indeed, she was looking forward meeting; also, by bearding the lion in his den, she hoped to fo hand, overpower him and compel him, after so many months o cision, to propose to Lisa. Her thoughts full of this subtle ma stratagem, she persuaded her husband that the trip was abso essential, and ordered new gowns for the girls. A coach for si hired, baggage was piled onto the roof until the springs groaned leaving the anxious Dr. Behrs waving his handkerchief behind they drove away in a cloud of dust.

The travelers set out in the direction of Yasnaya Polyana, w thatched huts, village pump and little church—Sonya loved it a saw the owner's reflection in everything: the bearded count wi shining eyes. Evening was coming on as the coach passed betwe two whitewashed brick towers at the entrance to the grounds. ing out over the door, the girls watched as two rows of bi followed by lime trees, lilacs, tousled bushes and a meadow grass strewn with buttercups, rolled by in a joggling phantasma In the midst of a tangle of green stood the white house with its pediment and covered veranda.

Mrs. Behrs had announced her arrival, but not the exact da the sound of the harness bells, the house, drowsing in the dusk, with a start. While the servants were bustling about with the ba Mrs. Behrs fell into the arms of her girlhood chum, Marya To Then old Aunt Toinette, who had reared Leo, and who was permanent member of his household, hobbled out and welcom travelers in French. The girls curtsied.

At that point Leo Tolstoy appeared, so gay that Sonya thou looked positively young.

After a tour of the orchard, where the wide-eyed young urb picked raspberries, their mother sent them to unpack in the v ground-floor room that was to be their dormitory. Plain woode lined the walls. The extremely hard mattresses were covere blue and white striped ticking. But there were only three cot with Volodya, there were four children. Tolstoy solved the probl proposing to add a footstool at the end of a deep armchair arrangement amused Sonya, who gaily said: "I want to sleep armchair."

"And I shall make your bed," said Tolstoy, in a tone that a no argument. He awkwardly unfolded and spread the sheet. helped him, laughing to hide her confusion.

When she and Tolstoy had finished arranging her bed, she back up to the drawing room, where her sister Lisa gave her questioning look. Her emotions in a whirl, she went out to sit veranda.

Tolstoy came to call her in to dinner, but she would not go not hungry. It is so lovely out here."

Reluctantly, he left her. Behind her back she heard voic laughter and the clink of china. Lisa must be trying to regain h ground. A board creaked under a footfall. Sonya turned arou was Tolstoy, abandoning his guests at the table, coming back They exchanged a few words, softly, in the darkness. Sudde whispered: "How simple and clear you are."

And so she was, but what unconfessed scheming, what uncon hopes lay behind that candor! She lowered her eyes, for fear o discovered. It was late. Mrs. Behrs sent the girls to bed. Sony down to the vaulted hall, cherishing, deep in her heart, the Tolstoy had spoken to her on the terrace. She repeated them herself as she curled up in her nightgown between the arms

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fortable armchair. Sleep would not come. She listened to her breathing, tossed and turned and smiled in rapture at the it that it was the Count's big hands that had made her bed. awoke at dawn, radiant. The sun was shining in a cloudless he air was exhilarating. Tolstoy had planned a picnic in the Two horses were harnessed to a sort of primitive charabanc uld carry 12 people seated back to back. Sonya admired a gray nearby wearing an old sidesaddle, and Tolstoy asked whether uld like to ride her. Sonya had on her pretty yellow dress with ck velvet buttons and belt.

w can I? I didn't bring a riding habit," she frowned.

ever mind that," he laughed. "We're not in society here. s nobody to see you but the trees."

l, while Lisa stood by biting her lips, he helped Sonya up onto se's back. She wrapped her yellow skirt tightly around her legs er them down to the ankle, arched her back and strove to elegant. Tolstoy straddled a magnificent white stallion, and antered off side by side under the low branches.

e entire company gathered in a clearing with a haystack in the After tea, Tolstoy led his guests in games, climbing up the ck and sliding down again. In the midst of the shouting and er, Sonya, her yellow dress all crumpled and her hair full of was in heaven, but Lisa was beginning to glower.

e next day the Behrs family went on to Ivitsi. Sonya left with a heart, but was soon cheered by the sight of her grandfather ev. Pinching the girls' cheeks between thumb and forefinger, he them "the young ladies from Moscow," questioned them about ve affairs and uttered antiquated gallantries. To make certain s young guests would not be bored in his home, the old man anned a series of outings and dances for them, to which all the oung men were invited. But Sonya was not to be jarred from eam world by the chatter of such provincials. Two days after rrival at Ivitsi, she was in her bedroom with Lisa when little opened the door, eyes bulging and cheeks on fire, and cried The Count! . . . The Count has come to see us!"

s not true!" exclaimed Lisa, blushing.

he alone or with his sister?" asked Sonya faintly.

one! On horseback," Tanya answered. "Hurry!"

y clattered down the stairs and stopped outside the door, para- in front of Leo Tolstoy, who was heavily dismounting from his horse. He was covered with dust, his forehead shone with sweat s eyes showed shy delight. Sonya did not dare hope he had d the 35 miles between Yasnaya Polyana and Ivitsi just for the e of seeing her again. The entire household had already assem- congratulate him.

denly, at that instant, Sonya wanted to love him, and just as ly she was afraid of becoming attached to him. She thought of hom she was betraying, and of the young and amiable horse man Mitrofan Polivanov, who would one day ask for her hand, e felt guilty, but she could not think of anything particular that d done wrong. In the evening, after a walk, all the young people neighborhood gathered in the big drawing room at Ivitsi. Sonya thin white woolen dress with a lilac-colored rosette on one er, from which trailed down long ribbons known as *Suivez-moi omme* (Follow me, young man).

w elegant you are, here," said Tolstoy

en't you dancing?" she asked.

. What's the use? I'm too old."

demurred. After supper the guests began to leave. But some- nted Tanya to sing a romance. She was not in the mood, so she der the piano to avoid being forced to perform, and was for- there. And thus she became an involuntary witness to a strange The house had grown quiet again, when Tolstoy and Sonya nto the room. Both very intent, they sat down by a card table ad been left open.

d so you'll be leaving again tomorrow?" said Sonya. "Why so What a pity."

y sister Marya is all alone and will soon be going abroad."

ill you go with her?"

. I should have liked to go, but now I can't."

aware of her younger sister's presence in the room, Sonya never er eyes from the doleful and supplicating face of the man lean- ard her. As the silence began to lengthen, she murmured: "We tter be getting back to the dining room. Otherwise they'll begin for us."

," he said. "Wait a moment. It's so nice here."

l, taking up a piece of chalk, he wrote something on the baize. a," he resumed, "can you decipher what I have written there? nly the first letter of every word . . ."

"I can," she confidently said.

She read: "Y.y.a.y.t.f.h.r.m.c.o.m.a.a.t.i.o.h.f.m." She felt suddenly inspired. No mystery could resist her love. With only occasional prompting from Tolstoy, she read, "Your youth and your thirst for happiness remind me cruelly of my age and the impossibility of happiness for me."

Amazed at her intuitiveness, he said: "Then do this, too."

And he wrote: "Y.f.i.m.a.m.a.y.s.L.H.m.t.d.m.y.a.T." She translated: "Your family is mistaken about me and your sister Lisa. Help me to defend myself, you and Tanya."

It was not a proposal. Nor even a declaration of love. But Sonya was too clever not to realize that this correspondence in code assumed a communion of minds between her and her partner that meant more than any protestation. Cutting through her exaltation, she heard her mother's voice crossly ordering her to bed. Before lying down she lighted a candle, sat on the floor and propped her notebook on a chair, and copied into her diary the words Tolstoy had initialed in chalk on the card-table cover. Coming out of her hiding place, Tanya joined her a few moments later and confessed that she had heard and seen all, and was afraid there would be trouble ahead. Sonya was too happy to worry.

Tolstoy returned to Yasnaya Polyana the next day, but not before he had extracted a promise from the Behrs family to call again on their way back to Moscow. Behind him, he left a girl of 18 quivering with hope, a girl of 20 smarting with jealousy, and a girl of 16 moping because she was only a confidante.

One day, Lisa took Tanya aside and told her, with tears in her eyes: "Sonya is trying to take Leo Nikolayevich away from me! . . . The way she dresses and looks at him and goes off alone with him, it's as clear as day." Tanya tried to comfort her in vain. The atmosphere was strained, as the young ladies prepared for the return trip.



s agreed, they spent a night at Yasnaya Polyana. Marya Tolstoy had decided to take advantage of their coach as far as Moscow, before continuing abroad. Her departure saddened the entire household. Leo was glum. At dawn, the big coach rolled up to the door and the farewells began. Suddenly, Tolstoy, dressed in his traveling clothes, strode into the circle of weeping women, who were embracing each other and crossing themselves. His valet followed him with a suitcase.

"I am going to Moscow with you," he announced. "How could I stay on at Yasnaya now? It would seem so dull and empty."

Suffused with joy, Sonya struggled to keep her face under control as her mother watched her intently.

There was room for four inside the coach and two outside, behind the box. It was decided that Tolstoy would take one of the two outside places and Lisa and Sonya would take turns sitting beside him. The post horses trotted smartly along. The hours Sonya spent inside, with her mother and Tanya and her little brother Volodya and Marya Tolstoy, seemed endless. She envied Lisa out there in the open air, conversing freely with the writer. To while away the time, the travelers nibbled at bonbons and fruit, but Sonya refused all such treats. Leaning out, she counted the striped mile-posts. At last, the relay! Her turn to mount beside Tolstoy. Evening was coming on. It grew cold. Nestled against her big friend's shoulder, she listened to his tales of the Caucasus, Sevastopol, the war, the savage Circassians, the French, the English, the Germans. . . . He had seen so many countries, known so many people, gone through so much! She felt very ignorant and vulnerable next to him. Light-headed with fatigue, she closed her eyes and dropped off, awoke at a sudden jolt and thrilled to find the warmth of a male body next to her, and the sound of a deep, gentle voice mixed with the jingling bells. They drove on like that all night. Inside, the family slept. Except for Lisa, perhaps, awaiting her turn. . . .

At the last relay before Moscow, when it was again Sonya's turn to sit beside Tolstoy, Lisa asked her to give up her turn on the pretext that it was too stuffy inside and she could not breathe.

Sonya was enraged at this maneuver, but, at her mother's command, she climbed inside the coach.

"Sonya," Tolstoy cried out, "it's your turn to sit behind."

"I know," she said reluctantly, "but I'm cold."

Lisa was already settled triumphantly on the empty outside seat. Tolstoy stood a moment, hesitating, in the posthouse courtyard; then, without a word, he climbed up beside the driver, and the coach rolled away with the girl sitting behind, alone and humiliated, offering her tears to the wind.

Tolstoy and Marya left them in Moscow, and the Behrs went on to their country house, where Dr. Behrs—a physician at the Imperial Court—was waiting for them. Fresh quarrels broke out between the two sisters, so violent that their parents could no longer pretend not to understand. The doctor, who was a man of principle, held that if a proposal were forthcoming, Sonya, as the younger sister, should decline in favor of Lisa. Mrs. Behrs, who was a woman of common sense, would have preferred to give priority to her children's hearts. Tanya felt sorry for the stiff and haughty Lisa, but sided openly with Sonya. Even the brothers became involved in these feminine complications. However, by tacit agreement, no one presumed to ask "the Count" point-blank what his intentions were. He was too important a person, too intimidating. He must be allowed to reach his decision in his own good time, without being hurried in any way.

After Marya left for Europe, Tolstoy rented an apartment in Moscow, but he could not feel comfortable in it. He was obsessed by Sonya. One thing was certain: she, and not Lisa, was now his favorite among the three Behrs daughters. Should he propose to her, in spite of the difference in their ages? If he disappeared from the scene and she were to marry someone else, he would regret it his whole life long. What to do? He was exhausted by his own indecision. He read his fortune in the cards, looked for good and evil marriage omens, and hiked almost daily the eight miles to the Behrs' country home, where they had moved for the summer months. He would reach the house at twilight, covered with dust, his throat dry and his heart thumping. The girls' bright-colored dresses, high voices and the charming nonsense they chattered rewarded him for his long walk.

"When I am empress, I shall issue my commands and orders—like this!" Sonya said one evening, sitting in an unharnessed cabriolet in the courtyard.

Tolstoy seized the shafts, set the heavy vehicle in motion with one heave of his back, and trotted off, crying: "And this is how I shall take my empress for a drive!"

"No, no! It's too heavy! Stop!" implored Sonya, clasping her hands.

But she was delighted. "This incident shows how strong and healthy he was," she wrote in her memoirs. Of course, the Count must stay to supper; a bed was prepared for him. Ah, those dangerous folds of comfort in which the parents of a marriageable daughter can swathe an undecided bachelor! At the Behrs' country home, nature itself conspired to concentrate the suitor's mind on thoughts of romance. The nights were so beautiful, the moon shone in the nearby pond, the grass in the meadow shivered as though covered with silver powder, the earth, which had drunk in the heat of the sun all day, exhaled its perfumes in the lengthening shadows. Sitting under the arbor with the girls, Tolstoy talked of this and that, forgot his worries and strove to make himself agreeable. A rival had appeared on the scene of late, a certain Popov, professor of Russian history at the University of Moscow, who kept looking intently at Sonya and then turning away and heaving sighs. But he proved no more dangerous than the horse guardsman Mitrofan Polivanov, whom the girls were expecting any week. Twenty times Tolstoy's declaration was on his lips, and 20 times he bit it back. When the feeling became too strong for him, he would lean on the wooden railing of the balcony and murmur, "Nights of madness!"

Consumed with anxiety, he wrote in his diary. "A child! Or certainly looks like one. And yet, what utter confusion. Oh, if only I could put myself in a clear and honorable position. . . . I try to see only her weaknesses, but it doesn't seem to make any difference. A child!"

Three days later he asked the child whether she kept a diary answer was evasive, but she admitted that she had written a s He insisted upon seeing it. What went on in her mind in tha ment? She knew Tolstoy might be offended by the unattra personality she had given Dublitsky in her autobiographical tale hurt feelings or even an open conflict would be better than this nation in her love life. Since they were both too shy to speak out since he had made one confession to her with the initials chalk the table cover, why shouldn't she do as much through her t disguised characters? Burning with embarrassment, she handed her notebook, staking everything on one throw of the dice.

He took the story home with him to Moscow and raced throu :'d it was as though he suddenly saw his own face in the mirror, l :getting how ugly and eroded it had become. Wounded vanity his first reaction. Then he reflected that even though the he found Dublitsky ugly, old and moody, she was nonetheless in with him. This observation only half-consoled him. "She gave m story to read," he wrote in his diary. "How furiously she insisted truth and simplicity. Anything unclear torments her. I read without a twinge, without a glimmer of jealousy or envy. Eve expressions like 'unattractive outward appearance' and 'incons in his opinions' hit me hard." So hard that two days later, A 28—his birthday—he concluded that he was "too great" for the mon path of matrimony. Wounded in masculine pride, he s refuge in his author's pride: "I am thirty-four years old. . . . Gi any thought of marriage. Your vocation is elsewhere."

But work could no longer content him. Little Sonya had playe right card when she showed him her story. Now, every wriggle he to shake the hook loose only drove it deeper into his flesh. He back to the Behrs' country home, saw her again, hesitated, h filled his diary with conflicting entries. But in the middle of Tolstoy noted: "My diary is not truthful. Underneath I am thi that she will be here beside me one day, reading, and . . . and t for her."

In September, the Behrs moved back to their apartment i Kremlin, and Tolstoy rang at their door once again. "Sonya thinner," he wrote. "I am irresistibly drawn to her." . . . "She blu she was deeply disturbed: 'O Dublitsky, do not dream! . . .' I ca I *cannot* tear myself away from Moscow. . . . Sleep impossible three in the morning. Dreamed, and worked myself into a state kid of sixteen."

He resolved to abandon all hope of the joy he deemed impos and wrote a long letter of explanation to Sonya, telling her tha parents were wrong to believe that he was in love with the fair but that he was not wrong to identify himself with the ho Dublitsky:

"When I read your story I recognized myself in Dublitsky that unfortunately reminded me of what I really am and all too forget: Uncle Leo, an old, exceedingly unsightly devil who nee work, alone and unremittingly, at what God has given him to do not to think of any other felicity than that afforded by the know of work well done. . . . I am gloomy when I look at you, because youth reminds me too vividly of my age and the impossibil happiness for me . . . I am Dublitsky, but to marry simply be one must have a wife is something I cannot do. I demand some terrible, impossible, of marriage . . . I demand to be loved as I lo I shall not come to see you anymore."

What a relief to have written that letter! Such a relief th popped it into a drawer and promptly forgot all about it. On Se ber 10 he awoke with cramped muscles but renewed optimism resolution not to see Sonya again vanished with the day. He h took time to dress before rushing over to her home. "To the Kr She wasn't in. . . . Then she arrived, severe, serious. I left, discou again, and more in love than ever. *Underneath everything else,* lives on. I must, I absolutely must free myself. I am beginning t Lisa, and pity her at the same time. Lord, help me, tell me wh do! Another cruel, sleepless night coming. I can feel it, I who s at lover's agonies! I shall perish by the sword I have wielded many times I have planned to tell her, or Tanya, but in vain. . . me, Lord, teach me what to do. Holy Virgin, help me!"

He was frightened by the fullness of his love as by a disease sole activity of which his mind was capable was obsessive th about this soft-skinned little girl. The older and uglier he felt hi the more desirable she seemed. On September 11 he forced him stay at home. On the twelfth he called on the Behrs, and arrived midst of a party of friends, whose chatter made him dizzy. Sony inaccessible among all those trivial, fluttering people. He wan pick her up bodily and carry her away, bear her off to the counti "I am in love as I did not believe it possible to be," he wrot

g. "I am insane, I shall put a bullet through my head if this much longer."
September 13, he wrote: "Tomorrow I shall go and speak out, I shall kill myself." On second thought, he crossed out the last the sentence. He would not kill himself. Nor would he speak would present his proposal in writing. After all, it was easier y. What despair if she were to refuse! What dread if she were ot! Not a sound in the house; a candle burned on the table. He pen slide across the paper. When he had finished, he wrote in y: "Four in the morning. I have written her a letter which I ve to her tomorrow, that is, today, the fourteenth. God, I am I shall die! Such happiness seems impossible. Help me, my

lid not give his letter to Sonya on either the fourteenth or the h of September. But on the fifteenth he whispered to her that something important to tell her. She looked up at him with her lark, astonished eyes. Did she really not understand, or was tending not to understand? He felt the letter in his pocket, did another word, and beat a retreat.
n he returned to the Kremlin after dinner the following day, ber 16, he found Sonya at the piano playing an Italian waltz. s so nervous that her fingers caught on the keys. To hide her on, she asked her sister Tanya to sing. After a bit, as she was the notes all wrong, Tolstoy took her place at the piano. He hat if Tanya sang the last note well, which was very high, he ive Sonya the letter. If not, he would conclude that God coun- m to wait. The end of the song drew near. The note welled out irl's throat, pure, crystalline, imperative.
toy felt as though he had received a blow on the head, and put d to his pocket. Tanya went to make tea. As though diving off of a tower, he murmured: "I wanted to speak to you, but I able to. Here is the letter I have been carrying with me for days. Read it. I shall wait for your reply here."
a snatched the letter, pounded along the hall and shut herself om she shared with her two sisters. Her heart was beating so at she scarcely understood what she read. Just as she reached ence: "Do you want to be my wife?" someone knocked at the was Lisa.
ya!" she cried out. "Open the door! Open the door immedi- must speak to you!"
a opened the door a crack.
at has the Count written to you?" Lisa said in a choked voice. e! Tell me! . . ."
has proposed to me," answered Sonya in French.
s eyes grew wider, the tears spilled over and her mouth into a sob: "Refuse! Refuse right away!"
a, petrified with joy, said nothing; alerted by Tanya, her came running. She scolded Lisa, ordered her to take hold of nd show a little dignity, and pushed Sonya forward by the s, saying: "Go give him your reply."
e on a gust of wind, she flew into the room where Tolstoy was pale, backed up against the wall. He took her hands in his l weakly: "Well?"
, of course!" she burst out.
r words, fear and joy surged through him so violently that he t. Two minutes later the whole household had heard the news, ad to submit to the avalanche of congratulations. But Lisa way, weeping in her room, and Dr. Behrs sent word that he feeling well, and also failed to appear. He thought it highly r of Tolstoy to choose his second daughter, when he had l him to marry the eldest.
the fiancé's departure, Mrs. Behrs set out to win over her l. She pointed out that with their large family and slender s they had no right to reject a rich, talented and noble suitor re point of order, that they would gain nothing by trying to rue love and that, furthermore, the important thing was not e but Sonya's happiness. Mastering her resentment, Lisa er mother in pleading the cause of the couple. Together, n the doctor over; he blessed Sonya, and everybody cried.

mained to set the date. Like most people who can never make minds, once he had reached his decision, Tolstoy could not moment's delay. Leaving Sonya's parents flabbergasted, he ed that the service take place on September 23, 1862, one er the engagement had been announced. Mrs. Behrs objected e trousseau had to be prepared.
y?" he said. "She is perfectly well dressed the way she is! ore does she need?"
a sigh, Mrs. Behrs acquiesced. Having gotten his way on this olstoy then asked his fiancée whether she wanted to take a honeymoon trip abroad or go immediately to Yasnaya Polyana. She opted for Yasnaya Polyana, in order "to begin real life right away, family life." He was grateful to her for this. Only six days left! The girl was suddenly caught up in a whirlwind of calls, letters, seamstresses, shopping, invitation lists . . . Tolstoy disapproved of all this futile agitation, motivated by coquetry. Souls, not dresses, were what counted in marriage. It was wrong to try to appear more handsome than one really was, to the person in whom one had placed one's faith; on the contrary, one must stand before him naked. Naked in all one's ugliness. If love could survive this trial by truth, then a family could be born. If not, better to separate, each to his own.

It was in this spirit of sincerity that he decided to give his fiancée his private diaries to read. She had thought to portray him, in her Dublitsky of the unprepossessing outward appearance? He would show her that Dublitsky's interior was even more spine-chilling. His wild ambitions, his absurd rules of life, his intellectual acrobatics, his somersaults, his toothache, his rages, his erotic dreams, his false engagement to another woman [Valerya] long ago, his real affairs with the peasant women, she would know it all. In his wedding basket he would deposit this bundle of dirty linen; if she did not turn up her nose at the smell, then she could understand anything.

Sonya accepted the notebooks with misgivings, and spent a whole night reading them. As she turned the pages, the image of her future husband became steadily blacker. Revelations that an experienced woman of the world might have found it hard to pardon horrified the 18-year-old girl raised by her mother in total ignorance of the "nasty side" of life. She did not understand how a man who spoke so wonderfully of virtue, sacrifice and courage could be a weakling and profligate at the same time. And all those sudden about-faces, in politics, art, love! What avid fascination with everything relating to his own person! If he were so concerned with himself, would it ever occur to him to pay any attention to her? If he laid down such stern principles for himself, would he not demand a degree of moral perfection of her that was beyond her reach? If he changed his mind so rapidly, would he not tire of her quickly? The most contradictory nature in the world, a two-faced Janus, one side of light and the other of darkness. Terrible sentences leaped to her eyes, and the abbreviated style of the diary accentuated the air of cynicism it exuded. Sonya began to cry.

By dawn, she had grown calm again. Red-eyed and with feverish cheeks, she greeted her fiancé, who had come to find out her reaction, with a smile. She reassured him, forgave him, handed back his notebooks. But she knew at heart that something irreparable had happened to her. She had been marked for life by that desecration.

The wedding was to take place on September 23, 1862, at eight in the evening in the imperial Church of the Nativity of the Virgin in the Kremlin. Halfway through the morning, when the entire household was topsy-turvy, Tolstoy arrived unexpectedly and burst into the girls' room. Custom forbade a fiancé to call on his betrothed on the wedding day. At the sight of him, Sonya's heart gave a leap. What new bombshell was he going to drop? White and haggard, his eyes staring fixedly ahead of him, he sat down next to her on a trunk already strapped and asked her whether she was absolutely sure she loved him, whether she did not regret Mitrofan Polivanov or some other suitor, whether she did not want to take back her promise. He personally didn't care a hoot about what people said; a good break was better than a bad marriage! She thought he was looking for some pretext to back out, and she burst into tears. While he was trying to console her, Mrs. Behrs swept into the room, borne aloft by maternal indignation as a ship on an ocean swell.

"You've chosen a fine time to come and worry her to death!" she cried. "The wedding is today—there's quite enough to do already. And then all that distance to travel—and there she sits in tears."

The chastened fiancé apologized profusely and slunk away. At six o'clock Sonya, utterly limp, began to dress. Her sisters and girl friends arranged her hair and placed on her head a long tulle veil and a crown of flowers. Her dress, also of tulle, bared her neck and shoulders in the fashion of the time.

According to the Orthodox ceremony, the fiancé reached the church first; as soon as he got there, he sent his best man to inform the

bride that she could start. Sonya had long been ready and was standing stiffly in her haze of gown, biting her nails in the midst of her family. Thirty minutes went by, an hour, an hour and a quarter, still no messenger! A chilling thought crossed her mind: he had decamped! She remembered all he had said that morning, and her doubt became a certainty. Half-dead with shame, she did not dare to look at her parents, who obviously shared her apprehensions. At last Tolstoy's manservant appeared, instead of the groomsman, in a terrible state of agitation. When packing his master's things he had forgotten to leave out a clean shirt. It was Sunday, the shops were closed and all the future couple's belongings were already waiting at the Behrs'. The trunks had to be opened and searched. Finding the precious shirt at last, the valet set off at a run.



Another long moment went by before the best man appeared, radiant, to announce that Count Leo Tolstoy, fully dressed, was waiting for his fiancée on the steps of the church. This was the signal for the farewells, exhortations and tears to begin.

"What will become of us without our little countess?" moaned the old nanny.

"I shall die of sorrow without you!" said Tanya.

Dr. Behrs, who was ill, stayed behind in his office, so Mrs. Behrs blessed her daughter. Then Sonya, leaving her parents at home as was the custom, climbed into the coach and set off alone for the Church of the Nativity of the Virgin, a stone's-throw away. She cried all the way. Through a veil of tears she saw the winter garden, Tolstoy standing in formal black and stiff white shirtfront, the illuminated nave, a crowd of strangers whispering as she passed. . . . The service was celebrated by two priests in heavy gold- and silver-embroidered dalmatics. The court choirs sang hymns of hope. Behind the couple, the groomsmen took turns holding the wedding crown. One of them, decked out in the handsome uniform of the horse guards, was none other than Mitrofan Polivanov, the rejected suitor. Majestic in his restrained suffering, he had accepted this final sacrifice for love of Sonya. She, however, was so exhausted that she began to grow numb.

After the ceremony, intimate friends gathered in the Behrs' apartment to wish the young couple long life and happiness. More champagne and bonbons. The time to change from her tulle gown into a dark-blue woolen traveling costume, and Sonya announced that she was ready to leave. Tolstoy's brother Sergey had come to Moscow to pay his respects to his future sister-in-law and then gone to Yasnaya Polyana, the day before the wedding, to help Aunt Toinette with the preparations for the newlyweds' arrival. The Behrs' old chambermaid Varvara, nicknamed "The Oyster," was to accompany her little mistress to the country. She would be all that was left to Sonya of her girlhood.

At the moment of departure, the drawing room resounded with tragic lamentations. The entire family was sobbing. One might think the young bride was being led off to the torture chamber. In the midst of this concert of wailing Tolstoy stood silent and restless. When Lisa came up to kiss her sister, Sonya looked long and hard at her. Tears swam in the eyes of the girl who had been left behind. After the Russian custom, everyone sat for a minute of silence, commending the travelers to God. After this unspoken prayer, they all stood up again and the well-wishing, exhortations, benedictions and signs of the cross resumed louder than before.

Outside in the night, an immense *dormeuse* stood waiting, harnessed to a team of six post horses and driven by a coachman and postilion. It was raining. The lanterns' light gleamed in the puddles. The black trunks, strapped and roped, were loaded onto the roof. As Tolstoy kept looking impatiently at his watch, Sonya tore herself from her mother's embrace and climbed into the coach without looking back. A loud cry pierced his ears. Mrs. Behrs was still calling her daughter! Quick! Tolstoy sat down beside his wife and slammed the door. The heavy vehicle lumbered off in the rain.

In the evening of September 24 the *dormeuse*, drawn by six muddy horses, pulled up at the door of Yasnaya Polyana. Tolstoy's Aunt Toinette, clutching the sacred image of the Annunciation, came forward in the hall to welcome the new mistress. Sergey, Leo's brother, stood beside her, holding the bread and salt of hospitality on a tray. Sonya bowed to the ground, made the sign of the cross, kissed th and embraced the old woman. Tolstoy followed suit. Then, a arm, they entered, as though a cathedral, the waiting house.

Sonya was so young; Leo could not get over it. He watche "playing grownup" and continually wanted to smother her kisses. "I lived for thirty-four years without knowing it was po to love so much and to be so happy," he wrote on September 28, to his beloved Aunt Alexandra Tolstoy, a lady in waiting a Imperial Court. Yet Sonya was nothing less than a child-woma soon made up her mind that the house was going to be run her She did not like some of her husband's habits. For instance, h ferred to sleep like the muzhiks, rolled up in a blanket with his on a leather cushion. She insisted that he sleep betweeen sheet use a pillow, like city folk. And the servants, who had been sleepi the ground, in the corridors or hall or wherever they liked befo came, were each instructed to repair to a designated place fo night. How was one to teach obedience to this ignorant, immo and slovenly horde? Mild old Aunt Toinette had given them fre for years; Sonya took them in hand with stern authority. Her f pulls on the bell-rope roused them from their apathy. She s them endlessly. Tolstoy was startled by the loud voices that trated the walls of his study, but he did not yet begin to worr could not imagine that his wife—so young!—might be diffic hard to live with. Yet he did see that Aunt Toinette, disposses her prerogatives as mistress of the house, was withering and away. This woman, who had brought him up from infancy, know pardoned all his youthful follies, jealously guarded his privacy he grew up, was now withdrawing into the shadows, feeling th work was done.

Although Aunt Toinette had shriveled away almost to no the mere fact of her presence maintained an odor of debilit decrepitude about the house. Coming from her big, boisterous family, Sonya soon began to suffer from the tedium of life at Ya Polyana. When the joy of discovery had worn off, she suddenly herself very much alone. Her husband, preoccupied with the ma ment of his estate, spent much of his time away in the country moment he was out of sight, she fell into a state of torpor.

To combat this stultifying atmosphere, Sonya threw herse her work. With a bunch of heavy keys dangling from her be sped from basement to attic, toured the farmyard, kept an eye milch-cows' yield, presided over the cucumber-pickling and ke account books. And Tolstoy, after dismissing his stewards, deci would manage the 1,800 acres that were left to him alone. A eager to try any new-fangled agricultural gadget, he launche into bee-keeping, planted apple trees in his orchard, tried gr cabbage on an industrial scale, built a distillery, and had a sheep-farming.

Sonya was determined to sweep out all the sentimental co of Tolstoy's past. She started with the schools for the muzhik he had established and maintained at Yasnaya Polyana, and to he passionately devoted so much of his time. To her, the scho muzhiks, the long-haired students with their equalitarian th were just so many sworn enemies of her love. Since her husbar attracted to them, she must fight them. To force him to choo tween her and his muzhiks, she ran away and hid in the garc fortnight after his return to the country, Tolstoy wrote in his "Decided to give up . . . the schools. . . ." His passion for teachi followed by utter indifference to education in any form.

After winning the battle of the students' dismissal, Sonya to be alarmed by the ease of her victory. Would he remain f to her, if he could so readily abjure what he had once worsl "He loves me just as he has loved the school, nature, the peopl haps literature as well, one after the other. Then the craze pass he becomes enamored of something else."

After disposing of the schools, Sonya's next move was to cr distance between Tolstoy's dear Aunt Alexandra Tolstoy and and her husband. The more he praised the noble soul, sensi piety, intelligence and culture of the old maid of honor, the m annoyed his wife, who felt inferior to this paragon of all the v Four days of persuasion were required to induce the bride to p her letter of convention, written in French; it was perfectly c but unmistakably distant and cold. Reading it, Alexandra stood that the bride had determined to clear the air around h band, and did not need to be told twice. She wrote an amiable, letter in reply and signed it, "Your old Aunt."

Reassured on that score, Sonya conceded a few months lat Alexandra was a remarkable person, and added: "No matte jealous I am of Leo, jealous of his heart, I know Alexandra ca

out of his life. . . . Since reading Leo's letters to her, I have nking about her constantly. I might even like her. . . ."
oy's letters to Alexandra were not the only ones Sonya read. ffort to be completely honest, he let her explore all his cor- ence to her heart's content. She bore his name, she shared his she was entitled to know everything about him. Thus she her acquaintance with Valerya, once nearly Tolstoy's fian- whom she had already had a glimpse in his diary. She im- ly saw that this was not a dangerous rival. Her indulgence this harmless specter of the past vanished, however, when it ered Axinya, the peasant who had been Tolstoy's mistress for ars before his marriage. An illegitimate child, Timothy, had rn during their affair, and it was the general opinion that he resembled Tolstoy. The mother and her boy lived in a hamlet the main house. Every time Sonya passed them, she felt a rge of protest and depression. How had her husband been able pleasure in caressing that blowsy and probably unclean To think that Leo had written about the creature in his nd in flattering terms, too! One day Sonya recognized Axinya he women scouring the floor in the house. Choking with rage, rned Tolstoy in reproaches.

Sonya did not need a flesh-and-blood rival to arouse her . She had only to read Tolstoy's books for her wifely dignity ffended by the sensuality of some of his descriptions. The love, the kisses exchanged by his characters made her flush me as though Leo had put on an obscene exhibition of him- ont of a crowd. She was tormented by the thought that the y he attributed to one or another of his heroes was merely an he pleasure he had himself known with someone else. "Every speaks of love or women," she wrote, "I have such an awful uch loathing, that I could burn the whole thing. . . . I would spare his writing, for jealousy has made me terribly selfish." yet, by a strange inconsistency in her nature, the intensity alousy of the other women in her husband's life was equaled her indifference to his passion for herself. She was flattered to she aroused such powerful desire in him. But when he took s arms, she turned to stone. At first, shocked by his ardent she kept her revulsion to herself. A shrewd feminine instinct her that by showing a semblance of pleasure she might in- er hold over Leo. The inconvenience of being mauled about then was a small price to pay for the satisfaction of dominat- n.

owever, was not unduly worried by his wife's bashfulness. On rary, everything that was young and virginal about her im. His confidences of his diary were becoming a hymn to bliss: "I love her when, at night or early in the morning, I and find her looking tenderly at me . . . I love her when she close to me and we are both feeling that we love each other our strength . . . I love to see her head thrown back, her face nd frightened, her passionate child's face. I love her when . . ." times his exultation was so intense that he became worried, h God had given him a gift by mistake and were about to away from him: "Just lately, we felt that there was some- rifying in our happiness . . ." Sonya's youth and grace made rsensitive. He was afraid he would lose her because of her ion for flirting. One day a young man came out from Moscow some time with them; Leo found him overassiduous in his ns to Sonya, and suddenly announced, without any explana- t his carriage was at the door to take him back to the city. fact was that Tolstoy, who claimed to be so broad-minded, emely old-fashioned when it came to women. A champion of outside the home, he applied the principles of tyranny under According to him, a wife should abandon all interest in her nce, turn her back on the "futilities of society," and devote o running the household, educating her children and distract- husband. The very qualities that had attracted him to Sonya her gaiety, spontaneity, elegance, eagerness to amuse herself se others—now seemed incompatible with the position she ired at Yasnaya Polyana. If she changed her dress or did her erently, he accused her of frivolity. At such moments she was e had left Moscow. She called her husband a "kill-joy," she ed she was growing "numb," she wrote: "I have a wild de- scape from his influence, which I sometimes find oppressive, to care about him any more." And yet, as soon as he left to he farm or attend to some business, she was lost. A thousand s tormented her: he no longer loved her, perhaps he was being ul to her, she was not worthy of him, he was not worthy of But he came back. Ecstasy!

ightning changes of mood were enough to astonish Tolstoy, a sufficiently unstable character. To balance the impetuous side of his own nature, he thought, a forbearing and even-tempered partner was what he needed. And here he was with a wife who switched from anxiety to effervescence, love to loathing, tears to laughter with hair-raising speed, provoking thunderstorms in order to bask in the ensuing lull.

The rhythm of their periods of love, suspicion and resentment was unfortunately syncopated, which gave rise to tempestuous outbursts. What complicated their relations was that each had given the other permission to read his diary, and thus their private confessions unconsciously turned into arguments of prosecution or defense. All too often, they set down on paper what they had not dared to say out loud. The result of this practice was that the couple lived on two levels, one of speech and the other of writing. They could hardly have striven more mightily to bare their naked souls if their chief object had been to become thoroughly disgusted with each other.

As Sonya complained of being lonely, Tolstoy agreed, after three months of marriage, to go to Moscow with her. She was very eager to see her family again, but to avoid tension with Lisa, it was decided that the young couple would not stay at the Behrs', but at the Hotel Clievrier on Gazetnaya Street behind the university.

The moment Sonya arrived, her enthusiasm collapsed. Oh, she was glad to see her parents and brothers again, and her mischievous Tanya, and even Lisa, who showed nothing of her chagrin; but she no longer felt at home among these people who had previously been her whole world. Her hopes and cares were elsewhere. Back in her childhood circle, she had the impression that she was wasting time. Parties and society no longer interested her. She often let Tolstoy go off by himself to visit his friends, and waited for him in their hotel room, dreaming of Yasnaya Polyana in the snow. She alternated between fits of temperamental anxiety and contented good humor. She did have some excuse for her erratic temperament; for the last few weeks she had known she was pregnant. A feeling of mingled pride and fear took root in her heart.

Two weeks after their arrival in Moscow she set out with her husband for Yasnaya Polyana and the unvarying routine of country life, poorly lighted, half-heated rooms, slovenly servants, whining Aunt Toinette and the blank, interminable hours spent waiting for Leo, who was out looking after the estate or beating the forest, gun in hand.

In Moscow the writer's friends had reproached him for neglecting his writing. Once back in the country, he turned his energies to correcting the proofs for *The Cossacks*, which he had promised to deliver to his publisher. His mind was whirling with projects, but none succeeded in capturing his fancy entirely.

At Yasnaya Polyana, the first warm days brought a flock of visitors: Sonya's charming sister, Tanya, Fet, the poet, and his wife, Leo's brother Sergey, on a neighborly call . . . Improvised theatricals, musical evenings, picnics, charades, readings . . . In spite of all the movement and laughter in the house, Sonya was bored, with her heavy stomach, drawn face and frayed temper. She wrote in her diary, "My condition is intolerable to me both physically and emotionally. . . . And I have ceased to exist for [Leo] . . ." Every moment he spent away from her seemed torn out of her own life. Even the thought of the child she was carrying could not reconcile her to her fate A lot of good it would do her to become a mother if she were to lose her husband as a result!

Although he sympathized with her, Tolstoy found her tears, her persecuted smiles and senseless chatter hard to bear. It seemed to him that it was somehow her fault if he could not settle down to write. When he could take no more, he fled to nature to be alone with his problems. He anxiously questioned himself: he had never any friend or confidant other than himself, and now he was suddenly supposed to share everything, his thoughts, his freedom, his life, with the being least calculated to understand him: a woman. Even though he tried to put Sonya temporarily out of his mind, he could not forget that she would reproach him for bolting out of the house with his dogs, would be waiting for him, weeping, with her forehead pressed against the windowpane, and he would feel guilty afterward. Was he

going to disintegrate completely—mind, will, talent—in this paralyzing conjugal atmosphere?

On June 27, in the dead of night, the first labor pains came. Tolstoy hurriedly fetched the midwife. When the pains began to come quickly Tolstoy lost all his self-possession. He could not recognize Sonya in this screaming and writhing female. She pressed his hand weakly between contractions. It all seemed a nightmare. Suddenly there was a terrible thrashing. The midwife and doctor were bending over a slaughter. A sharp cry through the jerking gasps of the mother. The doctor said, "It's a boy!"

When Tanya Behrs was allowed in the room, she saw Tolstoy "white-faced and red-eyed with weeping," and Sonya "appeared tired, but happy and proud." Champagne was drunk. They decided to call the child Sergey, after his uncle. Receiving his family's congratulations, Tolstoy was surprised to find that he felt neither joy nor pride but a sort of apprehension, as though from that day on there were "another area of vulnerability" in his life. Wouldn't this added source of care drive him still farther away from himself and his work? The only good thing about the birth, he thought, was that Sonya, filled with the new joy of motherhood, would become even-tempered and cheerful once more.

Tolstoy was prepared to worship her, if only she would behave like a proper wife. He wanted as little to do with the management of the household as possible, trusting Sonya to take care of it; art and literature were calling him once again.

The publication of *The Cossacks*, some months earlier, had revived his desire to write. He had filled the book with all his memories of his years in the Caucasus as an officer in the army. His description of life with the Cossacks was a valid ethnological document, the slightest detail, whether referring to their morals, dress, weapons, hunting or fishing customs, or their songs or the behavior of their girls and women, was drawn from life and striking in its accuracy. And the large proportion of description did not detract from the swift-moving action of the story.

The manuscript had been fussed over for 10 years, started 20 times, retitled six times, and yet the finished product had the air of a quickly written, smooth and flawless book.

Contemporary reaction was reticent, at first. From the Imperial Court, Alexandra Tolstoy wrote her nephew: "My friends . . . were enchanted; others criticized *The Cossacks* for a certain crudeness which, they say, inhibits the aesthetic response. . . . I personally said to myself, with a small sigh, that . . . while one is reading, the book is satisfying . . . but when one has finished, one is left thirsting for something bigger. . . . Well, that may come one day."

Some of the critics, too, were rather starchy, but generally the book was praised to the heavens, especially by some of the outstanding literary figures of the day, including Fet, the poet, and Ivan Turgenev, who had already been recognized within Russia and throughout Europe as a great novelist.

Although he claimed to be impervious to the opinions of others, the high praise he received with the publication of *The Cossacks* encouraged Tolstoy to show what he could do in a larger work. For some months his thoughts had been occupied by a subject that was not yet clearly defined.

On October 17, 1863, he wrote to Alexandra Tolstoy, "I have never felt my mental and even moral powers so free and ready for work. And the work is there in front of me: all this autumn I have been completely taken up with a novel about the years 1810 to 1820."

At first, Sonya was skeptical: Leo changed his mind too often for her to believe he would continue the big historical novel he was working on. "Story about 1812," she wrote on October 28, 1863. "He is very involved with it. But without enjoyment." And three weeks later: "He is writing about Countess So-and-So, who has been talking to Princess Whosit. Insignificant." But soon afterward, seeing him persevere, she instinctively realized that her role was beginning. She was filled with reverence for her husband's talent, and did not, of course, try to exert a direct influence on the book. She did express her opinion on the pages he gave her to copy. He listened to her suggestions, as he did to Tanya's and those of his friends and critic most of the time, paid no attention to them. But although Sony have contributed nothing to the novel, she contributed a great the novelist.

In the past, he had always thrown himself headlong into al of different activities, skipping from one to another as the moo him, blowing hot and cold for religion, gymnastics, high socie diering, agriculture, art for art's sake, sociology, pedagogy—v several books at once, dropping the admirable *Cossacks* to das mediocre play. And in spite of his success in the literary wo liked to think of himself as an amateur. Whatever the object h eted, his passion did not seem able to outlast the possession of i constancy, hesitation, laziness, those are my enemies," he wr the eve of his great decision. And suddenly this prodigious dil plunged into a project that held him fast for six full years. If able to muster the determination and patience to undertake task, the reason, beyond any doubt, was that Sonya had succe creating the atmosphere of peace and quiet that was necessary work to mature in him. Had she not kept such jealous guard o peace of mind and body, he might have abandoned *War and P* the wayside. After all, he was not forced to write by material sity. He did not live on the income from his books; no publish hounding him for his copy at fixed deadlines. Being without con made it all the more difficult for him to resist the temptatio drew him away from his work.

One by one, ruthlessly, Sonya eliminated them. To relieve h band of the burden of domestic affairs, she took over the mana of the estate; she did not want him to clutter up his mind with matters, so she also appropriated the household accounts; a took on the education of their offspring singlehandedly. No on dren, parents, friends or servants, must disturb the master w was in the study he had arranged for himself on the ground floo the schools shut down, the teachers dismissed, the ledgers neve sight and a bunch of keys at her waist, Sonya found herself, at sponsible for everything that affected, directly or indirectly, th life of Leo Tolstoy.

Sonya was the buffer state between him and the outside When he raised his eyes from his manuscript, she was what h Everything he knew of the world came to him through her. D ing herself body and soul to her role of warden, she was fying a twofold desire: to help her husband in the immense had undertaken, and to put him completely in her power, t him, far from foreign eyes, deep in the family thicket. More or l sciously, she relieved her jealousy by serving the cause of lite

Her greatest source of pleasure was the manuscript he gave copy. And what a labor of Hercules it was, to decipher this so spellbook covered with lines furiously scratched out, correctio liding with each other, prickly afterthoughts sprawled all o page. Often the author himself could not make out what he ha ten. But Sonya, who was endowed with a remarkable sixth se ciphered the amputated words and finished off the half-senten as, once before, she had deciphered Tolstoy's thoughts fr initials he chalked on the green card-table cover. In the evenin the child had been put to bed and the servants had gone up garrets and silence settled over the house, she sat down at her the round glow of a candle and made a clean copy of the draf beautiful curling script flowed across the page for hours. It v uncommon for Tolstoy to hand the same sheets back to her t day, disfigured by a swarm of microscopic corrections. Someti had to use a magnifying glass to make them out. She recopied *War and Peace* seven times. Fingers clutching the pen, sh tensed and eyes smarting, she never felt her fatigue. She w sessed by a poetic exaltation, as though she had established tel contact with another world.

"As I transcribe the work," she wrote, "a swarm of imp pass through my mind. I write quickly enough to keep pace w action and not lose interest, and slowly enough to think ov weigh and judge every one of [Leo's] ideas." Tears came to h and she sighed, simultaneously stirred by the characters' su and the author's genius.

The total understanding that the couple had been unable to by themselves, even after repeated explanations to each both written and oral, was created for them by their mutual tion with Tolstoy's work. In 1865, three years after he had Sonya, and two years after he had begun his work on his novel, Tolstoy wrote in his diary: "My relationship with has grown stronger and steadier. We love each other, that is more precious to each other than any other human being. have no secrets and no shame." And Sonya echoed, "Are th couples more united and happier than we?"

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THE AMAZING MACHINE THAT LETS THE BLIND "SE

By David R. Zimmerman

A black silk scarf came first. Then two layers of table napkins, tied tight by unseen hands. From the gloom inside this triple blindfold, the unfamiliar Spanish words being spoken around me seemed part of a distant world. Someone touched my arm. Ready! Hesitantly I stumbled forward into unaccustomed darkness, the perpetual world of the blind, fearful that I would crash into a piece of sharp-edged furniture, or walk into the wall.

Suddenly, I felt a tingling sensation pulsating from under the small electronic device that had been placed over my face and forehead. A tiny electric current had begun to flow into my brain through two electrodes pressed against my temples. Now I sensed a brilliant, blue and white light flickering above and in front of my face, outside my blindfold. The cloth leaks light, I said to myself, disappointed.

Then the truth dawned on me: The eerie light *did* come from the world outside, but it was not filtering through or around my blindfold. It was being brought to my senses by the electric current tickling at my temples. Moreover—and here was the miracle of it all—this was light I was "seeing" without using my eyes!

I am a medical reporter. I am accustomed to covering extraordinary events in medical science, yet this flickering light—artificial sight—was the most extraordinary thing I have ever witnessed, or experienced.

The device I was wearing is the first crude, and still highly experimental, seeing aid for the blind. Its inventor, Dr. Armando del Campo of Mexico City, in whose living room I was standing, calls it the amauroscope, which means "blind seeing device."

Dr. del Campo recognizes that the amauroscope would not, and perhaps never will, re-create the glorious, reassuring, everyday vision that most of us take for granted. But, given luck, time and huge investments of money and scientific expertise, he believes that the poorly differentiated sensations of light I was experiencing will be refined someday into an electronic language of light that some of the world's 10 million blind men, women and children can understand and use to good advantage.

Those born blind, and those blinded too early in life to retain memories of sight, will not benefit. But for those blinded late enough along to remember what the world looks like, the amauroscope may convey visual information that will help them move about more adroitly, and with less fear, in the dark world they now inhabit.

Armando del Campo is a spare, intense, self-assured man of 35. Paradoxically, he was trained neither as an eye specialist nor as an expert on blindness. He is a psychiatrist, who studied and practiced in the United States. The idea for a "seeing aid" for the blind first came to him three years ago during a conversation with a friend who is an electronics engineer. Their decision to go ahead and actually build the amauroscope marked the turning point in Dr. del Campo's professional career. Now it is his life's work.

"All we do now for the blind," Dr. del Campo said earnestly, "is trai help them cross the street. T really very much, is it? Act blind are dying to see light. who lack it and crave it, the of 'light' is in itself a miraculou matter how little information world it brings in to them."

The next morning, Dr. del C troduced me to Maria, a prett year-old Mexican girl with t spots where her eyes should avoid identification, the case of is a composite of several medic lar histories.) Four years ago, began to cloud, and her eyes s from a childhood form of glauc pain became so intense that, Maria's parents tied her hand her back, she freed them and her eyes. Since then, she has b

Dr. del Campo put on Mari pair of dark blindman's glasses. above the outside corner of ea lucent lens were two hollow, pe tubes that jutted forward a inches in front of her face. In tube was a light-sensitive sur ilar to a light meter's photoele Wires led from the sensor t plastic transistor-radio case, del Campo hung over the chil der. It contains the amaurosc tronic components and batte device weighs less than two p

Light striking the sensors i Maria's face would draw on volts of electric current from teries. This current would formed into an electric signal t be transmitted to the visual her brain, which would make of it. The current would ente ples through electrodes place trigeminals, two large and nerves that pass close to the face on their way to the brai

Dr. del Campo switched o auroscope. Maria's dead v filled instantly with a hazy, s light—like an old-time TV im tuned and seen through half- For Maria, this was an ex hilarating moment.

"*Mira, doctor! Siento la* cried. ("Look, doctor! I sense t

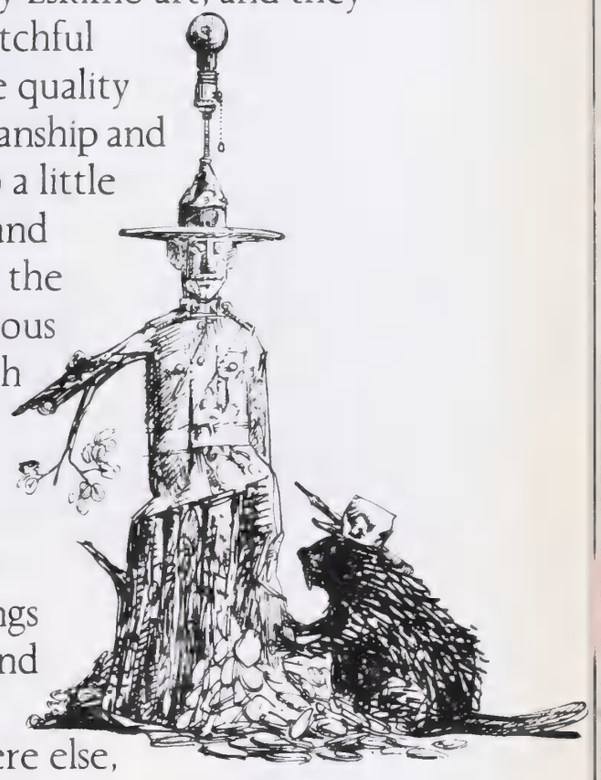
In describing her experien used the Spanish word *sient* rather than *veo*, I see. "See served to describe natural vis senses the artificial light as that is *outside* her own brain It belongs to the real world and is clearly not a figme imagination. The amauroscop visual environment made up indistinct, shimmering, vibran like patterns of light and sh cannot see or "sense" object neither wall nor table nor n doll, nor even their shapes—f comforting or cuddly. She can immediately perceive the co tween light coming in the wi the darker walls of the room it. Walking toward the windo even point to the sashes, senses as the indistinct bou tween "shininess" of the wi "shade" of the walls.

Here Maria's ability to

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If you can look one of these miniature arctic owls straight in the eye and walk away, you may have more sales resistance than you really need. The handicrafts guilds have done much to encourage traditional Canadian arts and crafts, particularly Eskimo art, and they keep a watchful eye on the quality of workmanship and design. Do a little scouting, and you'll find the shopping choice is endlessly colourful and even exotic. Famous Cowichan sweaters, jade and Indian totem poles from British Columbia; moccasins, beaded buckskin jackets, wood carvings, tartan fabrics and Hudson's Bay blankets from the western provinces; renowned Blue Mountain ceramics and the beautiful quill-and-birchbark products of the Manitoulin Indians of Ontario; Québec's magnificent wood-carvings and hooked rugs; tartans, jewellery set with native stones and sealskin novelties from the Atlantic provinces. Many of these Canadian handicrafts are things you can't buy anywhere else, things you'll treasure. We're not saying you can't buy the cheap, so-called souvenir junk that's available anywhere. All we're saying is: save your money for the genuine article.









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...ACHINE *continued*

...sensations, and Dr. del ...lity to teach her a new ...ge, come into play. At ...ay think that the window ...en or a large TV. But after ...tions, and coaching by Dr. ...e learns that *this* shininess ... while a similar shininess ... farther down toward her ...n door, through which she ...alk.

...rs, in the cobbled court- ... Campo stationed himself ...nt of the child.

...gs together or apart?" he

...e answered, without hesi-

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..."

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...oved them together."

... to calisthenics, Dr. del ...ded his arms straight up ... Tautly, hesitantly, with- ...oken between them, Maria ...rm motions with hers. Up. ... Up again. Now down to

...rward now, her head di- ... and in front of her, she ...er a shimmering gray field ...vs is "sidewalk." If the sig- ... uninterrupted, she knows ...ep going. Suddenly, Maria ...e "sensed" something—a ...w—in her path. Is it a mud ...lack dog lying in the sun? ...an to trip over? Or a hole ...nto? The amauroscope of- ...ver.

...s it's something she's fear- Dr. del Campo.

...d motionless for a moment, ... walking again. Gingerly, ...he unknown shadow, then ...utiously on her way.

...tical, everyday setting in- ...a can find a white china ...dark table, or a dark coffee ...t one. More important, she ...w far away each object is ...y. She can pick up a glass ...sitatingly. And by turning ...wly from right to left, and ... she can count three forks ... cloth before her, picking ...ding to Dr. del Campo ...e he asks her to give him.

...mportant configuration of ... Maria senses is one that ... out of her field of "vision," ... about the same height off ...e is. "Probably," she says ... are a man. This shininess ... hite shirt you're wearing. ...ve it . . . Why, you must ...asses!"

... had left, I asked Dr. del ... wasn't raising cruelly false ...hearts of the blind persons ...r for his experiments.

...ple who hear of the am- ...m a distance *do* get fan- ... he agreed. "They believe ...ey have their own private ...all problems will be solved. ... wrote to say she wanted ...pink, to lend it a feminine ...bjects, however, quickly ...rstand that this is simply a ...—for the future."

... Dr. del Campo hopes to ...uroscope ready within 10 years. From his talks with the blind he has a clear sense of what they require, and thus far the amauroscope does not come close to fulfilling these needs. One key requirement is that it be priced within their means. The parts for the prototype amauroscope cost less than $100. Dr. del Campo hopes that an initial commercial model will sell for under $500.

Dr. del Campo does not claim credit for first conceiving of a seeing aid for the blind. Two Americans, Joseph D. Shaw and Dr. John C. Button Jr., built and tested similar devices as long as 10 years ago. And research paralleling Dr. del Campo's is being conducted, largely on animals, by Dr. H. G. Vaughan Jr. of Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City. Dr. Vaughan is annoyed by what he believes is premature publicity given to Dr. del Campo's as yet unverified findings. But Dr. Vaughan and a colleague, Dr. Herbert Schimmel, have spoken of building an amauroscope, following Dr. del Campo's specifications, to find out if it works.

In San Francisco, at Presbyterian Medical Center, Dr. Paul Bach-y-Rita is converting images picked up by a TV camera into patterns of tactile sensation that he transmits to a test subject through electric sense stimulators taped to the skin. Dr. Bach-y-Rita believes that if enough electrode points are used—several hundred at least—the brain will interpret what it feels as a visual image.

But Dr. del Campo has done what no one else has: he has built a prototype "artificial sight" device that is portable, and hence potentially usable in real-life situations. Furthermore, he has tested it successfully on a large group of about 150 blind persons.

To perfect the amauroscope, three major obstacles must be overcome. One is money. Dr. del Campo finances his experiments out of pocket, from his psychiatric practice. Neither the Mexican Government nor our own—which spends a billion dollars a year on medical research, some of it abroad—has made any forthright effort to supply him with funds. U.S. Government agencies spent $2 million on research, rehabilitation and educational projects for blindness in 1966; only $15,000 went to work on "artificial sight."

A second roadblock is scientific. Electronics engineers probably could build a seeing aid into a pair of spectacle frames, as they have already done with hearing aids. But research is nowhere near solving the problem of how to carry into the brain a highly complex electric signal that could represent objects and colors as well as light and shadow.

Reception far clearer than that Dr. del Campo obtains using skin electrodes could be achieved, with a fraction of the voltage, by bypassing the skin and placing the electrodes inside the eye socket or perhaps even inside the brain. But no one yet knows enough about this technique—nor has the courage to try it on a human subject.

Once a complex electric signal is inside the head, moreover, we still are not sure which parts of the brain to stimulate, and how, in order to improve on the still crude amauroscope experience. With or without electrodes planted in the body, the amauroscope's safety will have to be established. Dr. del Campo has found no adverse changes in subjects who have used it for periods of up *(continued)*

e



to six hours. But can the device be worn day in and day out? One specialist who sees hazards, and perhaps insurmountable obstacles, is Dr. Thorne Shipley of Florida. He says, speaking in general about electrically stimulated artificial sight: "The intimate neurodelicacies of sensory mechanisms seem honor-bound to resist our mechanical intrusions."

Despite all these difficulties, the principle and promise of artificial sight have been enthusiastically endorsed by many leading U.S. blindness experts. One of them, Dr. George G. Mallinson of Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, says, "If Dr. del Campo's observations are correct, he has certainly made a pioneer accomplishment. It would be utter folly not to investigate very carefully what he has accomplished, and initiate a major research program to exploit his achievements and those of others in the field. There is reason to believe that an organized effort, adequately funded . . . *might* result in the development of artificial sight within the lifetime of many who are now blind."

Before the money and scientific knowledge needed to perfect "artificial sight" are forthcoming, however, the third roadblock must be passed. The doctors who see and treat blind patients, the doctors who do research, and the doctors who sit on committees that approve research grants all will have to be convinced that the amauroscope is practical and desirable.

Dr. del Campo made a
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a Carmelite convent. In
pate with me were three
men who had tried the a
fore, with varying succe
folding me, the doctor p
scope on me and led me i
room. "I've turned on
scope," he said. "Can you

I turned around slowly
game, until flickering si
into brilliant flashes of
same instant, the tingl
electrode at my right te
to a painful electric-shoc
stinctively, I jerked my
the cool comfort of dark

A hand directed my fin
on the amauroscope cas
"Volume control," said D
voice. "Turn it down."

I did. Swiveling my he
side, I again zeroed in
greatest flickering inten
that the sensors and e
placed on my face *above* n
to account for my odd se
ing" through my forehea

"Walk toward it," the

Uncertainly, I obey
temple throbbed. The lig
side was painfully bright
contact point there, I
squarely on the nerve, w
the left had missed. O
effort could I balance the
sense of distance or direc

"The shock is an anno
overcome," said Dr. del
your need to keep your h
order to 'fix' upon objects
far away is the light?"

The amauroscope seem
clear answer. Perplexed,
ing to concentrate on th
light and thought for a
yard and a half away,"
exclaim. Thinking, I had
an integral part of the vi

"Walk forward and tou
Campo said.

Two careful steps forw
hands outstretched, brou
to the chalky surface of
wall, onto which, Dr. de
me, a table lamp was shi

The right side signals a
strong. I raised my hands
face as a shield. Instantly
shadow of my hands, firs
sensor, then in the left, as
from one side of my face
The shadow of one's own
alized, is a commonplace
tion when we shade our ey
ing into the sun. But it is
denied forever to the blin
until instruments such as
wore are perfected for the

After 20 minutes I took
fold and returned to th
world of everyday sight, a
three blind men sitting in
will never see. I had the d
that perhaps I had "see
future for people like ther



We have our pick of distinguished wine grapes



And we mean *our* pick. Our pick of Johannisberg Riesling. Or Gamay Beaujolais. Or Gewürztraminer. Or any of the distinguished varietal wine grapes. Because they all prosper to our own high standards of perfection . . . on our own vineyards: Paicines Mountain Vineyards.

Here, in the cool, green grandeur of California's Gavilan Range, Almadén maintains the world's largest vineyards of fine wine grapes. Here, ideal soil, climate, elevation and care consistently create a superb difference in our grapes. A difference imparted . . . through patience and skill . . . to every Almadén wine.

So remember to make your next dinner party one to remember. Serve Almadén. Whatever type you choose, you'll be serving the pick of distinguished table wines.

ALMADÉN

For your free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P. O. Box 997-Y, Los Gatos, California

To top today's fashion—mini, maxi or pants in between—a bouquet of fresh-as-spring shirts. Each with a personality all its own; all in the mood of that Great American Favorite—the shirtwaist.

Lood
rash

ight, an favorite ith long ab front cotton jersey. In se, lemon, t pink. By 28–38, $5.



WESTERN, below, has the lean-to-the-body shape. Of Dacron and cotton broadcloth. In white, dove gray, French blue, party pink, navy and beige. By Lady Manhattan, sizes 8-16, $10.



, right, a of ruffles mure high lar for the ane Eyre. ite cotton with long By Malbe. 6–16, $16.



Y, right, a ress shirt, ailored for he tucked hentically t to right. orted soft In white, le yellow. 8–16, $13.



ight, soft in a long- ody shirt rolled f Da- ril h.



le

C, right, the lyrical he movie Elvira reated in this soft atiste with all-over aar, sizes 6–16, $23.

arner's new stretch f nylon tricot with sticized straps that d for barer fashions. white, S or M, $4.



Illustrations by Shelly Schreiber

The Selby woman keeps getting younger every year.

And we have the shoes to prove it!



Shown above: PIXIE, a Fifth Avenue by Selby. About $18. See all the exciting spring styles in Selby, Fifth Avenues by Selby and the new young Spectrums by Selby at your retailer's soon. Other styles from $18 to $22. For nearest retailer, write Dept. J-48-S, Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corp., Cincinnati, O. 45207



Cook's Tour of the Northwes

Mention foods of the Northwest, and most people will think of salmon. Salmon is indeed the king of the North Pacific—nowhere else is its meat so sweet and flavorful. Even before the white man came, the salmon was the most important food staple. Lewis and Clark wrote with fascination about the sight of rivers choked with the magnificent fish during the spawning run.

But to speak only of salmon would be unfair to the other native seafood of the Northwest—the tiny butter and razor clams and the giant clam called the geoduck (always pronounced gooey-duck), which weighs up to six pounds! Don't overlook the prawns, and, of course, the famous-famous Dungeness crab.

The most publicized foods of the Northwest come from the sea, but the fruits and berries of the region deserve as much acclaim. Washington State apples are justly renowned. The large Scandinavian population of the Northwest loves them in apple kuchens, dumplings and pies. Oregonians are proud of their apples, too. Pears, prunes (made from the sweet plums), wild blackberries, sweet cherries, grapes, apricots grow in abundance. Oregon has almost a monopoly on the buttery filberts, known in Europe as hazelnuts.

But enough talking! Come, travel and taste with us through some of the delicious, hearty and elegant recipes of the region.

BAKED SALMON MOUSSE

An elegant main-dish pudding with Scandinavian overtones.

1 cup finely flaked, drained canned salmon (1 [8-oz.] can)
¼ cup salmon liquid
1¼ cup water
2 (1-oz.) pkgs. white-sauce mix
4 eggs, separated
½ tsp. salt
2 Tb. lemon juice
⅛ tsp. liquid hot-pepper sauce
1 Tb. drained capers, chopped

Drain 1 (8-oz.) can salmon, reserving liquid. Remove large bones, then flake the salmon finely with a fork. Set aside. To reserved salmon liquid, add water to make 1½ cups and place in saucepan. Add 2 (1-oz.) pkgs. white-sauce mix and cook, stirring constantly over medium heat until sauce boils for 1 minute. Remove from heat and reserve. Beat 4 egg whites until foamy, add ½ teaspoon salt and continue beating until soft peaks form. Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons lemon juice and beat until egg whites are firm but not dry. Beat 4 egg yolks with ⅛ teaspoon liquid hot-pepper sauce. Gradually add hot cream sauce to beaten egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Add 1 tablespoon drained capers, chopped, and 1 cup finely flaked, drained canned salmon. Mix well. Fold quickly but thoroughly into the beaten egg white. Pour into a 2-quart casserole dish and bake in a 350° oven for 45 minutes. Serve at once. Serves 6.

CRAB BURGER PUFFS

A lush and luscious snack featuring the famous Northwestern crab.

1½ cups flaked crabmeat, fresh or canned
1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup chopped celery
2 Tb. chopped onion
2 Tb. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
6 hamburger buns, split

Combine 1½ cups flaked crabmeat, 1 cup mayonnaise, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped on
spoons lemon juice, 1 teasp
⅛ teaspoon pepper. Split
buns and toast them. Spoon
meat mixture on each. Broil
Makes 12 puffs. Serves 6.

SALMON AND MUSHROOM

A man-pleasing fish pie
mon . . . a delightful me
that's amazingly easy to m

1 (1-lb.) can salmon, drained and flaked
¼ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups sliced fresh mushrooms (¼ lb.)
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup finely sliced celery
2 Tb. f
½ cup
½ cup broth salm
½ tsp.
½ tsp.
¼ tsp.
1 (10-c crus
1 egg

Drain liquid from 1 (1-lb.
Reserve liquid. Flake salmo
any dark skin and all bon
In ¼ cup butter or ma
1½ cups sliced mushroo
chopped onion and ½ cup
celery. Cook without cover
utes or until all vegetable
Stir into flaked salmon. In
blend 2 tablespoons flour
white wine and ½ cup chic
reserved salmon liquid.
spoon salt, ½ teaspoon nu
teaspoon pepper. Bring to
stirring constantly. Stir
flaked-salmon mixture. Le
Meanwhile make up 1
pie-crust mix according t
Use two thirds of pastry t
pie plate. Place filling in
Roll out remaining pastry
Seal in place and crimp edg
with a little of 1 egg yolk
tablespoon water. Bake
Mushroom Pie at 350° fo
Delicious hot or chilled. Se
Note: Instead of the fl
salmon called for, you could
salmon steaks, cooked a
cups). Place in a shallow, g
dish. Sprinkle with ½ teas
teaspoon pepper and 2
lemon juice. Dot with 2 tab
ter or margarine. Cover and
for 20 to 25 minutes or until
Proceed as above.

SILVER DOLLAR PANCAKES LINGONBERRIES

A brunch or supper dish
the old Northwest. Beer g
cakes the sourdough flavo
the Forty-niners. Lingon
favorite of the Scandinavia
that contributed so much
west.

1 cup pancake mix
1 cup beer
2 egg yolks
2 Tb. cooking oil
2 egg
Lingon (in a

Combine 1 cup packaged p
cup beer, 2 egg yolks and
cooking oil. Mix until fairly
stand ½ hour to allow ye
beer to mellow Beat 2 eg
til stiff but not dry. Fold
Drop by teaspoonfuls onto
griddle to make pancake
inches in diameter. Serve
berries. Makes about
Everyone eats at least 6.

—Pe

Tuttle.
So fresh you feel healthier just looking at it.

Tuttle is cottage cheese just the way you like cottage cheese.

Pure. Delicate. Fresh.

And we work double-time to keep it that way.

We don't just make it fresh. We deliver it fresh, too.

Daily.

Without any stops between our cow and your grocer's dairy case. Not for butter. Not for orange juice. Not for milk.

Only cottage cheese.

And we don't just put it in your dairy case and forget it. We check it daily, too.

That's why eating Tuttle is practically like eating cottage cheese straight from the cow.

Instead of from the carton.

TUTTLE Cottage Cheese

Special 'Cause We're Specialists.



(There. You look better already.)

blue, nearly 30 years ago. Cream, $1.25; cake, $1.75; wand, $2.

The first moisturizer your mother used may have been Charles of the Ritz's Revenescence. You can wear it under makeup or while you sleep. Revenescence Cream, $4.50. Or, new liquid, $7.

Now that the shiny look has come on strong, lip gloss is more important than ever. Max Factor's Lip Gloss, time-tested for a quarter of a century, can be slicked on over lipstick or worn alone. It keeps your lips looking shiny and prevents them from getting chapped. $1.15.

If you prefer cleansing your face with a cream, there's Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Luxuria Cleansing Cream. It's super-rich. With old-fashioned scent, as delightful now as it was at the turn of the century. 3¾-oz. jar, $1.25.

What to do about those rough spots on your elbows, heels, legs? You could try Scandia's Creme Pour Le Bain. It's been pampering women for 40 years. For silky-soft skin, just stroke it on the troubled areas before stepping into the tub or shower. 8 oz., $6.

Love the revitalizing feeling of a facial mask? You might try Germaine Monteil's Plastic Cream—it's medicated, to help clear up complexions. After rinsing off mask, splash on Super-Tone Astringent for full beauty treatment. Facial Mask, $3; astringent, $3. **END**


Pardon me,
Ma'm, but half
of your gas
air conditionin
is showing.
Lucky you. What you thought was only a gas forced air furnace, could actually be half of a complete air conditioning system. Chances are you could add a gas cooling unit to your existing heating system.
Gas Air Conditioning has no major moving parts in the cooling/heating cycle, so maintenance costs are low. And it lasts so long it can be included in your home mortgage.
If you've always wanted the cool comfort of an air conditioned home, take another peek at your furnace. You might be half way there. And *now's* the time to add a gas cooling unit, before the hot weather sets in.
For all the cool facts on gas air conditioning, write PG&E, Room 434, 245 Market Street San Francisco, 94106.
PG and E
Pacific Gas and Electric Company

MARRIAGE
?

om page 26

his enthusiasm I've worked
new section, which I think
d. Ivy hasn't even looked at
sked her to type the mate-
sed.
loss about our marriage. I
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eparation. Even her mother
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artificial. They laid down
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eatly divided obligations
lities. The husband should
number of years, the wife
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an extra bit of sophistry
in she struck with Tom in
pectation of achieving an
l, ever-happy marriage.
pily married parents had
d or raised their voice (to
e) she would follow their
mother was middle-aged,

her father elderly and ailing, by the time she appeared on the scene. It seems probable to me that her parents had done their arguing and fighting in earlier years and reached their own civilized compromises.

"At any rate, Ivy picked the wrong man when she decided to avoid arguments at all times, turn the other cheek always, suppress her true opinions. Ivy didn't marry a quiet-spoken, diplomatic executive like her father. She married aggressive, contentious Tom, who grew up in a battling family and was ready to fight to the teeth the instant he suspected his rights and dignity might be in jeopardy. Determined to escape his father's dismal fate, he habitually mounted his defenses in strength, often before he was even under attack.

"Ivy and Tom were drawn together by a deep physical attraction and were well mated sexually as well as intellectually. In the beginning, Tom's very differentness from her father and brothers was undoubtedly a plus factor with Ivy. As a result, their unrealistic premarital agreement survived longer than might have been anticipated. It survived the honeymoon period and the stay with Ivy's parents.

"Ivy and Tom crossed culture lines in their marriage. Tom was uneasy in the company of Ivy's parents. Later on, there were times he felt the same uneasiness with Ivy. The short period he and Ivy lived with the in-laws was a misery to him and remained an unpalatable memory. Not only was Tom suspicious-minded, he was jealous and possessive. Ivy was used to being guided and led by her mother and father; Tom, as a youthful bridegroom, wanted to do the guiding and leading himself. He was jealous of her parents, just as he was subsequently jealous of his children. On more than one occasion he manifested his jealousy or social discomfiture by wild outbursts of rage.

"But the cracks in their marriage did not become really visible until the children came along. Intellectually, Tom could agree that, after early sacrifices, Ivy was entitled to the rewards of maternity. But deep down he felt resentful and abandoned. Once Ivy's time had been *his* time; he wanted her attention full-time, not part-time. Her fierce love of their children deprived him of the single-minded support and devotion that Tom subconsciously considered his due.

"Ivy also developed a luxuriant crop of resentments. Their idyllic courtship planning had settled that when childbearing began, Ivy would be in complete charge of caring for the youngsters, while her husband concentrated on achieving scholastic eminence. Now a little older, she decided Tom was indifferent to his children, shirking his duties as a husband and father, and she felt put upon and abused. Why couldn't he diaper a baby?

"Usually I don't go along with what is called 'directive counseling' with marital problems. But here were two serious and bright young people who neither understood themselves nor each other. They needed the cold light of common sense. So I gave them some solid advice.

"In the first place their world was too narrow. I told them so. They literally had no friends and no recreation. Tom worked eight hours on his job and then spent three or four hours a day and all of his weekends on research on his thesis. Ivy's devotion to her children had become self-consuming; it was bad for her and bad for the youngsters. Incidentally, I told her that when she suppressed her anger at Tom the little girls paid for it. He yelled at her and she turned around and screamed at them.

"I asked Tom a straight question. Had his belligerence benefited or harmed him in his academic career? After reflection, Tom admitted that his chip-on-the-shoulder attitude made enemies for him on college faculties and in business. Why did he wound Ivy by calling her a 'stupid idiot'? I asked. The answer was slow in coming but finally he said: 'Maybe because I've been a stupid idiot myself, but I intend to smarten up and mend my ways.' This broke the barrier. I told Ivy (in Tom's presence), that when her husband hurt her feelings, she was to speak up at once and tell him about it. No more genteel silences and secret frustrations. I told Tom if he got acquainted with his children he would find satisfactions that might help him resolve his problems in the loneliness of scientific study.

"Ivy and Tom now have a circle of friends. He has not yet finished his doctoral thesis, but the end seems near at hand. I believe with Tom that their best years still lie ahead." **END**

Announcing new Measurin, the pain reliever with a built-in second dose for long-lasting relief!

LONG-LAST
LONG-LASTI
LONG-L
LONG-LASTI

MEASURIN
TIMED-RELEASE ASPIRIN

effective pain relief take every 8 hours

For people with arthritis– long-lasting muscular aches– pain that disturbs sleep–

Now there's a new pain reliever made especially for people with long-lasting pains.

It's new Measurin, the timed-release pain reliever with a built-in second dose so you take it just once every eight hours.

When you take Measurin for temporary relief from minor arthritis pain and stiffness or for other common pains that continue to nag you, it gives you prompt relief and keeps on working so your comfort is long lasting.

When you take Measurin at bedtime, its built-in second dose gives you maximum nighttime pain relief... helps you wake without stiffness.

For your convenience, just take two Measurin tablets when pain starts and you don't take it again for eight hours.

If you suffer from long-lasting pain, new timed-release Measurin is for you.

Here's the difference in Measurin

Ordinary aspirin tablets contain just one dose of pain reliever but Measurin tablets contain two. Using a new process called microencapsulation, each tablet of timed-release Measurin contains over 6,000 separate reservoirs of aspirin. You don't take another dose for eight hours. The second dose is already built-in!

PROJECT: YOU

Toss out all your old notions of eye dos and don'ts; the "perfect" eye shape now is as wide, deep, small, narrow or round as you like. The trick, "bone lines"—new eye-beauty routines used by top models.



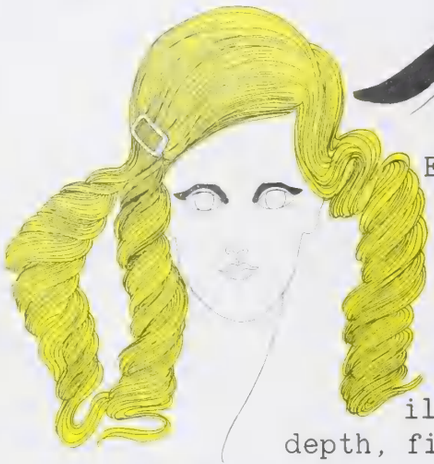
Apply with stiff-angled brush, dusted

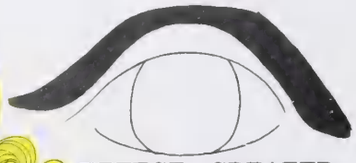


in brow powder, to the ridge of the eye socket between eyebrow and upper



lid. Or draw on with a sharp pencil in soft gray or brown; blend with a Q-tip.





EFFECT: GREATER WIDTH. Eyes appear longer with this bone line, extending beyond the eye. For an illusion of more depth, fill in the line down to the lid with a smoky shade of shadow. Best effect is obtained when you draw the line "non-stop," in one continuous line and over foundation and powder.



EFFECT: MORE DEPTH. To add depth to any shape eye, follow the drawing above. Geometric bone line follows the curve of your eye socket, stopping at the outer corner of your eye.





EFFECT "TWIGGY" ROUNDNESS. For the round-eyed look, draw a thin line low on bone. Extend it beyond your eye, or stop short at the outer corner. It can hardly be seen when your eye is open. Experiment with all three bone lines to find the best for you.

WHY L.B.J. DROPPED ME

continued from page 92

to me at the end of the meal and announced that he was going to call my husband, Ed, and thank him for letting me spend so much time with his daughters. When he reached under the table for his phone, I knew a moment of uneasiness, since Ed was not all *that* patient with my outside duties; I also had the horrible thought that he would think it was some practical joke and call the President of the United States something that people didn't call the President of the United States in those days. I needn't have worried. The Johnson style prevailed, and Ed was somewhat less reluctant to spare me for a few weeks anyhow.

There ensued a lovely friendship between me and the Johnsons, with a great exchange of mementos: many autographed pictures—more than I ever dare have the posterity to pass on to; deer sausage from the L.B.J. Ranch; holly and mistletoe at Christmas; flowers frequently and many small gifts from Mrs. Johnson, who had a deep sense of what such keepsakes meant.

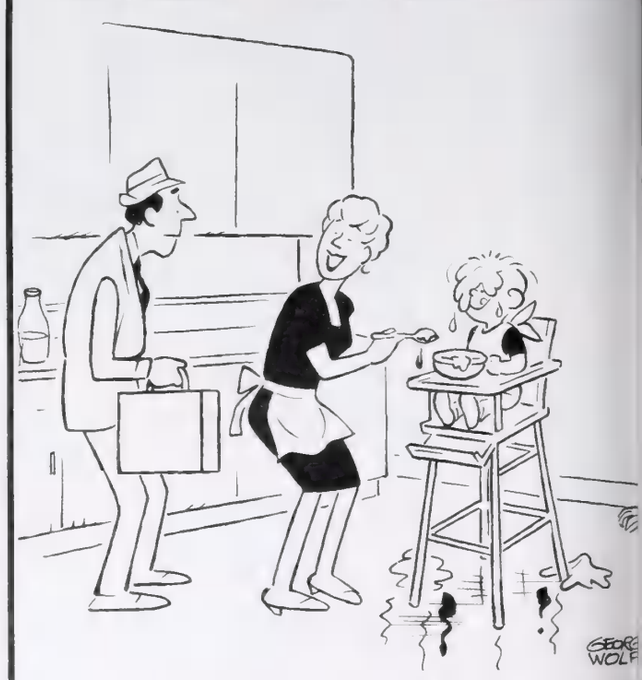
I was getting to know Luci and Lynda well by this time, and I was always impressed by their desire to please their father. Once Luci was told to be on hand for a ceremony on the White House lawn honoring the astronauts White and McDivitt. But Luci and I, accompanied by her Secret Service bodyguards, got back late from a shopping trip—and we found the usual White House entrances sealed off. Panicky that she might be late for a command performance, Luci led us all through the basement kitchen of the White House and out the lower garden entrance. Luci ran straight through the shrubbery as her father and his entourage approached at a fast clip. With her usual exuberance, she flung her arms around her daddy's waist. One of the President's Secret Service men quickly leveled his gun at her. Had it not been for the quick intercession of another bodyguard, who shoved the agent's hand skyward, Luci might have been shot.

In answer to the stern lecture given her by Rufus Youngblood, the White House Secret Service chief, only partly in jest, that sh as leave be shot as have m at me."

I soon learned what ha one annoyed the Preside ning, when the President pair of casual pants that called baggy, he started about why "I didn't quit give him some fashion ad him that he might just t new trend with double-r the ones he was wearing. V wore out, I said, he coul couch with them. The Pre good-naturedly, but my l had been reached. Later in when he asked me about a I was wearing, I replied th way of stopping the go didn't appeal to him at all. long, hard, quizzical look sense his disapproval. I m note that in the future I v discussing his fashion ima

His daughters were a st of political offspring and c They alternately loved a spotlight, but withstood t tiny of their lives with p humor. Their humor, like is rarely directed at them once came to visit me in after I injured my leg in an shortly before the Inaugur of 1965, and cheered me n ing me that the *real* injury was bound to be to my eg papers had carried the sto hap, and Lynda proph rately—that I had now los prerogative of lying ab People would remember, sweetly, that at the Ina Lyndon Johnson, Barbara indisputably 30 years old.

Aging and wounded, I j it to the Inaugural Ball. I with Vice President Hur the newly sworn President States cut in. The white lig cameras could not glow t than I did. I was quite u hog heaven.



"It's a dual-purpose baby food—you just mop it over the floor like wax."

Presto's dunkable coffeemaker.

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Completely submersible stainless steel, extra wide spout for easier cleaning, better coffee.

Because a clean pot is so important to good coffee we made our stainless steel coffeemaker completely washable. You can dunk it right into your sink — even your dishwasher! And the extra wide spout is easy to clean, can't trap stale coffee oils. That's why you'll get delicious coffee, cup after cup. The Presto Automatic Coffeemaker . . . you'll like it better everytime you wash it.

More cooking at Presto than pressure cookers. Coffeemakers, Fry Pans, Griddles, Electric Knives, Blender, Can Opener/Knife-Sharpener, Toaster-Broiler Oven, Portable Ranges, Hot Servers, Corn Popper, Portable Mixer, Deep Fryers, Toasters, Spray-Steam Irons, Steam-Dry Irons, Cordless Toothbrushes, Hair Dryers, Portable Electric Hair Brush/Massager, Facial Freshener, Portable Heaters, Humidifiers, Electric Shoe Polishers. National Presto Industries, Inc., Eau Claire, Wis. 54701.



Protocol does not permit anyone to cut in on the President. I've been marooned on the dance floor before, but nothing prepares you for the moment when the President is stuck with *you*. At last Mrs. Johnson came to the rescue. "Lyndon," she said, "I know a little girl who must be very tired after her accident—and a gentleman who must be just as weary." With her usual aplomb, she led him home.

The better I got to know Luci and Lynda, the more I realized how incredibly different they are. Luci is wont to say that she is a blue-eyed child in a brown-eyed family. She knew how to act out her scene and more than a thing or two about stealing someone else's. Lynda was an awkward and sometimes surly girl who hid behind her image of the young intellectual. Rather than fail at anything, she would avoid trying. No amount of gentle coaxing could change her. At that time she wore a girdle only to please her father and went to the hairdresser only to please her mother. If L.B.J. could promise a George Hamilton in every pot as a campaign slogan, I think his consensus might improve.

Luci, however, bubbled through life and school, and her blue-and-white bedroom was filled with an incredible accumulation of memorabilia and sundry statues of the Virgin Mary. She was impossible to corner for fittings and impatient with anything that held her in one spot too long. One of my fondest memories is of her using the vibrating belt machine (left at the White House by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy) while a harassed seamstress was pinning Luci up. Simultaneously, blasé as ever, Luci was watching her favorite daytime TV serial, *As the World Turns*.

Luci loved surprise parties for her friends and was fascinated by the movie magazines we would read in the privacy of her limousine, with stories that "told all" about the mysterious Miss Luci Baines. Her domesticity never failed to amuse me. Luci's idea of slaving over a hot stove consisted of waltzing into the kitchen where the family cook, Zephyr, had boiled, peeled and pared the potatoes for her famous potato salad. Luci would dump all the prepared ingredients into one large bowl and stir. She did add her own seasoning, though.

Lynda spent a great deal of time in her red-and-yellow-print bedroom and took most of her meals on a tray. Her most constant companion was a history book. (This was pre-George Hamilton, when Lynda had no place in, or time for, the fan magazines.) Like her mother, Lynda was most cautious about the price of everything. With great good nature, she could ask you to mail several letters on your way home. But they bore no stamps. Once, at a party at our house, she was completely taken with an antique slot machine. The back of the machine had been removed so it would never bother the racket squad, and we had provided $20 worth of dimes for fun. When she hit the jackpot, however, Lynda gathered up her winnings with all the aplomb of Onassis breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

Both girls endeavored to be cautious before they spoke. They didn't quite have their mother's knack for this. Mrs. Johnson thinks fast on her feet, but gives it plenty of thought before offering a "God bless you" to a sneeze. Mrs. Johnson has a habit of writing with an imaginary pencil on her lap or on the cushion beside her. I came to learn that this was her way of gathering her thoughts. When I showed her clothes, I knew that her moving hand was figuring some way to say tactfully that she found a credibility gap between the garment and the price tag.

After the pre-Inaugural bout with the ready-to-wear clothing world, Mrs. Johnson asked me to continue advising the girls. I was still in the patterned stockings and patterned china department. Now, however, I could take the girls to stores via White House cars and charge the purchases to Mrs. Johnson's personal account. The First Lady left the decision of what was needed and what was spent to me and the girls.

That fall Lynda went off to Texas for her senior year of college. Her wardrobe, unfortunately, looked like it came off the cover of an old Nancy Drew book. But it was what she wanted.

Luci, however, had met a tall, blond, pleasant young man named Pat Nugent, who had just graduated from Marquette University. Pat and Luci soon became inseparable. They spent all their free time in the third-floor solarium, which Luci had redecorated when Caroline Kennedy's school moved out. Ed and I spent a great deal of time with t
met the very few friends they ch
see, chaperoned their small partie
some times accompanied them in a
of Washington.

We often went to the movies
White House projection room, an
fer to those as "my James Bond
Often pizza would be sent in, som
some finger-lickin' chicken, an
quently Macdonald's hamburgers.
sionally we steppe
to a nearby Hot Sh

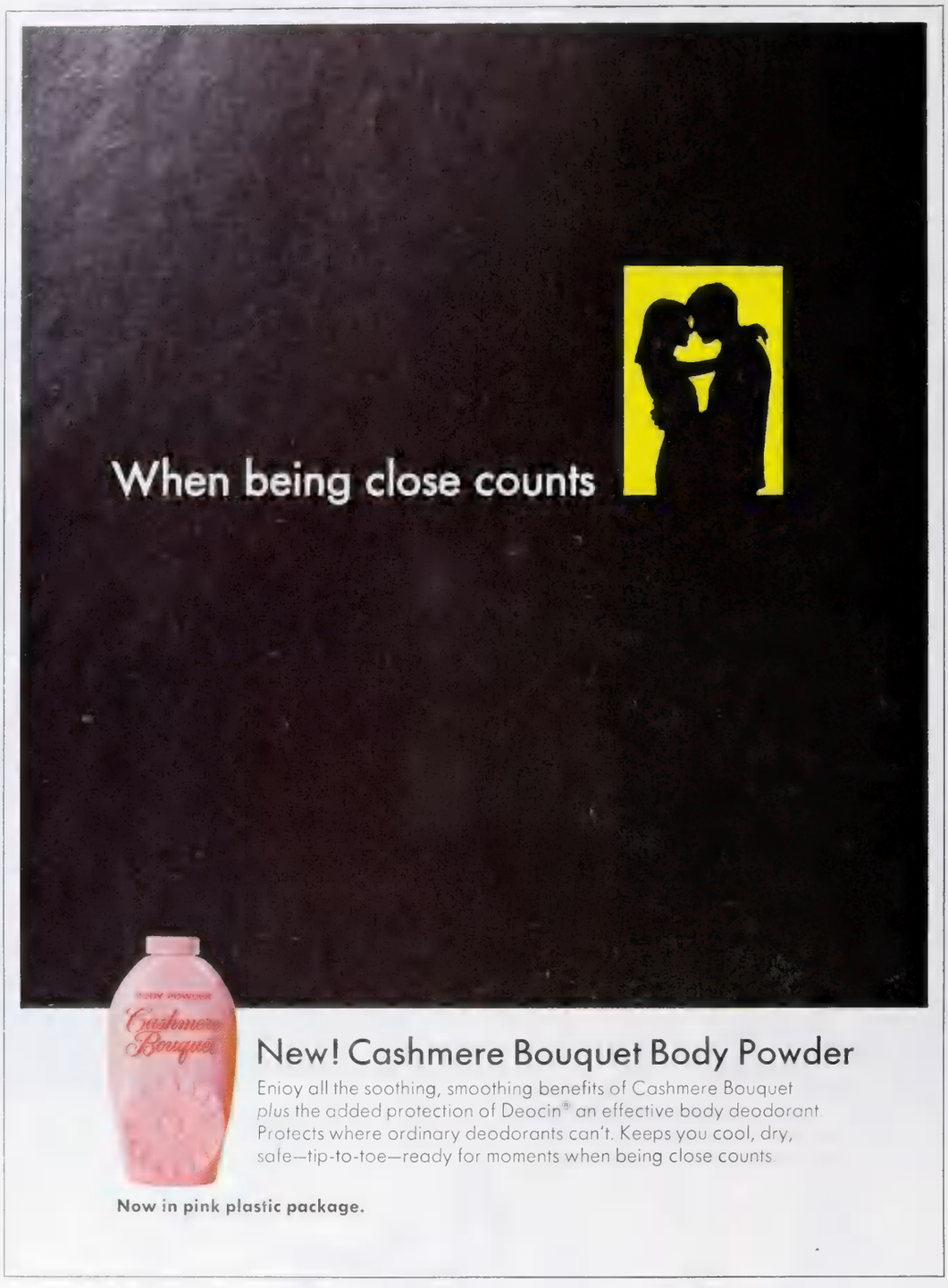
I remember the
dent joining us
projection room or
ningforanL.B.J.Pi
tion. Mrs. Johnso
spliced all the foot
Lynda learning to
and Luci's birthda
ties into one man
reel, with backg
music and the First
herself narrating.
a shot of the Pre
would come on
screen, Mrs. Jo
would announce
"there was a yo
slimmer Lyndon."
tally convulse
laughed out loud
hastily glanced a
President, who
seated next to me,
if I had offended
Not at all. The filr
put him to sleep.

When Pat and
told us they want
get married, I wa
than elated. They
so young and kn
little. Overly do
cated, they spent
of their evenings
dinner on trays in
of the TV set.
wanted to live in A
Tex., and I'd hear
get only one TV ch
there. I wasn't s
would last.

I guess Mr. Jo
wasn't, either.
Luci and Pat we
the President to as
permission they w
an upright posi
When they came
they were on all
The same Johnson
ment that has st
more formidable
dead in their track
Pat Nugent just sh
pulverized. There
to be no weddin
fact, there was to
further discussion o

I became involved out of despera
Luci and Pat thought that if she h
engagement ring and the press got
of it, the Johnsons would be forc
deal with them. Pat was going to
chase a ring through the door-to-
fraternity-pin vendor on the Marq
campus. Somehow I didn't think
President of the United States was
to live happily ever after with a so
law who asked for his daughter's
via the publicity emanating fro
bearded catalogue jewelry salesma

I called my own jeweler, Don C
vale of Harry Winston, who sold
perfect one-carat stone (contin





llo to spring in this dazzling oat. All it takes is a little $4.95, and the Better Packaging from any box of Alcoa Wrap.

With a coat like this, any girl can be golden. It's an inspired piece of fun and fashion. It reflects the light and resists the rain with a spectacular golden gleam.

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set in platinum. Don was low on price but high on silence. Somehow Luci and Pat managed to do likewise.

Pat went off to war in Georgia and Luci was left alone at the White House. She was doing badly in chemistry at Georgetown University, and Drew Pearson ran the story. Luci was desolate. Her parents were still in Texas, where the President was recuperating from his gall-bladder operation. Pat and Luci joined them for Christmas. The President's health improved—and so did his attitude toward marriage.

On Christmas Eve of 1965 we received a call from the Ranch telling us that President Johnson was to announce Luci's engagement to Pat on Christmas Day. That night Ed and I were with Mrs. Johnson's staff chief, Elizabeth Carpenter, and her husband, Les. Liz was being taught the new dance craze, the frug, but we were constantly interrupted by press inquiries. When I had to describe Luci's ring to an uninformed Liz, I realized that if all was going well for Pat and Luci, things were not going to go so well for me.

I had somehow managed to ignore other road signs of jealousy along the way. Washington at that time was going through its first twinge of gaiety since the assassination, with short skirts, long hair, frenzied dancing and a general outpouring of Beautiful People. The Johnson entourage loved it. They had always felt insecure in the glamour that had been the Kennedys', but this time they were part of it, and it was Texas whole hog all the way.

My first indication that I was becoming less and less the darling of Mrs. Johnson's staff came when I never received the invitation Lynda assured me was forthcoming to a party that NBC's Nancy Dickerson was giving for her and George Hamilton. Ashton Gonella, Mrs. Johnson's personal secretary (whose office is in the White House proper), later explained that my husband and I had been removed from the list either by Bess Abell, Mrs. Johnson's social secretary (whose office is NOT in the White House proper)—or by Nancy Dickerson herself. Lynda was embarrassed by the omission, but unlike the figures in history she admired so much, she made no profile in courage to rectify the mistake.

Not so Luci. When the White House announced that all the young and attractive people were to be asked to a dinner dance for Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, everyone assumed that the Howars would be included. It was to be the glamorous event of the Johnson Administration thus far. Peter Duchin replaced the Marine band. Small, round tables replaced the oblongs. French cuisine supplanted the barbecue. The fashionable Eugenia Sheppard was the press pool reporter. Henry Ford brought his new bride. And Lynda Bird invited George Hamilton. Truly the White House was to SWING. It was a new era.

Again Ashton Gonella told me that we were on Mrs. Johnson's guest list for both the dinner and the dancing. Again we were lost in the vicinity of Bess Abell's office. It was not until Luci asked me what I was going to wear that I told her that we had not been invited. Luci put her hundred pounds of energy into tracking down her mother, wherever she was planting trees that week. Two days before the party, we were back on the invitation list.

I was very short of false pride that season, and consequently had a marvelous time. Pat and I and Luci and Ed started the dancing after dinner. Both girls looked radiant—beautifully done up by Eddie Senz, a makeup man imported from New York for the occasion.

It was a season for hairpieces, and I recall feeling like the Jolly Green Giant when I bowed my head full of added pounds of hair to the Snowdons. If they were diminutive and reserved, they were the exceptions. Christina Ford, also in masses of hair, gave the White House its only touch of La Dolce Vita—Johnson style—by doing a mean frug with Vice President Humphrey and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. That her strapless, white crepe dress kept falling down during the more arduous numbers bothered no one. Lynda was draped around George Hamilton like a fox fur. Luci wore her engagement ring on her right hand. And the President tried the frug. I just knew we'd all be pushing each other into swimming pools by spring.

It was interesting that the only member of the large Kennedy family to be included on such an occasion was Joan Kennedy, who came alone, since her husband, the senator, was out of the country. Luci always had a softer f for Joan than she did for any of the Kennedy ladies. Once when Pat N and I were sitting on the steps back of the White House, Teddy nedy came to one of the Presi briefings. Pat was most impressed introduced to him, and Teddy m quick fan of him. Lynda expres interest at any time for any mem the Kennedy family. I think both felt that Mrs. John F. Kenned snubbed their mot not attending the cation ceremonies Jacqueline Ken Rose Garden—an terly resented it. both girls were asto when they read tha Kennedy did not the polls in 1964 t for their father.

That Christma and I spent New in Palm Beach, the Kennedy famil there. Later, Luc Pat were especial terested to hear the New Year's party—and a p graph showing u the Kennedys' p yacht, the *Marlin*, nated Luci, who a that type of outing was impressed Teddy Kennedy handle so large a without a captain.

With the New Luci became the o world bride-elect, Lynda the officia setter. They looke per; I was credited making swans of t As the real Luci Lynda began to up, I found greater mon ground with t

One evening d the school holi Lynda was sent t President's office b obviously proud m to "show Daddy pretty you look." President shared Johnson's prid Lynda's new intere herself. His glow still apparent when tered his office sh after Lynda's vis had never been int office of the Presi and it was far mor pressive than seeing in his own living r He was seated behind his massive in a high-backed leather swivel c flanked by flags and the old Ken rocker. It was an impressive sigh much so that I failed to notice the by-five plexiglass square under his c As I extended my hand, I fell with a sizableness into his lap and landed at recent gall-bladder scar. We ricoch off the wall and as I tried to regain footing, I fell into him again. It sh have been set to music. All that ident Johnson, who is known fo colorful language, said to a flust Barbara Howar was: "You sure do k how to greet a fellow!"



ng so much with Luci and Lynda, e apparent to me that they re- resented the life that took so their parents' time and thoughts. o resented some of the staff that hem to their own tasks. I got nct impression that Luci did Bess Abell and Lynda did not Carpenter. I was beginning to easy feeling that neither one of ff members liked me.

one knows, being a member of nson staff is a career. Unlike employees, a ouse secretary cover her type- nd go home at k. She stays to nners and is a of the wedding. enter and Bess e their lives for sons, and it was ural that they esent an out- e—nestling in- nily bosom. nd I didn't out this when ed to me to bridesmaids, silver and Ve spent hours sts and plans. Luci's way of ne feel a part of est time of her she asked my old daughter, be her flower loves young- l she and Pat various chil- the zoo and they were n. I honestly y would have being married ed only by chil- ne of it was ship, but most 14-karat Luci.

the announce- the engage- ad decided to fashion busi- two local mer- we opened d," a snappy on boutique. i cleared this flict of interest nother, we set nest to round trousseau. I o New York's Avenue and ngs I thought ld like. She ke a selection Johnson would then be billed olesale cost of the garments. Lynda the same courtesy, but appily working with a Texas owing Lynda's penchant for I'm certain that she did not offer at any financial sacrifice. ommon knowledge that I was ci everywhere in those days. changed to my Georgetown , Jean Paul, Luci insisted that her there. She was always un- ew environment, but particu- th Jean Paul, who used to go te House when Mrs. Kennedy . I was in his salon so much that people frequently asked me for an appointment. If I read all the signs correctly, I think I'm going to be reincarnated as a hairdresser. (Luci, incidentally, had the Secret Service code name of Venus, Lynda was Velvet, and Mrs. Johnson was Victoria. I'm sure Mr. Johnson was Vesuvius or something alliterative, but I wasn't in the habit of riding with him.)

The Johnson girls and I had some funny experiences. In one store two older ladies stared at Lynda and one dear soul finally said in a stage whisper, "Is that Lynda Bird? I didn't know she was so tall!" Lynda nodded to them gravely and said, "It is and I am." Another time we walked into a suburban beauty salon to try on some blond wigs Lynda had asked me to line up for her. At the sight of the President's daughter, 20 hairdryers went dead simultaneously.

The more I was seen with the Johnson girls, the more exaggerated became the press stories of my usefulness to them. I wouldn't have been surprised to read that they called me to the White House when the plumbing was out of order.

Luci would suggest that to placate her mother's staff, some of whom were beginning to compile a dossier of my press "notices," I should duck behind a potted palm whenever I saw a photographer. Luci was particularly undone when some pictures appeared of me entering the home of the Ted Kennedys, who were giving an anniversary dance for Bobby and Ethel. She warned me very cutely not to have my picture taken if I had to go to such "subversive quarters."

I was sensing an increasing coolness from some of Mrs. Johnson's aides, but it never occurred to me that they did not understand the way the press loves to categorize the people it writes about. I was answerable only to Mrs. Johnson, and when I dealt with her staff, she had directed me to go through Ashton Gonella. Aside from Ashton, I liked and respected Liz Carpenter. I figured that if she were troubled by me, she'd let me know—fast.

But meanwhile I had my hands full with Pat and Luci. One weekend we all went to New York to celebrate Pat's mustering out of the service. We had to play Keystone Kops because Pat had inadvertently allowed the Republican administration of New York to set up an itinerary and pick up the tab for "America's Number One Sweethearts." We managed to avoid this publicity trap, and I thought Liz Carpenter should be grateful that we spared her the anguish. Not to mention the bills. In the Colony Restaurant, where Luci was served a vintage bottle of Coca-Cola, we also averted another publicity situation.

While Luci was planning her wedding on the East Coast, George Hamilton was not planning Lynda's on the West Coast. He did call in makeup artist George Masters to "re-do" Lynda while she was a guest in the Hamiltons' home in Beverly Hills. This was the final touch. Lynda was far more lovely than any of the starlets televised at the 1966 Academy Awards presentation. Luci even called to tell me in a most unusual gesture that "Sissy" was looking really great. She even worded a funny telegram to that effect. Usually these sisters had a franchise on sibling rivalry, and I felt very happy that Luci was taking her sister's triumph so merrily. This was not always the case. They fought over the spotlight like Cinderella's stepsisters and put me through many an uncomfortable moment while they argued over who had first priority on my time.

When *Newsweek* ran the girls on its cover in a Little Women pose, the President showed us the prepublication mock-ups. Lynda was not there at the time, and Luci took great satisfaction in the fact that the makeup man had made Lynda look like "Minnie Mouse" with incredibly false eyelashes. Luci never let a makeup man touch her face, until her recent post-baby visit to the Green House, the Texas beauty farm. I later went to George Masters myself. I spent seven hours and $200 and came out looking just like a blond Lynda Bird.

Thanks to me, Luci and Lynda were up to their knees in the mod clothes race. I introduced Luci to fishnet stockings with the same guilt I'd *continued*



IN A CRYSTAL VASE

By Jessie Farnham

I turn the rose so you
may see
Its golden heart,
I watch you turn it
back to me,
The dearest part
Of your unselfish quiet
love
Is poet's prose
And glows as golden-
heartedly
As does the rose.

feel starting a minor on dope. I was busy wearing pajamas to parties and shortening my vinyl dresses. *The New York Times* ran an account of the Batman party Ed and I had for the retiring chief of the Federal Communications Commission, Bill Henry. Luci and Pat expressed a desire to come to this "happening," held at a local discothèque. I discouraged her because I knew that, like Bill Henry, all the guests would be Kennedy people. It was a zowie affair, the *Times* billed me as "fashion consultant to the First Lady," and *Footwear Daily*, a trade publication, ran several columns of my dancing feet as those belonging to White House adviser Barbara Howar.

The evening before that party, the Great Society tossed its one big private "do." Bess and Tyler Abell sent invitations to an "Express Yourself" Party. The idea was to come in costume and write your heart's desire on the unpainted walls of their new house. It was to be an uninhibited "say-in," and Ed and I chose to go as White House pickets. He wore dirty chinos, sandals, a shaggy Beatle wig, hippie beads and a two-day beard. I wore similar pants, a long, stringy wig, goggles over my heavy eye makeup, plenty of tattoos and no shoes at all. We carried crude placards protesting the war in Vietnam and lamenting the bad mail service (our host, Tyler Abell, was then Mr. Johnson's Assistant Postmaster General).

We looked so authentic that the Secret Service and police, who had cordoned off the area for the President's arrival (he wore a pink shirt), would not let us pass. After a lengthy haggle, we entered *the* most sedate party this side of White Tie. With few unimaginative exceptions, we were wearing the only costumes. No one found White House pickets humorous—even at a private party. The atmosphere was so cold that I wished I'd worn a leather jacket.

Shortly after this, a story appeared in a nationally syndicated column to the effect that Bess Abell's office was simply a-clutter with all Bess's selections for Luci's trousseau. I confronted Luci with the story and suggested that we coordinate what Bess was picking with what we were selecting. Luci's big eyes clouded with tears and she told me the story wasn't true. It was a plant. It was my first real glimpse of Luci torn between White House loyalty and the strong friendship she felt for me. She also told me that Bess Abell had complained to Mrs. Johnson that she was doing all the unglamorous work and I was getting all the fanfare. Mrs. Johnson also encouraged Luci to ask the Abell's' five-year-old son, Lyndon, to be in the wedding. But Luci would have none of that.

As this power struggle continued, I worked with Luci on her wardrobe for her prewedding parties, which consisted mostly of showers given by younger people. I tried to dissuade her from this unchic form of entertainment. The girls Luci would have to these parties, though thoroughly nice and pleasant young ladies, came from backgrounds where numerous shower gifts would, I knew, impose an undue financial strain.

One afternoon Luci showed so much glee over the purchase of a long patio dress to wear to a wiener roast [illegible] cided to give her a fantastic di[illegible] of storybook dimensions. A pl[illegible] cleared it with her mother, an[illegible] booked the roof of the Washin[illegible] for the night of June 15, 1966. Murray Drucker and Syb[illegible] Christopher into renting us t[illegible] band from Arthur, their New[illegible] cothèque. Dick Ridge, the n[illegible] rator, devised a garden them[illegible] yellow and poison green wit[illegible] statues of cupids wearing g[illegible] flowers. We ordered coordin[illegible] cloth for the round dining t[illegible] Mrs. John L. Strong outdid h[illegible] color-matched engraved invita[illegible] buffet was to be right out of H[illegible] and Ed even agreed to spring [illegible] champagne.

Luci and Pat made up a list[illegible] which included friends, fami[illegible] ers and even the Secret Servi[illegible] less than a glamorous compila[illegible] too small for a dance. So Ed an[illegible] a group of our own friends tha[illegible] several Kennedys, Arthur S[illegible] Art Buchwald, ambassadors, m[illegible] and a baseball player. Truma[illegible] would have been impressed. [illegible] the newspapers were. Workin[illegible] many tradesmen made secre[illegible] sible. Dealing with local merc[illegible] tantamount to a major pres[illegible]

There was to be a strict pre[illegible] the party, but this only serve[illegible] ulate the interest in what wa[illegible] billed as the only party of inte[illegible] given before Luci's wedding. [illegible] mored that *Time-Life* was [illegible] heliocopter to photograph t[illegible] Every member of the press eit[illegible] stood the stringent no-press [illegible] didn't care. Only the Washing[illegible] syndicated columnist, Betty E[illegible] personally insulted by the ban[illegible] lowed me around a luncheo[illegible] Moroccan Embassy one day ar[illegible] she was anti-Kennedy and pr[illegible] and that an exception should[illegible] for her. After all, she insisted, s[illegible] just working press . . . she be[illegible] the Junior League. I think she[illegible] I was denying her her social b[illegible]

The guest list I sent to Mrs. [illegible] was later returned to me with[illegible] my additions penciled out. Ne[illegible]



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A MOTTO SPEAKS By Sophie C. Brown

I have lived through several decades of varying mottoes such as "Home, Sweet Home," "God Bless Our Home," "Yard of Puppies," "Yard of Pansies," "Cupid Awake," "Cupid Asleep," garish and most inartistic.

I cannot remember being particularly impressed or inspired by any of them. They were usually part of the décor in old-fashioned dining rooms, bedrooms or parlors. If I thought about these mottoes at all I think I placed them in the category of lightning rods or amulets—for, surely, a kind Providence would never permit harm to come to a home so prayerfully safeguarded.

Last August I found a little verse in the *Journal* that intrigued me. I was so impressed with it that I clipped it out and placed it under the glass of my dressing table. I became conscious of it every time I entered my bedroom. One afternoon I drew it out, slipped it into a little gilt frame and gave it a more prominent place. Now I cannot escape it. It has the most disconcerting power of sto[illegible] me dead in my tracks. Why? Be[illegible] procrastination is my besetti[illegible] and *mañana* my byword. This[illegible] seems to ask: "What are you go[illegible] do about this?" I become consc[illegible] stricken and have a feeling of[illegible] compelled and propelled in the[illegible] should go.

The author of this little ve[illegible] Dorothy Hilliard Moffett. Sh[illegible] given it the name "Apologia," [illegible] this is its message:

Not for the flash of anger,
Not for the hot word said,
But for the soul's sick langu[illegible]
Do I hang my head.

I weep for the friendship bro[illegible]
The letter never sent,
The word of praise unspoke[illegible]
The hoard of love unspent.

Yesterday I wrote nine le[illegible] some long past due. Today I s[illegible] blossom.

ning invitations were duly ad-
d stamped; Luci and I went on
way shopping for long dresses.
y the invitations were to be
iz Carpenter phoned me. She
ure did hope that the cards
en mailed because the party
canceled. It seemed that in
or so hours since I had seen
ad been overcome by the im-
igue of planning all those
It was Mrs. Johnson's wish
spend the next six weeks rest-
her long walk down the aisle.
llowed as how all the other
es were to be canceled, too. I
o other large parties, but Liz
further explanation. She di-
to handle the announcement
could.

ours later, Luci called in a
voice somewhere between
Kennedy's and Marilyn Mon-
l me that the party was to be
ecause of the war in Vietnam.
first time I had ever heard
ion the war. It was also the
ever spoke with Luci Baines

know whether to cry or build
elter. Finally a wire-service
rnered me for the story. Then,
all innuendoes began to ap-
newspapers. One Washington
wrote that my party was can-
nplied that I was a local hair-
e was moonlighting at the
book about the wedding and
e was too busy to check her
her writer put in her column
i's parties would continue as
d that my party was rained
"it was no longer conjecture,
but a known fact" that I was exploiting my relationship with the Johnsons. I was thunderstruck. This was before Bill Moyers, Bob McNamara and John Gardner had gotten the now famous "Johnson Treatment," and I was hurt beyond belief.

Typical of a town where closeness to power is God, the same people who had fawned over me now took the opportunity to be openly rude. Earlier I had accepted the chairmanship of the International Ball, which is Washington's oldest and most exclusive charity ball, designed to underwrite the Children's Convalescent Hospital. Our son had benefited from the research done there in his long bout with spinal meningitis and we were deeply committed to the cause. I had also been named again as Vice Chairman of the Washington, D.C., International Horse Show.

By now, people kept asking us with a knowing smile whether Bader was still to be in Luci's wedding. Children at her school told her that Luci Johnson "doesn't like you any more." One playmate angrily blurted to Bader: "Even Luci doesn't want you in her wedding."



"Some vacation! . . . Who can sleep with the sound of all those drip-dry shirts?"

I think that Ed and I most resented the behavior of the White House because the burden of its tactics fell on our child. We didn't know whether to withdraw her voluntarily from the wedding or whether the Johnsons would eventually request that we do so. Would we be guilty of ridiculous pettiness if we refused to allow Bader to participate in the biggest event of her young life? If we did protect her from the immediate situation, would it be worse later? Would anyone believe our withdrawal was voluntary? Would our tastelessness parallel the Johnsons'? There's no chapter in Dr. Spock that deals with this subject.

Finally we decided that a little girl can more easily forget the *rumors* that she was the unwanted child of a White House marriage than she can cope with being kicked out of the Johnson-Nugent wedding. The White House—strangely—had misspelled her name in its press release. To the world she became Bedar Howar. To a five-year-old who can read only one word of print—her name—it was pure tragedy.

And it got worse. The papers would refer to my Norell dress as a mod Carnaby mini. No matter what steps I danced, I was photographed as if I were engaged in some primitive number I had undoubtedly picked up in the pot dens of the East Village. The Washington *Post*'s syndicated columnist, Maxine Cheshire, told me she was offered anything short of being a bridesmaid in Luci's wedding if she (*continued*)

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would follow "the White House line" on Barbara Howar.

The most underground I've ever been is the White House basement, but suddenly I became Washington's Baby Jane Holzer. It was all somewhere between Looney Tunes and Franz Kafka. Everything became so comically obvious that we finally began to laugh at it. My close friends distributed a thousand buttons that implored: HELP STAMP OUT BARBARA HOWAR.

If the local press was staging its own mini-war the national publications weren't buying any of it. *Life* magazine and *The Ladies' Home Journal* did stories about me. With no White House shadow hanging over me, I said and did what I wished. I told one publication that I thought the Beautification Program was "like buying a wig when your teeth are rotting." (Luci had once told me quite candidly that the First Lady's Beautification Plan was an ingenious crusade calculated to do for Mrs. Johnson what restoring the White House had done for Mrs. Kennedy.)

Except for my attack on Beautification, I have not heretofore indulged in any public discussion of the Johnson family. I did entertain the idea of using up my old invitations to Luci's abruptly canceled wedding party by putting Santa Claus stickers on the envelopes and sending them out as Christmas greeting cards. But I was afraid the White House might get word of it and LBJ would cancel Christmas.

Somehow we made it through Luci's wedding. At the ceremony we were seated in the last pews, but we *were* on the bride's side of the aisle. Bader preceded Luci and a proud Lyndon Johnson down the aisle. In her long white dress and basket of pink roses, my daughter displayed more dignity than anyone should expect from a small child who knows instinctively that she has been in places where she was more welcome.

Following the ceremony, we went down the White House receiving line and into the East Room for one glass of champagne. We genuinely cared for Luci and Pat, and I am superstitious enough to believe in toasting their happiness. Our warmest greeting came from a White House maid. She had been toasting the bride and groom considerably longer than we and was effusive and sentimental. She told me not to "hold anything" against Luci and that they missed me. She said: "That baby just did what she was told." Both of us got suspiciously watery in the eyes. I collected Bader and a piece of wedding cake for our driver and we all walked out of the White House for the final time.

It was all over and the relief was immense. For months we kept waiting for the White House to send a photograph of Bader and the wedding party. Everyone else was receiving them in the mail like White Sale ads. Ours never came. We have enough autographed L.B.J. photos to fill the back room at Sardi's, but we couldn't understand why they wouldn't send a small child some reminder—even unautographed—for her to savor later. I asked for a picture quite pointedly, but all we ever received was a bill from Neiman-Marcus for Bader's wedding outfit.

And still the long arm of Johnsonian vengeance hadn't finished flexing its muscles.

I went to work on the International Ball and the Horse Show. I was also planning the opening of "West End," my boutique. All these events were to be held in November and December of 1966. I was beginning to see that no close Administration officials—except for Mrs. Clark Clifford and Judy Moyers—were going to lend a hand. It was almost impossible to get one line of publicity for the charities, and these affairs depend almost entirely on press fanfare to raise money. It wasn't until the Horse Show chairman, Richard Ridge, told me that he had consulted a public-relations firm in a desperate attempt to stir up some interest in the event that I realized I was in serious difficulties. The P.R. people called an editor and pleaded for photo coverage. They were given to understand that it was the new policy of the paper not to publicize any charitable event with which Mrs. Howar was associated. The Horse Show committee hoped that I would resign, but I refused to do so voluntarily, and they decided to brave it out.

Several days later, the Edmond Howars were dropped from the Washington Social Register. By now we had become accustomed to being cut off without an explanation, so we sought none. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and his bride Cathy were a
Senator Dodd and Adam Cla
remained. *Time* magazine
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son is re-elected, I even plan
to the White House. It's o
public five days a week.



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green thumb gloves by Edmont

ued from page 99

it. You've got to be married to
hat kind of freedom."
Newmans have made five movies
er: *The Long Hot Summer* before
ere married, and since then *Rally*
the Flag, Boys! Paris Blues, A New
of Love, and now *Now I Lay Me*
To raise money for their mutual
g ground, The Actors' Studio,
lso did a Broad-
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looks. He stands 5 feet 11 and
a trim 158 pounds—because he
aller and sturdier on the screen,
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eet him.

Eight-year-old Nell walked by in full riding regalia. She is one of his three daughters with Joanne Woodward, the older three children being the product of his first marriage. The latter three stay with their mother, who lives in California and has not remarried, but they spend several months of the year with their father, as they were doing now.

"Will you look at Nell?" said Newman proudly. "You should see that little thing, jumping horses like a veteran. And my son Scott, who's the oldest, 17, taught trampoline this summer. He does tricks on that thing that are so hairy, they scare the hell out of me. He just taught me how to do a front-flip.

"Susan is 15. She was a counselor with the Sea Squirts one summer, if you can believe that name. Sea Squirts! I tell you, it's a circus around here. Joanne says all we need is an old guy to play the grandfather, and we could do a production of *You Can't Take It With You*."

Newman himself is a fine athlete and spends nearly as much time on sports as on acting. He plays football and tennis, rides, swims, and dives well, and shot 91 the first time he tried golf. Racing sports cars is another classically masculine interest, and his favorite car of the moment is a little red Volkswagen, deceptively ordinary, with a powerful Porsche engine that enables it to pass startled Cadillac drivers in a flash.

Though he doesn't dance—a source of minor complaint from Joanne, who loves to—he picks up musical skills easily. He learned the trombone passably well for *Paris Blues*, and played a tune on the guitar after one lesson. He also learned to play pool for *The Hustler*, but not well enough. Joanne tells of a fan who watched Newman at the pool table, then walked up to say he'd never been so disappointed as he was with "Fast Eddie" in real life.

Intellectual skills come more slowly. He isn't lightning-fast at reading, or reasoning, or even figuring out a characterization. ("I'm not emotionally free as an actor, so what I do at the first few rehearsals is usually wrong. I work at a part slowly, from the outside in, until it finally feels comfortable and right.") But once he learns something, it stays learned.

The same goes for his political convictions. His ideas don't always sound very clear, much less original, but he stands by them, even at some professional risk. His attendance at civil-rights rallies and demonstrations, for instance, occasionally caused his films to be banned in the South, but he couldn't care less. "I'm a citizen as well as an actor," he said firmly, "and I'm damn well going to do what I want. A man with no enemies is no man." One year, through a charitable corporation of his own called the No Sutch Foundation, he reportedly gave away nearly $100,000—much of it to civil-rights groups.

Sprawled out on a bench with the sun causing the famous Newman nose to peel, he explained what kind of melting-pot stock and upbringing had given rise to such convictions.

His father, Arthur Newman, was Jewish, and ran a sporting-goods store in Cleveland. His mother, who loved the theater and talked to her children about it, was Roman Catholic, but became a Christian Scientist. Paul was raised as a Christian Scientist in suburban Shaker Heights. Today he claims no religious affiliation, although his children have attended Episcopalian and Lutheran Sunday schools.

Newman's first brush with acting came at age seven, when he played Robin Hood—and didn't like it. "I felt just as uncomfortable onstage then as I do now." At 11, he achieved another big success as St. George in a children's play at the Cleveland Playhouse, but was already rejecting his leading-man stereotype. "I wanted to do the Dragon. It was a much meatier role."

After graduating from high school in 1943, he enlisted for U.S. Navy flight training, but flunked the physical due to partial color-blindness, and ended up as a radioman third class on a torpedo bomber in the South Pacific. He saw no combat, but was flying five miles off the Japanese coast when the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. After the war, he enrolled at Kenyon College. He started as an economics major, but soon changed to English and speech. He made second-string on the football team and acted in about 10 Speech Department productions. He also got kicked off the football team for what his press release calls a knee injury, but which he admits was excessive beer-drinking and general high spirits. Newman recalls those days as "the happiest in my life."

Though he still had no idea of acting as a profession ("I was probably one of



the worst college actors in history"), he served a summer with a stock company after his junior year, and got an offer of a scholarship in stock at Williams Bay, Wis., after graduation. He followed that with a season of winter stock—plus some work as a farm laborer near Chicago. He also got married—to Jackie Witte, a tall, blond girl whom he had met during college.

Eventually he began to get walk-on parts in live television shows. He auditioned for The Actors' Studio, and was amazed to find himself accepted. Through an agent, he auditioned for *Picnic*, and got the job as understudy to the lead, Ralph Meeker. After auditions were under way, he was given a small part as the rich boy. Understudying both sisters in the play was a young actress fresh from South Carolina, named Joanne Woodward. Sparks may have flown, but nobody's saying. Newman was still very much a married man.

Lured by the promise of a lead in what was, as it turned out, a very bad Warner Brothers' epic called *The Silver Chalice*, Newman took his family to California. "I couldn't handle the language I was supposed to speak. My acting was terrible, and I knew it was terrible." Though he tried to tell himself it was "kind of a distinction to be in the worst movie of the entire 1950's," he was devastated by the reviews. (*The New Yorker* critic wrote: "Paul Newman delivers his lines with the emotional fervor of a New York Central conductor announcing local stops.") In 1963, when *The Silver Chalice* was shown on television in Los Angeles, Newman spent $1,200 in local papers on black-bordered advertisements that read: "Paul Newman apologizes every night this week—Channel 9."

In 1957, he and Jackie were divorced. "It's hard to say what happened," said a friend who knew Paul and his first wife in New Haven, when Paul was studying at Yale's drama school. "They were so young when they married, and they just grew up to be two entirely different people." On January 29, 1958, when he was 33 and Joanne was 27, they were married.

The Newmans moved into a New York brownstone that Joanne decorated in what she called "19th-century bordello" (Tennessee Williams once looked into the bedroom and pronounced it "the finest example of Southern decadence I have ever seen"); then into a Park Avenue apartment as their family expanded; and finally to the 200-year-old carriage house in Westport, Conn., which they now consider a permanent home. It has huge stone fireplaces, a waterfall nearby, a swimming pool, and a small structure known as "Mommy's Tree House." ("No one under 16 is allowed up," explained Joanne. "It's where Paul and I go to escape from the children and read the Sunday papers.")

Since there is little fuel for the standard speculation of any actor-actress marriage (to wit: is it breaking up?) gossip centers on what keeps it going. "It's very simple, honey," said one Hollywood hostess. "She just *never* lets him out of her sight." Actually, it's the other way around; if one is more family-minded than the other, it is Paul Newman.

Joanne has occasional longings for a Broadway play, and concedes that she might take one, even if it meant commuting to California, when the children are a little older. Newman is less spontaneous, more prone to worry, more in need of privacy to help him keep perspective.

"Being a movie star," he explained, "is part of the American dream. The way people treat you is totally unrealistic, and if you get caught up in it, it's death."

To make sure they don't, neither Newman reads any reviews of his work, good or bad, and they avoid public events as much as possible. With the help of sunglasses and Newman's between-pictures beard, they can wander around New York without being recognized. As unsure as most women about whether or not she is pretty, Joanne primps and looks into mirrors. Her husband, who is reasonably sure he is too pretty, shaves in the shower and tries never to look into mirrors at all.

Their older children, of course, are aware of some special status, but the Newmans try to minimize it by refusing to let publications photograph them, and by sending them to neighborhood schools.

Whether it is luck, love, psychoanalysis (Joanne was in it intermittently for three or four years, while Paul still sees his analyst occasionally), or just endurance, it all seems to be working out.

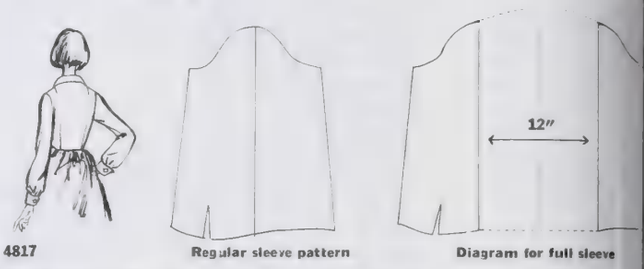
While on location for *Exodus*, Newman wrote a postcard to his friend Stewart Stern that gave some explanation of what it's like to be Paul Newman—and why his marriage is a good one. It read:

"Dateline: Nasser-on-the-Suez
Booze is terribly expensive.
Twin beds.
Joanne's hair dye has yet
rive and she's black at the
which is wonderful for her
disposition.
Twin beds.
Never think for a minute th
fun to be successful, old
'Heavy falls the head that
the crown' uh 'heavy *lie*
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Twin beds."



"Can you run my paper dress through your Xerox machine a few times?"

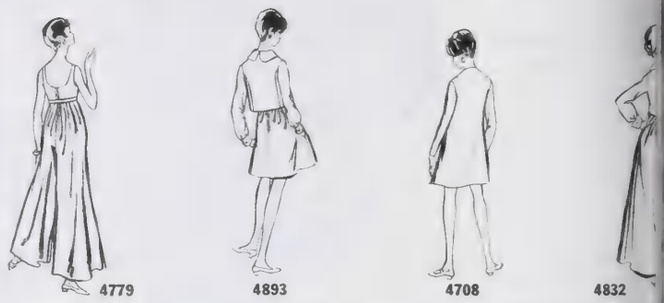
PATTERN BACKVIEWS *See pages 104–105.*



4817 Regular sleeve pattern Diagram for full sleeve

BUTTERICK 4817 Misses blouse; 8–16; $.60. Blouse requires 3½ yards o fabric with without nap for size 12. Completed collar and cuffs are edg 2 yards of 1½-in. pre-pleated ruffling. To make an ordinary shirt sleeve as this, see diagram. Slit pattern in half and tape to a large sheet of w paper, adding 12 extra inches in the center. Draw a new cap and wrist shown and continue according to directions. Be sure to use two rows of when setting in this sleeve to distribute fullness evenly. Although this calls for only one button, we used 4 small self-covered buttons instead.

DIRNDL SKIRT requires approximately 3 yards of 39-in. fabric. Se widths of organdy together, inserting zipper in side seam, and gather waistband. We used 2 layers of organdy for this effect and edged hem wi of the pleated ruffling.



4779 4893 4708 4832

BUTTERICK 4779 Misses culotte; 8–14; $.75. Long culotte requires 5 of 44/45-in. fabric with without nap for size 12.

BUTTERICK 4893 Misses coordinates; 8–16; $.75. Blouse requires 1¾ 44/45-in. fabric with without nap for size 12. Skirt requires 1½ yards of 4 fabric with without nap for size 12. Vest requires 1¾ yards of 36-i with without nap.

BUTTERICK 4708 Misses dress; 8–16; $.75. Short tunic requires 1 Ja panel (see coupon below to order). Suitable *only* for size 14 and unde comes with directions and cutting layout for use with this pattern.

BUTTERICK 4832 Misses dress; 8–16; $.75. Long dress requires 4¾ 40-in. fabric with nap, for size 12. The scalloped hem edge is formed scalloped fabric itself. The pattern calls for a rounded "Peter Pan" co French cuffs. We got our scalloped effect by following the fabric, th fully cutting out additional scallops and appliquéing them to form collar, cuffs and front tab.

Buy Vogue and Butterick Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, 630, Altoona, Pa.* Also available in Canada. *Calif. and Pa. residents add

To order Java Print Panel, please fill out coupon below, enclosing check o order (no stamps, please). New York State residents please add sales tax. S are unable to handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders. Please allow thre weeks for handling and mailing. To avoid delay, please use your zip code.

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_____DRS/2 Beige background (72" X 48")

Please Print Name

Address

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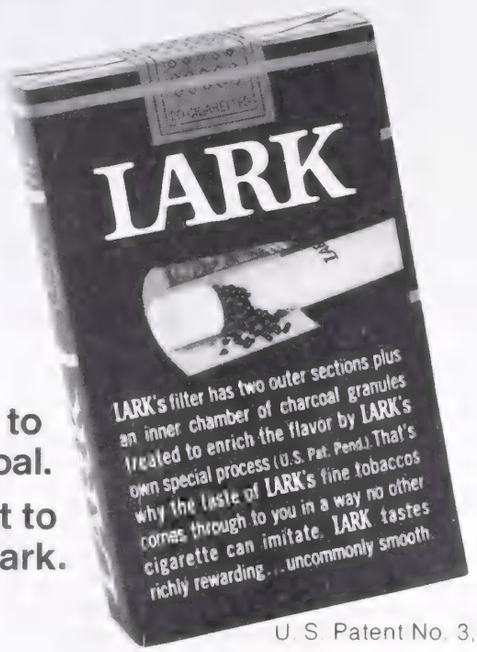
With a couple of kids tugging at your apron strings, either you like a cigarette or you don't—you don't investigate why.

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ow you may be the only lady on your block who knows why ike Lark. But you're not alone in liking them.

ore than a million people vhat Lark does.



You ought to turn to charcoal.

You ought to turn to Lark.

U. S. Patent No. 3,251,365

continued from page 107

Central Park in New York - pumping happily at the pedals while her hair sails back straight and frothy as a jet stream. Her traveling companion, strapped in a basket and laughing for joy, is the little girl she and Cary delight in—the only delight left in their marriage of less than three years.

Dyan, now 29, gently takes the coat off her child, murmuring motherly things.

"Say, little girl," she asks, "what's your name?"

"My name Jennifer Grant," says the child positively.

"Hi, Jennifer Grant," salutes the mother.

"Hi, Dyan Cannon!" replies the child.

It startles Dyan—hearing Jennifer address her, for the first time, by her professional name. And it gratifies her. It confirms what she has felt—that this little girl has "incredible awareness. Sometimes I have the feeling that she may have been here on this earth before. And that if she was, we were best friends."

Because what Dyan Cannon wants most now is a quiet, amicable divorce from Cary Grant, security for their baby, and a resumption of her life as Dyan Cannon. Dyan Cannon: actress, person, identity. She wants to be herself again.

"I lost my individuality completely after I married Cary," she explains quietly. "I gladly gave up my career, I was so in love, so eager to please. I allowed it to happen to me, but it wasn't helped at all by Cary. He is always the dominant one. If you want to be a piece of lox, that's OK. But I didn't want to be. It just happened."

When she walked out on Cary, she walked straight to a psychiatrist. "I knew I had to have outside help—to help my insides." Her friends recall that Dyan was perilously close to a complete nervous breakdown at that time. She had lost so much weight that her best friends could barely recognize her.

Now she laughs, a happy laugh. "What I've learned through analysis is of enormous help. I spent so many years trying to please, and considering myself last, really, in so many cases. I've now learned the importance of my own desires, and it's helped. I'm getting back my individuality, and even in the face of this discontent—in spite of the outside factors which are very disturbing—I'm regaining a certain ease, a certain calm. And since I now understand so much more about myself, I understand much more about Cary."

Dyan is a sensitive woman—hypersensitive when it is suggested that she might be using her estranged husband to get choice acting assignments. She has 200 TV performances and two Broadway shows behind her. And yet she remembers that when she starred recently in the Broadway comedy, *The 90-Day Mistress* (which ran only three weeks, though Dyan received good reviews), a gossip columnist inquired in print: I wonder if she got the role because she's Mrs. Cary Grant?

"Lee Radziwill and I were put in the same category," Dyan said, "she as the sister of a famous woman, I as the wife of a famous man. But what has that got to do with it? She's a girl who's being made into an instant star. I'm an experienced actress . . ."

Dyan grew up in Seattle, where her father manages the Franklin Life Insurance Co. She was two years old when Cary Grant had his first starring role.

She remembers growing up as "absolutely marvelous, in spite of the awful restrictions put upon me. I went to the movies every Friday night with a boy, we'd get out of the theater and there were my folks in the car, waiting."

She went to the University of Washington, "entertaining the thought of being an entertainer, since I was such an extrovert." But she found the theater courses "a bloody bore, and I didn't like the looks of the people in the theatrical department. They wore long hair and beards." Dyan chuckles. "Shows you how mature my values were."

On a vacation in Phoenix, Dyan met a young insurance man and became engaged to him. "Mother and I went to Los Angeles where he lived. Mother liked him well enough, but she thought I was too young to marry. And, of course, I was. Seventeen, for goodness' sake. So we broke that off.

"But I liked Southern California and wanted to stay. My parents said it was all right, but they made it very clear that I'd have to support myself." Dyan grins. "But they reneged. Whenever I needed money, they sent it. That's why my career, before my marriag ways incidental."

Dyan found a job modelin and earned $49.50 a week. "' not seem much, but it was $4 making all by myself, and it lot to me."

One day at lunch, an agen ducer Jerry Wald introduced Dyan and arranged a screen te That test led to her movie c took an acting course from drama instru ford Meisner came serious craft; but job easily that was tired she to take off with a girl f stead of takir other assign was while she one of those Grant saw he vision.

When she f turned home t later, however ily, even eager to keep an ap with the actor so curious to Dyan was cur but not the le At 23, she w sionally ind she knew her she was finan cure. It was feeling of c assuredness casually walke the door of G fice and—with abruptness— the carefree her life.

"I wasn't tized—but I chanted by C remembers. charmed, in sense of the talked. For a hours. It was ous conversati completely sm him, and with We talked a movie he ha me for, about ries and phi We talked a and my famil the essence of oils. About eve

Grant is among his fri becoming en excited abou seemingly inco tial things. He has a great cur does Dyan. So they talked about little, seemingly incons things.

When she came out of tha Dyan Cannon was carrying home to read, but the script rea mean very much. She didn't re she'd get the part, and she did

"But I married him."

Cary and Dyan began to d press didn't pay much at mainly because they didn't see going on. "It was a private Dyan says, then laughs. "Oh-o



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kept working, off and
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Couple. She did a lot
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How to Succeed in
Without Really Try-
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several visits to
visit his mother.

Cary's mother is a tremendous influence on him. She's 91 years old, but she has a very strong personality." Was his mother pleasant to Dyan? Oh, yes. "Except she kept calling me Betsy . . ." (Betsy Drake was Grant's third wife.)

The couple also visited Dyan's parents frequently. Her family was disturbed at first about the age difference, but, like their daughter, they were enchanted with Cary—and sympathetic to the marriage.

When Dyan Cannon and Cary Grant finally married secretly in late July, 1965, in Las Vegas, they thought they knew everything about each other that there was to know.

"I had researched him as far as I was capable," she says now, "and he had researched me as far as he was capable."

For their honeymoon, they flew to England to visit Cary's mother once more and give her the news.

It was not long before Dyan suspected she was pregnant.

How did she feel then?

"Grateful," she says. "Cary and I had talked about (*continued on page 172*)

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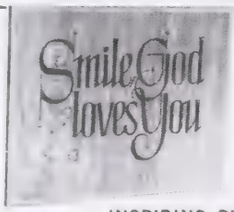
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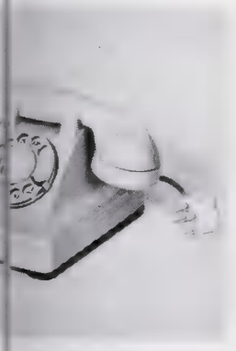
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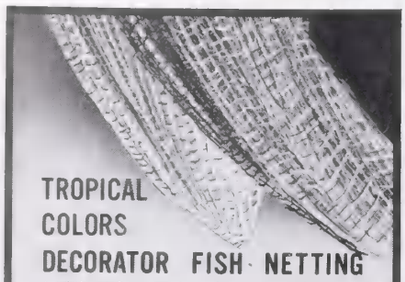
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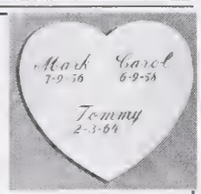
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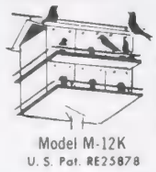


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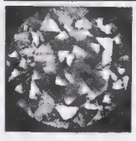
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2 tablespoons peanut butter
4 cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies

1. Melt Chocolate, Butterscotch Morsels, and peanut butter together in heavy saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly until well blended. Remove from heat. Add Rice Krispies; stir until well coated.

2. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto waxed paper or buttered baking sheets. Let stand in cool place until firm.

Yield: about 4 dozen confections, 1½ inches in diameter

Note: Mixture may be pressed into buttered 9x9-inch pan, if desired. Cut into squares when firm. Yield: 3 dozen 1½-inch squares



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having a family when we were going together. I knew somehow, in my head, that if we both willed it so, we would have a family."

When Dyan told Grant that she thought she was pregnant, "He said, 'You have to find out.' He called the doctor and I went to see him." When the doctor confirmed the pregnancy, what did they do? Dyan let out a great laugh.

"We went to a night baseball game."

It was typical of Cary to celebrate one of the great news events of his life at a ball game. Aside from staying at home, baseball is his recreation.

"But I will say, that night we paid less attention than usual to what was going on on the field," Dyan recalls. "We were euphoric."

Life was not all euphoria with Cary Grant, however. He is a moody man who can plummet from great elations to deep depressions. "An extremist," Dyan says carefully. "I would say that he is an extremist."

Grant's high moods were fun, and Dyan was "intrigued by his fascinating theories," the ones that made him happy. His lows were more difficult. When Cary was low, she was low.

Their relationship, as man and wife, was not the same as it had been in their dating days. "We really helped each other for a long time. I was terribly disorganized, and he was terribly organized. I helped him relax a little, and he helped me straighten up a little."

But that was before their marriage. After their marriage, she gave up her career and began to sink into a state of psychological subservience. "He dominated me completely, and I was so eager to please."

Was it a Pygmalion relationship?

"Absolutely. Completely," Dyan admits.

In the process of slipping into psychological obscurity, it occurred to Dyan to suggest that she go back to work. "But I didn't do it often, because I really had the feeling Cary didn't want it, and I found myself—it was eerie—just living to try and please, to please, to keep going."

The low moods took over, and the highs almost ceased to exist for Dyan Grant.

When she walked out of what had become for her an impossible relationship, she began to breathe again. But the process of leaving, and the months that have followed—during which Cary has pursued her and (according to friends, not to Dyan) tried to woo her back—have been "the most devastating experience of my life.

"I'm very strange," she says. "Even at an airport, I dread saying good-bye to friends I'll see next week. I like—how can I put it?—constancy. And marriage is, or should be, constant. It is very sacred ground."

If she knew so much about Cary before they married, and he about her, how could the marital break come so quickly?

Dyan will not say. She will say, however, that the thing that brings her most happiness is "being with people I know love me." She is almost happy again—being with Jennifer. Jennifer, the adored. "My daughter," she says proudly, "is so aware, as well as being devastatingly beautiful. She has a built-in style and great manners. I don't think anybody can be both a mother and father to a child. I'm only going to be the best mother I know how to be."

A slight frown crossed Dyan's face. "Cary did some wonderful things for me, and I for him," she said quietly. "When he comes to see Jennifer and me now, the circumstances are very much the same as when we were dating. I can talk. We talk a lot about Jennifer. How not to spoil her too much. How wonderful she is. She knows she's loved—she knows that—and if we can continue to have her know that feeling, she'll be OK."

Cary Grant has the interesting history of having remained on friendly terms with his former ex-wives: Virginia Cherrill, Barbara Hutton, Betsy Drake. Can he maintain that record with Dyan?

"Oh, I certainly hope so," she says emphatically. "We have a child. That makes it even more important."

But her future no longer lies with Cary Grant. "We've given it tries. We spent last Christmas toget won't work. Through psy I've learned all over again h up for myself. I've gone bac an actress, and this time about it. Before my marri was an incidental part of m it's my psychological crutch I'm a professional actress, a work.

"Perhaps I am getting now, all at once, than I wou hadn't been Mrs. Cary Gran bother me, because *I* kno trading on his name, and bec I can deliver. I'll give them have to offer!"

When she leaves the h turn to stare admiringly.

Is it because they reco Cary Grant—or because young woman of not only buoyancy?

Who knows and who care Dyan Cannon doesn't.

RECIPE INDE

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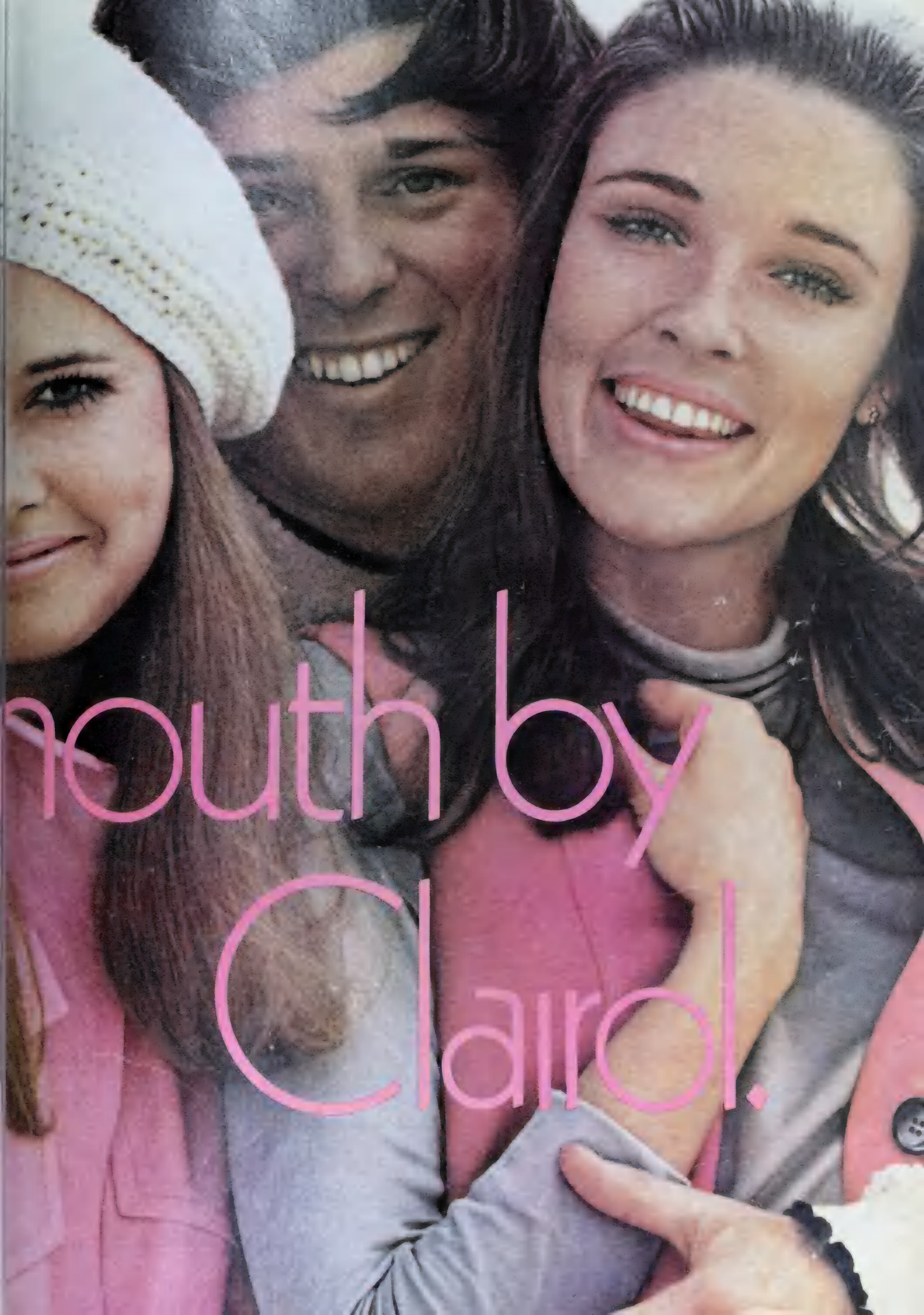
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The 'Moon Drops' Demi-Makeup Collection

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The Tired Look

that even your make-up can't hide!



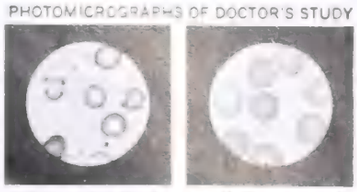
Don't let iron-poor blood make you feel tired ... look tired.

You notice it day in, day out. You get up tired and go to bed tired. And you look as tired as you feel. Of course, there's no single reason for your tiredness. But, as a woman, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. It is this loss of blood-iron that can leave you looking and feeling tired. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol.

Now, the great majority of tired people don't feel that way because of iron-poor blood and Geritol won't help them, but it is a medical fact that many of the millions of people who have iron-poor blood are tired and need Geritol.

Geritol iron enters your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body. So, if iron-poor blood is making you feel tired, and even look tired, take Geritol. You'll feel stronger fast.

PHOTOMICROGRAPHS OF DOCTOR'S STUDY



When you're tired, your trouble may be due to pale, iron-poor blood cells like this.

Geritol's supply of iron can change iron-poor blood into rich, red blood.



LIQUID TABLETS



EDITOR'S NOTE: The *Journal* will publish brief letters from read ing answers to important personal problems, along with replies from of our board of experts. We welcome such letters and greatly r only those selected for publication can be answered. The address Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.

Dear Miss Porter: We are planning to sell our house this spring, in order to buy a new home in another state. You have given us plenty of advice on how to buy a new home, but how about some advice on how to *sell* a house?

MRS. SALLY STARK
Boston, Mass.

● *Okay, here goes:*

1. *Shop for a competent, licensed real-estate agent. Favor one who is a member of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, which sets qualifications and ethical standards.*

2. *Ask each agent whom you interivew for an estimate of the price you can reasonably ask for your house. Estimates by most qualified brokers in any given area should be similar.*

3. *Have your house appraised by the Veterans Administration, the Federal Housing Administration, or by private appraisers. The cost will run $35 or so, but the appraisal will be a solid indication of the value of your house.*

4. *Don't set a price that is so high it will discourage potential buyers from even looking at your house—not to mention buying it. It's estimated that if you set a sale price within 5 percent of your house's fair market value, you are 10 times more likely to sell it reasonably soon than if you price it 10–15 percent above a fair market value.*

5. *Invest in needed repairs, repainting or refurbishing* before *you show your house to prospective buyers. An up-to-date kitchen and bathroom, for example, can be a crucial factor in getting a fair price for your house—including the investment you have made in repairs and remodeling.*

6. *If mortgage money is scarce—or interest rates so high in your area that they are a barrier to a prospective buyer—consider extending the loan yourself by transferring your existing mortgage to the buyer.*

SYLVIA PORTER

Dear Dr. Bettelheim: My wife and I read with great interest your February DIALOGUE WITH MOTHERS column on "The Real Lesson of Homework," since we are also very concerned with the problem of school homework. We agree with the comments and ideas presented in the article, but would like to ask this question: How do we enable our children to take the college preparatory course when the school system insists on an A or B grade average to enroll in the course?

As a means of getting these grades the school system insists on hom ing done. If it is not accomp child is penalized and put i that do not allow college entra In our school system, this has a point where in the junior h the records of the fourth grad to determine the class level in child is put.

On one hand, the experts te worry, nor to insist, that the is done or that the grades be the other hand, the school sy that these things must be acc How do we parents reconcile flicting viewpoints?

MR. & MRS. AL
Creve C

● *I am afraid that I have no o tion than that you and other par exercise your influence to chan me seems a wrong system of child at the age of 10 in reg future education. Competent severely criticize the Europea including the British, because on who shall be prepared for hi tion are made by the end of school.*

It is well known that many boys in particular, tend to be u in academic matters up to the a 15, when they suddenly dis sports are not all there is to many of them become keener a tual pursuits than some of t mates who all the while have bee away academically. They ofte in college and graduate scho their interests and views are pared to those who have done school requested all along, re sometimes lead to a stultifying rather than to original thinking

I have many colleagues who with the present selection proce might never have made it in though they are now university Thus there is widespread diss with our procedures in regard t tion for and admission to colle

Nevertheless it has been my that those who are college ma really want to go to college do fairly good college that will ac though it might not be one of t schools.

So I would not worry too must also hope that in the eight years of schooling that you ahead of him your school syste tify its present restrictive—a opinion, ill-advised—policies.

DR. BRUNO BE



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INSTANT SHOE COLORING

by Lady Esquire



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THE JOURN "VOICE OF WOMEN" F

It should be no secret that women keep secrets from their hu which secrets do they most often keep—and why? In the latest vey, 563 wives tell us. Why not compare their frank answers wit

Most wives realize all too well that "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" isn't always told in a marriage. There are secrets, there are "those little white lies," and there are things better left unsaid because it's wiser to "let sleeping dogs lie." But now, in the latest *Journal* "Voice of Women" poll, we've finally discovered not only exactly what wives most often hide from their husbands but also why.

Our survey of 563 women, a national cross section of *Journal* readers, revealed that wives apparently keep things from their husbands for six reasons:

1. To avoid arguments.
2. To avoid worry by their husbands.
3. To avoid disappointing their husbands.
4. To avoid damaging their husbands' self-esteem.
5. To avoid lowering their husbands' opinion of them.
6. To be accommodating.

Of these reasons, avoiding arguments and not disappointing their husbands ran well ahead—but the other reasons cannot be dismissed lightly. For example, the only two statements checked by an absolute majority of women (55 percent in both cases)—"I sometimes hide little aches and pains so my husband won't worry" and "I sometimes pretend to enjoy making love more than I do"—reveal, in the first case, a desire to avoid worry on the husband's part, and, in the second, to avoid disappointing him.

The responses to other statements about sex were particularly significant. For example:

"I sometimes tell my husband I'm too tired to make love, when actually I just don't want to." 44 percent said Yes.

"I sometimes pretend that I don't want to make love when I actually do—because I can tell my husband doesn't feel like it." 36 percent said Yes.

"I wish my husband would make love to me more romantically, but I don't mention it to him." 38 percent said Yes.

"I sometimes have fantasies or dreams about having a love affair with another man." 38 percent said Yes.

"I've never told him I hate to make love in the morning." 18 percent said Yes.

"I'm embarrassed to undress in front of my husband, but I've managed to hide that fact from him." 16 percent said Yes.

According to the *J* wives frequently keep l management secrets fro bands. Here are the sta percentages:

"I keep a little 'mad den away so I don't hav for every little thing." said Yes.

"Sometimes I fib to about the cost of son bought." (Apparently th to avert arguments but a lowering her husband's her.) 37 percent said Ye

Many women (41 perc with the way their husb the children, but say no it—and 38 percent adm occasionally cover up f dren's misbehavior so the won't be angry with the

Another prime secret t women seem to keep fro is the fact that wives k their husbands don't wa know; 32 percent say this 27 percent of the wives they've never come rig said that they dislike t presents their husbands

The traditional gulf b and Mrs. about the scope cial life is underscored by to the statement, "I thin life is too limited, but I do thing about this." Wives nag their husbands on th 35 percent of the *Journa* dicated that, to the con concealed this disagree their husbands.

A statement that elicit esting response was: "I'v my husband that I have felt like asking him for Twenty percent of those plying said Yes, but the such thoughts to them sponding to the statement band has personal habits like, but I don't tell him,' answered Yes. And one many wives object to, bu ing about, is snoring; 29 p they've never told their that they snore.

While it's true that wi things from their husban husbands keep secrets wives—women apparently ceive their men about imp ters. We deliberately whopping lie into the poll

"I take birth-control haven't told my husband

Only 1 percent of the replied said Yes.

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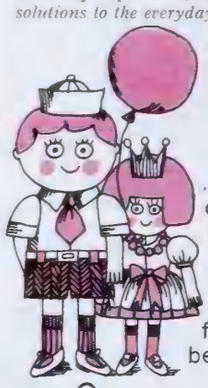
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IF IT WERE MY CHILD.

A Column for Mothers Only

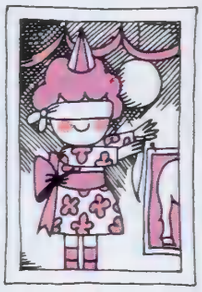
The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alon the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other th solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.



PARTY PLANNERS: It's party time fo children when my husband and I go out play host to their baby-sitter. They're respo for the party planning and cleaning up and on their best behavior. This makes our goir more pleasant for everyone—the children forward to their parties, and they never fe behind.—Mrs. V. E. Whitehouse, Fayetteville,

SUMMER SLEEP-OUTS: Last summer, when relatives vi we rented a tent and put it up in the backyard for the children. They all enjoyed sleeping out and we have since bought a tent of our own. It's a great summer playhouse and "guest room" and is the perfect place for "pajama" parties.—Mrs. K. Terrill, San Jose, Calif.





THANK-YOU SNAPS: At my child's last day party I took candid photographs of guest "partying." Later, when my daughter thank-you notes for her gifts, she wrote a note on the back of each snapshot to se the respective child. Both guests and their ents were delighted with their picture t you's.—Mrs. Amelia Vlahos, Yonkers, N.Y.



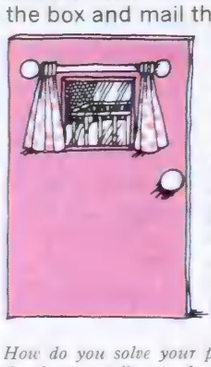
CAR CONTAINERS: For long or short car trips, when children are apt to become restless, we always take along crayons, coloring books, etc., that usually get strewn all over the car. To avoid this mess, I bought each child a metal cake pan with a sliding cover. All the paraphernalia is kept in the pans, and the top is a surface to draw on.—Mrs. Richard C. Schneider, Oakmont, Pa.



PILLOW BOTTLE: When one of my children loses a tooth places it in a plastic pill bottle, ca closed, and puts it under his pillow. is sanitary (the coins in exchange fo tooth go in the same bottle) and th no danger of the child being awake by a "fairy" who can't find the too Mrs. Anne Dirkman, Calumet, Mich



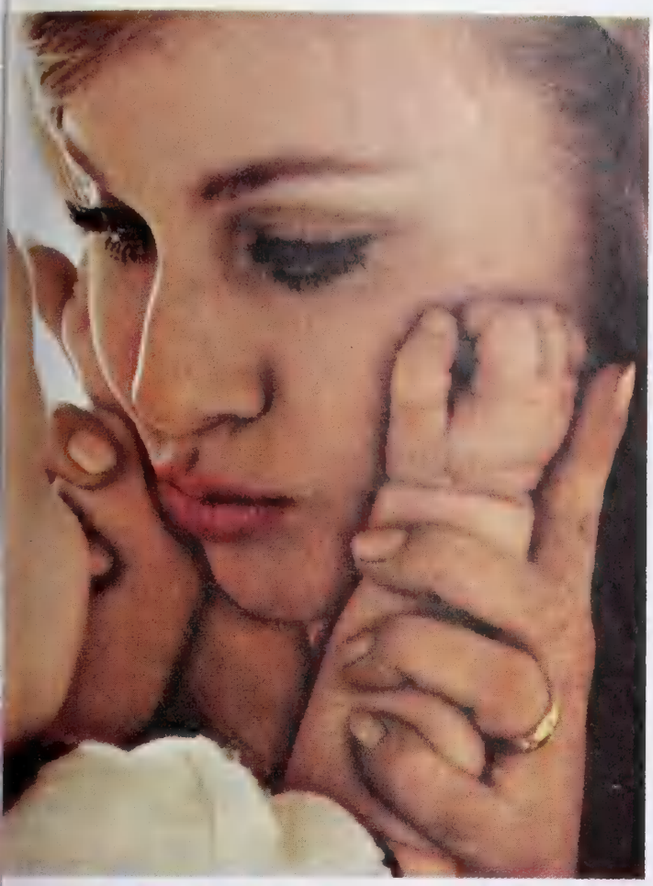
PARTY POSTCARDS: With the invitations I sent to my daughter's friends for her birthday party, I included self-addressed postcards with a "Yes, I'll be there" and a "Sorry, I can't come" box for them to check. The little girls can fill in the box and mail the postcard themselves, and I get a speedy response from all.—Mrs. Sharon Kane, Glencoe, Ill.



WINDOW WATCHER: When my baby was tiny, I had a square (9x9 inches) out of her bedroom door and replaced wi pane of glass. I could keep an eye on her with disturbing her in any way. This has been e cially helpful to baby-sitters and to me w she's had the usual childhood diseases.—I Doris Reid, Ontario, Canada.

How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $ the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and baby-s as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. M c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 1 Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., because such submissions cannot be retu

Illustrations by Ar



LOVE

and child, man and woman, mankind and ove in all its aspects, with all its problems, oys. Discover what the greatest thinkers of e said and wrote about the meanings of love elp you achieve a richer, fuller life.

of love has fascinated men throughout the ages. d hate. Love and desire. Love and lust. Love of e of self, love of others.

ou know, for example, that John Locke said, lf-love necessarily leads to love of one's neighbor"? ou read Sigmund Freud's provocative observa- ating all love to the sexual instincts? Or Dante's poetry defining love as "pure light"?

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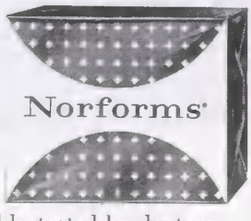
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e Thing: All you need in one handy eshadows, highlighter, eye liner, er. Shades picked to go good (And go good on you.) Brush ge applicator make it all a cinch. s: $5. The name: Eyes on the Go. hy Gray.

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ce Thing: Eye Makeup Remover ads, too.) Quick, non-sting way to thing off. (Now there's no excuse t your eyes gently!)

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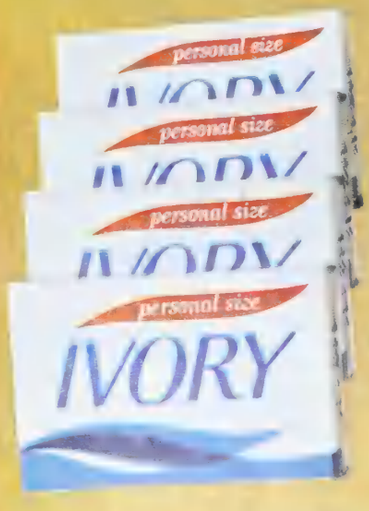
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A CLASH OF TEMPER AND TEMPERAMENTS

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Every marriage needs friends, just as every individual does; and the friends of the individual are not always the friends of the marriage. One of the first steps a married couple should take is to build up a small circle of happily married couples—not too many but not too few—with whom they can associate comfortably. If they have moved into a new community after the wedding and left old friends behind, they may have to spend some time and thought in making the right contacts. The Young Married Couples classes that have been such a prominent development in churches during the past quarter of a century offer some people a ready-made social life; others can find desirable acquaintances in special-interest groups, in politics, art, literature, science, or square dancing. One of the major problems Ernie and Bettina faced was the absence of such contacts. Many a marriage has been saved by little more than the development of a suitable group of friends, which sometimes involves the preliminary necessity of getting rid of a group of unsuitable ones. The counselor in this case was Howard N. Lindskoog.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and president,
The American Institute of
Family Relations

"The thing of doing over the bedroom for Ernie was considerably more work than I counted on, but a lot of fun and satisfaction for me," said 28-year-old Bettina, a beautiful, long-legged redhead. "I'm very handy with tools, handier really, than I am in dealing with meaningless, social chit-chat.

"One night at a neighbor's housewarming I got stuck with the gushy hostess and in desperation attempted to drown out her conversation. I started talking up the fine points of our house, the three fireplaces, the Palladian window I adore, the high ceilings. I guess all this was tactless, since we had just inspected their new house. Anyhow, Ernie broke in to say that compared to their master bedroom ours was a nothing.

"This was quite true, but I was surprised at his remark. Surprised and pleased. Usually Ernie is as unobservant as an owl about his surroundings and might as well live in a hole in a tree. I decided right then that the next time he was out of town, I would have a go at the bedroom.

"And so I did. I switched the color scheme from a wishy-washy pink and white to deep eggplant-purple and turquoise-blue, touted in my pet decorating magazine as sexy and provocative. When I begin on a big project (and I never begin if Ernie is around), I just can't rest until it is finished—if necessary I start at 5 A.M. and don't stop until midnight, only taking time out to feed the children and see that they're bathed and clean. After painting and making new draperies, my final touch, with my mother's assistance, was a swash-buckling purple canopy above our king-sized bed that had never had a canopy of any kind. On the evening of Ernie's return he unpacked in that bedroom, distributed his gifts to the kids. He put his stuff in a bureau I had redone with fancy turquoise knobs, wandered around on the newly dyed carpet while he told me about his trip, flicked his cigarette ashes in the huge, new, wine-colored ashtrays. Eventually, he crawled in the canopied bed and fell asleep. Not one word was said about the transformation. I couldn't stand it. I shook him until he woke up.

"What did he think of the changes in our bedroom? The lights were off and it was black as a cave. In the darkness, Ernie reached for my hand and said I had grand taste in decoration, the greatest, but it was a pity the turquoise paint I had used on the sidewalls and ceiling wasn't as vivid as the color of my eyes, the purple fabric hanging overhead royal enough in hue to serve as a decent coronation robe for me. Naturally, I was pleased.

"Ernie is loaded with charm and with talent. He was talented back in high school where we first met; even then he had a thing about the entertainment business, a passion for making people happy. He now works as a stand-up comic; he does spots on TV, tours the nightclub circuit over the country and makes occasional appearances as toastmaster at big business conventions. In high school, he handled the drums in a small combo he organized to play at our dances. He starred at tennis and track. He wrote, directed and starred in most of the class plays, won every class office he announced for.

"I was crazy about Ernie, like all the other kids. He dated me, but then he turned around and dated other girls and broke my heart. Of course I had other boy friends; several times I remember confiding in my mother that I had broken off forever with Ernie and was engaged to somebody else. But then Ernie would pick up the telephone and I always went running back to him.

"Ernie and I were finally after he'd had two years at versity. I was eighteen, he w teen, and, as Mother said, young enough. Maybe it young for someone like E marry. He still doesn't seem up, or behave much like an a a husband and father, he is mature. He is maddeningly headed and irresponsible as owner.

"We got our house eight y at a bargain, because it was in need of repairs. The first t did was put on a new roof t ried a thirty-year warranty, the rainy season two years sprang a leak. Ernie hates to people and stand up for l rights. He called the roof meekly explained that the leak very bad and he asked for som come in such a please-ex manner the roofer hung up taking down our street addre

"I finally climbed upsta made a temporary patch th tunately lasted until permar pairs were made. Our home largest investment, and I th up to us to keep the place in Ernie agrees. He is the head house, but getting his cooper a problem. Last year he hel paper our upstairs hall. I hardest part, while he handed strips. Believe it or not, he got of paste in his eye and the veloped an infection.

"To put it mildly, Ernie is a prone. Last year he had to v hospital emergency ward five He pulled a muscle in his ba stumbled and crushed a ligh in his hand—have you ever of that unique predicamen dropped a heavy wrench on h foot and broke a toe, he choked to death on a blade o For two weeks he wore an eye and I had to drive him to the h for medication. During that Mother and I papered the u hall and the childrens' bedroo

"When Ernie went to pay t for his eye, another blow fe cording to the cashier, our n policy had lapsed. This seem possible. Six months earlier had written out a check to co premium, in fact I recalled th evening I had settled him at h to take care of several annua With a sinking heart, I then r how he had roared off in his mail off the checks.

"I looked in his glove co ment and solved the mystery canceled medical policy. I fou unmailed premium check, alon three others written that sam ning. One of the unmailed chec addressed to our fire insurance pany. For six months we'd h protection against fire, none home could have been stru lightning and burned to the g and we would have had to sta my mother or camp in the with three small children, with penny to rebuild. It was a ter picture to me.

"I felt helpless, completely u by Ernie's noncha- (cont

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educa counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic lo and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



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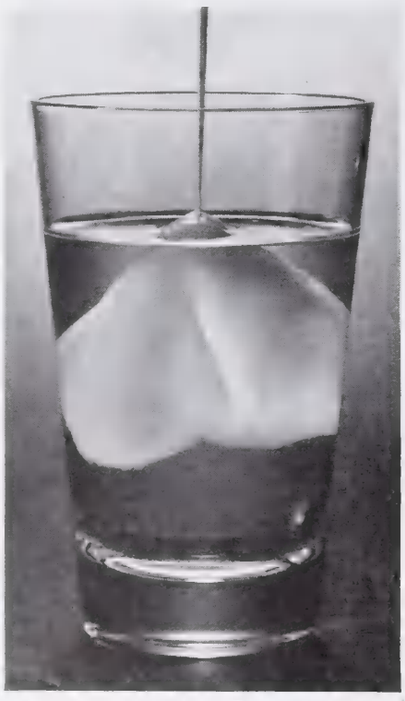


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lance. My hands trembled, my whole body shook, tears streamed down my face. I flew into a wild, hysterical rage. I ran in the house waving the unmailed checks, screaming and carrying on generally. Ernie went in the bathroom and was sick at his stomach. Ernie won't fight back. Never. Sometimes I wish he would. We're so unlike in this respect: I get angry fast and recover fast. Ernie treasures every grievance.

"Ernie emerged from the bathroom and collapsed on the chaise. He said my uncouth behavior had affected his ulcer like a spoonful of red pepper. I felt ashamed and wanted to make up. I felt warm and loving. I discovered he felt different. Ernie and I seldom seem to get together on the way we feel sexually. When I put on a glamorous, black nightgown, his Christmas present to me, and sauntered around the room, he turned his face the other way. When I started to sit down beside him on the chaise he hunched over to the farthest edge. I apologized for blowing up. In a voice as unfeeling and mechanical as the tick of the metronome in his studio, he told me off. He said I had less femininity than a truck driver and that I ought to carry a union card. Ernie meant to hurt me, and he did.

"I don't want to be domineering and aggressive. I want to be feminine. I want to be cherished, guided, protected. But if Ernie refuses to accept the responsibility for our home, who will? Am I supposed to let the place burn up without insurance, fall to pieces for lack of maintenance? The only thing Ernie ever really notices is whether his music and joke files are in order and in place, and whether he has one clean shirt. If the shirt is ironed, that's fine; if it isn't ironed, that's fine, too. In fact, that's dandy. For then he ties an ascot around his neck and pretends to be a fugitive from the crumbling British Empire down to his last un-ironed shirt, or the innocent victim of the sloppy woman who shares his bed and board. The sloppy woman is supposed to be me—his wife.

"When Ernie is at home we are obliged to party, but even then we circulate in moderation. Because of his ulcer, he can't drink. I count calories and don't touch alcohol. Frankly, most of our friends seem to be too fast on their feet for me, alcoholically, mentally and otherwise.

"Someone in the crowd is always introducing a new word game, rhyming game or music game that quickly exposes me as the dumbest person in the room. Demonstrating that I am an idiot girl and can't spell 'cat' doesn't bother me particularly, although neither am I fascinated. But I am bothered if I then wind up with an operator, who pats my shoulder sympathetically, assuring me that brains aren't everything, and plunges into an analysis of his sex life, sprinkled with questions about mine. It scares me to be cornered that way, foolish as it may sound, and when I get scared I'm likely to lose my temper and spoil the party.

"I miss Ernie terribly when he's off on a long tour. Our boys are both in school and our baby is a darling whose schedule is a snap for me to manage. I usually try to figure out a project to improve our home and fill in my time. Shortly before Ernie's last tour I heard him congratulate our next-door neigh playroom and say we ha old basement.

"Well, I planned a rea for him. As soon as he lef mother. She came over i truck and brought her too anything Mother can't d ran out when she was pregnant with me—she s good lesson for her—an years she supported us on waitress in a diner. Just t saved all her tips, bought a run-down rooming house, sold the rooming house share of the profit to buy now owns several diners a of other real estate. She fo for us, and arranged that bargain price.

"Mother and I decided white tiles to cover the con the basement, with wor paneling for the walls. E finished the day before Er I will never forget his fac him into our new playro overwhelmed. He sank d sofa, bought second-hand upholstered, and gaped. I sheets in his lap so he co cheaply an ugly basemer turned into a place of beaut slowly, saying he wanted be worthy of the elegance roundings. When he plugge a fuse blew. I wasn't sure location of the fuse box, but the right direction. I told of fuse, the proper size a ought to use in order to a out all the lights in the hous the last time he changed fu

"Ernie unplugged his ra his pocket. He picked up his hadn't been unpacked, of walked out to his car. H without a word. An hour la telephoned and said Ernie there. All I've heard from E after ten years of marriage needs a chance to think, a whether we have any future will make the concessions I need him. The children nee he won't talk to me."

"I love my wife, but I her," said 29-year-old Erni able man of medium height curly hair, an engaging, slig grin and rapid voice. "I take to her competence, and, a time, I hate it. Bets and her other enormously efficient w more than doubled the va property. Hell, they took a h gation thirty years, riddle mites, a shell of bare, unpa and with their own toil and it a showplace. I'm proud o It's fine. I like everything ab relax and feel wonderful in it is occupied with some con own and leaves me in peace on *my* concerns. But the pe usually last long—like the stretched out on a sunny pat happily chewing on a blad Bets glanced out a window that I wasn't shoving the la and yelled so loud I damn heart attack. I choked, gulpe blade down my windpipe a escaped a tracheotomy. I'm the-wool Calamity Cal like before me; Dad has had



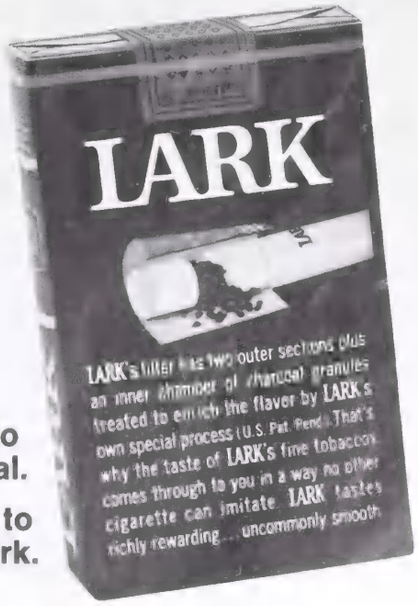
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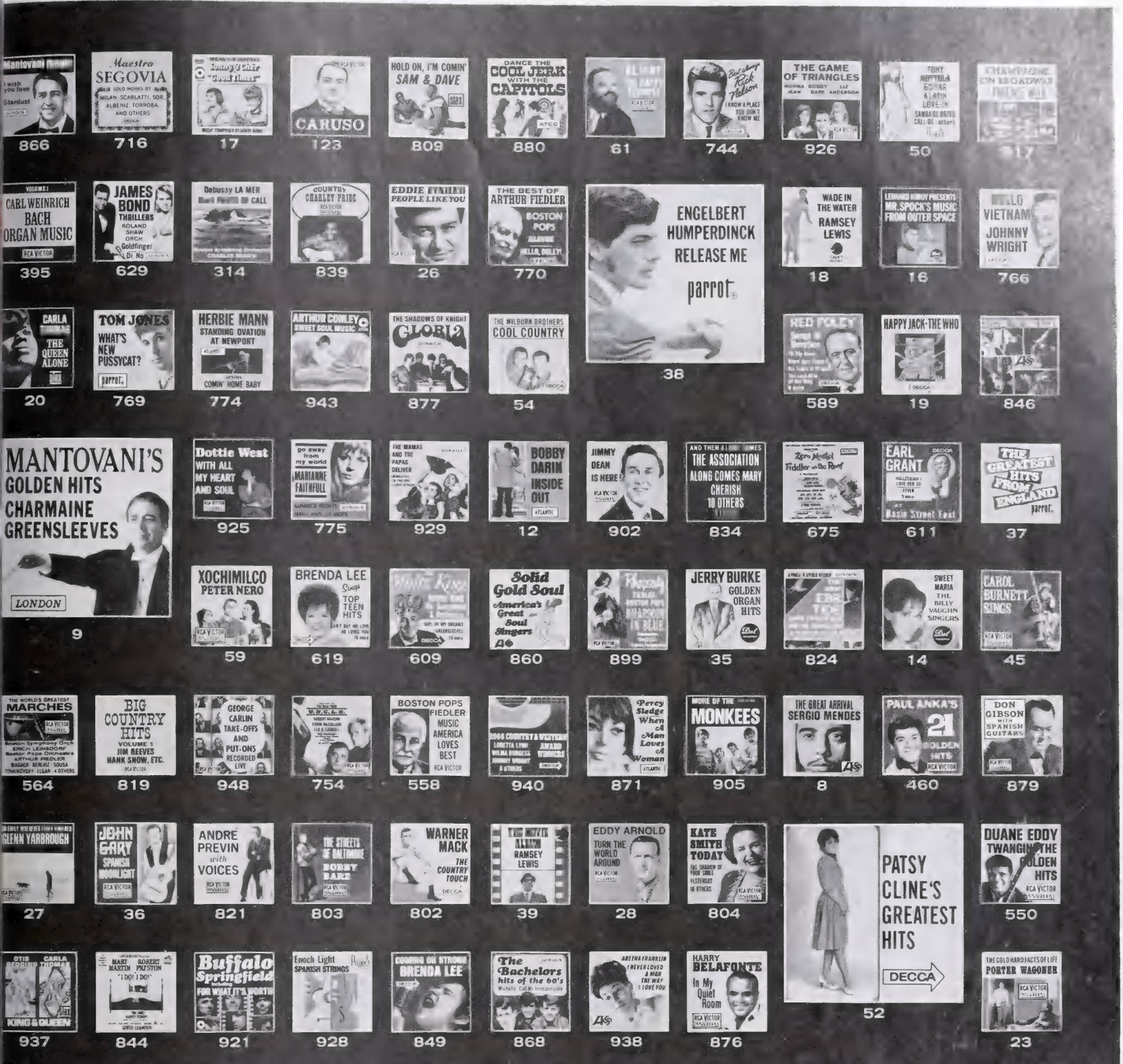
ll Linda soon. And try again if you get a busy signal.
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so many accidents in his poor old beat-up car, he has to drive without insurance. Something unfortunate is always happening to that car, just as something is always happening to me. In Bettina's opinion accidents are a waste of time and energy, smack of the neurotic and possibly the psychotic, and should be legally abolished. And, to her, idleness is a disease like smallpox. She whisks through her housework before the wives of my neighbors have finished their telephoning, and she lets them know it, but she doesn't know why they dodge her in the supermarket.

"But Bets works too hard. And when she works too hard she gets tired and crabby. I can always tell when she's contemplating a new diet. She gets still crabbier. And the week her menstrual period is due, I look around for the nearest storm cellar and I bring her a bunch of flowers every single day.

"My existence as a kid was sure a contrast. My mother has always kept house like Phyllis Diller. In the middle of the afternoon Mother is still in a dirty bathrobe, thumbing through the morning paper, smoking cigarettes, and kicking scraps of toast underneath the sofa. If a neighbor drops in, Mother remarks that she intends to find the broom, wherever it is, and give the whole house a real good sweeping. I've never seen my mother with a broom. And she rarely cooks a real meal.

"My poor father, the most patient man I've ever known, takes her sloppiness without griping. Dad has three doctorates, a really gifted mind, and through the years has been sought for top jobs by leading universities and in government. Material possessions, prestige, have no appeal for him. As a matter of conscience he continues as a social worker at a pitiful wage in the same small, professional group where he began his career.

"Years ago Mother ran away from him several times, dragging me along because I was the youngest. After operatic disappointments in Chicago, New York and Detroit, she would telegraph for money and return. He always gave her a teary welcome home. He should have knocked her block off. Everybody sympathizes with Dad. My brothers and I, his friends and employers, all of us are on his side.

"For more than forty years Mother has picked at my father endlessly, mocked his altruism, needled him to become a money-maker. He will never change. Bets is just as obstinate as my mother—she keeps trying to change me, but her hopes are completely daffy. I will never become a do-it-yourself character. Never.

"Maybe Bets doesn't realize it, but she is hacking away at my creative ability. The joke business i coin a phrase. I started out college-boy type after two university, but nowadays t turned sour and is neither especially comical. My r begun to sound dated, my i is likely dated, and it may dated. After all, I'm clos much too close for comfort perate need of a new routi terial. But at the moment spell, which my agent assu pass. He suggested that Bets to circulate more so we w by more people in the bus moment this notion of his t Bets is a beautiful girl, her tastic, and her appearance orable attention everywhe gets bored at parties an into fights. So far as tha become something of a hor self. Frankly, there are tim picious of social invitations. I've been invited to sing fo or if another guest in the en field might latch on to some

"Bets is tactless and inse has a tongue like a blowt has her mother. When the mix it up, a happening I v genuine terror, they burn ea the ground. Five minutes la hugging, kissing, apologizi like that. When Bets insults say much, but inwardly I bl ulcer turns somersaults. Psyc her insults and belittling r murder. My morale sags, m dles. I feel lousy for days. good I am unable to functi or off stage. My agent says much. That's my make-u sonality.

"Bets could make me feel time if she took it in her head I'm on tour and we're apart, her like a love-sick kid. She feels the same. We talk ho long-distance phone, and I'm down for extravagance. But rive from the airport tired down with my luggage, a change! Usually Bets is tire ried, too, and comes at me days of rain.

"Bets used to make me fee ten feet tall. And I've heard fell in love with me the day w What do you suppose ever h

"Bettina and Ernie soon together," the counselor said fare of their youngsters span conciliation. Without too muc the couple then worked o beneficial to the emotional highly emotional household.

"On the surface Bets and peared to be quite dissimila were self-centered, keenly

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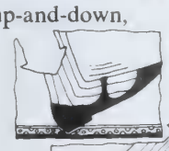
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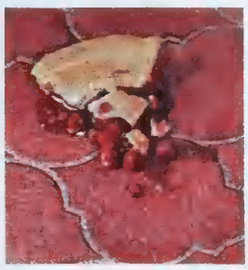


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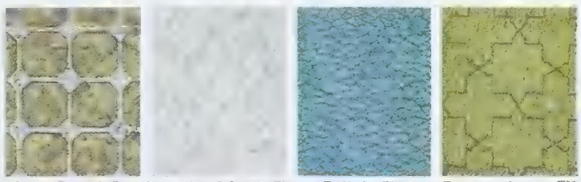
Spills? Dirt? Accidents?
Forget about *them*, too.
Kid-Cushioned Floors
come clean fast!
Household spills
can't be absorbed
on our textured surface.
Accidents wipe up quickly & easily.
(No special cleaning techniques
are needed!)

"My, what a warm, quiet room..."
It's true. Kid-Cushioned Floors insulate.
Help make rooms warmer and quieter.
Yet Kid-Cushioned Floors never cost more and *usually much less* than their imitators.

How's 130 for choice?
Kid-Cushioned Floors come in
130 color-pattern combinations that
can take a beating... *without showing it.*
130 fashionable floors for families.
Far more than any other brand.



MOTHERS BEWARE:
There's only one KID-CUSHIONED FLOOR.
It was invented & perfected by us:
Congoleum-Nairn.
Only one man can show it to you.
Your Congoleum-Nairn Dealer.
(He's in the Yellow Pages.)
Free: "50 Kid-Cushioned Decorating Ideas!"
A 16-page color booklet to help make your home a beauty... that can take a beating. Write Congoleum-Nairn, Box 347, Kearny, N.J. 07032

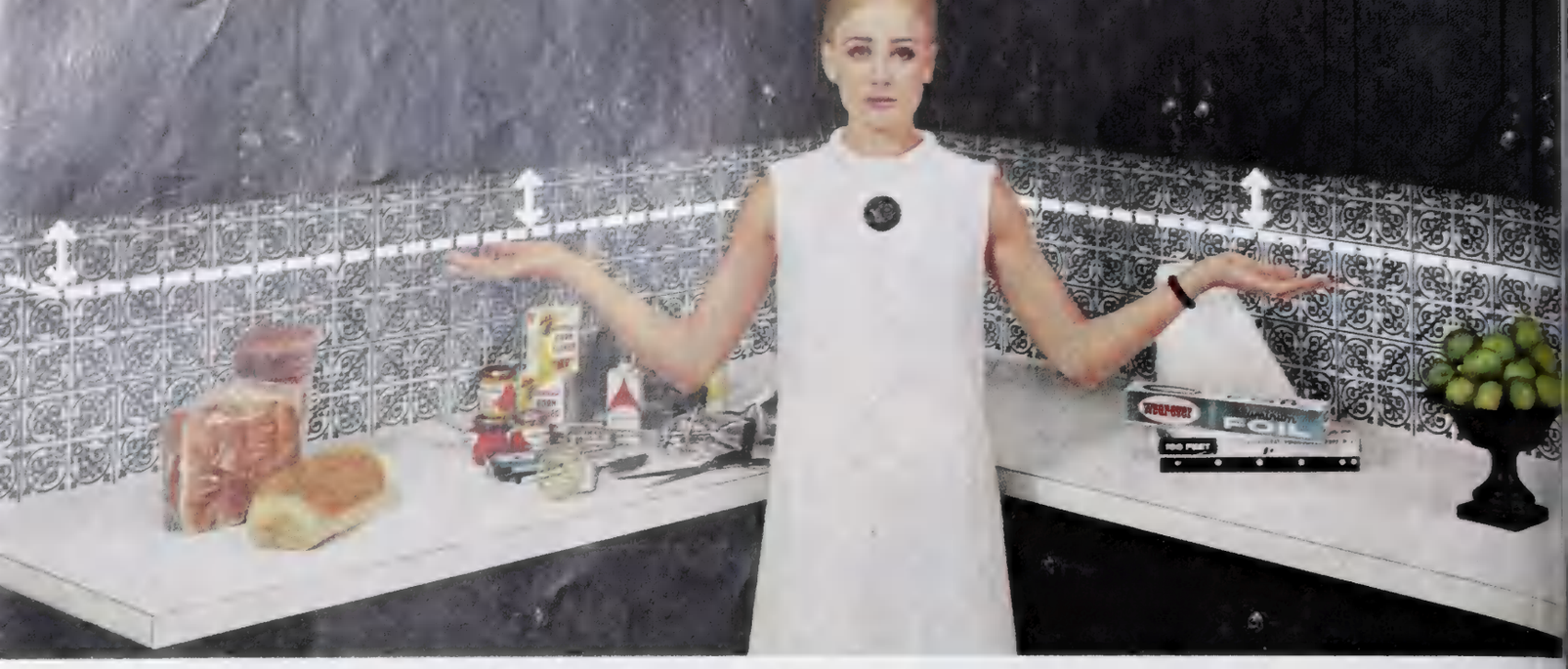


Casa Grande® Georgian Marble™ Bellaire™ Roman Accent™

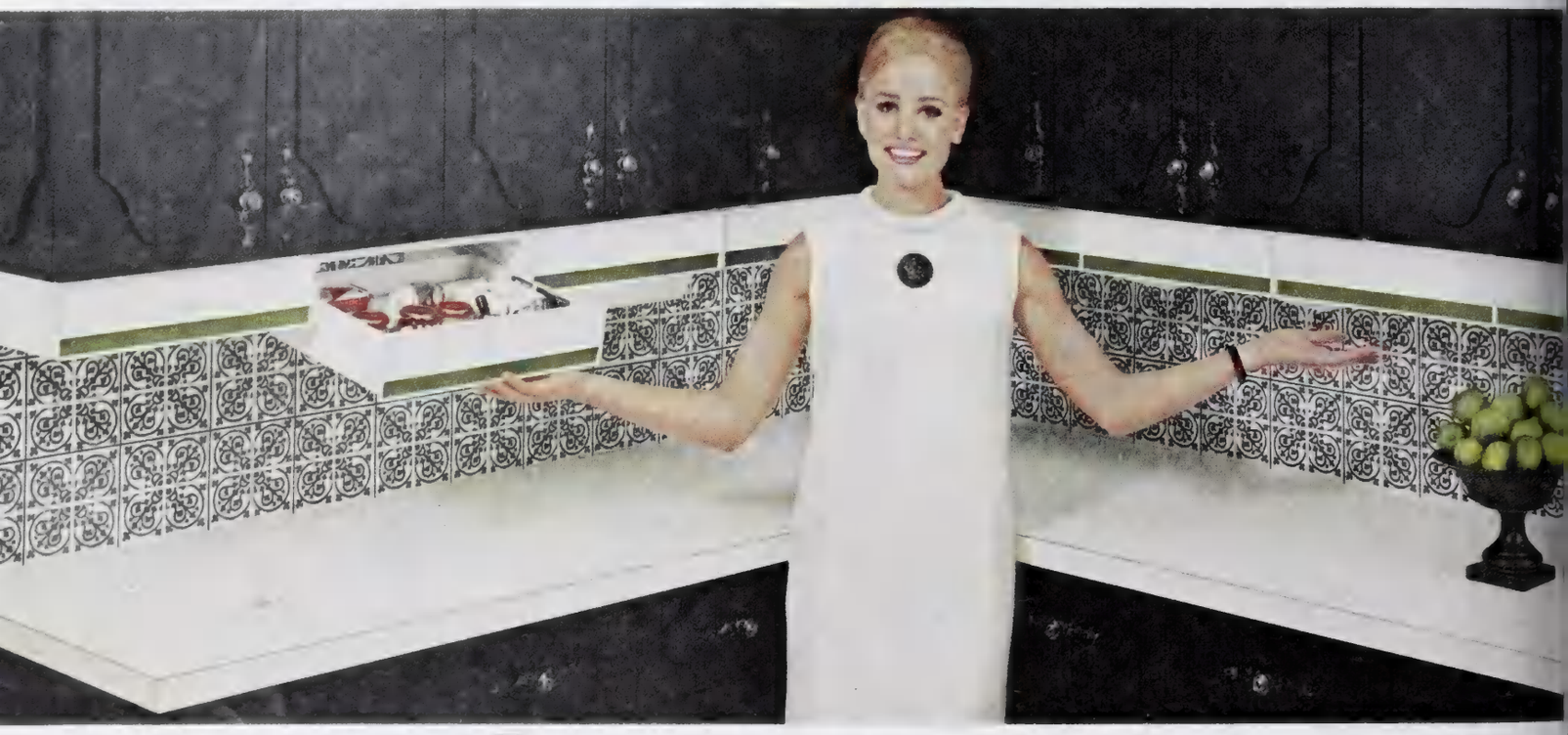
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Village Square™, Comfortflor® Cushioned Vinyl: Copper





Waste space



Storage place

with new Rubbermaid "Spacemakers"

The new Spacemakers go over the counter and under the cabinets ..turn waste space into a storage place. Spacemaker Drawer gives gadgets a place to go . . . holds everything The Bread Drawer stores bread, rolls, baked goods. Towel and Wrap Dispenser gives fingertip access to paper towels, foil, plastic wrap. Spacemakers slide out and tilt down Easy to see into, easy to reach. A snap to install — one fastener, that's all.



Spacemaker Drawer $4.98



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Towel & Wrap Dispense

Rubbermaid.

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Reach for the
Hamilton Beach...

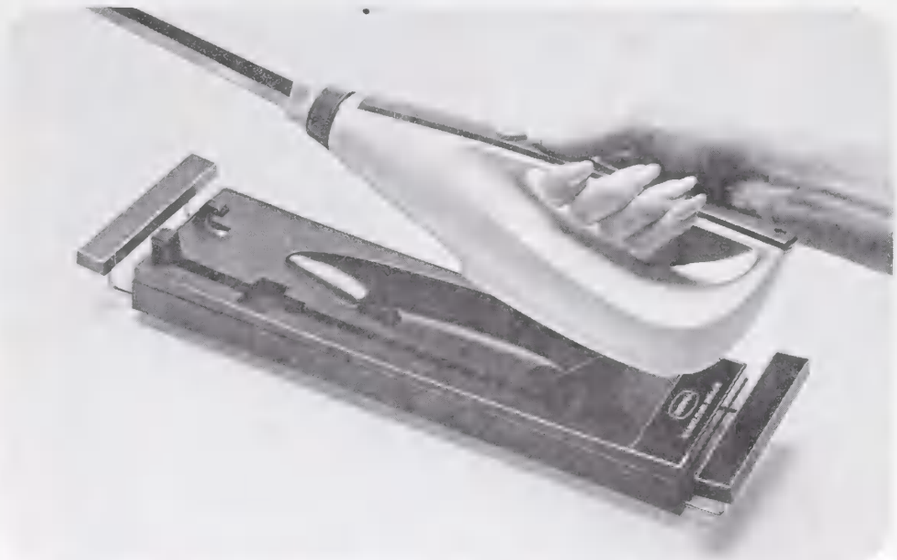
he perfect gift.





The "Food Shape Blender"

Now there's a Cookbook Blender with a new shape...a "food shape" to make the most out of food. Comes with an exclusive, built-in "auto-spatula" that keeps food flowing and blending perfectly. Big 44 oz. container. Constant solid-state power to whip, puree, grate, chop, mix, blend, and liquefy. Free 208-page, full color blender cookbook, plus 5 year written guarantee.



Power Dial Mixer"

with stand-mixer power. A 12-speed power dial gives you er for any job from fluffy whipped cream to thick cookie g, stalling, or spattering. And it stores in its own cabinet... on top or in a drawer. 5 year written guarantee.

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The electric knife with the "hole in the handle" now has a blade that switches from vertical to horizontal. Now even hard carving jobs like turkey are easy as pie. And the ladies love it for slicing and peeling in the kitchen. Handsome storage tray included. 5 year written guarantee, too.

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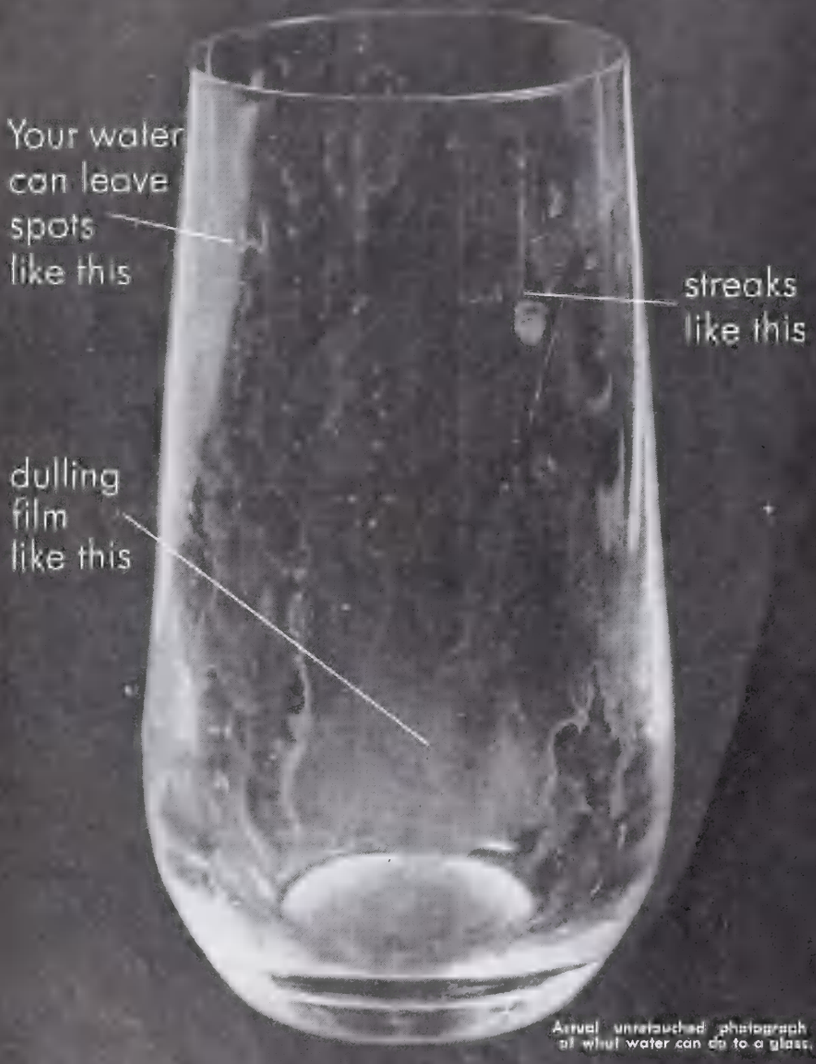
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Your water is causing your dishwashing problems.

ONLY FINISH MAKES A SPECIAL DISHWASHER DETERGENT FOR YOUR WATER.



Actual unretouched photograph of what water can do to a glass.

Finish is the only automatic dishwasher detergent with special formulas for extra-hard water, hard water, medium-hard water, soft water. That's why Finish gets your glasses spotlessly clean. No matter where you live.

Your water affects the results you get from your dishwasher. It can leave spots, streaks, dulling film. Finish is the only dishwasher detergent that has different formulas for water problems in different areas. Only Finish matches its formula to your water. Nobody else bothers. Why do we bother? Try Finish and see how spotlessly clean your glasses, dishes and silver can be. Your grocer has the right Finish formula for your area.



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CAN THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

interested in their own concerns, well educated. Then, too, in counseling terminology, we would define both Bets and Ernie as 'basically hostile personalities.' Bets was a manhater, not too surprising when one considers the mother who reared her, her experiences as a child. Her fearfulness and awkwardness at social gatherings with male guests (not all of them were the slick operators she envisioned), very possibly dated back to a miserable episode involving an alcoholic degenerate in the rooming house. At any rate, in our opening interview she gave the impression of expecting the worst. Dredging up the deeply buried memory was helpful to her and me.

"Ernie's boyhood association with his mother had made him a subconscious woman-hater.

"Nor were either Bets or Ernie well-stocked with friendliness and good will toward members of their own sex. Bets was openly scornful of feminine contemporaries lacking in her drive, self-organization, discipline. Ernie spoke of himself as cordial, outgoing, everybody's friend. And so he was—on stage. But even there he was ever alert for the guy who wasn't laughing. And, like many entertainers, he was inclined to look on people at a social gathering as members of his audience, not as individual human beings, joined in fun and companionship. Friends weren't fun for Ernie. Applause was fun. Like Bets he was mistrustful and suspicious.

"Both he and Bets were aware of the resemblances between her and her mother. Bets loved her mother, but knew the older woman was domineering, driving, tyrannical. She knew that she herself didn't want to be a boss in petticoats or stretch pants.

"Ernie had far less self-knowledge than Bets, despite an equal degree of self-preoccupation. The capering clown, smiling gallantly through grease paint and tears, is a theatrical cliché. Ernie did not apply the cliché to himself. Oddly enough, neither Ernie nor Bets recognized how strongly he had been influenced by his put-upon, long suffering father.

"One day I mentioned to Ernie my guess that both he and poor old Dad, unquestionably his model, were self-appointed martyrs. Ernie was amazed, incredulous, sulky. I then asked him to speculate on the reason why his parents, seemingly so ill-mated, had remained married more than forty years. Was it because, considered from a psychological point of view, they fit together as snugly as the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle? Did his mother treat his father as she did because subconsciously he invited outrageous treatment from her to make him suffer?

"After Bets and Ernie had long, impersonal discussions about themselves, they conceded that the martyred role he probably played the female bully in her. Neither wanted a marriage of that nature. They arrived this conclusion at an identical time. Their home, an obsession with them, a completed enterprise. Sh with it, had in mind no r for Ernie, no more project cooperation.

"Ernie steeled himself, t he would and would not demand that she stop around. Previously, if would have succumbed to retreated from the marita tle, silent and defeated. T attitude was not simple achieve, nor entirely succe means. But Bets was delig Ernie assert himself and rights, however faint his earlier she fell in love with hero, who convinced her that he was willing and a her, was self-assertive, po

"It was easier for Bets t to effect personality change to curb her wicked tongu (most of the time) by kee lookout for familiar signs. allow herself to become o cut down on her housekee preceding her period. Her t were noticeably reduced. V curred, Ernie became more sexual relationship impro felt more cherished and fe

"When Ernie and Bets extent and damage of thei tion, they made some v changes. Bets applied he work as an unpaid volunte efficiency and talents at were welcome. She also be mother at her son's school group who tutored youngs dial reading. She discovere wives weren't bores. She She and Ernie accepted mo tations, laughed away each picions. In the process th several solid man-wife frie

"Ernie recovered from In a flash of inspiration he new routines that have enriched his career. Their healthy and happy and th environment comparatively sion and emotional tempes



"He changed his mind about staying overnight . . . he wants to go home now."



If you can't beat'em, join'em.

beauty above had no-color brown hair when ked into our photographer's studio. She had ıe eyes and nose and mouth. But they just ome off the way they do here.
ıixed Clairol Creme Toner blonde colors, 9A Towhead and White Beige, for her pre-lightened hair to get the color you see here, which is far more beautiful on her than no-color brown. (And now she wears Clairol lip color and make-up for blondes.)

Only Clairol Creme Toner has 32 pale delicate



blonde shades. That's why, with a hairdresser or on their own, the Creme Toner blondes have always been the great blondes. Still they're a very democratic group. Absolutely anyone can join them.

The 32 Clairol Creme Toner Blondes


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KRAFT
KRAFT
8 FL. OZS.
KRAFT
FRENCH
DRESSING
Creamy thick and mild
8 FL OZS
SALAD
SECRET
dressing



Kraft dressings and California Avocados ...get 'em together for lunch and you're in business!

Seaboard Skillet Lunch
Do this at the table in your electric skillet or chafing dish when you want to show off a little. Have ready on a tray: 1 c. sliced celery, 1/3 c. chopped green pepper, 1/4 c. chopped onion, 1 8-oz. bottle Kraft French Dressing, 1 tbsp. flour, 3 c. cooked rice, 1 lb. cooked shrimp, 1 c. diced tomato, 1 avocado, peeled and sliced.

Cook celery, green pepper and onion in a small amount of Kraft French until tender; stir in flour. Mix in remaining dressing. Add rice, shrimp, tomato; top with avocado slices. Cover; heat 5 minutes. 4 servings.

V.I.P. (Very Important Potato) Salad
Potato salad turns elegant when you add green-gold chunks of California Avocado and the glorious tomato-and-cheese mystery of Salad Secret Dressing from Kraft.

Toss 4 c. cubed cooked potatoes, 1 1/2 c. peeled diced avocados, 1 c. diced tomatoes, 1/2 c. sliced celery, 6 slices crisply cooked bacon, crumbled, 1 tbsp. finely chopped onion, enough Salad Secret Brand Dressing to moisten. 8 to 10 servings.

Chicken-In-The-Shell
Goddess Dressing lends its silken piquancy to chicken salad heaped in avocado shells.

For chicken salad to fill 8 avocado halves: Combine 2 1/2 c. diced cooked chicken, 1/2 c. chopped unpeeled cucumber, 1/3 c. sliced pitted ripe olives, 2 tbsp. chopped pimiento, enough Kraft Green Goddess Dressing to moisten; toss lightly.

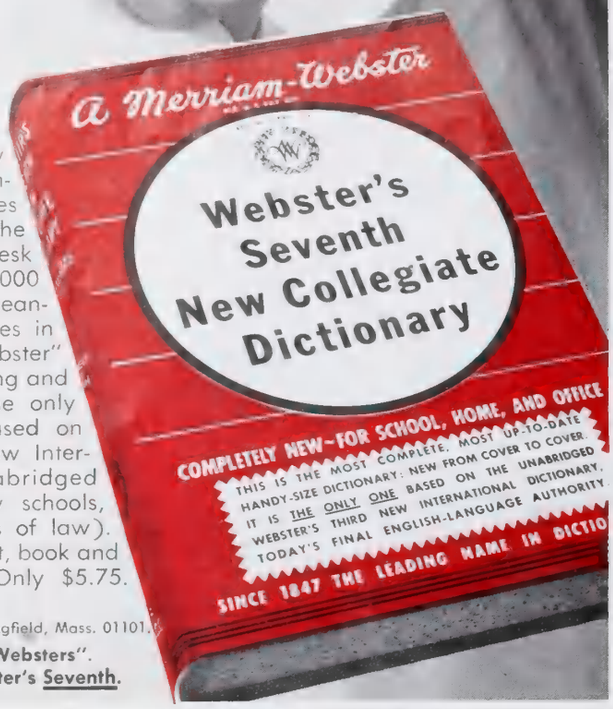
P.S. Ripe avocados may have either dark or green skin. Both are equally rich and creamy inside.

KRAFT See Kraft Music Hall, Wednesday Nights, NBC-TV

Why colleges recommend this graduation gift.



You can help a high school graduate succeed with this new dictionary required or recommended at colleges everywhere. It's the only authoritative desk dictionary with 20,000 new words and meanings, 130,000 entries in all. It's the only "Webster" with rules for spelling and punctuation. It's the only desk dictionary based on Webster's Third New International (the unabridged dictionary used by schools, libraries and courts of law). Buy it at department, book and stationery stores. Only $5.75. $6.75 indexed.



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Beware of substitute "Websters". Buy the genuine Webster's Seventh.

Is there a more pleasant way to douche?

Let's face it. Douching is a chore. Isn't there some way to make it a little more pleasant?

Of course there is. And as a modern woman you ought to know about it.

It's called V.A.® Douche Powder, and it's years ahead of vinegar or disinfectants. Those things are messy, and they smell. What's worse, they can irritate or even harm delicate tissue.

V.A. is also different from other douching powders with their lingering, telltale odor. V.A. actually has a delightful, feminine fragrance that quickly disappears altogether.

Don't let that deceive you, however. V.A. is an effective—*really* effective—cleansing douche. It *works*. The thing is, it's nicer to use.

And for extra convenience, V.A. comes to you in handy pre-measured packettes. Another pleasant touch.

So when you douche, use the product that's designed for modern women. V.A. Douche Powder. Effective, but pleasanter in every way.



Free: New booklet: "A Modern Opinion On Douching." Plus 3 sample packettes of V.A. Douche Powder. Send 25¢ to cover cost of mailing to: Norcliff Laboratories, Box 471-L3, Fairfield, Conn. 06430. (Mailed in plain wrapper.)



Now that skirts can be "mini," "midi," or "maxi," h mine need either shortening or lengthening?

Usually it's a lot easier to nod as if you agree with so it would be to explain why you don't.

May is one month that really deserves all its thirty-

Standing up to ask a question at a lecture makes me can't hear the answer!

Does anyone ever change shoelaces *before* they break?

Maybe the trouble with college kids today is they're their laundry home in boxes anymore.

If it isn't fattening, it isn't dessert.

I don't notice my mail getting to me any quicker since fice started using zip code numbers.

There are more good cameras than photographers.

No two people in a car ever agree on which windo open, and how much.

Remember when you worried about wearing the "r to a party? Now how would you know what was, even *after* yo

Most highway road signs are only understandable to already know which way to go.

Whistling is a dying art, and the world is no worse

Will someone please tell me *which* junk not to throw it's going to be an antique someday?

Neighbor means less and neighborhood means more tha

I think maybe sometimes you *can* be too careful.

At most cocktail parties there's more animation than c

No matter how much I practice, one thing I guess I'll n better at is getting up in the morning.

I've never understood why four *women* singing harmo called "Beauty Parlor Quartets" instead of Barbershop.

When someone flatters you while you're feeling depres sounds as though they mean it.

The bigger they are, the softer they fall.

I don't see why some people are so proud of having rea dirty book on the best-seller list. Vulgarity loves company?

Every once in a while I still have the feeling I have what I want to be when I grow up.

School reunions are the happiest misery.

Nothing gives you more in common quicker than find dislike the same person.

Some good advice isn't worth the trouble of taking.

Don't wish too hard for your ship to come in. You who'll be on board.



It's just an elegant sofa. Until Harry and Phyllis miss the last bus.

When you're shopping for a sofa, remember your friends. And Mother. And the baby-sitter. And everyone else who could be staying overnight sometime.

Choose a Hide-A-Bed® sofa—it's made only by Simmons.

Every Hide-A-Bed sofa has true living room sofa styling. And what a range—everything from Traditional to Contemporary, Mediterranean to Early American. You have your choice of options, too—the kind of cushion filling you prefer, arm covers and skirting. You can even get casters—so you can move your Hide-A-Bed sofa.

The bed is the most comfortable you'll find in any convertible sofa. (And the only one with a full-length mattress.) You can have a famous Simmons mattress or the even more luxurious Simmons Beautyrest® mattress.

Hide-A-Bed sofas are priced from $200 to about $800. These days, no living room sofa is worth the price unless it hides a bed.

HIDE-A-BED SOFA BY SIMMONS



Shown is Gordon (UHB 10486-3-991) from Graceline Group upholstered in 7758 Red/Blue. Price about $490 each with Beautyrest mattress at no extra cost.



Fashions by Mr. Mort.

deodorant that makes you look good. Ban.

Some deodorants are just deodorants. They help protect you
d that's all. Ban* Roll-On Deodorant does more. It helps
keep you dry and protected from those embarrassing stains that
can make you look bad
when you want to look good.
Wear it.



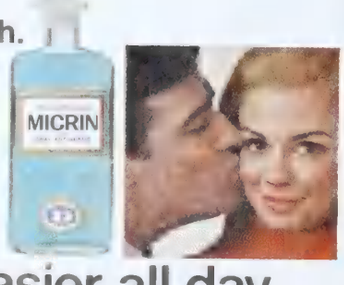


*T.M. © 1968 Bristol-Myers Co.

Mouth taste funny in the morning?

Get a total mouth cleanup with Micrin

Micrin's antiseptic bubbles charge into every corner of your mouth—even hidden crevices—to strip away that clinging film. Result: no stale taste, no stale odor. Your mouth feels so totally cleansed...
it's like getting a clean new mouth.



You'll breathe easier all day

MEDICINE TODAY

BY PHYLLIS WRIGHT, M.D., WITH DAVID R. ZIMME

Reflecting on the advent of heart transplantation, a medical school dean remarked: "Personally, I find the prospect of dying from heart disease dismal enough that, if given the chance, I would prefer to go through it only once."

Can an antibiotic help fight that cold? No, says *Lancet*, Britain's world-renowned medical journal. A number of English cold sufferers were divided into two groups. Some got antibiotics. The others got look-alike sugar pills. The two groups remained equally congested and sneezy for equally long intervals thereafter.

Reputable physicians continue to be conservative in prescribing antibiotics for colds, since they know that 95 percent of acute respiratory infections are due to viruses that do not respond to antibiotic therapy. Nonetheless, antibiotics are still being given for colds. As the *New England Journal of Medicine* explains, "It is far easier for the harried physician to give all [patients] such antibiotics at the outset [of a cold] rather than be faced with the task of explaining the germ theory of the disease, the difference between viral and bacterial illness and their response to antibiotics."

Medical misuse of antibiotics, often at patients' prompting, has more than once led to tragedy. The U.S. Food and Drug chief, Dr. James Goddard, told Congress recently that the antibiotic chloramphenicol (Chloromycetin) continues to be prescribed and used, indiscriminately, for colds and acne although about one in every 24,000 children who received it has died from its side effects. He promised to get tough with doctors who misuse it.

Sufferers from severe angina, or heart pain, one day may find relief from an electronic gadget that is worn on the belt like an old-fashioned hearing aid. Called a "baropacer," the device transmits an electrical signal to a tiny electrode embedded in the patient's neck, over the carotid nerve. Electrical stimulation of this nerve lowers the blood pressure, which slows the heart rate, and that in turn lowers the heart's need for oxygen—which relieves the anginal pain. Cardiologist Dr. Eugene Braunwald at the National Heart Institute, Bethesda, Md., has used the baropacer successfully in 12 patients. Cautious clinical trials on others is next.

How many minutes does a thermometer need to "take" a child's temperature? Longer than you think. A test of 40 healthy youngsters aged 7–1 that only four registered th temperatures at the end of utes. Ten minutes of in-t time were needed for most, needed longer than girls.

Women who have given birt fective baby desperately know what might happ time." This cruel dilemma ages some whose subsequ would be perfectly healthy who risk again, lose again.

Genetics counselors relie lemma, as best they can, mining scientifically what th that the next baby will be For a woman with an abnor and abnormal chromosom own blood—two poor p they might deliver a more answer if they could analyze the very cells that become a babies. Unfortunately, a methods do not supply en at the right development chromosome studies.

To overcome this probl Georgiana Jagiello in Lon injects women with the tw ovulatory hormones FSH an which other clinicians have create multiple ovulations in women as an aid to concept hormones induce a dozen or to ripen simultaneously. By ing on these women just aft jections, Dr. Jagiello can ge ova for study. Her procedu ever is still experimental. It abdominal surgery or, at least, gynecologic surgery. B chromosomes in a woman's foretell her future children's it might be well worth the e

Neither peanut butter nor jun roasteds will relieve the pain symptoms that are a hemop ferer's lifelong scourge. The p peanut prophylaxsis, which highly touted in newspaper a azine articles, has been pu test of science by a team o and Belgian doctors.

They prepared a peanut from whole, raw peanuts, a made a look-, smell- and ta substitute, or placebo, that peanuts in it. When they fe mixtures to 92 hemophiliac for varying parts of a six-mo period, neither patients nor could find any significant benefit with the peanuts. S clude Drs. M. Verstraete and Ruys: "We would propose t from recommending peanut mophiliac patients."

If your doctor recommended a corn oil margarine 2 years ago... read what doctors are reading in their medical journals today.



Soft Chiffon
The safflower oil margarine

Highest in polyunsaturates, lowest in saturated fat of all margarines. Ideal for patients on modified, reduced fat diets.

Why safflower oil? Because it's lowest in saturated fat, highest in polyunsaturated fat,* of all oils. And every pound of Chiffon® Margarine contains over 1¼ cups of pure liquid safflower oil. This gives Chiffon a 4 to 1 ratio of polyunsaturated fat to saturated fat—highest of any margarine —even higher than corn oil margarines.

And flavor? Because Chiffon Margarine is made soft with light delicate safflower oil, it never has that "fatty" margarine taste. Chiffon really has the delicious melting flavor of the "expensive spread."

Free Booklet. For further information on balancing the fats in your diet, send for Chiffon's booklet, "Diets To Live By": P.O. Box 4783, Clinton, Iowa 52733.

*As in polyunsaturates in Chiffon
the fat natural or ingredient
the fat is liquid oil of safflower oil
& ... and ... content is 72%.

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Does your hair look older than you do?

KOLESTRAL HAIR CONDITIONER

It doesn't have to. No matter how dry, brittle and dull your hair's become, there's a hair conditioner that can make it look young again. It's Kolestral. The most effective hair conditioner anyone's ever come up with. Rich, creamy, Kolestral does the job right. Because unlike quickie gloss-overs, Kolestral works from the inside out. Fills up porous openings. Strengthens split ends. Makes hair sleek, lustrous. Why settle for old-looking hair when you can turn back the clock with Kolestral?



Wella means fine hair products. Ask your hairdresser.

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Chewing Efficiency Increased up to 35%

Tests prove you can now chew better—make dentures average up to 35% more effective—if you just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. FASTEETH Powder is **alkaline**. It holds false teeth firmer, more comfortably. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Doesn't sour. Helps check dental plate odor. Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH at all drug counters.

THOSE HORRID

AGE SPOTS*



FADE THEM OUT

*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, helps make hands look white and young again. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not on it. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes. Distributed by the trustworthy 54-year-old Mitchum laboratory. ESOTERICA—at leading toiletry and drug counters. $2.

Creme Away Corns Calluses, Warts

With New 'Easy Off' Softener

Sufferers from laming corns, calluses, common warts report dramatic results thanks to a wonder-working creme called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens and dissolves those hard to remove growths so they creme away painlessly and safely, leaving skin silky smooth and soft. So don't suffer another minute. Get DERMA-SOFT today at all Druggists.

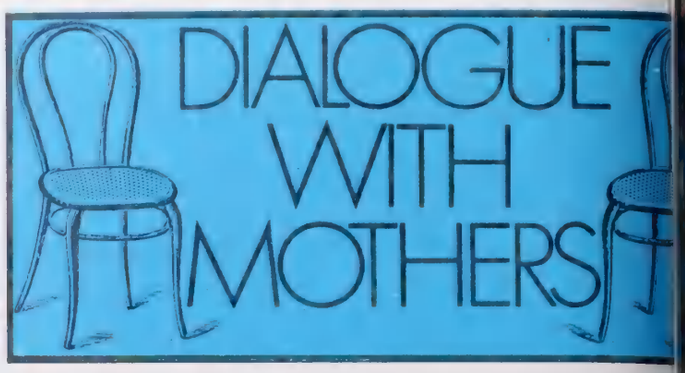
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And Promptly Stop Itching, Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is *Preparation H*®—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.



THE ONLY WHITE GIRL

By Dr. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

First Mother: I have a question about my little girl. She's just started kindergarten and she comes home from school every day very tense.

Dr. Bettelheim: Have you talked with her about it?

First Mother: She says she doesn't like to sleep on the blanket during rest time.

Dr. B.: And?

First Mother: That's all she's said. But on two occasions, when I've asked her about school she cried.

Dr. B.: Is she tense at other times?

First Mother: She didn't use to be, but she is now.

Dr. B.: So it seems to belong to kindergarten. Have you any idea why? Does she have friends?

First Mother: She doesn't play with the other children.

Dr. B.: Why?

First Mother: Well she goes to a school that's 97 percent Negro, and she's the only white girl in her class.

Dr. B.: It's interesting that you didn't tell us that first, that she's in a class with only Negroes. Have you talked with her about that?

First Mother: No, I haven't.

Dr. B.: You've never wondered how she feels, being the only white child?

First Mother: Yes, but I guess I didn't want to impose any of my own fears on her.

Dr. B.: But you've seen the fears in her tenseness, in her quite normal reaction to an unusual situation?

First Mother: Then you think that's a normal reaction?

Dr. B.: How many Negro friends come regularly to your house?

First Mother: Two or three of her friends are Negro.

Dr. B.: No, *your* Negro friends.

First Mother: Two.

Dr. B.: And how many white friends come regularly to your house?

First Mother: Many.

Dr. B.: So you make an entirely different selection of friends than you expect your child to do. And you don't expect her to be tense when you want her to live an entirely different life from what her parents live?

First Mother: What should I do now?

Dr. B.: First, you have to ask yourself why you haven't discussed thi with your child?

First Mother: Well, now I'll

Dr. B.: Yes, but I don't think do any good yet because I d your attitude to the pro changed. Let me illustrate th in another way, by taking us white-Negro context, which is with anxiety and nonsense t most impossible to talk sensibl particularly to liberal groups. pose there's a Jewish family child was brought up with mos friends. Suppose such a famil a word of explanation, drops t a Catholic parochial school. is this kid going to react?

Second Mother: He's the odd think, "What have I done wr

Dr. B.: Now, it's possible tha ents have to do this; that it's ur for one reason or another.

Third Mother: Housing, wher not enough money to send you to a private school.

Dr. B.: But where you live ne on a parent the feeling that "I discuss with my child the pro comes of being the only white Negro kindergarten."

Third Mother: That wasn't The neighborhood did help to situation.

Dr. B.: But such situations a all over the United States! I'm ing Dr. Coles' study about whe tion began in the South. Th period when they carefully Negro children to enter an school. And they all suffered. T all as you describe: terribly te less nights, loss of appetite.

Third Mother: Do you feel th could be avoided if discuss brought up?

Dr. B.: Not entirely. No discu explain the strange fact that y only one like you, when all c different.

Fourth Mother: I had the sam situation. My son started sec with a half-and-half group. V second semester started, he ca to me with an all-A report ca was very pleased. But he flunked." I said, "No, you did with this kind of report card." "Yes, I did. My friends got mo the class." I was puzzled, so I v to school, and found out he was white child in the room I talk teacher, and she said there w furor over integration, and he so well with the Negro children kept him in the room when the the other white children, so could remain integrated. Now a group that wasn't even mid They taught him dirty words him up. Here I was, trying

Dr. Bettelheim is Rowley Professor of education at the University of Chicago's Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School. Each "Dialogue" is based on actual open-discussion meetings Dr. Bettelheim conducts at school with 30 or more mothers from the Chicago area whose children range from infants to junior-high-school age.



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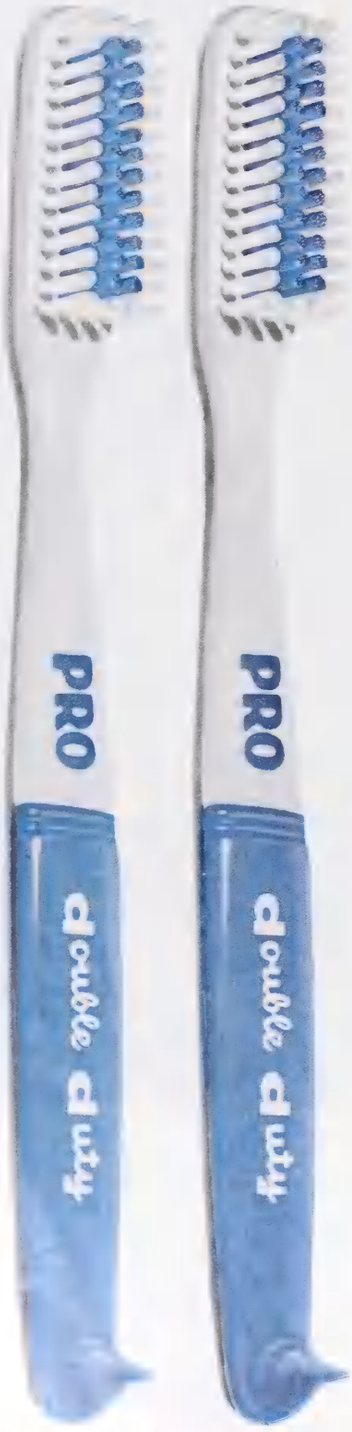
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to teach him not to be prejudiced, and the children I was trying to help him understand were making him prejudiced. My son started saying that his Negro friends who live on our own block weren't Negro. I kept saying, "They are, dear." "No, they aren't!" he'd say. He just wouldn't agree, because they're so different from the Negroes in his class.

Dr. B.: You see, your child is already forced by the conditions of his life to deny reality. He has to live in a delusional world where some Negro children are white. Now, if he'd said, "They're no different from me," that would be all right. That, after all, is what we hope it will eventually come to.

Fifth Mother: Maybe because I'm Negro I felt so sympathetic when I saw some little Negro children going to an all-white school. Because I thought, "How do their mothers feel?" I'm sure they must have felt the same way I did. I mean, I'm pioneering this; but what is it going to do to my child?

Dr. B.: I think the Negro child has a small advantage, as you said, that he feels he's pioneering something for the good of his own group.

Sixth Mother: I've heard, in fact, that such minority children are often the best in the class.

Dr. B.: How come?

Fifth Mother: They have to be!

Dr. B.: That's right. But you see, if you have to be the best in the class, you put a terrific strain on yourself. This strain might reveal itself years later, by dropping out of school, for example, or in a radical break with your family. Now, if we're little we can't drop out. We have to—as you say—get adjusted. And sure, this mother's little girl will get adjusted, but possibly at a terrible price to her personal well-being.

First Mother: Before we put our little girl in the school she's now in, we talked to many people, and they all said that it would be a very valuable experience for her. They said that at this age children aren't prejudiced, and wouldn't discriminate against her.

Dr. B.: That's the biggest lie ever perpetrated on the American public. Children are much more prejudiced than adults. Tolerance is something that has to be learned.

First Mother: Even at the kindergarten level?

Dr. B.: Your child cries and she's tense. I can assure you I didn't tell your child she should cry and be tense on coming home. You might as well ask your husband, "Must you be tense when exam time comes up?" No, he mustn't be tense, but he is. No? You ask, "Must it be?" There is no "must" that you have to be tense when you take an exam. It's only the nature of a human being that most of them are terribly tense when they have to take an exam. So when you tell me children aren't prejudiced, I have to ask you why eight to twelve months of age is characterized in psychology as the age of fearing the stranger. Now, that has nothing to do with racial prejudice. The fear of the stranger and the need for familiarity is just characteristic of the very young child. Slowly he extends the feeling of security to the kids on his block. If he's lucky and goes to a school of more or less the same background as his, he'll extend it to the children in school. Or the kid has his own crowd, and all the other kids in the other crowds stink. This has nothing to do with skin color, but shows that tolerance is very difficult to come by. It takes a lot of learning and growing up a

Most of all, it takes a inner security. Because th you are, the more you can who seem very different f enjoy them. That's why uneducated white has a cepting the Negro, while t cated white has a much e cepting the highly edu So it's a lie that children diced. Children are the m people there are. It's tru particularly prejudiced ab There is prejudice about sk that becomes an importan the skin color isn't there, prejudiced about what ca drives compared to the o ther. You can see clearly h they are, because what th the car has nothing to d make it is or how well it r do with their own insecurit try to bolster up: that their a bigger car, the biggest t ever it may be.

I'm still worried about th and her little girl. I don't k want to do. I don't necess the answer is to take her o dergarten.

First Mother: Then how el it work?

Dr. B.: Well, the first thin have to decide whether y child to be a martyr for a

First Mother: No.

Dr. B.: Because this was th the first Negro families wh Negro children into white South. Interestingly, how cally all the Negro children the first integrated high s South later went to all-N Why do you think they di

First Mother: They wante the competition.

Dr. B.: It's not the competit very well in the academic

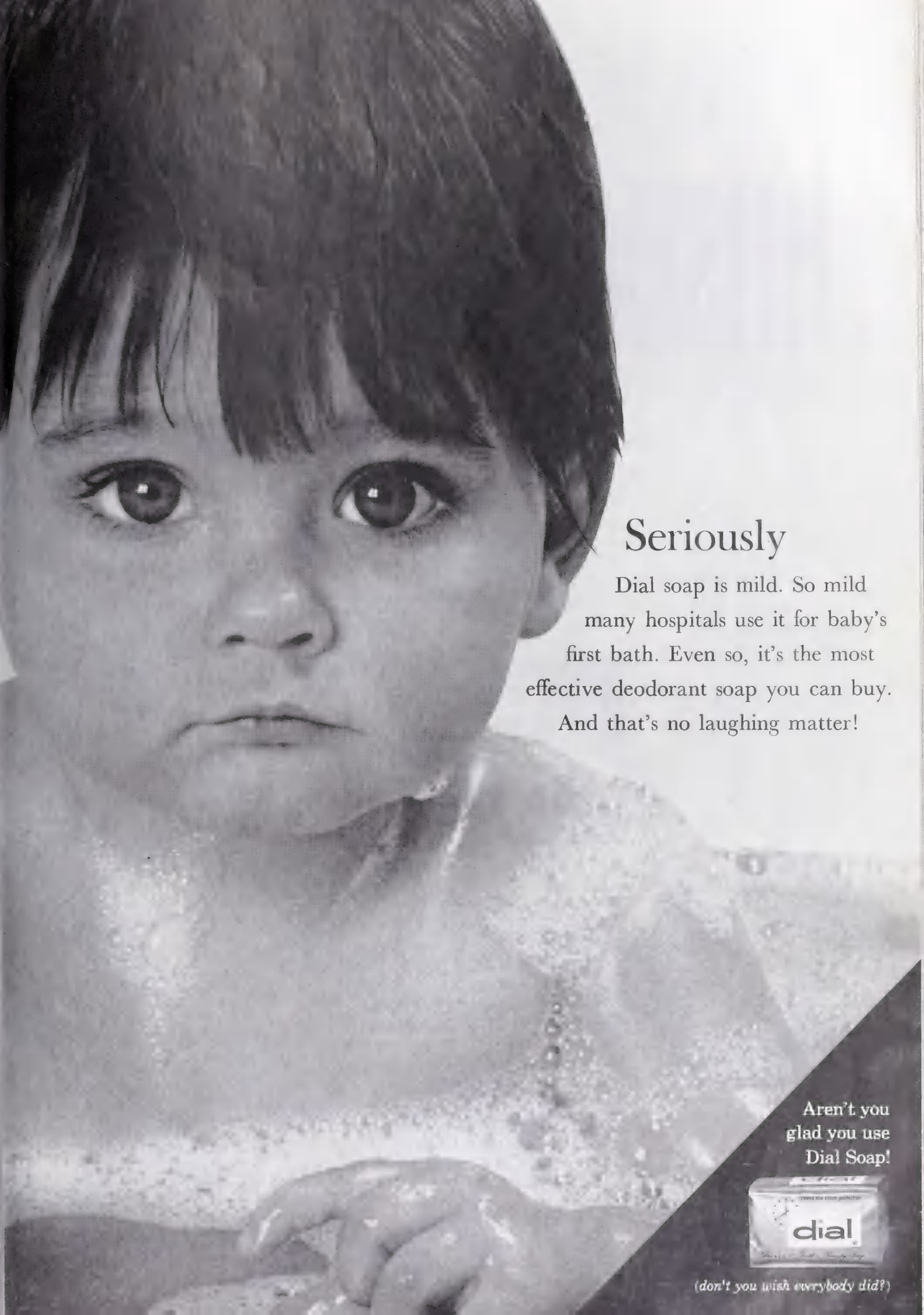
Second Mother: Maybe th on their guard all the time.

Dr. B.: Exactly! It was the wanted to relax.

First Mother: Would it be f little girl what she wants t

Dr. B.: You'd first have to s all-white, or a really mi garten. Because at this m you offer her is the know against the unknown anxiet is that you ought to know you're doing. Certainly y encourage delusions such a from kids, "I can put on m and you your white skin." T white child in an all-Negro cl she has to be carefully prep you don't recognize what inc age it takes for your girl, v ible difficulties she encoun think what you ask of her is

I think integration—and man's opinion—will work those people you either grew the block, white or Negro, friends of your childhood, the same social and econ who share the same interests tory of mankind, I have ne other kinds mix. To me th not just whether these c Negro and yours is the only but do they also have the ground? Do they come fro kind of families, do they ha values? These questions r asked—and answered.


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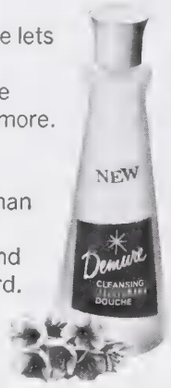
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It's a nice new tradition: to gather at the bride's house and he the smallest going-away bag—then, when she turns her head, to teeny gifts. Here, for the newlyweds, tote-able surprises in tuck

1. Around the world or the next town, a wipe-clean Naugahyde suitcase is a good idea. This one, 21 inches, by Travelwise, Inc.
2. Brides often choose crepe slippers. These, by Daniel Green. $
3. Away from home and hairdresser, you'll probably need Clairo Instant Shampoo. It spray-cleans hair without mussing your set
4. Take along an instant beauty shop—Kindness "20" by Claire electric curlers take just 10 minutes for a perfect set. About $30
5. Since hotels rarely supply your husband's very favorite soap, a wife and tuck away a cake of Guerlain's Habit Rouge. $5.
6. Happy hideaway for your pretty sunglasses: Lady Buxton ca
7. There's always room for extra lingerie when it rolls up easily, wrinkling—like Maidenform's permanent press bra, $2.50; petti
8. Husbands appreciate hot-lather shaves, so pack Nine Flags T Shaving Foam. It's self-heating, dispenses hot lather instantly.
9. On a short honeymoon or long one, Avon's Kwick Tan helps up sun in a hurry. Non-greasy cream, in unbreakable plastic tul
10. Pack one for your daytime tote, one for your evening handb mini-stripe comb by Revlon. $1.50.
11. Cosmetic carry-all in alligator-grained cowhide. Princess Garc
12. For fast, gentle shaving: Remington's Lady-Go-Lightly. A t illuminates those hard-to-see areas. In a bright travel case. Abo
13. Newest way to a radiant complexion: Toni's Happy Face, th greasy cream that cleanses without drying. Dab it on, add a litt massage into a creamy foam, then rinse off. $1.09.
14. Surprise them with champagne, served up in unbreakable pl champagne glasses. These, by Brookmark Royalon Inc. Set of e
15. All-in-one travel kit for skin care includes Secret of the Sea cream, freshener and emulsion. By Dorothy Gray. $5.
16. To put a glow on your cheeks, add highlights and contours, Revlon's Frosted Face Gleamer. $3.50.
17. Nail polish in seashell tones—Whisper Softs by L'Oreal of P
18. For your summer amusement, wear an extra pair of eyelashe Helena Rubinstein. $6.50.
19. Cologne-to-go: foil-wrapped tissues, doused with refreshing 4 fragrance. Five Colognettes, 65 cents.

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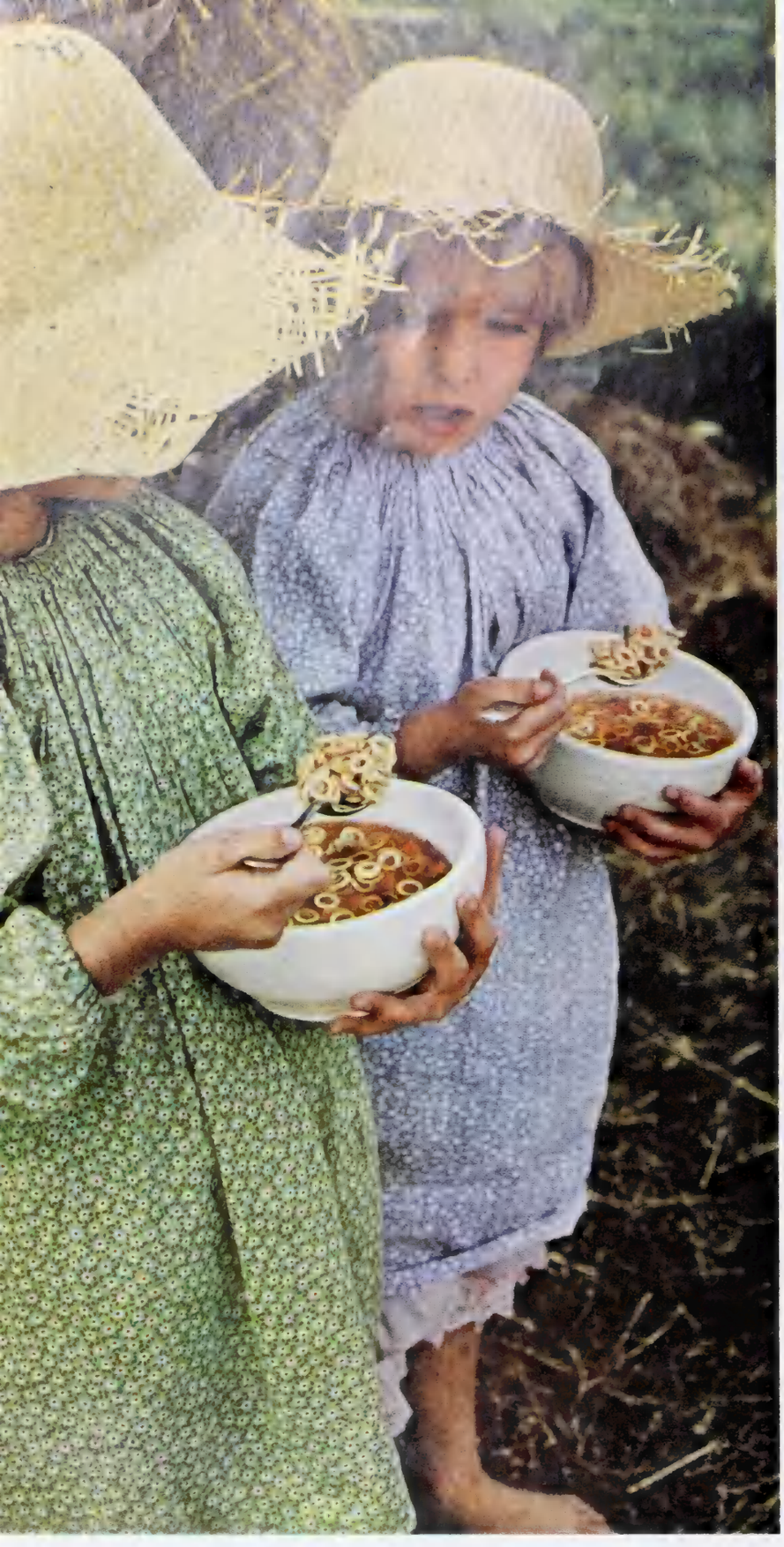
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HOROSCOPES FOR HOSTESSES

By Sybil Leek

ARIES March 21–April 19. The early part of May Uranus is giving you even more than your usual am energy, is a good time for you to have a party. An event at th can also help lift you out of the doldrums caused by domestic pr You are at your best with a small dinner party, but perha should be more formal this time than you have been in the pas a small group, you can concentrate on the details, paying specia tion to the preferences of your guests. It is sometimes hard for concentrate at being both hostess and cook, so work out a plan of action for cooking your meal. Eat at an early h you can spend the rest of the evening enjoying interesting conve

TAURUS April 20–May 20. With Jupiter, the expansive leading the way, the month of May from the 5th to t would be a delightful time to give a party. A formal dinner fo is an ideal number of people—enough for a real party, but a gro won't be too costly to entertain. Choose your guests carefully, sure that they will enjoy one another's company. Because yo good hostess and enjoy entertaining, you always do a marvelou preparing dinner, but on this occasion don't attempt to cook a me will exhaust you and take all of your time—remember, your gues to enjoy your company as well as your dinner. Be gracious enc accept help if your guests offer, for it is one way of spendin time with them, and a way for them to thank you for a memorabl

GEMINI May 21–June 21. This month, you will be eventful two-year cycle, and the 23rd or 24th is a time for you to have a party. You would most enjoy giving a c party with plenty of food and drink. Decide early what dress wear and what party accessories and decorations you'll need everything prepared before the party time so you can enjo guests. Mix well with each group, but be careful not to get so involved in conversation that you forget other guests. Being an able and easy-going hostess, you'll find the more people, the n

CANCER June 22–July 22. Mid-May is a good time to party to help revive your spirits after a possible de financial period caused by retrograde Jupiter, Uranus and Ne Although you are a hospitable hostess, emotional turmoil may your nature, so be sure to double-check to make sure you have thing you'll need and organize yourself so you are ready on t greet your guests. A buffet dinner is the most relaxed way for entertain people, featuring dishes that don't have to be served an with split-second timing. Keep your conversation light and gay, member that most of your guests are there to spend time talking Enjoy your role of gracious hostess and everyone will have a goo

LEO July 23–August 22. Between May 9th and 16th portant event in your life may have taken place that r a celebration—or you may simply want to see your friends. Thi time to have a formal dinner, perhaps in your favorite resta Taking your guests out would still enable you to choose persona flowers and dishes to be served, the decorations and position table, and yet allow you to enjoy your dinner and the company evening without being distracted from the role of an at-home h Combine compatible people, and you will have a festive



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VIRGO August 23–September 22. Although you ha busy schedule, the approach of the full moon brin relaxed atmosphere into your life—a good time to have a pa you do not especially enjoy large groups of people, a smal dinner party sometime between the 7th and the 12th wou most fun for you. You'll be most at ease if you are organized anticipated any emergencies that may arise—but don't fret possibility of things going wrong. When something does are always able to cope. Realize that you are your own wo and relax so everyone will have a pleasant evening.

LIBRA September 23–October 23. Uranus, the changes, in the beginning of May is poised and reac a harmonious period with Jupiter, resulting in a likely time party. Plan a dinner for perhaps a dozen people, between th the 10th, when you'll feel in an especially festive mood. Tak time to plan the basics, the menu, table settings, lighting, gu you do your own dress. You thrive as a hostess, and if any em should come up, you are capable of dealing with them eas ability of arranging your parties with elegance together ability to gather harmonious groups will make you an honore

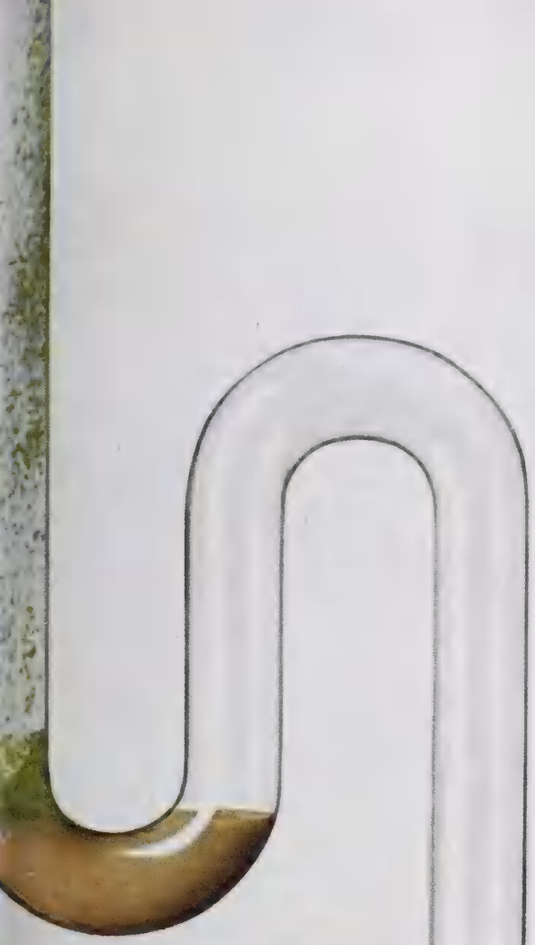
SCORPIO October 24–November 21. With Saturn in house, health problems may prevent many Scorpia full social life in the early part of May, though the 5th to th favorable time to have a party. And, why not a lavish, drama before or after the theater? You are not too good at coping w gencies, so, to relax and enjoy the company, conserve you by having a catered party in a restaurant for eight guests. T a month to leave anything to chance—be sure to double-ch the arrangements for your party. Include people in the lit theatrical fields whose conversation will be lively and enterta in which you can participate.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. With yo planet Jupiter climbing toward the mid-heaven likely to feel in a "hostess" mood for all the month of May best time to have a party is from the 9th to the 25th. A din would allow you to expand into exotic menus, but keep the down to a controllable group. Although you are a tireless wo can cope with preparing a large dinner, try to do all of the wo guests arrive so you will have time to sit down with your gu must keep a balance between your role as hostess and yo cooking and serving dinner.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. Jupiter's kin ence brings you greater wisdom; however, Mars' may give you the feeling you can take on more than you s keep your entertaining to a small dinner party (say, six), the 28th and 31st. Another reason for keeping it smaller i Saturn is in the fourth angle, and your health may not be a Keep this party an easy one, with comfortable friends—the time later in the year for a larger gathering when Jupiter th people into your life. Dress simply, so you'll be at ease all Although you are not a very active party-giver, when you tain, it is an event to be remembered.

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. May is a go month for you. Check the date and time you se your family, and when you've agreed on a date, curb your ind streak and accept their offers of help. With your many friend informal cocktail party with plenty of food and drink woul most fun for you. Since you have numerous interests, it well for you to make your plans and do as much of the work a in advance of the day of the party. Then you won't have about arrangements if you must be out of the house on pa

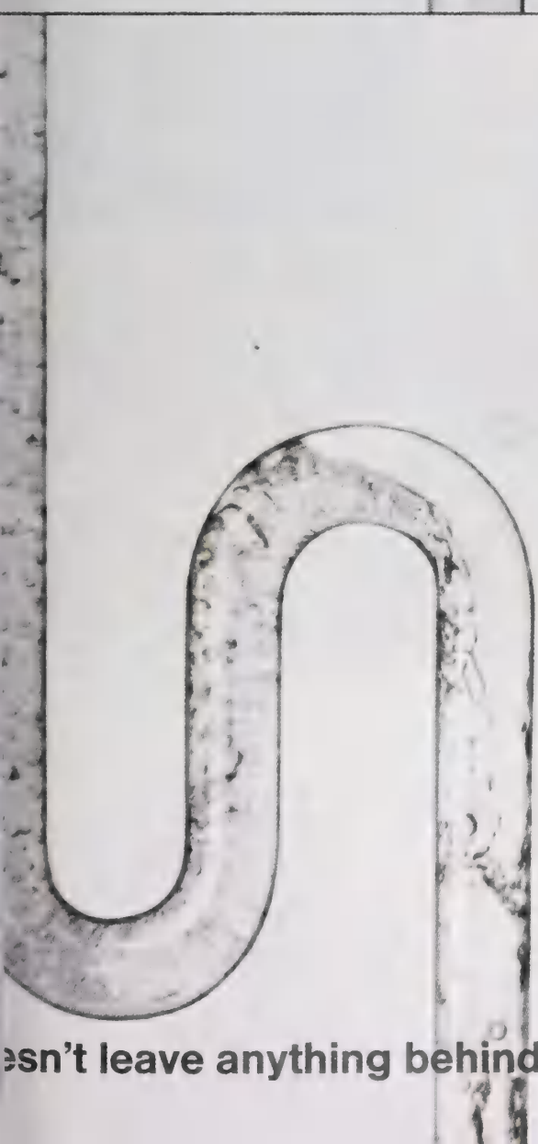
PISCES February 19–March 20. The beneficial infl Jupiter will make most Pisceans more sociable this the best time to have a party is at the very beginning or ve May. Choose your personal friends of long standing for a din at home. Pisceans are prone to having things go wrong, but a cope with mistakes and carry on as if nothing happened. Since y rather take care of any preparations yourself, allow enough make the dinner, and stick to reliable recipes. Have your din in the evening so there will be time afterward for talking



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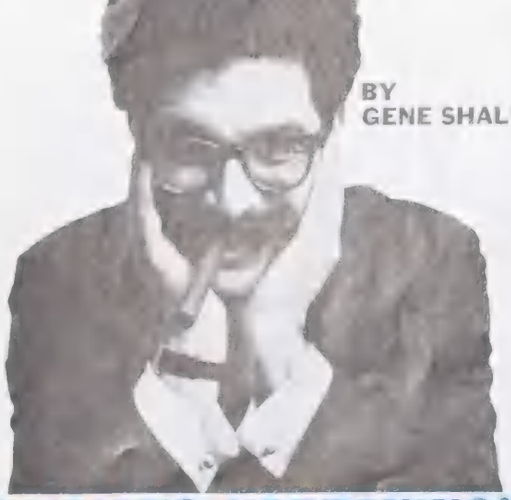
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BY GENE SHALIT

"WHAT'S HAPPENING"

Connections count in show business. Guess who'll take over for **Dean Martin** on his NBC-TV summer replacement show, *Dean Martin Presents the Golddiggers:* **Frank Sinatra Jr.,** that bundle of talent. Also, **Joey Heatherton,** described by her producer as "Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe and Jean Harlow all in one package." Fine, if you like girls with six arms. . . . A sure best seller for September—*The Beatles: The Authorized Biography* by **Hunter Davies,** who interviewed the lads for 14 months, tailed them everywhere, won their total cooperation. He bares their lives from infancy to India—from goo goo to Guru. . . . **Bob Newhart,** best known for his comedy records, has at last been discovered by Hollywood. He plays an ambitious young executive with **Peter Ustinov** (an ambitious embezzler) and **Maggie Smith** (an ambitious secretary) in MGM's *Hot Millions.* In his first role, Newhart's name is Gnatpole. Let us spray.



Joey Heatherton

If **Richard Nixon** wins the Republican nomination, he may hire Johnny Carson's makeup man, **Roy Voege,** to remove the shadow of his smile. Modern politicians can't face cosmic problems without facial cosmetics, and Nixon knows his underworld appearance during the 1960 TV debates with John Kennedy hurt him cruelly. Nixon has looked good on his *Tonight* show appearances, so he'll try to persuade the program's 36-year-old makeup director to take a powder. . . . **Michael J. Pollard** and **Oliver Reed** begin filming *Hannibal Brooks* in Europe this month. What a pair. What a plot. Reed, the young British actor, is a prisoner of war in Germany who "befriends an elephant in the Munich zoo" (so far it's believable, right?) and escapes over the Alps. Pollard, who plays his buddy, soared to stardom as a gangster in *Bonnie and Clyde,* a role for which he was paid $14,000. In *Hannibal Brooks* he'll get $75,000. Who says crime doesn't pay? . . . **Clive Donner,** who gave us **Judy Geeson** in *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush* (and he gave us *all* of her) next directs **David Hemmings** in *Alfred the Great.* Let's hope all Donner requires Hemmings to reveal are his feelings.

Spring is here, and so are family auto outings. Now don't let men honk you off the highway with gibes at "women drivers." The new edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records* (Bantam paperback) exposes the world's worst driver—and it's a *man.* And what a man! On October 15, 1966, in McKinney, Texas, he received 10 traffic tickets, drove on the wrong side of the road four times, committed four hit-and-run offenses and caused six accidents—all within 20 minutes. . . . This month's record treat: *Book Ends,* a new Capitol album by **Simon and Garfunkel.** . . . And May's the month for awards: On the 8th, *The Best on Record,* an NBC-TV special featuring winners of the Grammy Awards, which honor the year's best recordings. **Bobbie Gentry** won for her disc of *Billie Joe,* but there was no finer single record than *Alfie,* as sung by **Dionne Warwick** on Scepter Records. . . . On May 19, NBC televises *The Emmy Awards*—the 20th anniversary of America's ugliest statuette. The program is usually entertaining because it's so bad. This year's host on the coast: **Frank Sinatra.** And from the East: **Dick Van Dyke.** Twenty years of prizes! Can you remember who won the very first Emmy for being *America's Most Outstanding Television Personality?* The winner was (hand me that envelope, please)—**Shirley Dinsdale** and her puppet **Judy Splinters.** . . . Aileen Mehle, who spins the nation's sauciest society column under the name **Suzy,** doesn't spend all her time dancing chic to chic. She also writes short stories. Publisher **Bennett Cerf** is gathering them into one volume for release by Random House next fall. Nifty title: *Putting On the Rich.*

Lee Marvin sings. Lee Marvin sings? Yup, the movie tough guy has signed for the lead in the film version of *Paint Your Wagon,* the Lerner and Loewe musical with a script by **Paddy Chayefsky. Alan Jay Lerner** rarely hires stars who can sing. **Rex Harrison** in *My Fair Lady,* **Richard Burton** in *Camelot,* **Barbara Harris** in *On a Clear Day,* **Louis Jourdan** in *Gigi* and, next season, **Katharine Hepburn** in *Coco.* Does Lerner do this purposely? If his stars were singers, they'd concentrate on **Fritz Loewe's** music; this way, they concentrate on the words. *His* words. . . . The message from the circus press agent begins, "Small boys and anyone downwind can tell you when the circus comes to town." There are no small boys at the *Journal,* but the windows are open, so I can tell you: The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus is on the way. After its opening in Manhattan's new Madison Square Garden (the last peanut will be sold there 12), it spends May in New Haven (1 Boston (17-26) and Philadelphia (Ma June 6). In June: Johnstown, Pa.; Charl W. Va.; Louisville, Nashville, Memphi Shreveport. For the rest of the itinerary *your* window.



Michael Pollard

Movies moving into May: *Blue,* in **Terence Stamp's** eyes play the title role *Anyone Can Play,* featuring a crash symbols: **Ursula Andress, Claudine Virna Lisi** and, last but least, **Marissa** whose title portrayal in *Mata Hari* kill the **David Merrick** musical that pled before opening night. . . . *Yours, and Ours* with **Lucille Ball** and **Henry** the true story of a Navy widow with children who weds a Navy widower wi children, and who then have a child of own. One thing about 19 children, th men don't lien on you. . . . **Mike Nicho** made two films, both prize-winners: *Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *The Gra* Next: *Catch-22,* based on the first and novel by **Joe Heller.** The book is brillian Nichols says he likes the script even b It's been written by **Buck Henry,** with contributing his Nichols' worth. Perfe the role of Yossarian: **Alan Arkin.** . . . I have a yen for Hong Kong flicks, que for *Power of Wong Fai-hung Shakes the of Five Goats.* These Orientals enjoy ki themselves. One of the characters is Ah So.



The Two of Us: **Alain Cohen, Michel Sim**

This season's most affecting film is *The of Us,* starring the incomparable Fr actor, 72-year-old **Michel Simon,** and a year-old newcomer, **Alain Cohen.** Very si (and that's why it's so good), this is the of the maturing friendship between th man and the little boy in the French cou side, where the boy is being hidden fron Nazis. Please don't miss this beautiful fil it hasn't been scheduled for your city your theater manager to get it. Cinema the distributor. . . . **Leslie Uggams,** who attracted attention on TV's *Sing Along Mitch* (it was look at her or at him; how c she miss?), was a personal hit in a Broadway musical this season, *Halle Baby!* Now she's graduated to her own special, set for ABC-TV May 1. It's *H lujah, Leslie,* with **Noel Harrison** and **R** (*How to Succeed*) **Morse.** . . . **Sir James B** best known to Americans for *Peter Pan,* wrote *The Admirable Crichton,* which w featured on the Hallmark Hall of Fame 2, NBC-TV. This is the story of an En family, marooned on an island with servants for two years. Obviously a fan How can you get servants to stay for years?



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The Reply Card

Q: Is it an insult to invite friends to a wedding reception and enclose a reply card? I often receive these cards along with self-addressed, stamped envelopes.

A: The reply card is an expediency that should be used only in formal business invitations to charity balls and other money-making affairs. A reply card enclosed in a wedding invitation is insulting because it suggests the recipient does not have proper social training, but the use of such a card does speed replies, and in time it may have more social acceptance than it does now. In the meantime, we should remember that formal invitations must be answered in the third person on good conservative stationery, as soon as possible. Here is the simplest form of acceptance. Clip it and put it with your black ink and white double-fold notepaper.

An acceptance reads:

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Stephen DeMattio
accept with pleasure
the kind invitation of
Dr. and Mrs. Sullivan
for
Saturday, the eighth of June
at four o'clock

A regret omits the time:

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Stephen DeMattio
regret that they are unable to accept
the kind invitation of
Dr. and Mrs. Sullivan
for
Saturday, the eighth of June

Second Marriages

Q: What is the etiquette concerning second marriages? My fiancé and I are both divorced, and he has one child. Should we announce the engagement and the marriage? If so, how? What form of service is proper? What should be the role of the children by the first marriage? What should be done with silver, linens, etc., monogrammed with the former married initials?

A: In this case the engagement is usually announced quietly among friends. The ceremony should be small—a religious service, if the church permits, or a civil one. Announcements may be sent to as many people as you wish. Customarily the children do not attend the ceremony, but may attend the reception. In this matter much depends on the individual circumstances: whether the divorces have been long-standing, whether the children are happy about the coming marriage and are mature enough to witness the ceremony without being hurt. Silver, linens, etc., of the previous marriage are usually used without explanation just as they would be had the bride been a widow.

Décolleté in Church

Q: For evening weddings, many bride's publications are showing dresses without sleeves. I was brought up to believe that extreme décolleté is not good taste at evening weddings in church, particularly in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches.

Is such dress still considered improper? What about head-covering with evening dress in Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches?

A: Church custom in this matter is changing rapidly. Most conservative people still wear some slight covering over the shoulders at an Episcopal or Roman Catholic service, but in neither case is this required or requested in the United States. However, I feel it is improper to go out into the street in extreme décolleté. It is more comfortable to have something to throw around the shoulders that can also be worn during the ceremony in church.

My most recent research indicates that the Episcopal Church no longer requests head-covering of any kind. The Roman Catholic Church here dropped the matter as a requirement and makes it merely a request, but then only for attendance at Mass.

Gift of Services

Q: I expect to be invited to a large wedding next month. My husband and I are retired and have very little money. These wedding invitations that come along are often a financial burden to us. We do have a lovely garden, however, and I wonder if it would be proper for us to offer to help decorate the bride's house with flowers from the garden as our gift. I have another friend in the same situation, and she wonders if she might offer to make some of the small sandwiches for the reception. What do you think?

A: I think these gifts of time talent, lovingly offered, would gratefully received.

Tissues in Invitations

Q: Should the small papers in v ding invitations be removed be the invitations are mailed?

A: Tissues supplied with *foldover* graved invitations are not remo when the invitations are inserte the envelopes. Tissues received v cards of any kind (such as recep cards) are removed before the c are placed in the envelopes. An closure in a wedding invitatio placed facing the flap in the fol the invitation so that it will no missed. If the invitation is a c without a fold, and another car to be included, the invitation is serted with the engraving tow the flap, and the enclosure is serted in front of it.

Ushers' Duties

Q: I am going to usher at a la wedding. As a family approac me—mother, father, and pre-t daughter—I know I offer my arm the mother, but how does the teen get in? Is she escorted by father or do I go back and get h

A: When you escort a wife, you s her as close to the aisle as possi The husband passes in front of and seats himself beyond her. If seating has just begun and you not rushed, you may suggest to pre-teen that she wait in the back the church and that you will ret for her. Being escorted as an ad woman would be a tremendous th for a young girl. If this is impossi she may take her father's right a as she walks down the aisle.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes ques-tions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Va derbilt are now available to JOURN *readers: "Teen Manners," "Enga ment and Wedding Etiquette," "Ta Manners," and "Office Etiquett Send 25 cents in coin for each book ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, B 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

"Madge, sometimes I wish I'd never gotten married!"

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Do yourself a favor, too . . . soften your hands while you do dishes

ive Company



By Sylvia Porter

Q: When I was in college, I desperately wanted to study to become a doctor, but my father—an obstetrician himself—wouldn't let me. I have a teen-age daughter who is getting straight A's in all her science courses and wants to become a pediatrician, but my husband is acting toward her the way my father did toward me. I'd hate to have her go through life as unfulfilled as I have been. What do you say?

A: Fight for her right to the education for the profession of her choice—and encourage her to fight for it, too. Today, only 8 percent of medical students in the U.S. are women. In contrast, 25 percent of medical students in India are women; the proportion is 27 percent in France; 15 percent in Denmark and Netherlands. We simply are not raising our career sights high enough. We are not getting the education we need for many vital professions. Your father "wasted" you; don't in turn consent to the "waste" of your daughter.

Q: My father is retiring soon, and I want him to continue working because I think he'll die of boredom if he quits. What will be the restrictions on how much he can earn when he starts getting Social Security?

A: If your father is aged 65 or over when he starts receiving his monthly Social Security benefit check, he will be able to earn up to $1,680 a year by working—*without losing a penny* in Social Security benefits. If his monthly retirement benefit rose this year from $100 to $113, he will be able to earn a total of $3,636 before *all* his Social Security benefits will be cut off. If he does occasional short-term jobs—say, as an accountant or a salesman—he'll be able to keep all his benefits for any month in which his earnings are $140 or less—no matter what total amount he earns during the year.

Q: What is happening to this country? Doesn't anyone ever want to work anymore? We can't get our newspaper delivered on time because the paper says it can't find delivery boys; my brothers were delivery boys when we were young, and they loved it. We can't get our lawn cut even though we offer good money. We can't get minor repairs done unless we plead and bribe. What is happening?

A: The above is becoming a nationwide lament—because in this land of the affluent masses, fewer and fewer people are willing to do the chores for which a previous generation competed. According to a recent article in *Fortune* magazine, the U.S. is now climbing from the world's first *mass middle-income* market to the world's first *mass high-income* market; within eight years, the *average* American income is slated to approximate $10,000 *after* Federal taxes. Money alone no longer will readily buy many of the amenities we want. It's a frustrating facet of our affluence—but it's what's happening.

Q: I'm a secretary, and my boss insists on dictating all letters personally to me. I'm trying to convince him that there are cheaper—and more efficient—ways of handling his voluminous correspondence. Can you help me?

A: Today, on average, the cost of a single dictated business letter is over $2.50, but there are many ways that could cut your boss's correspondence costs by as much as one-fourth. Tactfully suggest that he:

1. Use short, handwritten notes, when possible, as interoffice memos;
2. Cut down the length of letters that must be dictated;
3. Answer as many letters as possible by short telephone calls;
4. Set up typing pools—equipped with transcribing machines and other modern office equipment—to handle large-volume work;
5. Let you write more letters yourself—and keep the length of these to a minimum.

Q: I am afraid we got stuck on a recent deal to finance a new $2,300 car we bought. When we added up all the extra costs above and beyond the price of the car itself, for interest, credit life insurance, auto insurance, etc., these costs totaled more than $1,000. Is there any way to reduce some of this burden without cutting corners on any of the insurance coverage?

A: You might try to refinance the car through another lender offering more reasonable terms. By doing this you won't get back the full balance of your loan, but you still might save considerable amounts if you can find significantly more favorable terms. Also check with one or more reputable insurance agents in your area on whether they offer other insurance policies providing the same coverage at lower costs.

Obviously, you should have comparison-shopped on these costs *before* you signed up for this deal.

Q: How long do you have to save old financial records, receipts, canceled checks, and other documents for income tax purposes? We have been throwing our records away after one year because they are such a nuisance to store. But a friend now tells me that we are supposed to keep them much longer than that. What are the Internal Revenue rules?

A: The Internal Revenue Service says you must keep tax records "as long as their contents may become material in the administration of any Internal Revenue law." For the ordinary taxpayer, as a rule of thumb, the statute of limitations—both for Internal Revenue to ask you to pay extra taxes and for you to request additional refunds—is three years after the date on which a given return was due.

But there are important exceptions to this rule of thumb—for instance, with regard to records of the purchase or sale of homes and securities. Before you destroy any records that might be crucial, inquire at your nearest Internal Revenue Service office about which exceptions might apply to you.

Q: If you hire a stockbroker, how is his fee paid—by the month? the year? How often is the client expected to invest in stocks?

A: A stockbroker's commissions are paid only if and when you buy or sell securities. When you open an account with a brokerage firm, you invest only if and when you wish.

Q: My household helper has never asked me to pay Social Security taxes on the wages I pay her, although I know payme taxes is legally require should I do?

A: Write to your local Director of Internal Rev plain the facts, and esti amounts you have bee your household helper e ter in the past. Today y be paying Social Secur of 4.4 percent of her wa quarter—if those wages or more during the calen ter. Many employers als employee's share of thes well, or a total of 8.8 Ask Internal Revenue v should do about the ba owed, and request a "F to accompany tax payr your employee's curren The IRS will then a cally send this form to quarter.

A vital point is that ploye may not be able Social Security benefi when she needs them if have been paid on her In addition, you could to pay not only substan of back Social Security also penalties and interes

Q: I plan to change jobs months. The company I now work provides group life insurance tha told, can be converted individual policy. Is th advantage in convertin than simply taking ou policy?

A: The key advantage is can make the switch fro to individual life insura out reconsideration of y ent health. Before you your insurance, thoug sure you will be getting dividual coverage you need and want.



Miss Porter welcomes questi readers. Those of general int be answered here as space p

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THE WICKED STEPCHILDREN

BY ISABELLA TAVES

EDITOR'S NOTE: "I've been a widow seven months. I don't know the answers to living alone, and I want to." With these words, Isabella Taves Mich introduces her forthcoming book, *Women Alone*. In it, Mrs. Mich discusses the many problems of the widowed or divorced woman, a discussion presented principally in terms of interviews and case studies she gathered on a long trip around the United States.

"For me," she reports, "one important fact emerged: the resiliency and courage of most of these women. We're in a situation we don't like. But we are alive, we can find comfort and reassurance in the true friendship of other women in the same position and, for the first time in our lives, if we can only take advantage of the opportunity, we can be ourselves."

Mrs. Mich set out on her study trip armed with a long list of questions to ask her fellow loners. Some turned out to be easily answered, others not. One of the latter, which particularly interested us, was the problem of children and the woman alone. How does the loss of one parent, through divorce or death, affect the relationship between child and remaining parent? What is a child's reaction when the mother decides she's ready for courtship and remarriage? What is a child's reaction when a strange woman enters a household as a stepmother? All questions that further complicate the already thorny, but otherwise normal, conflicts between adult and child.

In our child-oriented society of today, any attempt to reconcile these conflicts can create a situation where the child, driven by furies that neither he nor the adults around him fully understand, often, and sadly, holds the balance of power. It is the child who decides whether Mommy may remarry; it is the child who decides whether stepmother will be accepted with grace.

Mrs. Mich finds that dealing with these complex problems must ultimately be on a personal basis, and as a result she offers no airy generalizations or pat answers. But she does point out, and with considerable cogency, that it is no longer the wicked stepmother of the Cinderella legend who attracts our attention; rather, it is the "wicked stepchildren" on whom we must focus our concern.

● Rachel H., a beautiful, precocious child, was 11 when her father died of a heart attack in a small boat off New Orleans in the Gulf of Mexico. She felt guilty because her father had asked her to accompany him on the fishing trip and she'd overslept. Hiding her sorrow and chagrin under frantic activity, she told everyone her mother didn't like her, but preferred her 16-year-old brother.

Her mother found it necessary to go to work as a secretary and, when Rachel was 14, became engaged to the bachelor for whom she worked. Her son was delighted. But Rachel said, "If you marry and disgrace my father's memory, I will do everything in my power to make you miserable."

The boy tried to argue with his sister: "In a few years, when you're ready to get married yourself, you'll be delighted to have Mom off your hands." Rachel, however, refused to be cajoled into approval, and was shocked when her mother went ahead with the wedding.

The family moved to New York, and Rachel was put in school there. But for eight months she maintained a war of nerves. She refused to speak to her stepfather, and spent a great deal of time alone in her room. Because dinner hours were so difficult with her present at the table, her mother served Rachel her dinner at 6 o'clock, and the girl went into her room and closed

(continued)

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Photograph by Mike Cuesta

Fiery armpits after you shave?

If you shave under your arms and apply an anti-perspirant deodorant right away, it can feel as if you're holding a lighted match to each armpit. But it doesn't have to. Not with Yodora. Yodora is one deodorant mild enough for after-shave use.

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WICKED STEPCHILDREN

continued

the door when her stepfather came home around 6:30.

He was a patient man . . . "an angel," his wife says. He didn't try to bribe, scold or coax Rachel to mend her ways. Finally, they decided nothing would change her attitude, so her mother said to her, "I can see this won't work. You've won your point. Pick the boarding school you want and you can finish the term there. You can go to summer school, too. You can even spend vacations with your friends, if you like."

Rachel was startled out of her surliness. She protested, "I don't want to quit in the middle of the term. Besides, I like my school."

"Then," her mother said, "you shape up. Start speaking to your stepfather."

Rachel, faced with what she recognized as an ultimatum, tried. Afterward, her mother realized that Rachel had already changed her mind about her stepfather, but didn't know how to say she had been wrong. Although she is now close to her stepfather, and invited him up alone to her college on Father's Day, she has never been able to apologize for her attitude. The nearest she has ever come to it was when her brother eloped with a girl the family did not know. Rachel said to her mother, "Don't decide too quickly you won't like her, or say anything harsh to Bud. It's very hard to live with your past errors and statements."

"I can't win against them"

• Martha D., a redheaded divorcée of 41 with a little girl, married a prominent Los Angeles attorney. His three boys, by a previous marriage, lived with their mother, but visited their father quite often. Martha anticipated no problems. To her anguish, however, the boys, all in their teens, resented her and took their revenge on her 10-year-old daughter, Peggy. She finally sent Peggy away to school in order to protect her, and tried to win the boys over in her absence.

It didn't work. Whenever she and her husband planned a trip, or even a weekend outing, the boys found an excuse to take him away on an excursion that excluded her. "I can't win against them, and their father refuses to see what is going on," said Martha. "Now it's just a matter of when I leave him, not if."

• Mrs. J. of Chicago married a widower with three children, aged 10, 12 and 15. At the end of the day, after working hard at her job of furniture salesperson in a department store, she comes home and cooks dinner and cleans up. No one offers to help. The children often don't make their own beds, and their rooms are always cluttered. When she finally suggested that the children help her, they answered that they never were expected to do housework when their real mother was alive. The fact that their mother didn't work, while their stepmother feels she has to, in order to supplement the income, is of no concern to the children. Their father suggested that she quit work. She told me, "Frankly, I'm afraid to. If the marriage doesn't work—and I'm not at all sure it will—I want to be able to have my good job. In fact, the job is important to me now. At home, I feel like a servant and an outsider. Here in the store, I'm liked as a person and I belong."

Any remarriage with children under 18 has problems. Sometime that would have survived dren will blow up because if such a marriage can succ ties concerned, including benefit. Occasionally the a infant, a new baby for the helps pull the group toge times, the constant battle ments helps everyone invo maturity. But there will be

Parenthood in itself isn' or predictable: Mothers an quarrel and draw apart du riod of adolescence; sons r the domination of fathers. stepmother or stepfather there is focus and added fue conflict. Some women avoi issue and simply don't ren variety of reasons. For the are reason enough for living

A Wisconsin divorcée who several proposals because want to relinquish the com vision of her two sons, now told me, "My father says t eating me alive. I don't can better behaved and get be than any of their contempo

In other cases, when the in the broken family is a bo will forsake remarriage and or unconsciously promote head of the household—lon has the maturity or desire such responsibilities. Yet, be compliment, and because it ego to see his mother depend he takes over. The result trapped with a prefabricate mother who has no need to re young brothers and sisters w to lean on big brother the lives.

A talented set designer o ployed in New York, but c New Haven every day, wh with his mother and unmarr the house left to them by h ther. At 14, Jim became th the family. His sister, 26, n steady beau or a job. She anc up for Jim at whatever ho return and always have a h him. He turned down a good fornia recently because his m want to go so far from home. think he is a homosexual; I strays even that far from his sister.

The sad part is that no m her son to be a misfit. Often, son she victimizes is her fa single parent in this case th putting the children's happi her own. The problem is, g tions are misplaced. In additi ing the child, a young mothe neglecting her children, refu come involved with men. Th time her children are grown, any desire (and sometimes find a husband.

Being a stepparent ca

It's difficult enough being a ent. But being a stepparent mother) can be hell. One s married to a man who was perately to keep his ex-wife ating the affections of thei had this tale: "Ralph goes wit car he needs in his business sons can attend camp. Yet went up to see them one wee were positively rude. He di word, but just went around

von keeps your hair as lively as you are!





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come right out of your hair. But
von Representative has every-
keep your hair soft and shining.
von's specialized shampoos to a
nscented Hair Spray. Even re-
ble Hair Conditioners (a cream
aerosol) to pamper your hair
sun and wind don't. Whatever
air type, whatever style—you'll
mplete hair care from Avon.



Ask your Avon Representative what's right for you. And be as lively as you like!

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The Most Important Bottle Ever To Enter the Life of Any Wom

When the contents of a bottle win world-wide acclaim for making older, lined, female faces look younger, pre-eminence is but one of the laurels accorded it. The power of *2nd Debut* is now acknowledged wherever people read. This exotic emulsion is relegating facial lines to at least semi-permanent residence in the never-never land of happy forgetfulness. Applied nightly to the skin surface, the CEF (Cellular Expansion Factor) ingredient enters, aggressively, the outer or stratum corneum layer of the facial skin. As each particle of CEF enters the stratum corneum it carries in with it a particle of water. These water particles start a refreshing action that causes those dreaded facial lines to seemingly fill in. As the water level in the stratum corneum is raised to normal, the skin's surface improves noticeably; many surface lines vanish as though a magic wand had so commanded them. Others of deeper nature find their nagging importance squelched into near nothingness. Continued for just days this simple, pleasant before bedtime routine results in a smoother, younger presentation than your face has made in many a year. You'll find *2nd Debut* (with CEF 600) and *2nd Debut* (with CEF 1200) mightily rewarding and the *2nd Debut* satellite preparations more than justifying every claim made for them.

2nd Debut is made in two potencies. One contains CEF 600 and is for the woman with early worries; that is, for the woman of 40. $3 for the 4 oz. size.

The double-potency CEF 1200 is for the face over forty; or for the impatient lady who wants visible results without delay—or for you if your facial lines are deep. It smooths age lines faster. The 4 oz. size is $5.

To prepare your skin to receive CEF there is *2nd Debut* Liquid Cleanser. Its application is different, for it is to be applied in a thin layer over your face and throat. Then rinsed off with cool water. Now your skin is clear, and clean. Really clean! $3 for two ounces. Four oz. size, $5.

2nd Debut Liquid Makeup (with CEF 600) is probably the most covering make-up in all the world. Imparts a flattering, flat matte finish and hides most blemishes completely. Moisturizes, too, with CEF 600. Six shades. One ounce is $3.

2nd Debut Pressed Powder gives a non-reflecting matte finish to the skin and is rich in CEF 600 for moisturizing. Seven shades. In an attractive compact with mirror and puff. $3.

Finally, *2nd Debut* Body & Hand Lotion (with CEF 600) imparts a feeling of luxury to the body that makes you regard yourself with extra importance. And its CEF 600 richness quickly defeats the cause of hands chapping. This dual-purpose balm is $3 for the 6 oz. bottle. Money Back Guarantee on all *2nd Debut* products.



2nd Début WITH CEF

A SECOND DEBUT FOR MOTHER

At Better Department and Drug Stores

ARRIVALS, LTD., CHICAGO, U

and gentle, and gave them dollar bill when we left. Af- e begged me to be patient. ngry because of myself, I'm ecause they are so mean to what can I do?"

story comes from Mrs. J. in st whose husband had died, r alone with a 15-year-old Susan. Mothers and daugh- ays less congenial than moth- s, but this usual phenomenon e neurotic when homes are leath or divorce.

ather had died when she was f was intense and her antag- rd her mother bitter. Mrs. J. thing, but nothing worked. the struggle went on, with easing. Then, two weeks be- hool graduation, Susan ran was found waiting on tables Aspen, trying to save money California and join a boy who was working to become cian. She refused help from and said she did not want to months later, she wrote her rd, giving her a California s. J. took this for an invita- out and spent a week there, laughter and her boyfriend r, and seeing that Susan had checkup and started some al work. The girl had worked of jobs, mostly clerking, but l long, because of her untidy and lack of discipline.

ner herself came close to a when she returned home. period, the doctor who had care of her, a divorcé with ren, proposed. Although Su- ited to the wedding, she re- onths later, she consented to if her mother would send a she got off the plane, in her a leather jacket and bare ther burst into tears. Her her took one look and said anted to stay with them, she immediately, cut her hair dress. Otherwise, she could t plane out.

prise, Susan agreed. During eks she spent in her home gan to dress much like other , and when she went shop- uld bring her parcels home father's approval. Although ck to Los Angeles, she is no ing to marry the boy she re to join. Her mother says ving the discipline and sug- ne new stepfather. The step- he is sure Susan wanted d guidance or she wouldn't to come home in the first g, "Anyway, I'm not the d by. She either has to take or let me alone."

t go on this way."

g children, pre-teeners, the ed by the woman alone are h easier. Young children. ne parent usually *want* the ne to remarry. An eight- even though she adored her ied of cancer, almost imme- n talking about her mother nother father. One night at id, "Look at Sally Brown. w daddy, a new sister, a new dogs. And here we sit, you and me alone. Mommy, it can't go on this way!"

A Westchester widow told me that when her 12-year-old daughter discovered that a blond divorcée in the building had remarried, she suggested that her mother try bleaching her hair. A Florida divorcée told me, "My seven-year-old son is happy as a lark when I come home and say I have a date. He helps me decide what I will wear and selects the perfume. His older brother used to enter into the game, but I notice now he is rather withdrawn."

Young children also sometimes feel they have been responsible for a divorce or a parent dying (deserting them because they have not been kind or loving), and are terrified for fear they will lose the other, too. A young widow in Chicago told me that her little girl used to come and push open her eyes when she was napping in the afternoon. "When I got over my anger, I realized she was afraid I was dead, too."

Psychiatrists suggest that the eagerness with which young children show such concern and push their single mothers out to date is not entirely desire for father replacements. They want their mothers to be happy, so they won't go away, too.

Although adjustments are easier with young children, they still remember lost parents, and as they grow older may begin to offer resistance, particularly toward an adopted parent of the same sex.

The battle was savage

In Philadelphia, a widower married a divorced woman with 10-year-old twins, a boy and a girl. They took their new father's name and regarded him as the real parent. But in adolescence the attitude of the boy changed toward his adoptive parent, and at 19 he left school and went to San Francisco to join the hippies. His mother persuaded him to come home last Christmas, but the visit was a dismal failure. He was bearded and wearing beads and talked openly about smoking marijuana. The battle between him and his adoptive father was so savage he left after five days and has not been back. On the other hand, the girl is closer to her adoptive father these days than she is to her mother.

Because any girl holds so many cards—youth, sweetness, knowing charm—when it comes to her father, a stepmother can have a very rough go . . . especially these days, when we are so deep in the youth cult. I heard of one man whose daughter threatened to kill herself when she heard her father had remarried. Although she had been living with her mother, she insisted on moving into the same house with him and the stepmother, who was not more than 10 years older than the daughter. She played on them both, using one to get extravagant masses of new clothes (her stepmother), then playing on her father to take her out to nightclubs and the theater with them.

One night before Christmas, when her father and stepmother had refused to take her to a charity ball they were attending, she went into their bedroom and slashed her stepmother's wardrobe to bits with a razor blade. Just before they came home, she cut her own wrists.

Right now, she is back living with her own mother and going to an analyst. Although her grades are excellent, she has refused to go away to college, and is working on her father to give her an apartment and a maid. Just what her next demands

(*continued on page 125*)



Our Thousand Island comes on with everything to make your salad a sensation. Pickle relish, mustard, onions, peppers, seasonings and eggs. All blended smooth and creamy. Wish-Bone Thousand Island also comes on great in tuna salad, chicken salad, as a cocktail sauce for shrimp, crab, as a spread for sandwiches and in a thousand other things you can make too!

A salad without Wish-Bone Thousand Island is just a bowl of wet vegetables.

AMERICA'S TEN TOP HIGH SCHOOLS

A Report Card from the Journal's Jury of Top Experts, by Nancy Faber

"How can I tell if our high school is doing a good job?" To help our readers answer this question, we asked a jury of eight experts to list 10 public high schools that, in their opinion, best represent America's finest—and to tell what makes these schools outstanding.

Our panelists pointed out that no expert can make a definitive list. However, there was surprising agreement among their nominations. In all, 56 schools were named, but 10 were cited time and again.

Mostly, the educators picked schools that use new methods of teaching and new ways of learning. Because these schools are recognized as pioneers, they attract the very best teachers. In some, 80 percent have a master's degree in education and are equipped to treat each student as an individual, making the most of personal strengths and working to correct weaknesses. Also, our experts chose schools offering a first-rate education to all students—not just the college-bound.

Evanston Township High in suburban Chicago was named most often (appearing on seven out of eight lists), because it is successfully facing most of the problems besetting today's high schools. There are children there whose parents are pushing for acceptance at the best colleges, and kids from homes with no indoor plumbing.

One teacher summarized the secret of the school's success succinctly: "Freedom and money." Teachers are encouraged to innovate, students are allowed to learn at their own rate of speed, and the citizens spend $1,280 a year on each pupil—almost double the national average. For its money Evanston gets classes in everything from Chinese to computer programming, from service-station management to "The Negro Heritage." Neither does the school spare on learning tools. The students can use the movie-making equipment, closed-circuit TV and computers.

Evanston aggressively recruits its faculty (79 percent have a master's degree), and has a high scholastic standing. In the senior class, 75 percent go on to four-year colleges—often to prestige schools. There are honors programs for bright youngsters, including 11 college-level courses. Four full-time social workers help emotionally troubled children, and in the experimental nursery school, girls who plan to work with children can practice on real toddlers.

With nearly 5,000 students and another 1,000 predicted by 1975, Evanston just added four big wings to the original building. Starting last year, each new wing became a semi-independent high school, with its own principal, teachers, guidance counselors—and 1,200 students. This divides the school into four manageable groups, and still offers all youngsters the use of the school's central facilities.

Students spend most of their day in their assigned wing. They eat in its cafeteria, take required courses there, use the third-floor science labs, *(continued)*



COSTUME BY JOAN BAREN

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BE FREE TO BE YOU

Free to catch the early morning light for a seascape. Free to cycle around the waterfront. Free to wear the costume you planned for the masquerade ball. Tampax tampons give you freedom to enjoy every moment of every busy day. Worn internally, they're the modern way. You can be active, unhampered, secure—no matter what day of the month it is. Tampax tampons mean freedom to modern women in 106 countries!

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color your hair in half the time...

condition hair deeper so it stays softer.

It's also the world's best hairdryer, with the biggest bonnet made...big enough for the biggest rollers. You'll get more out of life when you put this new beauty discovery to work for you...the Beauty Salon Hairdryer, by Lady Schick.



and leave only for elective courses. To cut down the traffic jam in the school's central library, each wing has its own spacious study area, known as a "resource center," with 16,000 reference books plus tape recorders, TV sets, record machines, filmed tapes, paperbacks, magazines and newspapers.

The resource centers also contain all the teachers' offices. Youngsters can drop by for the kind of personalized attention that is usually available only in small private schools. If Jim is having trouble in geometry, he consults his math teacher, who may suggest his viewing a short movie made by the teacher to explain a specific problem. Jim then steps outside to one of the center's small cubicles, called a carrel, dials a number and, while listening over earphones, watches a filmed tape of his teacher until he fully understands the problem. Eight of the other nine schools on the *Journal* list have similar resource centers.

With the help of a computer at Stanford University in California, Evanston set up flexible schedules so each student has about one third of his school time free to study independently.

"Our aim," says Dr. Lloyd Michael, superintendent for the past 20 years, "is to develop in every student the ability to go it alone."

Instead of being assigned to study halls where teachers double as policemen, youngsters must decide how and where they use this new free time. A pupil may spend it in a resource center, or a science lab, the art shops, the television studio—all staffed and open throughout the school day. He might choose to sit in the lunchroom with his friends—this, too, is open all day. Inevitably, some cannot learn to spend their hours profitably. Those who fail find themselves back in an old-fashioned supervised study hall.

The free time gives youngsters a better chance to meet with teachers. "Contact with my students on a one-to-one basis has jumped 100 percent," observed a social studies instructor. "Before, if a child needed help, he had to come in before school or after. Many never bothered." Eight of the 10 listed schools have adopted this concept of independent study time.

Still, students are expected in class on time, and with homework done. They must dress and behave according to school rules. But, instead of an adult telling them what to think and when to study, Evanston teen-agers are learning to learn on their own.

The school encourages its faculty to come up with better teaching methods—and will finance equipment for meritorious ideas. Two teachers have set up an introductory science course for disadvantaged freshmen. "One way these kids are disadvantaged," said one of the teachers, "is that they can't understand written instructions." So each science experiment was filmed on a short strip of tape. This plastic-sealed packet can be dropped into a small projector that each youngster can handle himself at his lab station.

Like all schools, Evanston has problems. This year some Negro parents are protesting that their children are slighted. Evanston students are assigned to class according to ability. Many Negroes from disadvantaged families are in slow-learning classes. Their parents are demanding that they be placed with brighter children. Next September, the s putting students of differen in the same English class dependent study time, teac be able to move the smar faster on their own, while g attention to the slow learn

Some girls complain beca not wear boots in class, and they want to let their hair Two girls even went in Michael he was running a p they were not allowed to vi other wings. The fact that nerve to bring their grieva perintendent tells a great d atmosphere at Evanston.

Here are thumbnail ske other schools on our experts'

ABINGTON (Pa.) HIGH

"When the kids ask me w it makes how long their the principal, Dr. Allan A "I tell them I agree. But have on appearances and h their parents off my bac academic freedom we have servative Philadelphia sub

TO MY DAUGHTER HER PETTICOAT

By Maureen Cannon

Those skinny shoulder-blade
waist
About a hand-span wide, i
Right-sized for hugging. An
Your small-boned silkiness.
You break away, all laugh
I, laughing, start
To kiss you once, then stop.
Small girl,
You touch my heart.

high schools: South Campu and seniors and the new N for freshmen and sophon 1964 North Campus stud one third of their time courses, another third to e the rest to independent s have resource centers and l visual aids to learning—muc ton. Dr. Glatthorn's nex to persuade teachers at So to switch from the traditio teaching techniques. *Stude all—58 percent go to four-ye percent to two-year colleges o ing. Faculty: 254—75 percen an M.A. $800 a year spent*

BEVERLY HILLS (Calif.) I

Famous for its high scholas About half the students movie-industry families, children of lawyers, docto professionals. Says the prin Willard Robinson, "The pa us to be innovative and e 1969 the school will have million instruction center o television studios, a planet lab for aerospace studies building is finished, the switch to independent stud *dents: 2,037—61 percent go colleges, 34 percent to juni other training. Faculty: 124 have an M.A. degree. $1,05 per pupil.*

JOHN MARSHALL HIGH, Por

Located in an almost all

hborhood. In 1963 Stan-ity picked Marshall as one ols to test the flexible time v used by Evanston. After n year, it is up to each stu-manages his time. Students ersonal freedom. They can asses, drop by the art labs, id out of the resource cen-credits are won by doing ng independent study time. o had read *The Red Badge* an English course, set the usic. (*Students: 2,200—32 four-year colleges, 20 percent eges or other training. Fac-50 percent with an M.A. spent per pupil.*)

E (Fla.) HIGH

as received wide attention as no grades. When a stu-s a sophomore he is tested, gn up for a harder or easier as he takes the courses raduate. Only the bright re marked—because of col-s. The rest are given either r unsatisfactory to elimi-hy aspects of competition. Foundation sponsored the ependent study program, nts can research such sub-ntemporary international local criminal behavior. *050—55 percent go to four-25 percent to junior colleges ing. Faculty: 100—40 per-A. degrees. $450 spent a year*

NEW TRIER TOWNSHIP HIGH, Winnetka, Ill.

The median annual income here is an impressive $20,000 compared to nearby Evanston's median of $9,196. New Trier is more traditional than other schools on our list. Its academic standards are very high—students are well regarded by the best colleges. (*Students: 5,724 divided between two high schools—84 percent go to four-year colleges, 6 percent to junior colleges or for other training. Faculty: 405—81 percent with M.A. degrees. $1,300 a year spent per pupil.*)

NEWTON (Mass.) HIGH

Newton has been used as a test school by Harvard and other nearby colleges for more than 30 years. It has picked its way among the innovations and still uses the traditional schedule. The accent is on forcing youngsters to think for themselves. Newton's outspoken faculty is encouraged to talk in class about drugs, sex, Vietnam and politics. Teachers criticize each other, the principal and the school board. The students, in turn, learn to think as individuals, not as part of a group. (*Students: 4,243 divided between two highs—58 percent go on to four-year colleges, 27 percent to junior colleges or for other training. Faculty: 289—62 percent with M.A. degrees. $980 spent a year per pupil.*)

NOVA HIGH, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Nova is not a community high school. It has been described as a "workshop of academic experimentation—with few concessions to (*continued on page 137*)

Editor's Guide

ESTIONS FOR YOU TO ASK ABOUT YOUR HIGH SCHOOL

guidelines to help parents their community's school. any students and teachers A good school should have 00 children in the senior ything smaller means less courses and fewer learning there should be 65 profes-principals, counselors and for every 1,000 students. ell does your community s school financially? The ood education varies from wn and state to state, but, a community should spend national average of $800 nt per year. Some of our ols spend less. Money from grants has made their ssible.

our school prepare all of ts for the future—or just e-bound? There should be ty facilities for vocational ercial students as well as ng academic courses.

school's counseling system There should be a full-ance counselor for every school students to help he right courses and apply per colleges.

library adequate? The li-uld be open to the young-ghout the school day. In a school with more than 1,000 students there should be at least 10 books for every youngster. Schools with fewer students should have from 6,000 to 10,000 books.

6. Is your school introducing any of the innovations (flexible scheduling, independent study, resource centers, etc.) mentioned in our article—or are they at least considering them?

7. Does your school recruit good teachers? At least 30 percent of the faculty should be working on graduate degrees.

8. Does the school insist on a hard-line, prearranged schedule in every class? Many good teachers are stifled in schools with inflexible schedules where they cannot try new methods.

9. How good is the school building? The classrooms? Labs? Study areas? Are students overcrowded in poorly lighted rooms? Do they have enough equipment to use? Enough books? Enough lab equipment? Does the school have devices like tape recorders, closed-circuit television, and taped films readily available?

10. The final question is intangible: What is the school atmosphere? Are teachers enthusiastic? Students stimulated? Is there a spirit of cooperation between the school board, the superintendent and the faculty? Is there a respect for learning?

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It's adjustable to suit your exact needs. Just a few minutes a day will help solve almost any common skin problem. It makes a difference you can feel...a difference you can see ...the fabulous new Facial, by Lady Schick.



Once there wa one Spock bab the world. No there are milli but this was t first: Dr. Ben Spock's son, Michael, with famous daddy at age 1.

MY FATHER, DOCTOR SPOCK



Michael, now 35, is married, the father of three Spock babies and director of the Boston Children's Museum.

Dr. Benjamin Spock is the godfather of a generation. No man since Freud has so changed the world's thinking about the early years of life. Only the Bible and Shakespeare have been more widely read than Dr. Spock, but he has been both bible and bard to 19 million parents around the globe.

Now he has shaken the world again. At 64, he is the white-haired father figure of the protest movement against the Vietnam war and faces criminal charges of inciting youths to defy the draft. Throughout this extraordinary life, Dr. Spock has seemed more a symbol than a man, more an authority than a human father—except, of course, to his own *children. In this interview with the* Journal's *Diana Lurie, the doctor's first-born son, Michael—who was the original Spock baby—draws an unforgettably mate portrait of his father; his own love-and- filled childhood; his successful nine-year ps analysis; and his feelings about Dr. Spock t*

☐ "My father drives himself very hard—ev the point of answering every bit of his mail. H product of his own upbringing. My grandmo who died last January, was even more resolu her convictions. Because she had a stroke five ago, I doubt she was aware of Ben's politica tions. Yet whatever stand she would have t about it, there would have been no middle grou

* * *

☐ "As a parent I agree with my father tha have to establish limits. Children *(conti*



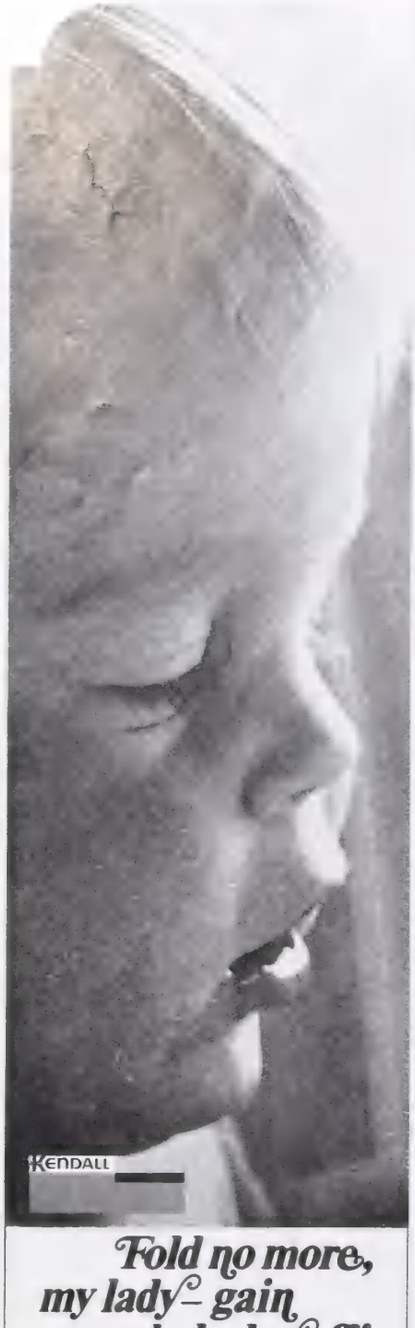
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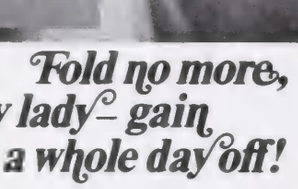
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want discipline, and they want to know boundaries. Discipline was not applied by spanking when I was growing up. Ben always dealt in absolutes. Something was either right or wrong. Having communicated those limits to me, I'd know the areas in which I could operate. The limits? Don't be disruptive, don't butt in, don't be slow dressing, don't forget to write thank-you notes to Grandma. People who knew me as a child tell me I got away with murder. I don't ever remember getting away with murder. I could always feel Ben's strong sense of disapproval if I did something wrong, and I wouldn't think of attempting to talk him out of a decision or try to get round him."

"I never kissed my father"

"I can give you some examples of the way we treat our own kids and the way I can't imagine my behaving when I was a boy. My kids are free with physical affection. We kiss good-night and when we say good-bye. My father enjoys this with them too, because they are spontaneous with him. I never kissed my father."

* * *

"If my parents had company and I wished to mix, I was expected to enter conversation. It never occurred to me to act any other way. I enjoyed passing the peanuts and talking about school, but I wasn't playful. Our kids act less like adults. Nor do we insist they sit throughout the entire dinner, but can be excused when through. I never was. It's a difference in flexibility. My father may say we don't set enough limits or follow them. I think both my wife Judy and I have a lot to learn, but we're doing a pretty good job.

"I try to get out of answering how my upbringing was different from other children's by saying I was grown up by the time Ben wrote The Book. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Spock wrote 'The Book'—*The Common-Sense Book of Baby and Child Care*—from 1943 to 1945. Michael was 10 years old when his father began work on it; 13 when it was published.]

"When I was born, 35 years ago, my father was just starting out in practice in New York City. In second grade I was transferred to the Fieldston School, part of the ethical culture system. I was sent there because of its remedial reading program. I read from right to left instead of left to right—to me the word 'saw' looked like 'was' and 'was' looked like 'saw.'

"The demands of New York living—parties, activities, everything else—made me once complain to my parents that they went out more than the King and Queen of England. They replied the King and Queen of England didn't go out much. My father, who was always available to the mothers of his patients, worked incredibly long hours. He'd come home at 7 o'clock to a supper which had been waiting half an hour. Then phone calls started and he was forever on the telephone to mothers. My mother wanted him to be firmer with them, but he never was.

"When father was available I had as much contact with him as anyone. Times of intimacy and companionship were mainly in the morning and in the bathroom. We'd get up about seven. I'd sit in the bathtub, while he'd shave and help me with my multiplication tables or tell me about a movie he'd seen.

"To stop my dawdling he devised a race against me over a period of months. When I beat him he bought me a silver-plated loving cup with my name on it, which years later turned black and peeled.

"A fuss was made over losing a tooth. If I discovered a loose one, I'd make it really wiggly before going to my father to help me pull it out. It never hurt because he did it quickly. He didn't pull, but gently punched it and poked it out with his thumb. Later, when I was asleep with it under the pillow, he'd slip in a quarter. I never thought there was a tooth fairy any more than I thought there was a Santa Claus. My parents were very generous at Christmas. My father loved to shop, and we'd go together for Mother's presents. When we went into the lingerie departments I found it embarrassing, but father, with complete assurance, took a long time selecting nightgowns."

* * *

"My father never stated how he thought the world should be. Nor did he ever explain right from wrong. We never went to church or had religious instruction. My father doesn't believe in moral absolutes handed down from above. He holds that unless human beings behave within limits and live up to their beliefs they will be uncomfortable. Our spiritual strength came from a sense of convictions and not from a set of rules you can write down. We were brought up on an attitude which we try to ingrain in our own children. It is that people are worth paying attention to."

A circus without the band

"It's coincidental that I became director of the Boston Children's Museum. It just happened to be the most interesting job open. How does a museum like this fit into the beliefs my father holds important? It's damned hard to bring current world problems into a museum. Our primary focus is to say that there are things going on around you which you may not be able to label but are worth paying attention to. I want a kid to leave this place feeling more self-assured and understanding more. Museums often represent dead circuses to kids—all the life has been sucked out of them. Who likes going to a circus without the band, the crack of a whip, the smell of a menagerie? We want to make the exhibits live again."

* * *

"My adolescence, the black phase of my life, lasted 15 years. I started college at Antioch in Yellow Springs, Ohio, in the fall of 1950. I had a hard time settling down to work, switched courses, did well in some subjects, but found it excruciating to do a paper. I'd sit in front of a typewriter for three days and not move. Nowadays, they talk about an identity crisis. Then, all I knew was that I was having a time keeping up. My problem was: 'Who is Michael Spock?'

"At spring vacation I told my parents about the severe studying problem. They suggested a counselor or psychiatrist. My mother was convinced it was important. Initially, despite his sophisticated psychoanalytical training, my father felt it was a matter of my willpower—that I wasn't buckling down to study. Nevertheless, they looked for help, and discovered a psychiatrist at the University of Cincinnati. He said to me, 'Let's start talking.' I thought we'd only discuss my studying [illegible] by age 18 I was in full-s[illegible] analysis, which lasted nine

"Three times a week I four-hour round-trip ride f[illegible] to Cincinnati. I hitchhiked t[illegible] before buying a succession cars. At the end of my anal[illegible] I'd driven 100,000 miles.

"It was hard for my famil[illegible] since I had been successful i[illegible] high schools. I did stutter a[illegible] occasionally—but never h[illegible] to be a troubled child. It wa[illegible] I left the family structure[illegible] thing seemed to disintegrat[illegible] long time to wean yourself.

"My father paid for all[illegible] sessions and, of course, I [illegible] them. I left before I was re[illegible] Everybody does. I don't thi[illegible] comes to a complete wir[illegible] point when they can tie a ri[illegible] thing. During it all, I dro[illegible] Antioch three times to take[illegible] jobs: a hospital orderly, a[illegible] attendant, a cabinetmaker,[illegible] in a Dayton store's adverti[illegible] ment. My parents were dis[illegible] my wife Judy, an art stud[illegible] had met at Antioch and ma[illegible] felt I would never settle[illegible] years after I started college,[illegible] with a degree in biology."

* * *

"How my children regar[illegible] ondary to how they feel [illegible] selves. I would like them to[illegible] themselves and at ease in t[illegible] hope they feel the sort of[illegible] I do today. I hope they fi[illegible] themselves that gives them[illegible] gratification I now have fr[illegible]

Like father, like

"Judy feels a bit on th[illegible] raising Dr. Spock's three gr[illegible] She's very sensible, but a[illegible] ponent tells her to look out[illegible] it fascinating that we are[illegible] kids, and they do give a dar[illegible] way we treat them. We [illegible] that they wonder whether [illegible] kids and whether we expe[illegible] parent's problems. Unless y[illegible] an actor on a stage, this out[illegible] isn't enjoyable."

* * *

"I was brought up at a tim[illegible] its prelude. My parents thou[illegible] Spanish Civil War was [illegible] World War II, that Americ[illegible] ism was dangerous, that we[illegible] out the Chinese. I'll alway[illegible] Ben reading *The New R*[illegible] after turning each page te[illegible] corner and chewing it.

"My father deals in mor[illegible] Until now I never knew ho[illegible] would be in sticking his [illegible] them. I disagree that his [illegible] doctor disqualifies him t[illegible] against his country's Vietn[illegible] ment. By being our publi[illegible] he makes us all bolder."

* * *

"Citizens of a country [illegible] moral stands in respect to[illegible] try's actions. My father see[illegible] States behaving immorall[illegible] Vietnam is a moral problem[illegible] the way which we wage th[illegible] the war itself. He consider[illegible] to speak out against this.

continued

Make a clean break  with the past.

uate to a **flameless electric range**
leans its own oven.



urs stooping, scrubbing and
an your oven? Why not
nodern flameless range...with
eans itself electrically? It's
Set the controls and—zingo.
ns itself. (And drip pans.) All
k away a little powder.
oo, that a flameless range keeps your kitchen clean, cool and comfortable. And because electric cooking is so automatic, you'll cook with pleasure. So see your appliance dealer about a flameless electric range...with an ingenious oven that cleans itself. Make a clean break with the past...and graduate to another appliance that adds to the joy of Total Electric Living.

GRADUATE TO THE JOY OF TOTAL ELECTRIC LIVING.
This Gold Medallion identifies a home where everything's electric, including the heat.

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY
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How did 38-year-old Ann Craig pass as a teenager?





Creamy, mild Ivory Liquid gave her a hand

We turned Mrs. Craig into a teenager with makeup and a youthful dress. She even fooled a group of teenagers. And her hands didn't give her away even though she does dishes for a family of five.

Mrs. Craig's hands get help from the creamiest, mildest Ivory Liquid ever. It leaves them with a creamy young look. Take it from Ann Craig, you don't have to be a teenager to have hands with that creamy young look.



Creamy Ivory Liquid leaves hands with tha creamy young look

All Out for Summer Entertaining

JOURNAL



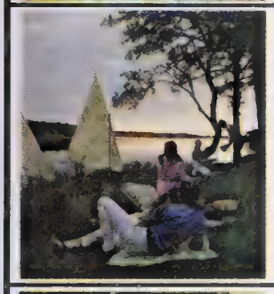
A WEDDING TO REMEMBER
All the sentiment, the romance every girl dreams of for her wedding day—a reception right in her own backyard. The food, homemade in advance; the lacy wedding gown, homemade, too (page 92).



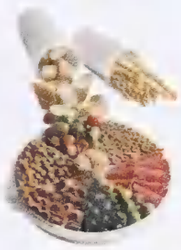


GOURMET DINNER ON THE GRASS
Picnic in splendor with exotic dishes from all over the world—recipes culled from the new *Trader Vic's Pacific Island Cookbook* (page 76).





SAIL-AWAY PARTY
Shipshape plan for one of the most popular kinds of summer weekend entertaining—a boating party, complete with especially-for-boats foods, recipes, serving ideas, equipment (page 86).





WHEN EVERYBODY'S INVITED
How to organize the biggest party you've ever given with imagination and aplomb. Includes a shop-to-serve plan for a complete smorgasbord supper, details of easy-to-make food and drink pavilions (page 80).



Back by popular demand—YOURS—your letters, your questions, your praise of issues past—here is another *Journal* home entertainment issue. This time, one that goes all out for outdoor partying. And by that we don't mean hot dogs among the mosquitoes, splintery benches and makeshift tables. Our entire staff of editors have put heads and talents together to show you how to entertain outdoors with maximum style. Whether it's under the sun or stars, in your own backyard or on location at the most romantic site in town, whether you're inviting a hundred people or a handful—here's how to have the most entertaining summer of your life.

YOUR PARTY HEADQUARTERS

The following stores have gone "All Out for Summer Entertaining," and will be featuring most of the items shown on pages 76–100.

Baltimore—*Hochschild/Kohn*, all stores
Boston—*Jordan Marsh*
California—*Macy's*
Cincinnati—*Shillito's*, and branches
Cleveland—*Higbee's*
Denver—*May-D & F*
Houston—*Foley's*
Kansas City—*The Jones Store Co.*
Minneapolis—*Dayton's*, all stores
New York—*Bloomingdale's*, and branches
Philadelphia—*Strawbridge & Clothier*
Pittsburgh—*Joseph Horne Co.*
Portland, Oreg.—*Lipman's*
Richmond—*Thalhimers*
St. Louis—*Famous-Barr*

Summertime's Elegant Dinner

Who says a picnic is strictly a pickup meal—sandwiches and soda pop served roadside. In 19th-century London and turn-of-the-century Newport, for example, a picnic was often as formal as the most elegant dinner party. True, times have changed, but you can still produce a marvelously elegant *al fresco* party—circa 1968—one that your friends will remember with delight all summer long.

First, set the scene softly at twilight, when nature displays its most spectacular background effects. Then serve up an unexpected non-picnic menu. For our dinner-on-the-grass, we turned to the new *Trader Vic's Pacific Island Cookbook* (Doubleday & Company, Inc., $7.50). It's a collection of exotic recipes selected by famous restaurateur Victor Bergeron in his travels to Polynesia, Japan, Hong Kong, Southwest Asia, Mexico, Texas, and California. (We chose specialties from the book's Polynesian and Hong Kong chapters.) And for a theme that would bring mood and food together with style, we took inspiration from the Japanese, for centuries masters of elegant chairless dining. The hors d'oeuvres are half the fun—assorted mouthfuls served on skewers for picknickers to cook over small hibachis. *(continued)*



Opp
Picnickers
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and Meat-on-a
(shown close
left, with Ch
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Silk by Far Eastern; bind
and Clark's; Mr. M
Shopping information on

Excerpted from the book "Trader Vic's Pacific Island Cookbook." Copyright © 1968 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Photograph, above, by Bernard Gray; opposite, by Ron Harris.



All Out for Summer Entertaining



More *al fresco* elegance from *Trader Vic's Pacific Island Cookbook.* These hors d'oeuvres (above)—Coco Shrimp, Rumaki, and Clam Rolls—are prepared ahead, then warmed on skewers over an hibachi. We arranged a cornucopia of *two* paper napkins—all the better for eating finger food with. Below, beer and ale for our Polynesian feast are packed in ice in a planter (we used a soy sauce tub). Recipes from the *Trader Vic Cookbook* for these dishes and more begin on page 110.

ALL THE PARTY PAPER PRODUCTS SHOWN HERE, AND THE COORDINATED PLASTIC GLASSES ARE IN HALLMARK'S "FLORESCENCE" PATTERN. ADDITIONAL SHOPPING INFORMATION ON PAGE 123.



Photographs by Bernard Gray

Polynesian pic
with maxim
drama, minim
work: 1. C
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Chicken with S
Sauce Marin
and Mustard
Honey Glaz
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cooling Var
Ice Cream
Coconut Cre


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4

THE MORE THE MERRIER

Crowd party on your agenda? Graduation, engagement, going away—whatever the current event you're celebrating, even if it's just a sudden impulse to invite a lot of people to your house—it couldn't happen at a better time of year. When the whole outdoors is ripe for partying, you needn't have a second's hesitation about a burgeoning guest list or imagine all kinds of pitfalls and complications. Sometimes a big party is the easiest kind of all to give. To prove just how easy, follow our shop-to-finish plan on page 115, and let us be your party directors. It guides you in step-by-step sequence through the entire preparations for the drinks-cum-smorgasbord supper shown here and on the next pages—everything accou for (even tells how much ice) and timed right down to the second. To program outdoor space, so that guests can go-it-a from drinks to food, you can divide your garden as we did separate entertainment pavilions, create an atmosphere as col as a country fair. The drink pavilion, opposite, for example, very simply rigged with bed sheets on a pipe frame (we tell on the next page). Or you can hang clusters of umbrellas from *sans* handles (like the ones shown below) for little islands of s and to call attention to the food or drink attractions undern

All Out for Summer Entertaining



Our party umbrellas were specially made of gaily printed cotton fabrics. You can use golf and beach umbrellas or have some old ones re-covered.

Photograph above by Bernard Gray; opposite, by Ron Harris. Above: Umbrellas made by Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop of Charles Bloom fabrics. "Topside" indoor-outdoor carpet by Lees. Opposite: Stevens' "Posies" and "Canary Yellow" bed sheets for the pavilion.

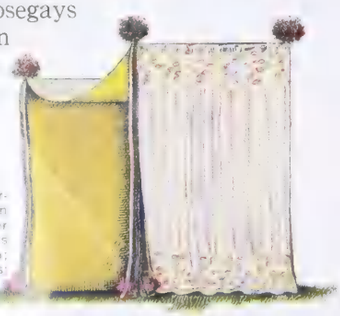


Our drink pavilion was set up so guests could help themselves to punch and cocktails. The cranberry-base punch—in a giant goblet is prepared from a cranberry cocktail mix, water, gin or vodka and ginger ale. Other drinks are easy to make, with mixers and packaged mixes. The vodka is served according to a Scandinavian custom—the bottle frozen into a block of ice. We added sprigs of flowers (for directions, see page 103). All other recipes on page 115. Gingham-checkered sheets make the tablecloths. Plastic glasses in assorted sizes mean every drink has its proper glass. Scatter color throughout your backyard, with bright paper place mats. How to solve the table problem and add to the décor: Make a batch of tables (below) from corrugated grocery cartons (instructions, page 91). Cover them in some of the newest adhesive-backed papers. Champagne glasses and napkins in a wild-strawberry print. Your handyman-husband can make the tent pavilion (bottom) with: four tee fittings, four 1-in. couplings, four 18-in. lengths of black iron pipe (¾-in. dia.), four 9 ½-ft. pipe lengths (½-in. dia.—threaded at one end) and two 6-ft. lengths (½-in. dia., threaded at both ends). First, attach the couplings to the tops of the four short pipes and drive pipes into the ground 6 ft. apart to form a square. Insert the unthreaded ends of the four long pipes into the four couplings. Top with tee fittings. In the meantime, line three printed bed sheets (72 x 108, twin size) with solid-color sheets. Sew the three lengths together, across the 72-in. width. Provide a sleeve at joining. Slip sleeves on two remaining pipes and attach pipes to tee fittings, suspending canopy. Finishing touch at corners: nosegays of flowers, yards of bright ribbon streamers.









Giant goblet by West Virginia Glass Specialty; Bartender Cranbreaker cocktail mix; plastic glasses from Dennison's Party Bazaar; place mats by Scott Paper Products; Con-Tact adhesive-backed papers ("Tempo"); champagne glasses by Fostoria; Scotchgard-finished napkins, California Handprints; shopping information on page 123.

Photographs by Bernard Gray; drawing by John Johnson



Everything good to eat is gathered together in one pavilion—a three-tiered smorgasbord from which guests can pick and choose at random. On middle tier from left: green salad, molded liver pate and crackers, filet of sole brandade, black caviar, red caviar, crackers and garnishes and Danish-style raspberry parfait in champagne glasses. On bottom tier from left: Swedish Speed Meat Balls, scalloped potatoes with anchovies, hot potato salad, marinated vegetables, cold potato salad, smoked salmon and onions, assorted open-face sandwiches, marinated herring and melon wedges with strawberries. Top tier is all set up for coffee served from a 22-cup electric percolator. The table is made of three plywood rounds set on cardboard tuuna pillars, everything "slipcovered" with gingham checked sheets.

SILVER "PARTY PERK"; ROSENTHAL CHAMPAGNE GLASSES; FIELDCREST SHEETS; ALL TINNEWARE, FLAMEPROOF COOKWARE AND STAINLESS FLATWARE ARE FROM THOMAS'S ABC COLLECTION; RONSON "TABLE CHEF" FOOD WARMER.

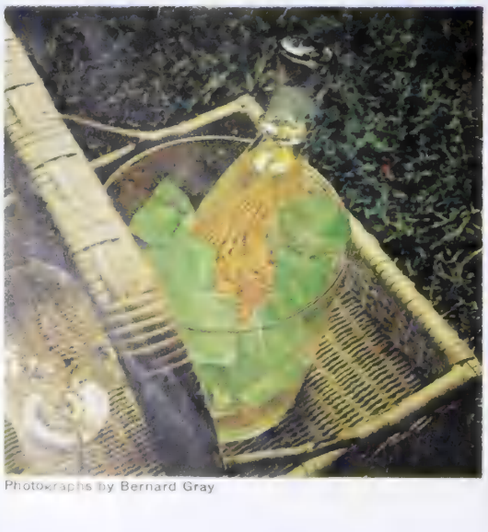
All Out for Summer Entertaining

Picnic Under the Stars











Photographs by Bernard Gray

Sheet "tablecloth" is "Caper" by Burlington. Kleenex paper napkins; Rosenthal "Star" crystal candlesticks. Shopping information on page 123.

Moon, stars, candles. You can feast at an elegant picnic by the light of all three. First requisite, an outside "dining room" with a view—at the edge of a lake, a special spot in your own garden, or even a prelude to a concert in the park. Whatever the site, it should be a place where you can enjoy the sights and sounds of a summer night. In this kind of setting, your table, too, should create an out-of-this-world mood. At our party, for example, we hung a candelabra from a tree, and covered an improvised plywood table with a flower-strewn sheet. The table and cushions travel easily in a station wagon. The menu travels well, too—everything is prepared ahead and packed in containers that retain heat or cold. The first course, cold Chlodnik, is a borsch with shrimp, sour cream, chopped eggs, onions and chives for garnish. Veal Birds with herb stuffing and wine sauce, new potatoes and peas stay piping hot in aluminum picnic pack with insulated tote. Recipes on page 114.

Chilled Chlodnik is transferred to a white pottery planter and then served in matching cache pots (all in a bamboo pattern). Crystal candlesticks brighten the table. On each octagonal plate, a cornucopia of two paper napkins—one dinner size, one family size—so that each guest has a fresh one for dessert. The Moselle wine is kept chilled in a glass wine cooler with its own decanter. Another fantasy touch: pale-green ice cubes (see "How to Make Party Ice" on page 103). For an imaginative centerpiece, a white terra-cotta frog is filled with tiger lilies.

Noo, Noo, Noodle-O's



Noo Campbell's Soups

Two Sooper Noo Noodle Soups!
Every bowl has oodles and boodles of circular noodles. Spoonable, unspillable, non-skid noodles—so there's never a slip 'twixt the bowl and the lip!

Noo Chicken Noodle-O's Soup!
Tender chicken in a bright, full-flavored broth with lots of little noodles-in-the-round.

Noo Tomato-Beef Noodle-O's Soup!
A whole noo noodle treat with good ground beef in a sassy tomato soup. And a whole mob of Noodle-O's.



M'm! M'm! Good!



All Aboard for an Offshore Party



All Out for Summer Entertaining

New nautical lore, the practicality of throw-away bedsheets and napkins. Paperweights to batten things down; a canvas carryall for totables. For our sunfish the "Maveca," we had a rubber stamp made to imprint napkins, sheets, jackets. Might be a good gift idea for a captain you know.

Divided disposable aluminum tray-plate makes neat eating at sea. For extra balance, a combination tray and place-mat of stiffened plastic that has a special pocket to hold napkin and plastic flatware.

Seagoing specialists, clockwise from left: insulated beverage dispenser and food chest keep food and drink cold for hours; paper-cup dispenser; boat grill that fits in flagstaff socket to hang off stern; all-purpose boat scoop; insulated buffet servers; and a gimbal stove.

To store any food and to eat directly from, these covered plastic bowls. Fish-paper-plate holders are another good catch. Our sail (opposite)—the likes of which may distinguish the Petticoat Fleet—is a paisley-print sheet.

THE MEVECA THE MEVECA

What finer way to entertain on a summer weekend (or part of one) than on board your own boat—be it yawl, yacht or tiny sunfish. It's the only way to live, boast the boat buffs—whose members are increasing by leaps and bounds. In fact, boating is becoming the new American family sport. And if you're among the newly enlisted (and still slightly dubious), here's how to make your first-party-at-sea a successful voyage from cast-off to landing. Principal nautical law of good partymanship: Don't think house. Think boat. Remember, a galley is closet-like compared to a modern appliance-filled kitchen. It provides only the barest minimum space for refrigeration, water, storage. So, when planning your menu, try to include as many dishes as you can that need no refrigeration. Also made-to-order: the new freeze-dried foods, containers and serving pieces that keep food cold or hot for hours; assorted disposables—plates, cups, sheets, tablecloths, napkins. They're space-savers, too. For example, you can stack 16 paper plates in the same space that four china plates take up. And you don't need to give up charcoal-grilled food: There are grills designed just for boats, lots of other special products to explore, that make boat partying a breeze. Just to see how much we could do in the least space we took a tiny fleet of sailfish and sunfish out to sea, sailed into a cove at party-time. And our littlest party was a big success. *(continued)*

Photograph opposite by Ron Harris; this page by Bernard Gray. Disposable sheets by Kendall; paper napkins by Marathon; paperweights and canvas tote from the Crow's Nest, Abercrombie & Fitch; Pacomatic beverage dispenser; Pace O'Matic food chest; Dixie cup dispenser by American Can Co; Aqua Bar-B-Que boat grill; Rubbermaid boat scoop; Thermo-Serv buffet servers; Sea Swing gimbal stove; Reynolds aluminum disposable tray; Hedwin placemat; Warmel plastic flatware; plastic bowls by Ray-O-Pak; paisley sheet used as a sail by J.P. Stevens. Shopping information on page 123.

All Aboard for an Offshore Party *continued*

This elegant Italian dinner afloat is mainly a matter of assembling at the last minute. Antipasto: pickled mushrooms, prosciutto, Genoa salami, olives, hot cherry peppers and anchovies—go to the party in their own containers, so there's no need for on-board refrigeration. Go withs: Italian bread and thin bread sticks.

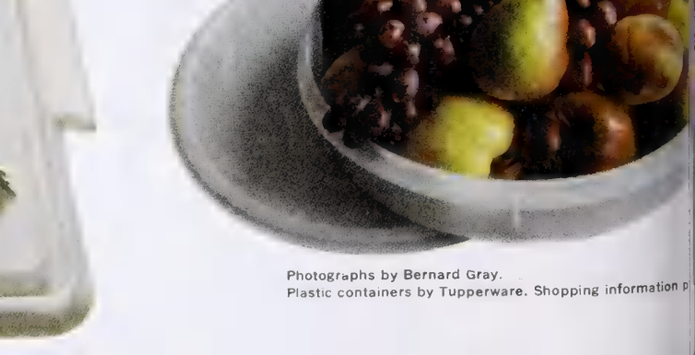


Six kinds of cheese—Gouda, Grappillon, Provolone, Kumino cottage cheese with chives—are packed just as they came from th arranged on a serving tray, to eat with the fruit (below) and assort



The bass, bought wharf-side is stuffed and broiled on a grill, designed for cooking on board—it fits in the flagstaff socket, so cooking is safely done over the stern. The fish is surrounded by cherry tomatoes and artichoke hearts (served warm, if there's a galley, or pickled, if not). Recipes on page 119.





Sa wash home, pa a covered bowl cubes to keep Oil and vinegar go in minute. Party fare was pack served in plastic conta the perfect ans short storag in a

Photographs by Bernard Gray.
Plastic containers by Tupperware. Shopping information p

committee
quick
P.T.A.
dash
market
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urgent
meals
help!

when you've got the "busy's"

get a little help from Stouffer's...28 superb frozen foods



onderful chicken dish! Escalloped Chicken
Noodles—generous chunks of chicken
nded with egg noodles in a creamy chicken
vy, sprinkled with toasted bread crumbs for
olden topping.





Stouffer's foolproof Cheese Soufflé! Full of the lively flavor of aged cheddar cheese, eggs and milk. Always high and light as a golden cloud. An especially appropriate dish for a light luncheon. Or as an impressive side dish.

Stouffer's Baked Breasts of Chicken—white meat of chicken baked to golden perfection in a spicy, creamy chicken gravy. A dinner to excite the most hard-to-please guest.



STOUFFER FOODS
DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES

Stouffer's



You're ravishing, Mrs. Pennybrook. And you know it. But tell us, don't you owe some of that glow to your General Electric Chandelights? Imagine! Mrs. Pennybrook can have a rainbow in a light bulb. Or pearls. Or millions of diamonds. Or amber firelight. Seven Chandelights in all. So soft and romantic that a chandelier or sconce becomes a magic lamp by just holding them. The Flair Collection of Char makes everything they touch look br ing! What they do for Mrs. Pennybr can do for you. That's the beauty of



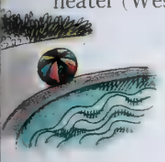
GENERAL ELEC

Chandelights make everything in you house look beautiful.
Including you, beautiful.

SPECIAL EFFECTS

When you set the stage for a party outdoors, play up the scene with special effects: lights that look like flowers or birdhouses, poolside and patio heaters, a supper table for everyone (you make them from grocery boxes).

Even if the forecast is "cool," the pool-side party can go on, thanks to an electric infrared heater (Westinghouse).





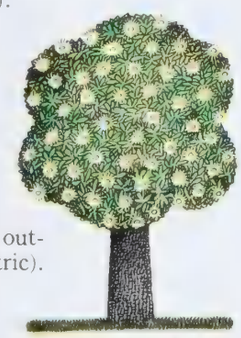
ee-perching birdhouse-
t. Available in regular or
low voltage (Kim Light-
ing).



To light the outdoor festivities, lamps that attach to a wall or rest on the ground (General Electric).



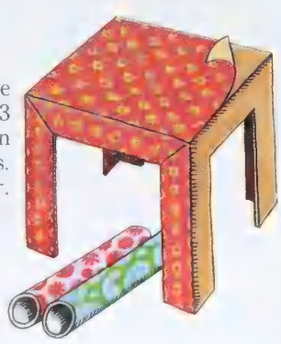
ut party signals, by stringing tiny out-
or lights on a tree (General Electric).





Plant a garden of flower lights to blaze a party-trail. Available in regular or low voltage (Kim Lighting).

tra patio table? Make this one
n a cardboard carton. Measure 3
edges, draw straight lines, then
razor cut away four rectangles.
h. Apply a pretty Con-Tact paper.





If the bug brigade shows up, you can shoo them away with 6-12 Insect Repellent. In spray cans or wipe-on towelettes (Union Carbide).

ato roasting, marsh-
llow toasting: jumbo
ıe fuel—charcoal or
elps warm the patio,
(Blaze, Inc.).



information on page 123

E. Johnson

YOU'LL FIND QUALITY IN OUR CORNER



Instant put-on

SNACK MATE® cheese spread.

Put it on crackers, or hard-boiled eggs. Put it on celery. Or tiny hot dogs.

SNACK MATE cheese spreads are easy to put on.

Tilt the can.

Press the top.

Put it on.

(In all kinds of fancy designs.)

SNACK MATE — quality-made by Nabisco of pure pasteurized processed cheeses. American, Pimiento, Cheddar, Cheddar-Blue, Pizza, and Shrimp Cocktail flavor.

Delicious!

And the can never needs refrigeration. SNACK MATE cheese spread.

The Instant Put-On.

Don't tell your guests it comes in a can.

They'll think you're putting them on.





The Pleasure of Your Company

Don't be at all surprised if a bride requests the pleasure of your company at a reception right in her own backyard. The house where she grew up, the trees she climbed, the garden she helped plant—it's all a natural setting for the most important day of her life. This reception is easy on mothers, too, especially when the guest list just grows and grows. Lots of background scenery, lots of roaming-around space for guests and little members of the wedding. And, though today's bride may have a few old-fashioned ideas about weddings, she has a few new ones of her own, too. Like using gifts of china, silver and glass on her wedding-party's table. Like banishing the fake-y bride and groom from her cake, putting flowers in their place. Like turning colorful sheets into tablecloths. Like wearing a new "something blue"—a pale sash, matching blue stockings. The lacy maxi wedding dress, left, is a Butterick Pattern (4832) you can make. Bridesmaid's dress, Butterick 4916.

at the marriage of their daughter
Gail
on Saturday, the fourth of May
one thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight
at four o'clock
455 Forest Home Drive









For a garden reception: three flowery wedding cakes. They're made at home from the same white mix and frosting; baked way ahead, frozen, then frosted the day before the reception. Above left, four-layered cake with sprays of jonquils and mimosa; above right, cornflowers and hyacinths on a basketweave cake; below right, six-layered cake strewn with roses. To accompany cake, below left: Bombe à la Valency, made with butter-pecan ice cream, pressed into a melon mold, then filled with vanilla ice cream, diced macaroons and frozen raspberries. Garnish with whipped cream, pecans. Recipes, page 120.

Photograph, opposite, by Ron Harris; this page by Bernard Gray. Footed cakestands by Westmoreland. Backviews on page 122.

The Pleasure of Your Company



"Topiary" trees of pink geraniums or carnations make pretty centerpieces, or in large size could line the wedding-party path at a garden ceremony. Designed for the Journal, *they are available across the country through your local Florists' Transworld Delivery florists.*





For everyone to see
bride's china used
very first table she
over. We say it's a
way to display wed
presents. Our bride
choice—garden flow
a fine white porcela
background by Ros
The pattern, "Pier

Fine stores' bride registries report that today's brides favor traditional styles for their "best" china. Here, three settings with the timeless elegance they prefer. Right: *Beige and gold classic Greek design "Medina" china by Wedgwood. Cut-thistle design encircles "First Love" wineglass and goblet by Fostoria. Hispaña sterling flatware by Gorham.*
Below left: *Italian Renaissance 24-kt. gold stylized flowers form a narrow ring on "Golden Glen" bone china by Oxford; shimmering cut-crystal "Starfire" by Lenox; "DuBarry" sterling flatware by International.*
Below right: *An etched gold and red band in the French manner highlights "Monaco" china by Franciscan. Diamond-cut crystal "Manor" by Lenox; "Rapallo" sterling flatware by Lunt. All settings on Porthault tablecloths with damask napkins by Irish Linen.*







Photographs top center by Ron Harris; all others by Bernard Gray



The bride breaks with tradition for informal entertaining and finds new uses for her wedding presents—here Fieldcrest's "Kaleidoscope" beach towel and Royal Velvet yellow fingertip towels as cloth and napkin. From Allied Chemical, brown and white "Lagoon" Melamine plate and Krystalite frosted tumbler. Yellow ebonyte handled stainless steel—"Del Sol" by Stanley Roberts.



New shape for a hope chest—seven-drawer semainier *from Drexel's "French in the Country Manor" collection. Small enough for a first apartment, elegant enough to grace a final dream house. Here, we lined one drawer with Lowenstein Mills' Pacific silver cloth for flatware, stocked the others with treasures for entertaining—cloths, napkins, place mats.*



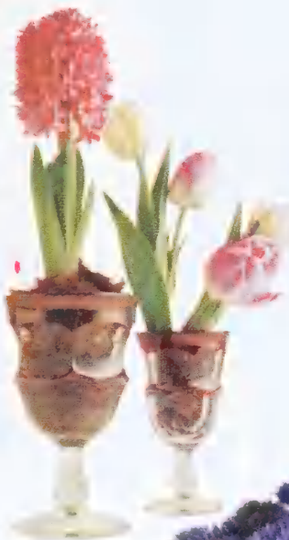
A double-duty table for newlyweds—steel and ss cocktail table that we transformed into a dinner e (by Kroehler). More glow—crystal dinner plates and "Venus" goblets and tulip wineglasses by ostoria. "Gossamer" sterling flatware by Gorham. lore see-through accents, a pig-shaped flask filled rosé wine, at home in a bed of clover (by Norsk).



A festive summertime table—flower-filled lantern on "Meadow Blossoms" Venetian green sheet by Cannon. Gold and green fruit-bordered china, "Harvest Gold" from the Carefree China collection by Syracuse. "American Rose" stainless flatware by International. Tumbler, "Gold Sonnet" by Libbey Glassware. Green "Viva" paper dinner napkins by Scott.



ing stools—perfect for parties space saver for the time in between. Made of d hardwood in a nutmeg finish. There's a choice ck, yellow or red vinyl cushions (by Ethan Allen).









y night flowers, inexpensive enough for oung-marrieds' budget, made elegant by containers—each converted from er use. Upper right, a pair of goblets, "Ashburton " by Westmoreland Glass. From right: c "Helena" goblet by Silver City; two sizes of e glass compotes; a picking's worth of old bottles.

g information on page 123.



I suffered from menstrual cramps.

I feel sorry for any woman who suffers from menstrual pain. But I also feel sorry for her husband. ☐ Cramps, headaches and body aches used to make my wife so depressed, so irritable that I suffered through those bad days each month, too. ☐ She tried just about everything. Then one day the druggist told her to try FEMICIN. It seems that FEMICIN is formulated to relieve every single one of the common symptoms of menstrual pain whenever they occur. But most important, its 5-ingredient formula is designed to concentrate on the worst symptom of all—cramps. ☐ Well, life has been different for my wife, and for me, ever since she first used FEMICIN. Thanks to FEMICIN, she now acts like the woman I married — every day of the month. ☐ I recommend FEMICIN to any woman who is suffering from menstrual pain.

Femicin ■ *Fast relief of Menstrual Pain*



perspiration

An antiperspirant that really works! Solves underarm problems for many who had despaired of effective help. **Mitchum Anti-Perspirant** keeps underarms absolutely dry for thousands of grateful users with complete gentleness to normal skin and clothing. This new type of formula from a trustworthy 55-year-old laboratory is guaranteed to satisfy or your drug or toiletry dealer will refund purchase price. So get the positive protection of **Mitchum Anti-Perspirant.** Liquid or cream. $3.00, 90-day supply.

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FREE SAMPLES

SAYMAN PRODUCTS CO. Dept. 15, 2101 Locust St. Louis

BRIDAL SHOWER GIFTS FOR THE NEW COOK

1. Quick way to heat soup, make instant coffee or tea or even cook an egg or two; attractive white, lightweight electric brewer. By Presto.

2. A broiler that can also bake is a mainstay for small kitchens. It's so versatile: has a rotisserie, temperature control, and a four-hour timer. Black Angus.

3. Crushed ice for a gala touch is made quickly and quietly; crusher has a new self-feeding system a collecting bin (not shown). Ronson.

4. Ground-to-order coffee makes better brew. This electric mill holds a full pound of beans, has a gr selector and a handy measure. KitchenAid.

5. Eight speeds for a blender; all have full power, even at lowest spin, due to the miracle of "steady Push-button model comes in avocado green. Oster.

6. White-trimmed coffeemaker, at home on any table, is completely immersible for washing, so ther never a leftover flavor. Presto.

7. For creative cooks, this sturdy mixer; accessories available include dough hook, ice-cream freezer assorted beaters. KitchenAid.

8. Twice as useful: this combination grill and waffle baker. With thermostat and signal light. Toast

9. For kitchenette cooking, buffet servings, Teflon-lined electric skillet is time-saving. Two levels he warming tray keeps rolls, toast, bacon hot below temperature-controlled fry pan. Hoover.

10. Party helper—an automatic electric platter to keep hors d'oeuvres warm, hot foods hot. Cornir

11. To free you from pot-watching: Teflon-lined electric casserole that also bakes like an oven, wa buns and rolls. Mirro.

12. Another small wonder—electric can opener. It's easy to clean, cutting blade removes, is dishwasher safe. Rival.

13. Tableside grilling is easy, servings are fast and hot with this electric griddle. Teflon finish mak easy cleaning. West Bend.

14. He can be a deft carver with an electric knife. The blade pivots for slicing horizontally or verti without shifting the grip. Hamilton Beach.

15. New design in toasters—slim, sleek and space-saving. Sunbeam.

16. Versatile portable mixer with 12 speeds, each at full power. Iona.

All wrappings are vinyl-coated shelf linings in delightful patterns. The same linings are also available w backing. Both types are washable. Kimberly-Clark.

Shopping infor



This is an actual unretouched photo of the ugly things you find in the cleanest homes

Odors and germs.

ray kills the ugly things you can't see. It
ry kind of odor. Clears the air of cooking
lusty odors. Odors caused by germs. It
cover them up. It doesn't leave a telltale
ts own. Lysol Brand Spray Disinfectant
ms on household surfaces, too. Germs you
. Staph and strep germs—even flu virus.
more than the sprays that just cover up
hat's why more people use it than any
ray. It makes your house smell as clean
s.

A little Lysol Spray makes things a lot nicer.



It kills many disease germs like staph and strep.



Clears the air of ugly odors.



Prevents mold and mildew and the odors they cause.



l Spray–for the invisible world of odors and germs

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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Santa Cruz. A towel to tingle with.

Draw a bath, as hot as you can stand it, and soak till your skin is nice and rosy. Then pour cool water all over yourself and rub dry with this lush towel.

There's nothing more bracing than a ritual such as this every day. And there's no more perfect ending than towels from the Royal Family. One of the nice things.

CANNON

ROYAL FAMILY

Cannon® Santa Cruz towel refreshes in shades of pink, blue or green. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 10020.

HEN SHOWERS: IN COLOR



These days, almost everything for the bride's kitchen is available in glorious color. So if you're invited to a kitchen shower, take a





color cue. Here, some bright ideas to consider. (See page 123 for shopping details.) **1.** *Blue-and-green theme: plastic mixing bowls, ceramic fish casserole, spice racks and an avocado-green dishrack. Useful in any kitchen: a white rubber spatula, stainless bowls,* **2.** *Vivid reds: Dutch oven, wall rack with tools, canned-heat tio), clear-glass beverage servers with citrus designs, melon- ing pin.* **3.** *Black and white, right for any kitchen: easy-clean ware—tube and square pans with Teflon linings, others with tick finish imes out- nes: from epan and*





pper cas- andles. A ondue set. : yellow- rs with llow-glass d ceramic k of yellow les that go





from refrigerator to table. **6.** *Avocado-green: ceramic-glass cook-and-server (handle available for skillet use), a Dutch oven (porcelain outside, Teflon inside), black-lidded skillet with wood-tone handle and knob, timer-thermometer, and an enamel pot in a paisley print.* **7.** *Red and copper: coffee maker and electric warming tray in copper color, electric bun warmer (a straw basket with red lining).*



Shake 'em up tonight!

(With Holland House, the "experts' " cocktail mix)



No mess, no fuss, no bother. Uniformly delicious cocktails every time, like this Margarita, thanks to Holland House's perfect recipes and natural fresh fruit juices. Holland House—flavor experts since 1887.



Only Holland House goes natural all the way, using herbs and spices to give our mixes a special flavor no one can duplicate. Lets you customize cocktails to suit individual tastes. Add your favorite liquor in the proportions you prefer.



You can create an endless variety of professional drinks with Holland House mixes. Try them. You just can't make a better cocktail... no matter what you start with.



HOLLAND HOUSE Cocktail Mixes

We bring the flavor, you add the spirit.

New—Instant "Dry" Cocktail Mixes.



Whiskey Sour*, Daiquiri*, Manhattan, Old Fashioned, Collins*, Martini, Gimlet*, Bloody Mary, Margarita*, Mai Tai*, Side Car, Sip 'n Slim (low calorie sour). *Available in "dry" mixes.
HOLLAND HOUSE BRANDS, INC., WOODSIDE, N. Y., A SUBSIDIARY OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS



"Have A Lovely Summer" Luncheon

This is the time, just before school ends and family activities begin, when women's clubs, PTA's and such, wind up their year's activities, usually with a meeting that involves food. Our idea for the occasion is this "goo l-bye till fall" luncheon. You can make it a co-operative venture, with everyone contributing a dish, or if your organization boasts a clubhouse with a kitchen, everything c prepared there. The tablecloth (an eas launder sheet), the unbreakable dishes (up to dishwashers and teen-agers when th the kitchen helpers) and the stainless ware are all excellent investments for a house. Our calorie-light menu will find fa for who isn't on a diet? Recipes on pag

Cool Cucumber Soup begins the lunch . . . It's just chicken consommé plus sherry and cucumber slices. Strawberry Croquembouche is the dramatic ending: strawberries are attached to a styrofoam cone with toothpicks. Everyone plucks her own, eats with Crème Fraiche or low-calorie sour-cream substitute.



Beef en Terrine makes a pretty picture: baby lima beans, carrots, onions, roast beef in jellied aspic. Below: more sheets that double as tablecloths—in stripes, solids or flower prints. A fabric-protective spray on the sheets helps even a barbecue-sauce stain wash out.



Fresh Spinach Salad has a sunflower garnish of sieved hard-cooked eggs with bacon bits in the center. Paper plat are easy on the club budget, come in stylish patterns. The frosted plastic "gl are perfect for water, iced tea, tomato juice, highballs or old-fashioneds.









ed trademark of United Fruit Company



Just a banana, t ain't.

Please, lady.

Don't go calling a Chiquita Brand Banana a banana.

Chiquita Bananas are our very own babies.

And nobody else's children are quite e them.

We grow them special, and pick them cial, and handle them special.

We examine every inch of them. We asure them. We manicure them. We check m for plumpness, taste and umpteen finicky e things you'd probably never even notice.

They go through a lot to wear the Chiquita nana label.

They've earned their name.

As for other bananas, okay. They're just nanas.

Chiquita® Brand Bananas.

You expect your good dinnerware to be elegant. But will it pass the 3000 meal test?

A Corning Guide to beautiful dinnerware that stays beautiful.

With Centura Tableware you could serve three meals a day, 365 days a year, for three years—and your dinnerware will still look lovely at the 3000th meal.

We guarantee it*.

Even though your Centura Tableware will be the victim of bound-to-happen bumps and bruises. Including those that happen in the automatic dishwasher, and those that happen in the hands of your not-so-automatic dishwasher called "Honey."

Through it all your beautiful Centura service for 8 will stay service for 8. And not become service for 7, . . . 6, . . . and so on.

Sophisticated, elegant, lovely Centura Tableware is made of Pyroceram® brand material. Which is why it's the first fine ceramic dinnerware without a breakage worry.

Centura Tableware is available in beautifully traditional Rim and contemporary Coupe shapes and patt Each is a stunning example of graciou

Like all fine tableware, Centura Tab is available from open stock. Prices st $28.85 for a 16-piece set in White or $ for the Gold Rim (illustrated).

You'll find Centura Tableware whe fine dinnerware is sold.



Centura® Tableware by CORNIN

*Corning promises to replace any piece of CENTURA Tableware if it breaks, chips, cracks, crazes, or its decoration wears off in three years of normal household use. Pieces bearing ✲ will be replaced if ever broken from temperature extremes. Just return the pieces to a CENTURA Tableware Dealer.

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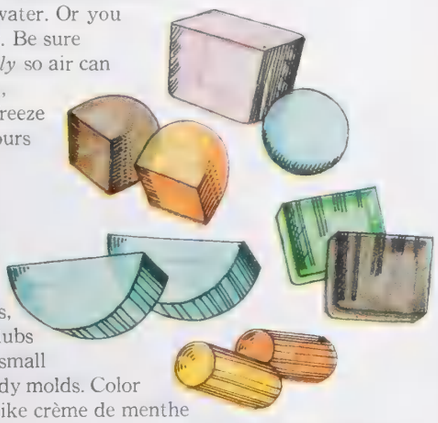
Ice Goes to a Party

hings Your Mother Never Taught You



When does a plain bottle of vodka become the cynosure . . . the *beau* of the buffet? When it's garlanded with leaves and flowers and presented in a block of ice. Chefs of famous Scandinavian restaurants and ocean liners have used this theatrical approach for years. It's the best way to make sure vodka is "smoking cold," as it should be. (It won't freeze, you know, because of the alcoholic content.)

One can buy, in fancy hotel supply shops, a mold made especially for the purpose of producing icebergs around aquavit (the Vikings' caraway-flavored vodka). Costs only about $30! But we achieved the same entrancing effect for less than 60¢ (with 2 quarts of milk thrown in!), for we used a half-k carton. The leaves are artificial ivy twined around; the method e simpler. To make crystalline-clear led, then cooled, the water. Or you bottled distilled water. Be sure bottle is capped *loosely* so air can t it in the milk carton, y fill with water and freeze will take about 24 hours olid.



a square always r ice cubes. Be pop-cks now have many ou can buy ice produce balls, circles, , hearts, diamonds, clubs s. You could also use small ie cutters or large candy molds. Color pretty with liqueurs, like crème de menthe on or grasshoppers) or Cherry Heering (great in sours or collinses), ut 3 Tb. to a quart of water. (Too much alcohol and they won't few drops of aromatic bitters in water make rocks rosy and tasteful. Leftover tea and coffee in cubes are ideal for iced drinks. They chill, and at the same time enhance rather than dilute the flavors.



Ring-around-a-pudding, or ice cream, sherbet or fruits (fresh, frozen or canned), with a flowery circle of ice. All you need is a metal ring mold. This creation requires a two-step process. First step: pour boiled chilled, or distilled, wa-mold about ½ inch deep. Freeze about 2 hours. Next step: arrange l leaves—fresh or plastic—best side down, on top of ice. Fill mold al-p with water, pouring carefully so as not to discombobulate the ar-. Allow plenty of time for freezing, at least 12, maybe 24, hours. can be used several times, even with fresh flowers, which will stay fresh ooking as long as covered with ice. Exposed to air, they will darken.

you believe it? Desserts or fruits encircled in ice can be served in lames? Simply warm to about 100° whatever liquor you choose, in p or ramekin. Set a match to the spirit and pour flames around ice. es not, as you might expect, dissolve into a puddle. Scientific ex-the liquor burns at such a low temperature and the blaze is so swift. should, however, be served in platters or plates deep enough to ate some drip.

ts of tidbits and intriguing morsels can be frozen into rocks. ies—straw-, rasp-, blue- or black-; cherries—red or Bing (with or ems); leaves of mint, lemon verbena or thyme, oregano or marjoram. f cucumber, a stuffed olive or a twist of lemon to go into martinis ks. A mandarin orange section or a quartered slice of anything cool . . . any bit of edible whimsy adds to icy excitement. When you cubes from a tray, don't pull the handle and fracture the ice. un briefly under water or place a warm towel on the tray for a Happy freezing!

The "His and Hers" toaster.

Makes light and dark at the same time.

Toastmaster's 4-slice toaster has separate controls for each pair of slots, so you can toast 2 slices light and 2 slices dark. Pops up a family-size order of toast just the way each of you like it. Toastmaster's compact cabinet takes up less space, stores easily.

And your Toastmaster toaster is sure to work right when you get it because every one is tested with toast before it leaves the factory (you may even find a crumb inside to prove it).

For a gift or for yourself, see the Toastmaster model D111 at your favorite store soon.



For 1-or 2-slice families. Our deluxe 2-slice toasters are also toast-tested at the factory. The Sovereign (at right) has smartly styled up-front, gold colored control panel. Others have end-operated controls. All have dial for selecting toast color.



Sovereign B112

TOASTMASTER

Toastmaster Division
McGraw-Edison Company
Elgin, Illinois 60120

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

Birthday, holiday, whatever the occasion, planning a children's party can be easy as A,B,C—a swee and simple menu, bright decorations, calling over a few friends. At our celebration, six little girls all dressed in gingham, were treated to ice cream and cake (from an enchanted gingerbread cottage pictured next page). Though this was a party for little girls, some of the ideas here and on th next page can be used for big girls, too.

A. Old-fashioned, but charming as ever: the gingham dress with matching bloomers and sun bonnet Butterick Pattern 4439. The hat is a ten-inch circle, gathered with elastic and accented with the sam ruffling as on the dress.

B. Big-sister style—the culotte dress—with little-sister trimming: ribbon bow at the neck, dais chains at the organdy Peter Pan collar and cuffs. Butterick 4727.

C. Simplest sun-dress, scalloped round the hem. Butterick 4807. Hem edging is easy to cut, wit an iron-on guide for 3-inch scallops. All gingham fabric and trim on these two pages is fro Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Illustrations by Anne-Marie Barden

Photographs by Bernard G





Yummy party favors to take home—bags of Sunshine cookies (left), stashed away here in a grocery basket.

D. Lavender and little-girl lace—the gingham dress with detachable organdy collar. Butterick 4916—includes pattern for a bonnet, and the bloomers shown with all these dresses.

. Baby-doll dress of gingham, with tiny puff sleeves and bubble bloomers. It's a turn-about, to ar front or back. Butterick 4637.

. Pinafore dress, bowed at the shoulders like a pretty package. Matching bloomers peep from under x pleats. Butterick 4751. We added bows, and for contrast cut yolk and hem on the bias. *(continued)*

views on page 122.

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

Set the scene for girl talk: Above, a Hansel and Gretel gingerbread house, trimmed in white frosting with orange rind and gumdrop flowers. (Recipe and directions on page 118.) Below left and right: Setting the scene for the party, this party pack, always at the ready—folding table, complete set of bamboo-patterned glass dinnerware, stainless flatware (all to serve eight), and gingham tablecloth and napkins you can make yourself. Our recommendation: store everything in a cardboard tote and keep on a closet shelf, all set for a party-a-go-go.

Anchor Hocking dinnerware, "Lagos" pattern flatware, folding table, gingham, all at Sears, Roebuck and Co. Shopping information on page 123.





proved, fresh-frozen
ated orange juice from Florida
unshine to even the bleakest day.
with natural vitamin C.
quick energy that gets you going
and keeps you going, nothing beats
100% pure orange juice from Florida.
What's more, a little 6-ounce can
contains the juice of 7 fresh oranges,
makes a big pitcherful.



Get your favorite brand—
it costs only pennies a glass.

eakfast without Orange Juice
ike a day without sunshine.



Photograph by Aldo

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1. May Day. In Bavaria for a quick supper, Bauernfrühstück Omelet. Fry 6 bacon strips till crisp. Remove and crumble. Add a (10-oz.) pkg. regular French fries, cubed. Skillet-cook till brown. Beat 6 eggs. Pour into skillet. Stir until set. Season to taste. Sprinkle with bacon and chives. Serves 4.

2. Buccaneer Days in Corpus Christi call for Buccaneer Rice made from a new packaged Spanish Rice mix. Follow basic saucepan method on package but add 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, ¼ tsp. hot-pepper sauce and top with sizzling sausage links.

3. For Green Corn Dance in New Mexico, an Indian Corn Soup. Add 2 cups milk, 4 Tb. melted fat mixed with 4 Tb. flour to 1 (1-lb., 1-oz.) can cream-style corn. Season. Cook 5 minutes. Pour slowly, stirring, into tureen on top of 2 well-beaten eggs. Serves 6.

4. Recipe for Kentucky Derby Day Burgoo: Add 1 can tomatoes, 1 pkg. frozen diced okra, 1 can succotash, 1 pkg. onion-soup mix, ½ cup water, ¼ tsp. chili powder to a 1½-lb. can meatball stew. Cook 10 minutes.

5. Celebrate Ethiopia's Liberation, with *Retfo*. Cook 1 large onion and 1 large green pepper, both diced, in 3 Tb. oil until onion is yellow. Add 1½ lbs. chopped beef, ¼ cup diced pimiento, 1½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. chili pepper. Cook 5 minutes. Mix with 3 cups cooked rice. Serves 6.

6. On Delta Airlines we discovered butter shaped like yellow carnations (pictured above). Simply push whipped butter or soft margarine through a No. 3 fluted pastry tube. Keep frozen in foil pans.

7. Fancy you creating your own fresh-baked pumpernickel bread. Dissolve 1 env. yeast in 1 cup warm milk. Add 1 slightly beaten egg, 2 Tb. molasses, 1 tsp. liquid gravy browning to 1 (12.75-oz.) pkg. dinner muffin mix. Beat and bake according to directions. Fill well-greased and floured little pans half full, bake at 400° for 10 minutes. Brush with unbeaten egg white. Bake 10 more minutes.

8. Toaster pastries for breakfast, brunch or snacks. Cut into triangles or halves . . . delicious with ice cream.

9. Today's the day for Maytime Soup. Combine cream of mushroom and asparagus soups, add dash of nutmeg.

10. Would you believe a man named "Boysen" introduced us to the new boysenberry yogurt? His father "Invented" the berry by mating a raspberry, a blackberry and a loganberry!

11. Canned tomato sauce now comes adorned with nuggets like onions and mushrooms. One with tomato bits makes instant gazpacho when combined with 1 (10-oz.) can chicken broth and ½ cup water. Serve chilled.

12. Mother's Day! Bring joy and sweet sleep to her life with an instant coffee much reduced in acid and caffeine.

13. Pay obeisance to The Three Chilly Saints of the Rhine Country in your own American way by serving a May Bowle of wines.

14. Midnight sun at the North Cape of Norway . . . serve a new canned pork roast Norwegian style: Sprinkle sliced meat with 1 tsp. celery salt and ½ tsp. ginger. Garnish with 4 cooked prunes and 1 can apple pie filling. Bake, covered, at 375° for 10 minutes.

15. Tulip time . . . cheese time in Holland. Dutch cheese should always be sliced, *not* scooped out of the shell.

16. In *Flower Cookery*, Mary MacNicol suggests that violets be added to salmon and cucumber salad. Serve with mayonnaise.

17. Corned beef and cabbage in 15 minutes! The secret's in a canned corned beef brisket, 1 lb., 14 oz., already cooked. Cut a parboiled cabbage into half-inch strips. Place in bottom of oven-proof serving casserole. Sliced corned beef with can juices goes on top. Cover closely with foil and heat at 350° about 30 minutes.

18. Vienna Festival needs deep-fried parsley. Pretty garnish, tasty cocktail snack: Wash Italian parsley and pat perfectly dry, leaving stems on sprigs. Fry head down (stems above oil) in very hot oil (390°) about 1 minute or until crisp. Drain.

19. See how fast a turkey dinner can be with a canned turkey roast.

20. For Lafayette's Day, a modernized version of the gingerbread Washington's mother is said to have served to the Marquis: Follow directions for mixing and baking a gingerbread mix, but substitute ½ cup orange juice for same amount of called-for liquid.

21. For yeast bread (shown above) use a 12.75-oz. pkg. of white dinner muffin mix. Warm the liquid called for and dissolve in it 1 pkg. yeast. Mix according to directions. Bake at once at 400° for 20 minutes.

22. For St. Rita who loved them . . . roses on the table, figs in any form.

23. Blueberry Festival in North Carolina. *Nothing* in all this world is more delicious than blueberries served sour cream and dark brown suga

24. For International Pickle Week All-American Hamburger will wea crown of pickle slices.

25. Apple orchards in full bloom Wenatchee, State of Washing Serve apple fritters. (Use frozen.

26. What's a Sunday without R Beef and Yorkshire Pudding? E roast from a can, and the Yorks Pudding . . . is a popover mix!

27. Constitution Day in Turkey spires a Mediterranean Casserole a shallow casserole arrange alter ing layers of sliced, canned, drai tomatoes, sweet red or green p pers and diced onions, 1½ cups each. Mix 2 cloves crushed garlic ¾ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. cayenne pep and ¼ cup olive oil. Pour over ve tables. Cover tightly and bake at 3 about 25 minutes.

28. For dusting a board or a rol pin with flour, easily, a powder-p mitt is the handiest.

29. Gremlins got into the type a w back. No, we never meant to say zen meats weigh more than fre But, yes, you can cook directly fr the frozen state. Time is 1½–2 tim as long. During the first two-thi of the time meat should be loos covered with foil, then uncover.

30. For Memorial Day and the Str berry Festival in Buckhannon, W Virginia, we make a Strawberry C quembouche, see Recipe Index.

31. Blessings on the Bucks Cou Pa., firm that now has extract of ros buyable all over. Add a teaspoonfu strawberry gelatin for Aspic of Ros



1914



1921



1933



1941



1956



1968

we start to show our age, we do a little face lifting. Isn't that just like a woman?

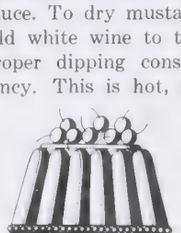
SUMMERTIME'S ELEGANT DINNER

continued from page 78

COCO SHRIMP

1 pound large shrimp, raw
1 package long rice*
All-purpose flour
1 egg
Salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate
Peanut oil for frying (any vegetable oil)

Break long rice into pieces about ½ inch long and fry in hot oil. Combine three parts rice sticks with one part all-purpose flour, add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate and spread in a shallow pan or dish. Meantime, clean and devein the shrimp and split them. Dip the shrimp in well-beaten egg and then in rice stick and flour mixture, turning them so that they are well covered with the rice sticks. Fry in deep fat until rice sticks are a golden brown and the shrimp cooked through. Serve with mustard and chili sauce. To dry mustard add white wine to the proper dipping consistency. This is hot, so



watch it. To chili sauce, add a little grated horseradish. A nice touch is to put the mustard in one side of a porcelain butterfly dish and the chili sauce in the other wing. Serves 6.

*Ed. Note: For this quantity of shrimp you will need 1 cup long rice and ⅓ cup flour. Long rice is sold in specialty stores—sometimes called bean threads or rice sticks.

RUMAKI

This is an island tidbit of Chinese origin with a Japanese name. Thoroughly integrated. There are many versions, but essentially Rumaki is a combination of chicken livers, water chestnuts and bacon, marinated in spicy sauce and broiled or fried in deep fat. I like *this* recipe.

2 cups soya sauce
1 cup chicken stock
1 tablespoon sugar
1 large bay leaf
1 stick of cinnamon
1 clove garlic
1 piece of fresh ginger root
2 tablespoons star anise
1 can whole water chestnuts
1 pound chicken livers

Mix seasonings, stock and crushed garlic with soya sauce in saucepan and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and let simmer for 5 minutes. Add fresh chicken livers and bring to a boil again. Reduce heat and let simmer for 10 minutes, then remove from sauce and let cool. (Save marinade for another day.) Meanwhile, cut water chestnuts in thirds. When chicken livers are cool enough to handle, slice and wrap a strip of bacon around one piece of chicken liver and one piece of water chestnut. Secure with a toothpick. When the required number of rumakis have been assembled, fry in deep fat until bacon is crisp and serve immediately. Serves 6.

Ed. Note: A good variation—use ½ lb. round of beef cut into 1-inch cubes, and only ½ lb. chicken livers.



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CLAM ROLL

This is a kissing cousin to the Chinese Egg Roll.

3 cans drained minced clams
½ pound cream cheese
¾ cup bread crumbs
½ pound chopped black olives
2 teaspoons steak sauce
2 tablespoons finely chopped green onions
½ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon monosodium glutamate
Salt to taste
Thin Egg Skin (above)

Blend clams, cream cheese, olives and seasonings together until well mixed.

In the meantime, make the Egg Skins.

Thin Egg Skins
6 eggs
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup water

Beat eggs well and mix with cornstarch, salt and water. Drop mixture into eight-inch frying pan by quarter cupfuls for each circle. When cooked, turn over for two seconds. These can be stacked on a plate until ready to use. (For very thin egg skins use only 2 tablespoons batter.)

To make clam rolls, divide the clam mixture according to the number of skins you have. Roll out and then roll in egg skin, tucking the ends in and lapping the edges over well. Dip in a thin pancake batter and fry in deep fat until golden brown. Cut diagonally in slices to serve. Serves 6.

Ed. Note: To avoid deep-fat frying, sauté clam rolls in ¼ cup butter or margarine mixed with 2 tablespoons oil

CHINESE WATERCRESS SOUP

1 pound watercress
4 ounces lean pork, chopped fine
1 teaspoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon grated ginger root
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 tablespoon peanut
3 cans ho broth (a 5 cups)

Wash and discard thick stalks cress; chop. Mix pork with c seasonings and ginger root. H pot and sauté pork mixtu seconds, until pork is cooked browned. Add boiling chick bring to a boil again and le with cover on, about 10 min watercress, c simmer anothe utes. Serve im in Chinese so Serves 4 to 6 Ed. Note: good when chi

CHINESE LONG

2 cups cooked long rice, hot inches in leng
4 cups hot cook
2 freshly hard-c eggs, choppe
1 tablespoon so
½ teaspoon mo glutamate
½ teaspoon sal
2 tablespoons f chopped chiv

Combine long and chopped seasonings, Serve very ho nese bowls with chopped to 8 servings. Ed. Note: F on Chinese lon Coco Shrimp posite side of it is unavail may substitut hot cooked ric



BARBECUED C

Apply Basic S Marinade (b quarters or to chicken and about an hou temperature. charcoal or u heated broiler minutes, cut Turn and conti ing, brushing maining marin chicken cooks. other 12 to 1 until the skin i and crisp, and tender. Serve immediately. S

BASIC SOYA SAUCE MARINADE

1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon grated fresh ginger root
1 medium onion, p and gra
¼ teaspo monoso glutama
1 cup soya

First, mix mustard with enou to make a paste. Add musta grated onion, ginger and mo glutamate to the soya sauce. overnight for best results. A with a screw top is a good If you are unable to obtain (



ore I bought this
hirlpool refrigerator
as a trim size 7.

se days, I only opened the refrigerator
ad to. After all, there really wasn't
ch to see. But then I bought this
ol 21 cubic foot Connoisseur Twin
ator-Freezer (even the name excites me)
n my life and my figure changed.
new world of refrigeration opened up
d I became like a woman possessed.
check up on my Ice Magic automatic ice
o see whether it really made ice
ically. And while I was there, I would
ish of blueberries with a dab of
l cream.
middle of the night I would get up to
her my true No-Frost system was really
ne from defrosting forever. And as
was up, I would polish off the half of a
ad sandwich with extra mayo that my
Sidney hadn't finished.
antly opened my porcelain-enameled
o see if it really kept fruits and
es crispy fresh longer. And while I had
helped myself to a pear. Every time I
ed the fully adjustable shelves,
ind one of little Evan's candy bars to
. For every feature, I found food.
se insidious Whirlpool people.
f their mesmerizing refrigerator,
es got so large I had to buy
) 18-pound
machine, too.

Whirlpool

SUMMERTIME'S ELEGANT DINNER

continued

fresh ginger root, try dried ginger root but use less.

ED. NOTE: Glazes of honey and mustard can also be brushed on during broiling.

CHILLED PINEAPPLE AND ORANGES, FLAMED

A Hawaiian favorite of ours—in keeping with the Trader Vic tradition—elegant and dramatic.

1 fully ripened fresh pineapple
1 (1-lb., 4½ oz.) can pineeaple chunks, drained
4 oranges, peeled and cut into sections
½ cup sugar
½ cup dark rum
½ cup toasted coconut, angel flake style
1 can canned heat
1 qt. vanilla ice cream
½ cup more toasted coconut *or* Coconut Cream (see recipe below)

Cut across 1 fully ripe fresh pineapple 6 or 7 inches from its base. Using a sharp knife, remove pulp from shell but leave shell intact. Cut pineapple pulp into bite-size chunks. Arrange on a platter the fresh pineapple chunks, 1 (1-lb., 4½-oz.) can drained pineapple chunks and 4 oranges peeled and cut into sections. Chill. Place in separate small bowls ½ cup sugar, ½ cup dark rum and ½ cup toasted coconut. Punch holes around in pineapple shell to make air holes.



Set a can of canned heat inside pineapple shell.

To serve: Ignite canned heat. Furnish each guest with skewers to spear pineapple chunks and orange sections. Dip in rum, roll in sugar and then flame over canned heat. Finish with a coating of toasted coconut.

Serve along with scoops of vanilla ice cream that has been sprinkled with ½ cup toasted coconut or serve with Coconut Cream (see recipe below). Serves 6.

COCONUT CREAM

To make 2 cups Coconut Cream you will need 6 cups of grated coconut meat to 2 cups boiling water. Proceed the same as for Coconut Milk as below. Let the liquid chill for a few hours. The cream substance, which rises to the top, is skimmed off. This is called Coconut Cream. It may be served as a sauce or it may be whipped. Be careful about the whipping, however, or you may end up with cocoa butter.

COCONUT MILK

Pour 2 cups boiling water over 4 cups grated coconut meat. Let stand 20 minutes. Strain through double thickness of cheesecloth, squeezing to remove all liquid. Store this liquid in the refrigerator. If it is to be heated, be sure to bring it just *to* the boiling point. Otherwise, it is apt to curdle. Makes 2 cups.



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Mazola 100% Corn Oil does more than make light, crispy fried foods and tangy salad dressings. Mazola Margarine, whose major ingredient is liquid Mazola Corn Oil, does more than make toast, vegetables or lobster taste better.

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Mazola makes good eating good sense!

MEAT-ON-A-STICK

This tidbit uses flank steak, which can be trimmed of fat and membrane and kept in the freezer until ready to use. Slice meat while in a semi-frozen condition. If you happen to own a slicer, set it at No. 10 gauge. Fold the strips accordion-wise in half-inch widths and thread on one end of a five-inch bamboo stick. Dip in Cho Cho Sauce (above), cover other end with foil to prevent the stick from burning, and arrange in a shallow pan for broiling. You can complete the broiling, and serve the same as the Cho Cho, or you can broil half a minute on each side so the meat just changes color but remains rare. Arrange the skewered meat on a tray around a small hibachi and let guests finish cooking their own hors d'oeuvres as they wish. Serves 6.

CHO CHO SAUCE

½ cup soy sauce
1 cup sake
1 cup brown sugar
3 ounces fresh ginger, chopped
¼ cup thick soy sauce
½ cup oyster sauce
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1 clove garlic, peeled and minced
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 beaten egg
2 tablesp cornsta
Oil for fry

Mix pork with mushrooms a chestnuts; add seasonings, th egg and mix thoroughly. Spri mixture with cornstarch and s balls which measure about a diameter. Fry the meatballs i until golden brown. Serve on t and serve very hot, with Chi tard and catsup.

CHINESE HOT

Mix a very ho tard with wat at a time un and thin eno dip. Turmeri added for colo

CHINESE CATS

If you can't fi Vic's Chinese your nearby m horseradish t catsup or chil



PINEAPPLE DU

1 Long Island domestic duc about 4 pou
2 tablespoons
1 teaspoon sal
¼ teaspoon pe
4 slices canne
1 large green p
2 cups broth
½ teaspoon m glutamate
1 tablespoon s
1 tablespoon c mixed with 2 spoons cold

Preparation: quarter duck with boiling simmer gentl der. Remove (save it) an drain. Cut u apple. Wash the pepper, stem, inside seeds, and cu size squares.

Method: Pre skillet and add oil. Add piec salt and pepper, and brown g ing frequently. When brown pineapple and green pepper a few seconds. Add the broth the duck was simmered), m glutamate and the soy sauce. simmer about 10 minutes slightly with cornstarch mix hot with steamed rice. Ser

ED. NOTE: This Pineapple D be delicious served with th Long Rice as described in th page 110. Or try it with h snow peas and water chestn and traditional.

PAKE MEAT BALLS

1 pound ground pork
¼ cup minced mushrooms
1 small can of water chestnuts (5 to 6 oz.), drained and minced
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 tablespoon sherry
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Bring ingredients to a boil and keep warm. Dip Cho Cho sticks or the Meat-on-a-Stick in the sauce and then broil. This sauce is a combination of Chinese and Japanese seasonings, but the procedure is Japanese. Makes 3¼ cups sauce. Store leftover sauce in refrigerator and reheat to use.


Mint Hydrox
(This one is new!)
Fig Bars
Sprinkles
Chocolate Nuggets
Lady Joan
Peanut Butter Patties
Mallopuffs
Sunshine dedicates this page
to people who love cookies
Taste the taste the Sunshine Bakers bake
Don't forget new Mint Hydrox.
Vanilla Wafers
Sugar Wafers

PICNIC UNDER THE STARS

continued from page 83

CHLODNIK

1 qt. jar borscht
¼ cup lemon juice
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ tsp. black pepper
Garnishes:
1 cup sour cream
4 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup finely chopped chives
1 lb. shelled, deveined shrimp, cooked

To 1 qt. jar borscht add ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and ½ teaspoon black pepper. Chill it very well.

Meanwhile prepare garnishes. Chill 1 cup sour cream. Coarsely chop 4 hard-cooked eggs and chill. Chill separately ½ cup finely chopped onion and ½ cup finely chopped chives. Chill 1 lb. shelled, deveined shrimp, cooked.

To serve: place chilled borscht in large bowl. Surround with all garnishes, each arranged in a separate bowl. Each guest selects his favorite garnishes and adds them to his bowl of chilled borscht. Makes 6 (¾ cup) servings.

VEAL BIRDS IN WINE SAUCE

Stuffing:
2 cups prepared dry herb stuffing
½ cup chopped parsley
½ cup finely chopped mushrooms
½ tsp. nutmeg
⅔ cup water
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 lbs. veal scallops, pounded thin
2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
¼–½ cup olive oil
12 toasted croutons (oblong of bread same size as veal birds)
Wine Sauce:
2 (10-oz.) cans chicken gravy
½ cup dry sherry or white wine
½ lb. mushrooms (12)

Prepare stuffing by combining 2 cups prepared dry herb stuffin chopped parsley, ½ cup mushrooms and ½ teas Stir in ⅔ cup boiling wat cup butter or margari melted. Season 2 lbs. pounded thin on both side of 2 teaspoons salt and pepper. In the center place 1–1½ tablespoons ing. (If scallops are smal gether by overlapping center.) Fold scallop en to enclose stuffing. Secu toothpicks. Brush with oil. Bake at 425° for 20 brushing frequently with shallow pan for 10 to 15 ing frequently). Drain. P large crouton of toasted b poached mushrooms and sauce (see below). Surrou points if desired. Serves

Wine Sauce: Heat 2 chicken gravy with ½ c Peel 12 mushroom caps. orative shape if you like) ered 5 to 10 minutes un are tender. Drain from slotted spoon. Place one veal bird. Cover with a lit Serve remaining sauce al

NEW POTATOES WITH NE

Potatoes:
2 lbs. new red potatoes
1 qt. water
1½ tsp. salt
2 Tb. butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped parsley

Peas:
2 (10 fro
2 Tb. ma
2 tsp
2 tsp
¼–½

Potatoes: Wash 2 lbs. ne Peel a band from around potato. Place in a saucep to cover (approx. 1 qt.) teaspoons salt. Bring to a Drain. Return to heat. spoons butter or marga gently to coat potatoes. ¼ cup chopped parsley.

Peas: In top of doub gently boiling water, pl pkgs. frozen peas. When 2 tablespoons butter or teaspoons each sugar and teaspoon mace. Cook, co utes or until tender. (This taste like new peas.) Serv

CRÈME BRÛLÉE

1 (4½-oz.) pkg. egg-custard mix
3 cups milk
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ cu sug pac

Make 1 (4½-oz.) pkg. eg according to package dire ½ teaspoon nutmeg.

Pour ½ cup cooked mi of 6 (6-oz.) glass custard cu and refrigerate till set. Ju ing top each with 1 tab sugar, spreading gently a a fork. Broil 6 inches from minutes until just bubb OVERCOOK. Makes 6

To be extra spectacula slightly and pour into 6 goblets. Cool and chill a with the brown sugar a broil safely, stand filled g pan and surround co crushed ice before placing

Less tricky alternative into brandy glasses. Mak arately by spreading ⅓ c sugar, firmly packed, sheet. Bake in 400° ov Place a little atop each d



By the bucket or jar: fresh-fruit good.



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See "The Kraft Music Hall," Wed. Nights, NBC-TV. KRAFT

MERRIER

page 82

PLAN FOR D PARTY

ore:

ich space available as pos-
efrigerator.
narketing. Store all food
oping well.
odka in Ice, following in-
THINGS YOUR MOTHER
IT YOU, page 103.
alloped Potatoes with An-
REEZE.
wedish Speed Meatballs
.

rnishes for caviar. Cover
e.
eads for Open-Faced Sand-
Cream Cheese and Onion,



candle towers to brighten a
Priced from $12.50 to $35.
n height from 8 to 20 inches.
mental Ceramics Inc., 651
an Francisco, Calif. 94105

Brandied Blue Cheese, Lobster and filling for Ham Cornucopias. Cover and refrigerate.
3. Prepared Molded Liver Pâté.
4. Cook fish for Brandade. Drain and refrigerate, covered.
5. Prepare Marinated Vegetables. Cover and refrigerate.
6. Prepare Cold Potato Salad completely. Cover and refrigerate.
7. Clean salad greens and tomatoes. Chill in crisper. Make dressing separately. Refrigerate covered.
8. Prepare Danish-Style Parfait. Pour into serving glasses. Cover when cool, then refrigerate.
9. Set out serving areas. Assemble serving dishes.

Day of Party:

Morning:

1. Remove Scalloped Potatoes with Anchovies and Swedish Speed Meatballs from freezer to thaw.
2. Assemble Marinated Herring Salad on serving platters. Cover and refrigerate.
3. Assemble Smoked Salmon and Onions on serving platter. Cover. Refrigerate.
4. Assemble all Open-Faced Sandwiches. Set on serving platter. Cover first with damp paper towels, then with foil and plastic wrap. Refrigerate.

Afternoon:

1. Assemble Fillet of Sole Brandade. Cover. Refrigerate.
2. Place Marinated Vegetables, Cold Potato Salad and Green Salad (undressed) in serving dishes. Cover and chill.
3. Arrange Melon Wedges with Strawberries on serving platter. Cover and chill.
4. Make Hot Potato Salad. Let cool covered.

One Hour Before Party:

1. Set Scalloped Potatoes with Anchovies and Swedish Speed Meatballs in 350° oven, covered well with foil.
2. Set out foods, arranging caviar and garnishes and unmolding liver pâtè.
3. Place Hot Potato Salad in oven for 30 minutes, covering well with foil.
4. Set out drinks and unmold Vodka in Ice.
5. Set out hot dishes at last moment and make preparations for serving coffee, tea and decaffeinated coffee at end of meal.

Ed. Note: Be sure to have a good supply of plastic refrigerator containers, bowls, plastic wrap and foil on hand.

SHOPPING LIST

STAPLES:

2 (12-oz.) jars marinated herring and onions in wine sauce
2 (2-oz.) jars red caviar
1 (2-oz.) jar black caviar (beluga or lumpfish)
1 (3¼-oz.) bottle capers
1 (7-oz.) can lobster meat
1 (4-oz.) pkg. tiny pumpernickel rounds
1 pkg. pumpernickel bread
1 (4 oz.) pkg. melba toast
1 small pkg. rye bread
1 small jar dill pickles
1 (2-oz.) can anchovy fillets
4 (12-oz.) cans beef gravy
1 (8-oz.) pkg. noodles
1 (8-oz.) jar mayonnaise
1 (1-lb.) pkg. superfine sugar
2 (4¾-oz.) pkgs. raspberry dessert mix
1 pint apple juice
1 jar instant decaffeinated coffee *or* 1 (1-lb.) ground decaffeinated coffee

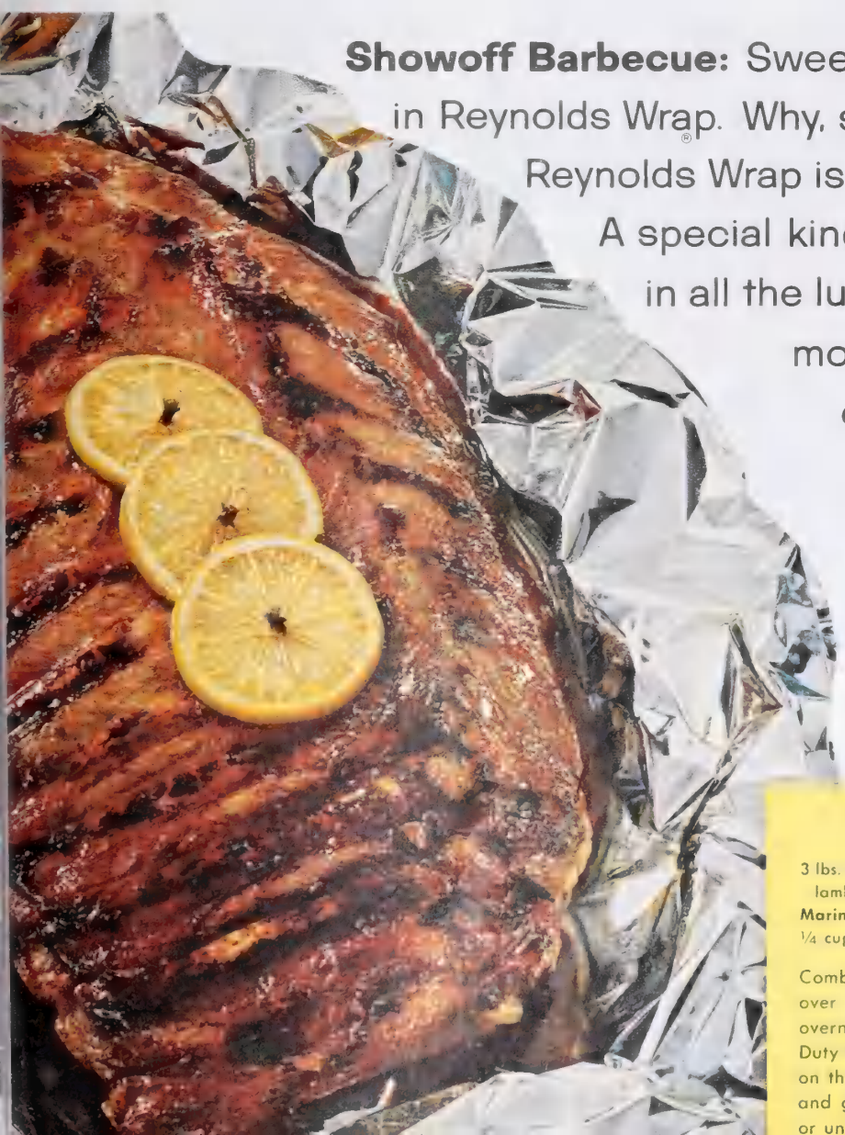
VEGETABLES AND FRUITS:

1 bag radishes
2 lbs. yellow onions
6 lemons
1 large bunch dill weed (or 1 bottle dried)
1 bunch parsley
1 bunch scallions
2 heads lettuce (Boston, chicory or iceberg)
9 lbs. potatoes
2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen peas and onions
½ lb. mushrooms
1 bunch celery
1 basket tiny cherry tomatoes
1 small melon, cantaloupe or honeydew
1 basket strawberries

(continued)



Red, white and blue tri-colored theme for summer entertaining. "Drums" earthenware by Laveno Italian Ceramics matched with "on the rocks" tumblers from Federal Glass. To light the way, nine-branch candelabra with red and blue slim Paragon candles and red, white and blue cottage lamps, all by Victrylite. Bright-white Dixie Paper Cup dispenser by American Can. "Jolly Foam" picnic jug by Hamilton Skotch Belgian Linen napkins in red and delphinium-blue by Leacock.



Showoff Barbecue: Sweet and saucy spareribs grilled outdoors in Reynolds Wrap®. Why, specifically, Reynolds Wrap? Because Reynolds Wrap is **oven-tempered for flexible strength.** A special kind of strength that resists tearing, seals in all the luscious flavors and juices. No wonder more women buy Reynolds Wrap than all other foils combined. **Reynolds Wrap.** Wouldn't you hate to be without it?



SWEET & SAUCY SPARERIBS

3 lbs. lean pork or lamb spareribs
Marinade:
¼ cup soy sauce
⅓ cup corn syrup
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ to ½ tsp. Tabasco Sauce
¼ teaspoon salt
Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap

Combine marinade ingredients and pour over spareribs. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Next day line grill with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap and build fire right on the foil. Remove ribs from marinade and grill 5 to 10 minutes on each side or until browned. Place ribs on a length of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap and spoon marinade over them, bringing up the foil to hold liquids. Now close the foil, double-folding edges. Place "package" on grill and bake about 45 minutes for pork spareribs or 15 minutes for lamb. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

MORE THE MERRIER *continued*

DAIRY:
12 eggs
1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese
1 (3-oz.) pkg. cream cheese
1 (4-oz.) jar Cheddar cheese spread
1½ lbs. sweet butter
4 (½ pint) cartons sour cream
1½ qts. milk

MEAT:
1½ lbs. thin-sliced smoked salmon
1 (8-oz.) pkg. sliced ham
¾ lb. chicken livers
1½ lbs. liverwurst
1 lb. fillet of sole
1 lb. ground veal or beef
1 lb. ground pork
½ lb. sliced bacon

LIQUOR:
1 box (containing 12 ⅝-oz. packets) instant cranberry cocktail mix
2 bottles vodka or gin
1 (1 pint, 10-oz.) bottle ginger ale
4 boxes (containing 12 packets each) instant cocktail mix, flavor depends on preference
4 bottles liquid cocktail mix, flavor depends on preference
1 bottle Scotch or bourbon
Gin or vodka

ON HAND:
Flour, brandy or bourbon, bread, black olives, oil, vinegar, garlic, salt and pepper, Worcestershire sauce, horseradish, nutmeg, cardamom, thyme.

EDITORIAL NOTE:
1. While the individual recipes in this party serve 8, the dishes when made collectively will feed 12 to 15 people.
2. Some ingredients in the order list are given to the nearest purchasable amount; i.e., we only use 1¼ lbs. sweet butter but you will have to buy 1½ lbs.

CRANBREAKER PUNCH

12 (⅝-oz.) pkgs. instant cranberry drink mix
2¼ cups water
2¼ cups vodka or gin
1 (1 pt., 10-oz.) bottle ginger ale, chilled

In a large punch bowl blend 12 (⅝-oz.) pkgs. instant cranberry drink mix with 2¼ cups water. Stir or whisk to dissolve. Pour in 2¼ cups vodka or gin. Chill. Just before serving, stir in 1 (1 pt., 10-oz.) bottle ginger ale, chilled. Makes 12 (5-oz.) servings.

VODKA IN ICE

Europeans always serve vodka ice-cold. Prepare yours as we did, in Scandinavian style. For directions, see THINGS YOUR MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT YOU on page 103.

MARINATED HERRING

2 (12-oz.) jars marinated herring and onions in wine sauce
1 cup fresh radish slices

Drain 2 (12-oz.) jars marinated herring and onions in wine sauce. Reserve 2 tablespoons sauce and toss with 1 cup radish slices to moisten and flavor.

Pile herring in center of long serving platter. Surround with radish slices. Chill. Serves 6 to 8 as an appetizer.

SMOKED SALMON AND ONION

1 lb. thinly sliced smoked salmon
1½ cups thin onion slices, about 2 medium onions
2 Tb. lemon juice
Dill sprigs

Arrange thin slices of smoked salmon (about 1 lb.) in overlapping lines on a long, narrow platter. In between each slice place 2 or 3 onion slices. Sprinkle assembled platter with 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice. Chill. Decorate with dill sprigs. Serves 6 to 8 as an appetizer.

RED AND BLACK CAVIAR

1 (2-oz.) jar red caviar, chilled
1 (2-oz.) jar black caviar, chilled (does not have to be beluga; lumpfish will do as well)
2 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup chopped parsley
1 (3¼-oz.) bottle capers, drained
8 lemon wedges (1 lemon)
Assorted crackers

Place 1 (2-oz.) jar red caviar and 1 (2-oz.) jar black caviar on sepa
ing platters. Cover lightly wi
wrap and chill until serving t
pare platter of garnishes by
(as in picture on page 83)
cooked eggs (yolk sieved
chopped, and white finely cho
cup chopped onion, ½ cup
parsley, 1 (3¼-oz.) jar capers,
and 8 lemon wedges. Cover wi
wrap and chill until serving ti

At serving time, serve caviar
nishes and a platter of assort
ers. Serves 6 to 8 as an appeti

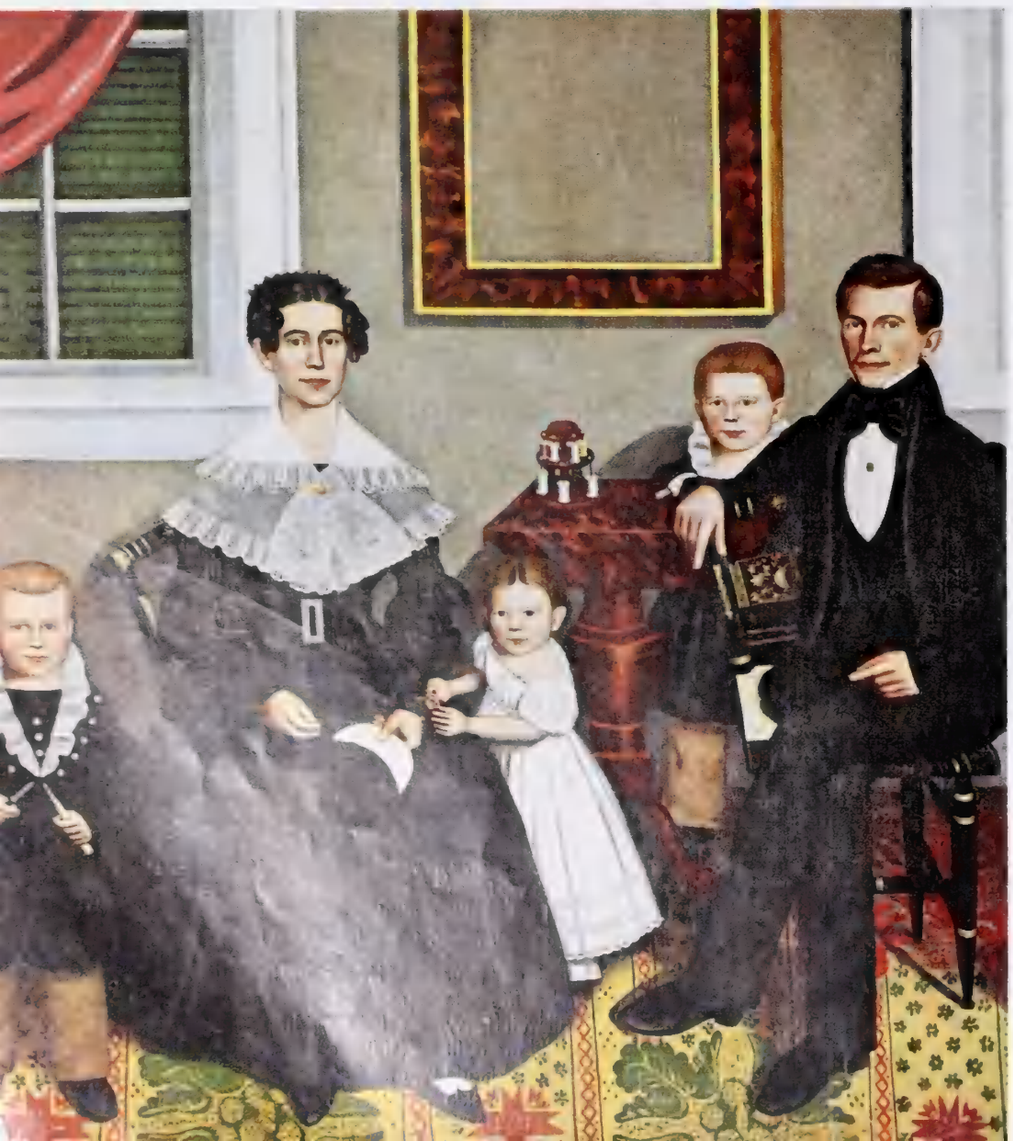
ASSORTED TINY OPEN-FACED SANDWICHES

1. *Smoked Salmon:* Butter e
pumpernickel round from 1 (4-
Top each with a piece of smoke
(½ lb. altogether) twisted sligh
fold, place fresh dill sprig. Ma
2. *Cream Cheese and Onion:*
gether 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream
softened, 2 Tb. grated onion a
tablespoons heavy cream. Place
bag with No. 5 star tip. Pipe
melba round from 1 (4-oz.) pkg
a little on each. Top each wi
caviar from 1 (2-oz.) jar re
Makes 18.
3. *Brandied Blue Cheese:* Beat t
(3-oz.) pkg. cream cheese and
pkg. blue cheese with 2 Tb. bra
or spoon onto 18 (2-inch) toas
Top each with a sliver of bl
Makes 18.
4. *Lobster:* Blend 1 (7-oz.) c
lobster, drained, with ⅓ cup
naise, 2 Tb. lemon juice and ½
and ¼ tsp. pepper. Cut 5 slices
nickel bread into 20 triangles.
with a little lobster salad. Garn
radish slice. Makes 18.

COFFEE AND TEA SET-UP

Offer a choice of three old-favorites at your Smorgasbord Party: two coffees (regular and decaffeinated) and tea. A good way to serve them would be in this trio of Rosenthal's porcelain coffee servers—the tallest one tied with a bright ribbon, to show it holds the decaffeinated variety. Left, "Composition" pattern. Center, slim, ridged "Variation" pattern. Right, to keep the coffee warm throughout the evening "Lotus" coffee pot over its own hidden candle. Napkins by Hudson. All on Hallmark's "Paisley" wrapping paper.





When Mrs. Joseph Moore ser
custard pie to her family, it too
most of a long, hot morning to m

You can do it in minutes.

Fathers and children have always been big on c
But, mercy, the work! The hours in the kitchen!
Now, with Jell-O® Golden™ Egg Custard, tha
silky-smooth custard filling takes no time at all. T
baking. No anxious juggling of ingredients.
The easy recipe is on every package.
Treat your family to Jell-O Golden Egg Custard pie often. How about tonight? Then everybody will be smiling in the family portrait.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



DETAIL FROM "THE FAMILY OF JOSEPH MOORE." COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON. M. AND M. KAROLIK COLLECTION

as of Ham: Cut each slice of ced cooked ham in half. Roll . Spoon in 2 to 3 tsp. of this together 1 (4-oz.) jar Ched- pread, 2 tsp. Worcestershire tsp. beef extract.

Livers: Sauté ¾ lb. whole rs in ¼ cup butter or mar- tender. Cover each of 18 bread (1½-inch diameter) slice of dill pickle. On each, d chicken liver. Makes 18.

ER PÂTÉ

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Chill. Serve
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or crackers
Serves 6 to
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OLE

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or 2 table-
d dill), 2
chopped
ablespoons lemon juice, 2
tarragon vinegar, 2 tea-
teaspoon horseradish, and
freshly ground black pep-
ther gently but thoroughly.
ghtly onto lettuce leaves to
6 to 8 as an appetizer.

POTATOES
OVIES
on's Temptation in

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ets,

2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 Tb. oil from anchovies
¼ cup flour
¼ tsp. pepper
4 cups (1 qt.) milk

Pare and thinly slice 3 lbs. potatoes (about 8 cups). Peel and thinly slice ½ lb. onions (2 cups). Cut all but 6 of the anchovy fillets into fourths. Reserve oil. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in saucepan. Add 1 tablespoon oil, drained, from anchovy fillets. Stir in ¼ cup flour and ¼ tsp. pepper and mix till smooth. Blend in 4 cups milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. In a 3-qt. casserole place ⅓ of the potato slices, then half of the cut-up anchovies. Pour over ⅓ of the cream-sauce mixture. Repeat. Top with remaining third of the cream-sauce mixture. Arrange the 6 remaining whole anchovy fillets on top of potato casserole. Bake in a hot (400°) oven for 45 minutes or until potatoes are tender, and top is brown. Serves 6 to 8. Ed. Note: 2 (5.75-oz.) pkgs. scalloped potatoes can be used instead of fresh potatoes.

Save envelopes containing seasoning. These can be used to make a piquant onion sauce by blending 1 tablespoon cornstarch and 2 cups milk to each envelope. *For creamy onion soup* increase liquid to 3½ cups.

SWEDISH SPEED MEATBALLS

1 lb. ground veal or beef
1 lb. ground pork
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cardamom
1 tsp. thyme
½ cup butter or margarine
4 (12-oz.) cans beef gravy
2 cups sour cream
2 whole cloves
1 bay leaf

Mix 1 lb. ground veal or beef and 1 lb. ground pork together. Beat 1 cup milk with 2 eggs, then stir in 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cardamom, and 1 teaspoon thyme.

Add to combined meats and stir in lightly but thoroughly. Mixture will be soft. Using 1 measuring tablespoon of mixture, shape into little meatballs (makes approximately 4½ dozen). Sauté meatballs a few at a time in ½ cup butter or margarine until they are lightly browned. Remove sautéed meatballs from skillet to a saucepan. Pour 4 (12-oz.) cans beef gravy into the skillet and heat, stirring to life all browned bits from bottom. Stir in 2 cups sour cream and add 2 whole cloves, 1 bay leaf. Pour over meatballs and simmer slowly, covered, for 20 to 30 minutes. Remove cover and simmer 10 minutes longer. Serve with buttered noodles. Serves 6 to 8.

MARINATED VEGETABLES

2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen peas and onions
¼ cup cider vinegar
¼ cup olive oil
1 small bay leaf
1 whole clove garlic, peeled
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. ground cardamom
⅛ tsp. freshly ground black pepper
2 cups sliced mushrooms

Combine 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen green peas and pearl onions, ¼ cup cider vinegar, ¼ cup olive oil, 1 small bay leaf, 1 whole clove garlic, peeled, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon cardamom and ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, in a saucepan. Cover tightly and bring to a full boil over medium high heat. If necessary stir vegetables to hasten thawing. Reduce to low and simmer, covered, very gently for 5 to 7 minutes or until just tender. Remove from heat. Let stand covered, until cool (10 to 15 minutes). Pour cooled vegetables and any remaining liquid into bowl. Gently stir in 2 cups sliced raw mushrooms. Chill. Makes about 3½ cups. Serves 6 to 8.

HOT POTATO SALAD

3 lbs. potatoes, cut into ¼-inch slices (about 8 cups)
1 tsp. salt
½ lb. bacon (about 6 slices) cut into ½-inch pieces
1 cup chopped onion
¾ cup vinegar
2 Tb. sugar
¼ tsp. pepper

Pare potatoes and cut into ¼-inch slices (about 8 cups). Cover potato slices with cold water, add 1 teaspoon salt, bring to a boil, cover and cook 10 to 15 minutes or until potatoes are just tender. Drain potatoes thoroughly. Meanwhile cook ½ lb. bacon till crisp. Remove crisp bacon pieces and set aside. Pour off all but about ¼ cup bacon fat. To fat in skillet stir in 1 cup chopped onion, ¾ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Pour over hot potatoes and toss lightly to mix. Season to taste with salt. Serves 6.

COLD POTATO SALAD

3 lbs. potatoes (7 cups cut up)
2 tsp. salt
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup sour cream
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup chopped onion
4 hard-cooked eggs
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 Tb. diced pimiento

Pare potatoes and cut into chunks about 1 inch in size (about 7 cups chunky potatoes). Cover with cold water, add 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil, cover and cook 10 to 15 minutes or until potatoes are just tender. Drain thoroughly. Chill.

Meanwhile, combine 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup sour cream and *(continued)*

Turns Off Headache Pain, So Relaxes Its Tension, Helps Lift Its Depression—*Fast*



In 22 seconds after entering your bloodstream this special fortified formula is speeding relief to your nervous headache. It promptly relieves the pain, so relaxes its tension and helps lift its depression. You can bounce back *fast*—able to carry on and do your work. This effective headache relief is *Anacin*®—a special fortified combination of ingredients and *only* Anacin has this formula. Anacin Analgesic Tablets contain the medication doctors recommend most for headache pain. In fact, Anacin gives you *more* of it than any leading headache tablet. Next time—try medically proven Anacin Tablets.

MORE THE MERRIER *continued*

blend. Stir in 1 cup sliced celery, ½ cup chopped onion, 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced, the remaining teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Add chilled potato chunks and mix carefully but thoroughly. Garnish with 2 tablespoons diced pimiento if desired. Serves 6 to 8.

GREEN SALAD

- 1 head lettuce (iceberg, Boston or chicory)
- 1 basket tiny cherry tomatoes (approx. 2 cups)

Tarragon Dressing:
- ½ cup oil
- 3 Tb. tarragon vinegar
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- ½ tsp. seasoned salt
- ¼ tsp. seasoned pepper

Tear 1 head lettuce into bite-size pieces. Wash and drain thoroughly. Wash 1 basket tiny cherry tomatoes. Toss with prepared lettuce. Chill.

Make dressing by blending ½ cup oil, 3 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon seasoned salt and ¼ teaspoon seasoned pepper.

MELON WEDGES WITH STRAWBERRIES

- 1 small melon, cantaloupe or honeydew
- 1 basket strawberries
- ¼ cup superfine sugar

Wipe outside of 1 melon with damp paper towels. Chill melon. Hull strawberries. Wash gently. Dry. Toss with ¼ cup superfine sugar. Cover and chill.

To serve: Cut melon into 8 wedges. Remove seeds. Arrange on long, narrow platter. Between each melon pile sugared strawberries. Serves 8.

DANISH-STYLE RASPBERRY P

- 2 (4¾-oz.) pkgs. raspberry dessert mix, Danish-style
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups ap or cider
- 2 tsp. gra peel

Mix 2 (4¾-oz.) pkgs. raspber mix, Danish-style, with 2 cups medium saucepan. Blend in 2 (juice or cider, 2 teaspoons gra peel. Bring to a boil over mec Pour ½ cup into each of 8 (6-o glasses or custard cups. Tra served with unwhipped hea poured over surface. Serves 8.

COOKING WITH Kellogg's & PLANTERS



Frosty Hermits

Make 'em extra good 'n crunchy with Kellogg's All-Bran* and Planters® Dry Roasted Peanuts

- 1 cup Kellogg's® All-Bran*
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup unsifted regular all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon ginger
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- ½ cup soft butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring
- ½ cup coarsely-chopped Planters® Dry Roasted Peanuts
- 1 cup seedless raisins

1. Measure Kellogg's All-Bran® into small bowl. Add milk; let stand until moisture is taken up.
2. Sift together flour, soda, and spices. Set aside.
3. Beat sugar, and butter or margarine, until light and fluffy. Add eggs, vanilla, and All-Bran mixture; beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients; stir until mixed. Stir in Planters Peanuts and raisins. Drop by level tablespoonfuls onto lightly greased baking sheet.
4. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 12 minutes, or until golden brown; remove from baking sheet. If desired, frost with Vanilla Icing and sprinkle with chopped Peanuts.

Yield: about 4 dozen cookies, 2½ inches in diameter

*1 cup of Kellogg's Bran Buds® or 2 cups of Kellogg's 40% Bran Flakes may be used in place of All-Bran.

VANILLA ICING

- 1½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
- 2 tablespoons milk
- ¼ cup coarsely-chopped PLANTERS DRY ROASTED PEANUTS

1. Beat sugar, vanilla, butter or margarine, and milk together until smooth.
2. Frost cookies and sprinkle with chopped Peanuts.



Mr. Peanut

© 1962 by Kellogg Company

"HAVE A LOVELY SUMMER" LUNCHEON *continued from page 100*

CUCUMBER SOUP

- 3 (12½-oz.) cans chicken consommé
- ½ cup pale dry sherry
- 2 cups thinly sliced cucumbers, unpeeled

Combine 3 (12½-oz.) cans chicken consommé and ½ cup pale dry sherry. Add 2 cups thinly sliced unpeeled cucumbers. Spoon soup into 6 soup bowls. Chill until slightly thickened, about 30 minutes or in freezer for 10 minutes by the timer. Makes 6 servings.

BEEF EN TERRINE

- 1 env. unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 (10½-oz.) cans beef consommé
- 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen baby lima beans
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. crushed basil
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 (12-oz.) can baby carrots
- 2 Tb. brandy or cognac
- 1 tsp. sugar
- ½ tsp. crushed basil
- 12 slices cooked roast beef (about 1½ lbs.)
- 2 onions, thinly sliced

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add 1 cup hot water and stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Stir in 2 (10½-oz.) cans beef consommé.

Chill until consistency of unbeaten egg white (about 30 minutes in refrigerator or 10 to 15 minutes in freezer by timer).

Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen baby lima beans according to package directions. Drain well and toss with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon crushed basil and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Set aside. Drain 1 (12-oz.) can baby carrots, and dice crosswise into "pennies." Toss with 2 tablespoons brandy or cognac, 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon crushed basil. Set aside. Cover bottom of a large oval platter with a thin layer of thickened consommé. Arrange 12 slices cooked roast beef in an overlapping pattern in center of platter. Insert thin onion slices between roast-beef slices. Surround beef with lima beans and carrots (see photograph on page 100). Spoon remaining consommé over beef, lima beans and carrots. Chill until firm, about 2 hours or set in freezer for 10 to 15 minutes by timer. Serves 6.

SPINACH SALAD

- 1 lb. (about 12 cups) fresh spinach, broken into pieces
- ¾ cup oil-and-vinegar dressing
- ½ lb. bac cooked broken ½-inch
- 3 hard-co yolks, s
- 3 hard-co whites,

Toss 1 lb. fresh spinach piece cup oil-and-vinegar salad dre range spinach on a large platt

Place ½ lb. cooked and drai bits in center of platter or Encircle with 3 hard-cooked, yolks. Then make an outer 3 hard-cooked egg whites, Serves 6.

STRAWBERRY CROQUEMBOUC CRÈME FRAÎCHE IMPROVISATI

- 1 (18-inch) styro-foam cone
- 1 bunch (about 3 cups) mint leaves
- Flat toothpicks
- Round toothpicks
- 8 cups (2 quarts) strawberries

Crème Fra
- 1 cup sou
- 1 cup hea
- 1 (3-oz.) softene cheese
- 2 tsp. su
- 1 egg yol

Using a sharp knife, cut 2½ i top of an 18-inch styrofoam c cone completely with mint le ½-inch pieces of broken flat to hold leaves in place. Break round toothpicks in half. Star of styrofoam, insert blunt en pick about ¼ inch deep into Press strawberry onto sha toothpick. Repeat procedure is completely covered with st (see page 100). You'll nee cups berries. When cone is co additional mint leaves arou

To serve: Let guests help from strawberry croquembo pass around Crème Fraîche tion: Combine 1 cup sour cr heavy cream, 1 (3-oz.) pkg cream cheese, 2 teaspoons 1 egg yolk. Beat until sm creamy. Serve with strawberr bouche. Serves 12.

Here's a low-calorie alt Crème Fraîche: Blend 2 cups sour cream with 1½ teaspo extract.

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS *continued from page 106*

HOUSE OF FLOWERS

- 4 (14.5-oz.) pkgs. gingerbread mix
- 4 cups lukewarm water

Frosting:
- 2 (1-lb.) cans white vanilla frosting
- ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
- 2 Tb. grated orange rind

Decorations:
- 1 lb. assorted small gumdrops
- 1 cup superfine sugar

Grease 4 (8x8x2-inch) baking pans very well. Line each base with an exact square of waxed paper. Grease paper. Make up 4 (14.5-oz.) pkgs. gingerbread mix according to label directions, with 4 cups lukewarm water. Divide evenly between 4 baking pans. Bake 30 to 35 minutes or until a inserted in center comes out in pans on wire racks for Remove from pans, peeling w from base. Place on racks to pletely.

Frosting: Beat together 2 white vanilla frosting with ½ fectioners' sugar and 2 t grated orange rind.

To shape house, sandwich layers gingerbread, using ½ ing. Set on a serving platter last 2 layers together, usi

ghtly mark the top
a light line (use a
th a long, sharp
he cake diagonally
left outside corner
om layer. Repeat
al cut on the left
will give the roof
hold these layers
ert toothpicks be-
. *Take care to re-*
serving to children.)
ape in place, sand-
ether with ½ cup
ver house all over
aining frosting,
with a spatula.
of by using a spa-
d pressing all over
tiles.
6 black gumdrops
d board. Cut into
os; brush with wa-
to form windows
Using multicolored
or flowers, shape
dipped in sugar.
ouse around roof,
rs and windows.
s 12. **END**

RD FOR AN
E PARTY

om page 88

round platter ar-
following attrac-
unds like a pie sec-
ture on page 88):
prosciutto, rolled,
ars pickled button
s, ½ lb. sliced
ni, rolled, 1 (8½-
ed black olives, 1
an stuffed green
ot.) jar hot cherry
2-oz.) cans rolled
ts. Serves 6.

RIPED SEA BASS
SAUCE

olive oil
lemon juice
fresh
ped basil
Tb. dried)
chopped
parsley
Tb. dried)
salt
cayenne
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ed sea bass
. salt
pepper
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erry
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z.) pkgs.
n artichoke
ts

combine ½ cup
up lemon juice, ¼
h or 2 tablespoons
hopped basil and
easpoon salt, ⅛
enne pepper.
o 4 lbs. dressed
ass and wipe dry.
de and out with
s salt and ¼ tea-
r. Brush with ¼
tuff inside of fish
h celery leaves.
uminum foil, on
Bake in 350°, al-
nutes per pound.
when it flakes at
rk. Baste twice
hile cooking.



Remove from oven. Arrange 1 lb. cherry tomatoes around fish. Brown under broiler for 5 minutes. Remove, transferring to plastic tray or platter and arrange 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen artichoke hearts cooked, and brushed with basil sauce, around fish. Replace celery with another fresh bunch celery leaves. Serve at once. Serves 6.

ED. NOTE: If your cooking facilities are small, cut fish in half and proceed as above.

If you do not have an oven on your boat, this can be prepared at home and is equally good cold.

BASKET OF FRUIT, TRAYS OF CHEESE AND CRACKERS

For Fruit Bowl: Arrange in attractive bowls 1 lb. each green and purple grapes, and 3 each fresh pears, peaches, Golden Delicious and MacIntosh apples, and purple plums.

For Cheese Tray: Arrange on a tray ½ lb. each Gouda, grappillon, kuminost, provolone, Brie cheeses, and cottage cheese garnished with 1 teaspoon chopped chives.

For Cracker Tray: Arrange a selection of savory crackers or wafers as pictured on page 88. Serves 6. **END**

PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY

continued from page 95

LADY CURZON CONSOMME

- 2 (12½-oz.) cans consommé madrilene
- ¼ cup brandy
- ¼ cup water
- 1¼ tsp. curry powder
- ½ cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. paprika

Combine 2 (12½-oz.) cans consommé madrilene with ¼ cup brandy in a 1-qt. measure. Heat ¼ cup water and 1¼ teaspoons curry powder to boiling point. Strain through cheesecloth. Add water to madrilene to measure 1 qt. Spoon evenly into 6 (6-oz.) serving glasses. Chill until completely set.

Just before serving, beat ½ cup heavy cream until very stiff. Fold in ½ teaspoon salt. Swirl a little on top of each glass of soup. Sprinkle with a little of ¼ teaspoon paprika. Serves 6.

FRESH LOBSTER SALAD

- 6 (1–1¼-lb.) fresh lobsters, cooked
- 3 cups finely sliced celery
- ⅓ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 (3¼-oz.) bottle capers, drained
- 1½ cups sour cream
- 1½ cups mayonnaise
- ⅓ cup fresh lemon juice
- 1 Tb. salt
- ¾ tsp. pepper
- ¾ tsp. hot-pepper sauce
- 6 cups torn chicory, chilled
- *Classic Oil and Vinegar Dressing:*
- ½ cup oil
- ¼ cup tarragon vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. sugar
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- Lemon wedges

To dress lobster: Remove all claws. Cut away hard shell covering tail. Remove body meat. Discard all feelers, the under shell and food sac. Lightly wipe lobster meat with damp paper towels if you think necessary. Cut into ¼-inch slices. Crack claws and remove meat. Cut into bite-size pieces. One lobster should yield ½ to ¾ cup lobster meat when cut up. Reserve lobster shells.

To make salad: In large bowl combine lobster meat from 6 (1-1¼-lb.) cooked lobsters with 3 cups finely sliced celery, ⅓ cup finely chopped onion and 1 (3¼-oz.) bottle capers, drained. Fold in 1½ cups sour cream, 1½ cups mayonnaise, ⅓ cup fresh lemon juice, 1 tablespoon salt, ¾ teaspoon pepper and ¾ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce. Wash outside of shells, and for a glossy look rub lightly with oil. Place 1 cup lobster filling in each shell. Chill till serving time.

Serve on bed of 6 cups torn chicory, tossed lightly with dressing below. Garnish with lemon wedges. Serves 6.

Classic Oil and Vinegar Dressing: Whisk together ½ cup oil, ¼ cup tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon each salt, dry mustard and sugar, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Chill. Toss with torn chicory. Use as a bed on which to place lobster salad.

MOCK LOBSTER SALAD

- 2 (7-oz.) cans white tuna, drained and flaked
- 1 (7-oz.) can lobster meat, drained and flaked
- ¼ cup chopped pimiento

Use the above ingredients—2 (7-oz.) cans white tuna, drained and flaked; 1 (7-oz.) can lobster meat, drained and flaked; ¼ cup chopped pimiento—and proceed as with Fresh Lobster Salad (see preceding recipe).

NOTE: If the tuna and lobster are packed in salt, reduce salt in main recipe to 1 teaspoon. Serve on shells. Serves 6.

BOMBE À LA VALENCY

- 1 qt. butter-pecan ice cream, slightly softened
- 1 qt. vanilla ice cream, slightly softened
- 1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. macaroons, finely diced (approx. 1 cup)
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen whole raspberries, partially thawed
- 1 cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten
- ½ cup pecan halves

Press 1 qt. butter-pecan ice cream evenly against sides of a 2-qt. melon mold or bowl, to coat evenly. Place mold or bowl in freezer for 30 minutes to allow ice cream to harden.

Into 1 qt. vanilla ice cream fold 1 (2¾-oz.) pkg. macaroons, finely diced, and 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen whole raspberries, partially thawed. (Pour off any juice and also remove any juice crystals from around the berries.) Use to fill the center of the butter-pecan lined mold.

Cover and return to freezer for at least 4 hours or until the Bombe à la Valency is well frozen.

Unmold onto serving platter, return to freezer. Just before serving surround with swirls of stiffly beaten heavy cream (1 cup unwhipped). Garnish with ½ cup pecan halves. Serves 12 people generously.

MIMOSA AND JONQUIL WEDDING CAKE

- 2 (1-lb., 2½-oz.) pkgs. white-cake mix
- 4 eggs
- 3 cups water
- *Frosting:*
- ¾ cup soft butter or margarine
- ¾ cup white shortening
- 3 (1-lb.) pkgs. confectioners' sugar, sifted
- 1 Tb. vanilla
- ¾ cup heavy cream
- 2 Tb. silver

Grease 4 (10-inch) wedding cake pans very well. Dust inside of pans evenly with flour (use 1 tablespoon for each pan).

Make up 2 (1-lb., 2½-oz.) pkgs. cake mix according to label directions using 4 eggs and 3 cups water. Pour evenly among the 4 pans. Bake at 350° for 40 to 45 minutes or until top springs back when touched, or until wooden tester inserted comes out clean. Cool cake layers 10 minutes in pans on wire rack. Remove from pans to wire rack and cool completely.

Make up frosting: Beat together ¾ cup soft butter or margarine and ¾ cup shortening. Slowly beat in 3 (1-lb.) pkgs. confectioners' sugar, sifted, a little at a time. Gradually beat in ¾ cup heavy cream, 1 tablespoon vanilla extract along with confectioners' sugar. Cover with damp towel while in bowl to prevent drying. Frosting, if not to be used immediately, may be stored later, store in tightly covered container and refrigerate. Soften at room temperature before using.

To decorate: Place 1 cake layer on serving plate. Spread top with ½ cup frosting. Place second layer on top and continue to sandwich layers in position with ½ cup frosting between each layer. Set aside ¾ cup frosting to decorate cake. Use remaining frosting to cover sides and top.

Smooth evenly and swirl for a perfect finish. Dip spatula in hot water during final smoothing.

Silver Dragée Trim: Using a No. 4 writing tube in a pastry bag, pipe diagonal lines from *right to left* around sides of cake. Then make a second set of diagonal lines from *left to right* to form a trellis design. Where overlap of lines occurs, place silver dragée (about 2 tablespoons). Pipe along outer edge of cake rosettes from star tube. Use 4 star tip. Decorate with jonquils and mimosa as shown in picture on page 93. Serves 12 to 18 generously.

CORNFLOWER AND HYACINTH WEDDING CAKE

Make up cake and frosting as for Mimosa and Jonquil Wedding Cake (see preceding recipe).

Sandwich cake layers together and frost the outside smoothly as directed.

To decorate with basket weave: Tint 1 cup reserved frosting in a pastry bag containing a No. 48 ribbon decorating tip. Place remaining frosting in pastry bag containing a No. 4 decorating tube. Raise cake to eye level. Using a ruler, make vertical line down side



). Using a No. 48 tip basket weaves over- line down side of cake

be about 1 inch long ch apart. Make second Diagram B. Between zontal weaves make 5 ut 2 inches long, over- nd vertical line (see

rnating basket-weave l lines until the side of y covered. Using a No. small rosettes around

cornflowers and hya- in picture on page 93. enerously.

DDING CAKE

ke you should have 3 ayer-cake pans and 3 er-cake pans. r, use 6 (9-inch) layer- 3 layers down to mea- iameter.

1 cup white shortening
4 (1-lb.) pkgs. confectioners' sugar, sifted
1 cup heavy cream
4 tsp. vanilla extract

) and 3 (7-inch) wed- ans well. Dust inside 1 tablespoon each. ., 2½-oz.) pkgs. white- ng to label directions, 4½ cups water. Pour prepared layer pans, ll. Bake at 350°, allow- tes for 9- and 10-inch 30 minutes for 7-inch nutes in pans on wire om pans to wire racks ely.

osting: Proceed as di- sting in Mimosa and e, noting in this recipe re increased to 1 cup argarine, 1 cup white .) pkgs. confectioners' up heavy cream and 4

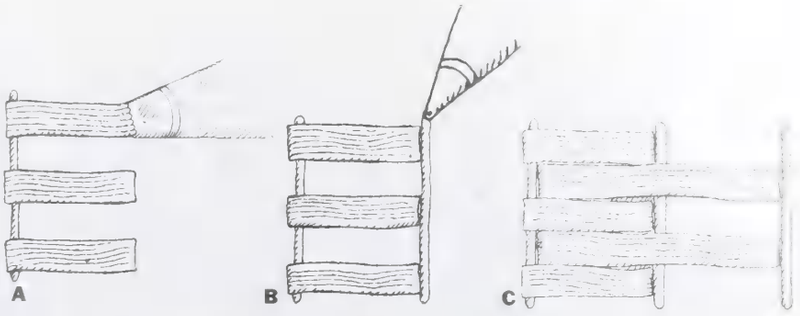
ace 1 large cake layer er. Top with ¾ cup ith second large layer e frosting. Place last e, topping with ¾ cup mall layer cake exactly one. Top with remain- using ½ cup frosting 2 cups frosting aside Use remainder to coat

GAZINES THE WORLD

ed magazines: When reading your maga- to work as goodwill sending them off to a for someone else to n other lands don't ese publications and news of our way of called "Friendship ines" will supply you nd address. All you il one magazine—or onth for the nominal ately 40 cents each. ressed stamped en- Sam Gallas, 16100 North Miami Beach, she will mail you a truction sheet.

sides and top. Smooth as directed for Mimosa and Jonquil Cake. Using a No. 1 plain meringue tip in a piping bag, make plain diagonal lines from *left to right* around all sides of cake. Then make second set from *right to left* to form small trellis design. Pipe small dots around outer edge of large and small cakes, also where small layers fit onto large layers and large layer meets the serving plate. Decorate with roses as in picture on page 93. Serves 25 to 30 generously.

END





Take home a quart of Libby's. Open it one glass at a time.

Libby's is all tomato, great tomato, 100% straight tomato. The new 6-can Cluster Pack is the most convenient way yet to give your taste buds a change of scenery. Next time you're dry, reach for the Red Refresher.

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5¢ STORE COUPON 5¢

SAVE 5¢

on any package of Libby's Tomato Juice.



TO GROCER: Libby, McNeill & Libby will redeem this coupon for 5¢ plus 2¢ for handling provided (1) it is received from a retail customer in part payment for product specified herein; (2) grocer mails it to Libby, McNeill & Libby, P.O. Box 1620, Clinton, Iowa (redemption will not be made in any other way through outside agencies, brokers, etc.) Customer must pay any sales tax. Cash redemption value 1/20 of 1 cent. This offer void wherever taxed or restricted. Good only in Continental U.S.A. Limit one to a household. FRAUD CLAUSE: Invoices proving purchase within the last 90 days of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown upon request. Any other application of this coupon, other than under the terms stated herein, constitutes fraud and violators will be prosecuted. Offer expires September 30, 1968. T-146

5¢ STORE COUPON 5¢

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 104-105.





4517 4439 4916 4727 4751 4807 4832

BUTTERICK PATTERN NO. 4637: Child's dress in sizes 4–6, 8–10, and 12–14. $.50. Dress requires 2⅜ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, sizes 8–10.

BUTTERICK PATTERN NO. 4439: Child's one-piece dress sizes 2–6. $.50. Dress requires 1 yard of 36″ fabric with without nap, size 4. Contrast band requires ⅞ of a yard of 36″ fabric with/without nap, size 4. Ruffling used at neckline and on dress requires 2 yards.

BUTTERICK PATTERN NO. 4916: Child's dress, hat and bloomers in sizes 2–6. $.60. Dress requires 2¾ yards of 36″ fabric with/without nap in size 4. Collar edged with 2¾ yards of ½-in. lace. We added 1 extra yard for the long "flower girl" version.

BUTTERICK PATTERN NO. 4727: Child's pantdress sizes 2–6. $.60. Dress requires 1½ yards of 36″ fabric with/without nap, size 4. Embroidered daisies require 1¼ yards at neck and cuffs; 1-inch satin ribbon used for bow at neck.

BUTTERICK PATTERN NO. 4751: Child's dress in sizes 4-12. $.50. Dress requires 2⅞ yards of 36″ fabric with/without nap in size 8. Extra yardage is needed for bias bows, yoke and hemband.

BUTTERICK PATTERN NO. 4807: Child's dress in sizes 2–6. $.50. Dress requires 1⅝ yards of 36″ fabric with/without nap, size 4. Scalloped hem made with the "Instant Scallop Maker" by Traum.

BUTTERICK PATTERN NO. 4832: Misses' dress sizes 8–16. $.75. Long dress requires 4½ yards of 40″ fabric with/without nap, size 12. **COVER DRESS** (also bride on page 92) is made of 42″ cotton organdy and lace by Record Lace. The fabric is available at B. Altman in New York City. To make the Victorian neckline shown in the picture (instead of the collar) cut a strip 19″ one width of the embroidery plus one row of lace and attach to the neckline as shown in sketch.

Buy Butterick Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. 630, Altoona, Pa.* Also available in Canada. *Calif. and Pa. residents add sales tax.

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May,

Look at the salads you can make easily with Kraft Miniature Marshmallows!

They're Jet-Puffed so they stay soft and blend smoothly into any recipe.



See *Kraft Music Hall*, Wednesday Nights, NBC-TV

BRISTOL MALLOW MOLD

A dramatic flavor combination made to order for entertaini ahead dessert-salad.

2 3-oz. pkgs. orange flavored gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1 10-oz. bottle ginger ale
1½ cups orange sections
½ cup green grapes, h
2 cups Kraft Miniature
1 cup dairy sour cream
⅓ cup chopped pecan

Dissolve orange gelatin in boiling water; add ginger ale. Ch thickened. Fold in fruit. Pour into 9″ tube pan. Chill until Combine marshmallows and sour cream. Spoon on top of mo nuts. 8 servings. Variation: Pour into 9″ square pan.



ournal Shopping Center

RTIME'S ELEGANT DINNER

Hibachi, $3, from Miya Co., Inc., 373 Park N.Y.C.
Camphorwood *table*, 20" x 20" x 8" h., matte-finished lacquer *table*, 18" x 28" x), from Miya Co., Inc., *Tablecloth* made ysanthemum pattern 36" w. green Kimona d, from Far Eastern Fabrics*.
decorators.
Wooden pickled food *bucket*, 15" dia., 13" from Katagiri, 224 E. 59th St., N.Y.C. 's "Florescence" pattern *paper cups* with kg. of 8, 49¢.
Hallmark's "Florescence" pattern scal- dia. *plate*, pkg. of 8, 59¢; 11½" paper ea.; 7" paper *bowl*, 20¢ ea.; 8-oz. plastic box of 8, $1.39; paper *napkins*, pkg. of Mastercraft's Thermaline *salad bowl* in riglas, 21" dia., $15.50, from Hammacher er, 145 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Bright pink napkins and flatware, $2.98; bamboo *flat-* e, fork and spoon set, 39¢; stacked lacquer " dia., $1.25 ea. with cover; natural wicker ed purple) letter *basket*, 15½" x 11" x 3", d 6" dia. *basket*, 49¢; and doub'e *Hiba hi*, x 7" h., $9.95, are all from Azuma.

RE THE MERRIER

Golf *umbrellas*, 45" dia., **$12.50**, and beach 54" dia., $15., custom made (client sup- ic) by Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, 110 St., N.Y.C. Bloomcraft fabrics covering ; left to right, "Enchanted Field," "Fes- " and "Glory," all 54" wide cotton treated chgard, approx. $3.25 yd. Lees' topside tdoor *carpet*, $5.95 sq. yd.
Stevens' Beauti-Blend cotton flat twin "Posies" pattern, $6.79 ea., and canary- id, $5.80 ea.
West Virginia Glass Specialties' 14-pc. (260-oz. footed bowl, 6-oz. punch cups ladle), $20. Scott's paper *placemats*, pkg. . Plastic *drinkware*: old-fashioneds, pkg. ; footed on-the-rocks, pkg. of 10, $1; e goblets, pkg. of 6, 98¢; and iced bev- blers, pkg. of 8, 98¢, all from Dennison's zaar, 390 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. "Tempo" *on-Tact* (covering table cut from corru- on), 49¢ yd. Oval sterling *tray*, 10" x 5", Norsk, 114 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Fostoria's pattern *goblets*, $5.25 ea. California Hand- awberry pattern *napkins*, treated with on Soil Release Scotchgard, $1 ea.
Fieldcrest's "Now Group" gingham twin, $5.99. Mirro's 22-cup "Party Perk" r, $15.95. Ronson's "Table Chef" *warmer*, homas' ABC Collection: stainless *flat-* , place setting, $9.95; white *dinnerware*, e setting, $8.50; white flameproof cook- , $10.50, $12.80 and $14.30, and *platters*, $7.75. Rosenthal's "Romance II" cham- lets, $7 ea.

UNDER THE STARS

Burlington's "Caper" pattern Never- n percale *sheet*, flat twin, $6.50. Kimberly- per dinner *napkins*, pkg. of 50, in Persian in turquoise, 29¢. Rosenthal's crystal *ndleholders*, set of 3, $27. White bamboo pattern earthenware cache *pots*, 5½" dia., $5.95, and 7" dia., $12.50; oblong *planter*, 6½" x 9" x 5" h., $15.; oval *planter*, 7½" x 13", $20.; Limoges *baking dish*, 8" x 14", $14; octagonal *plates*, $3.50 ea.; "Iridescent" pattern crystal *shrimp set*, $6.95 ea.; "Queen Anne" silver-plated *flatware*, 6-pc. place setting, $17; white earthenware *jugs*, $25, and "Wonderful" pattern *goblets* in basket, $2.75 ea., are all from The Mayhew Shop, 603 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Crystal *wine cooler* with its own *decanter*, $26 ppd. from Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N.Y.C.

ALL ABOARD FOR AN OFFSHORE PARTY

Page 86: The Kendall Co.'s disposable *sheet* and *pillowcase* set, $2.95. Blue and white canvas *"Boat Toter,"* $8.50, and Whale chart *weights* and *rack*, $10.95., from The Crow's Nest (at Abercrombie & Fitch), 360 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Marathon's "Gayla" pattern white paper *napkins*, pkg. of 50, 29¢.

Page 87: Hedwin's blue vinyl *"MaTray,"* $1.98. Reynolds Metals' compartmented *tray*, 39¢. Warmel's plastic *flatware*, pkg. of 12, 59¢. Stotter's frosted plastic *tumblers*, 75¢. Hamilton Skotch "Pace-O'Matic" beverage *dispenser*, $5.95, and "Pacer Family Pak" *chest* with *dispenser*, $16.95. Bremer Mfg. Co's Sea Swing Gimbal *stove*, $19.95. W. H. Burnham's *Aqua Bar-B-Que*," $29.95. Dixie *paper cup dispenser*, 89¢. West Bend's "Thermo-Serv" buffet *server*, $24.95. Rubbermaid's utility *scoop*, $1.98. Fish-shaped plastic *plate holders*, 49¢ ea., from Azuma. Lily-Tulip's "Burlap" design and plastic-coated "Roman Stripe" *paper plates*, and Papermaid's "Plaid" design *paper plates*, pkg. of 60, under $1. Roy-O-Pak individual covered *bowls*, 6 for 49¢.

Page 88: All plastic *containers* by Tupperware, 85¢ to $4.98.

SUMMER LIGHTS

Page 91: Westinghouse Infra-red *Patio Heater*, $50, bulb, $7.50. Kim Lighting's "Birdhouse" *down light*, $40.50, and *spread lights* for paths, $19.50 and $40.50 in copper/bronze verde finish. General Electric *bulb* for bullet-type fixture, under $2. Handy *floodlight*, $2.95, for ground or wall use, and Indoor-Outdoor *Merry Midget Lights*, $3.50 for 20-light set. Union Carbide's 6-12 Insect Repellent in *towelette* form, $1.98 per box. Blaze mobile *Patio Warmer*, $39.95.

THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY

Page 93: Westmoreland's "Panel Grape" milk glass *cake stand*, $8.95, and "Ashburton" *cake stands* in crystal and Bermuda blue, $9.95 ea. Rosenthal's "Piemonte" pattern *platter*, 12" dia., $11, and serving *spoon* in "Linear" silver *plate* (5-pc. place setting, $22).

Page 94: Topiary *trees*, 24" h., $20 to $25, and 12" h., $10 to $12.50 (heights are approximate), from F.T.D. Florists. Rosenthal's "Piemonte" pattern *china*, $19.95*. Wm. Ewart's green Irish linen *tablecloth*, 90" round, $22.98. Wedgwood's "Medina" pattern *china*, $35.* Gorham's "Hispaña" sterling *flatware*, $64.25*. Fostoria's "First Love" crystal *goblet* and *wine*, $7.50 ea. Brown Irish linen damask *napkin* with hemstitched border, $1.50. Printed linen *tablecloth* in "Plumas" pattern, 70" round, $60, from Porthault Linens, 55 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Oxford's "Golden Glen" pattern *china*, $1.95*. International's "DuBarry" sterling *flatware*, $77.50*. Lenox Crystal's "Starfire" *goblet* and *wine*, $6.25 ea. White Irish linen damask dinner *napkin*, $2.50. Printed linen *tablecloth* in "Les Pensées" pattern, 70" round, $60, from Porthault Linens. Francisca's "Monaco" pattern *china*, $32.95*. Lunt's "Rapallo" sterling *flatware*, $58.50*. Lenox Crystal's "Manor" *goblet* and *wine*, $6.65 ea. Gold-colored satin band Irish linen damask *napkin*, $1.50. Printed linen *tablecloth* in "Nasturtiums" pattern, 70" round, $60, from Porthault Linens. *A 5-pc. place setting.

Page 95: Fieldcrest's "Kaleidoscope" cotton beach *towel* in black and Spanish straw, 36" x 72", $8.49, and Royal Velvet fingertip *towel* in Canary yellow, 89¢. Allied Chemical's "Lagoon" pattern plastic *dinnerware*, 45-pc. service for 8, $29.95, and Krystalite frosted plastic *tumblers*, 39¢ ea. Stanley Roberts' "Del Sol" stainless *flatware* with yellow ebony handles, 50-pc. service for 8, $30. Langbein's terra cotta color nylon *flowerpots*, 3⅜" dia. x 4" h., 80¢ ea. from Kropotkin, 183 Elm St., New Canaan, Conn. Drexel's "Country Manor" Semanier (7-drawer *lingerie chest*) in Persimmon veneer on Pecan solids, 24" w. x 17" d. x 48" h., $250, from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. & 59th St., N.Y.C. Visible in drawers: Sopp's "Lemon Slice" *coasters*, set of 6, $1. Braidwater's printed and embroidered Belgian linen *placemats*, set of 4 with 4 napkins, $6 to $15. International's silver-plated "Chadwick" double *vegetable dish*, $20, and "Chippendale" *ashtrays*, set of 2, $5, in drawer lined with tarnish preventive Pacinc *Silver Cloth*, 32" w., $2.75 yd. Kroehler's steel and glass *cocktail table* from the In Group, 36" x 36" x 15" h., $98. Fostoria's 10" crystal *plates*, $4.25 ea., and "Venus" *goblets* and *wines*, $5.25 ea. Gorham's "Gossamer sterling *flatware*, 5-pc. place setting, $59. Pig-shaped clear crystal *flasks*, $12.50 ea., from Norsk. Cannon's "Meadow Blossoms" *sheet* in Venetian green, no-iron percale, flat twin, $6. Syracuse's "Harvest Gold" Carefree *China*, 16-pc. set; $35.95. International's "American Rose" stainless *flatware*, 5-pc. place setting, $8.95. Libbey's "Gold Sonnet" *tumblers*, set of 4, $1. Scott's "Viva" paper dinner *napkins*, pkg. of 50, 29¢. Ethan Allen Colonial stackable *stools*, nutmeg-finished hardwood with yellow, red or black vinyl cushion, 17" x 17" x 8½" h., $17.50 ea. Westmoreland's "Ashburton Ruby" *goblet* (holding Hyacinth bulb), and wine (holding tulips), $2.50 ea. Silver City Glass Co.'s "Helena" *goblet* (holding cornflowers), $2.75. Quail *salt and pepper shakers* in white bone china, 80¢ pr. Magnor crystal *compotes*, 7⅜" (holding Narcissus), $18.50, and 6" (holding Crocus), $15, from Norsk.

GIFTS FOR BRIDAL SHOWERS

Page 96: Hamilton Beach Electric *knife*, $24.95. West Bend *"Griddle 'n Server,"* $28.95. The Hoover Co.'s electric skillet with *warming tray*, $27.95. Presto Instant *coffee/tea brewer*, $11.95, and "Decor Cover" *coffeemaker*, $25.95. Black Angus "Golden Chef" *broiler* (bake oven, rotisserie), $89.95. Ronson *Ice Crusher*, $24.95. Hobart Mfg. Co.'s "KitchenAid" *coffee mill*, $24.95, and "KitchenAid" *mixer*, $124.50. Oster 8-speed *blender*, under $53, Corning's 16" immersible Electromatic *platter*, $19.95. Mirro-Matic electric *casserole*, $21.95. Rival "Click 'n Clean" electric *can opener*, $17.95. Toastmaster rectangular *Waffle Baker*, $23.50. Iona 12-speed solid state *Portable Mixer*, $21.95. Sunbeam Thinline *Toaster*, $27.95. Kimberly-Clark shelf papers and Marvalon used to wrap gift packages.

Page 99: Rubbermaid *dishrack*, $1.98 and *spatulas*, set of 3, 98¢. Environmental Ceramic's blue pottery *casserole*, $18.50. Copco [illegible] Allied Chemical's blue [illegible] $4.95. Foley *flour* [illegible] Server *3-bowl set*, $5.95. Wagner Mfg. Co.'s Whitehouse line [illegible] *pan*, $1.79, *pie plate* $1.59, [illegible] *cake pan*, $1.59 and *cookie sheet* $2.19. Mirro square cake pan, $3.79, and square [illegible] Caspercraft *Rack* for kitchen [illegible] Ekco "Classic Line" Kitchen Tools [illegible] steel, $19.95 set. Regal Ware [illegible] Sterno red *coffeepot*, $7.98. Corning [illegible] in Daisy and verde pattern, [illegible] and Foley *rolling pin*, $2.98. [illegible] ramic's white egg *salt and pepper* [illegible] Corning Pyrex *measuring pitcher* [illegible] covered bowls, $5.95. Copco wooden [illegible] *canisters*, set $12. Gemco-Ware "Pantry Pals" [illegible] *pepper, vinegar and oil containers*, under $1 ea. Revere copper *casserole* with brass handles, from the Paul Revere Limited Edition, $18. Wear-Ever Dutch Oven, 5 qt., $10.95, and covered saucepan, 1½-qt., $6.95, with mink-colored lids. Schiller & Asmus chocolate *fondue set*, $19.95. Corning 10" round avocado color *skillet*, $10.95. Club Aluminum avocado green, Tempo *Dutch oven*, 5-qt., $15.95. Ekco *skillet* with cover, $9.95. Columbia Enameling and Stamping Co. "Chateau" pattern covered *casserole*, 3-qt., $11. Westclox *timer-thermometer*, $5.98. *Basket*, $3.98, from Round the World Baskets. General Electric "Eternalum" *coffeemaker*, $21.98. Norjac Mfg. Co's "Warm-All Basket" *bun warmer*, $9.95. Revere "Eternalum" Autumn Leaves *warming tray*, lg., $29.95.

HAVE A LOVELY SUMMER LUNCHEON

Page 100: Pepperell's "Paisley" pattern dacron and cotton *sheet*, $6.79*. Oneida's "Madrid" pattern Melamine *dinnerware*, 45-pc. service for 8, $34.95; "Paul Revere" Community stainless *flatware*, 5-pc place setting, $8.95, and "Colonial Suite" silver-plated 15" round *tray*, $27.50, 20" oval *tray*, $55, and well and tree *platter*, $30. Scott's "Viva" paper *napkins*, pkg. of 50, 29¢ Imperial's "Diamond Optic" Skanda *goblet*, $2.75 ea. Cannon's "Modern Mood" striped *sheets* of polyester and cotton, $6.50* Springs Mills' solid color Wondercale *sheets* of kodel and cotton, $5.50*. Wamsutta's blue "Daisy Fair" cotton sheet, $4.50*, and pink "Petite Jardin" *sheet* of polyester and cotton, $7*. Deco's "Helianthus" floral and "Electra" check paper *plates*, pkg. of 25, $1.75. Stotter frosted plastic *tumblers*, 75¢ ea.
*Flat twin.

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

Page 106: Folding *table* with steel top, aluminum legs, 72" x 30" x 29" h., open, $12.69; Anchor Hocking's "Soreno" glass *dinnerware* in textured avocado, service for 8, $11.66; "Lagos" pattern stainless *flatware*, 50-pc. set, $9.99; and Dan River's cotton *gingham* (to make tablecloths and napkins), 36" w., 64¢ yd., are all from Sears, Roebuck. "Hamper-in-the-Round" containing 4 cardboard *lunch boxes*, $5.98 set, from Azuma.

Page115: Victrylite Candle Co.'s Cottage *Lanterns*, $4 ea., 9-branch *candelabra*, $10. and Paragon 10" *"Tiny Tapers,"* $1.25 doz. Federal's "Drum" on-the-rocks *tumbler*, set of 8, $3.49. Laveno's, "Drums" pattern *earthenware*, 5-pc. place setting, $15. Hamilton-Skotch Jolly Foam 1 gal. picnic *jug* with shoulder spout, $1.79. Dixie *paper cup dispenser*, 89¢. Leacock's *napkins* in red and blue Belgian linen with soil-release finish, 52" x 52", 80¢ ea. Blue-and-white-checked cotton *tablecloth fabric*, 58" w., $1.98 yd., from Bloomingdale's.



STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW MOLD

Lovely and luscious. A shimmering salad mold beautiful enough to double as dessert.

1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries
1½ cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows

Dissolve strawberry gelatin in water. Add strawberries; stir until fruit separates and mixture thickens. Fold in marshmallows. Pour into 1-quart mold; chill until firm. 4 to 6 servings.

MARSHMALLOW WALDORF SALAD

Colorful and, oh, so captivating! This delicious favorite can make wonderful things happen to springtime suppers.

3 cups cubed apples
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup Kraft Miniature Marshmallows
1 cup sliced celery
¼ cup chopped walnuts
Kraft Mayonnaise
Lettuce

Sprinkle apples with lemon juice. Add marshmallows, celery, nuts and enough mayonnaise to moisten; toss lightly. Serve on lettuce.
4 to 6 servings.

APPLE-MARSHMALLOW SLAW

a delightful, creamy variation ll-American salad classic.

shredded cabbage
Kraft Miniature Marshmallows
pineapple tidbits
Coleslaw Dressing

ne cabbage, marshmallows, pineapple ough dressing to moisten; toss lightly. ervings.

continued from page 72

think he is being traitorous. I disagree. By trying to save his country from itself, he is making a patriotic statement. He is not creating anarchy. Anarchy does not occur because people stand up and say: 'We cannot fight or follow.' Anarchy occurs when the government either ignores its citizens' protests or acts as if paying attention but does not.

"Ben feels the President has betrayed those who supported him in the last election. My father's standards can be unrealistically high. He expects much from people. Unless he tempers this with realism, he experiences disappointment. It seems to me you can disagree with Johnson, but after the election he may have found himself having to escalate the war. That doesn't make him Machiavelli.

"Why aren't I out there marching with Ben? That's a very real question. I ask myself: 'Is circulating nominating petitions for Eugene McCarthy enough?' The Joe McCarthy period was during my adolescence, when, normally, a young man makes his wild stand. That made me circumspect, and I never did make my wild stand. In the late 1950's I was ten demonstrate in a peac at Dayton's Wright-P Air Force Base. Judy decided against it. T before Ben's activist and we were afraid of rassing him.

"Our children kno Ben's doing. We will p take them to part of t It is an important e their lives. They mu separated. Judy and I perturbed. She feel should the war worse of us who have eithe with my father or beh might be judged tra Congress formally d war. My answer to he if you are too distress these concerns now, i you from doing anyth worst could happen. I if he is branded a tra father would conti stand."

* * *

"My responsibilitie American? Every A has a hard time makin mind! I was crushed too young for World Later, because of my analysis, I was listed a the time of the Korea was married and had suppose if Vietnam ge bad, I'll be called up. feeling the draft is bet a professional standin I imagine if I went foot soldier."

* * *

"The Nuremberg t the strongest moral de have as a nation, but likely they'll carry weight in court. W demned those Nazis questioning the immo their orders. Today, you resolve your pers liefs against what you your country's wrong verdict for my father i it will be appealed. Se will depend much on t of the country. We do there is a strong possi jail. But even if this l Ben won't waste av will write. My mothe contained or strong, it very difficult."

* * *

"Am I letting my as Michael Spock, Dr. son, stand in the wa beliefs? I really don't kn the question who should what now is not only r lem but the entire cou

* * *

"I am grateful to m for having established cut set of moral prin which to deal with pe to live. This is wha him for in his Vietnam I sincerely feel he is d right thing. And if agree with him, I wo be proud that, despi personal risk, he spo for his beliefs. I woul have his courage."



a comfortable, L-shaped white frame house in Hickory , a modern suburban development in Grand Blanc, Mich., oard of directors of the R.O. Hayes Foundation is about old an important meeting—as soon as the R.O. Hayes y has finished dessert.

harlotte Hayes, vice president, treasurer and secretary of oundation, clears the table and loads the dishwasher with elp of Bobby Jr., age 11½, and Nancy, 8½. The foun- n's tall, blue-eyed president and executive director—R.O. s himself, age 40—stands by struggling to control an tient frown, then spreads a sheaf of official-looking papers the round oak table. He is wearing Hayes executive attire: ortable gray slacks, red cardigan sweater, white shirt, no tie. Let's get to work," the president announces abruptly to ife. "It's time for our board meeting . . . remember?"

Mrs. Hayes nods agreement and removes her apron, looking trim, pretty and somewhat more businesslike in a white turtleneck blouse and green wool skirt. "Go to your rooms and do your homework now," she tells the children, and then heads for the foundation's central office: her bedroom. Seating herself at the desk, she picks up the black business telephone and dials a number in Wheaton, Ill. Her husband picks up the extension phone in the kitchen.

"Hi, Dad," he greets the male voice on the other end. "This is Bob. The foundation is ready for the meeting. Is Mom there?"

"Yes, she is, son," replies his father, Robert D. Hayes. "She's getting on the other phone now."

When all four are on the phones together, and after the health of each, and of the Hayes children, has been accounted for, Bob Hayes says, "I am now *(continued on page 134)*





R.O. Hayes Foundation officers confer (far left) at dining table. When President Bob calls a meeting, Vice President Charlotte takes off her apron.

For big decisions, the foundation calls all *the directors. "Hi, Mom and Dad," Bob begins . . .*



Charlotte finds running a foundation makes her a better household manager. "Every dollar counts," she says.



Bob quit a good job to become full-time director of his foundation. The couple started it with $25.



The foundation pays all repair bills for the Hayeses' comfortable white frame house—its headquarters.

Photographs by Archie Lieberman

Like fashion, beauty is never at a standstill. There's always something new to try—eye makeup, lipstick, another way to wear your hair—anything that will give you a marvelous fresh perspective on your l and a sense of nowness. The five young women here (shown as they looked in '67, as they look now) have made big diffe with little changes—some of which may be exactly right for you this summer. By Susan Harney, Beauty Editor.

67/68



Curls are heading your way.

Chris O'Neal switches from last year's straight hair to this year's curly coif (right)

Chris is chief for her hu Michael O' Ginger Man resta near New Lincoln C

She p the quickest with a curly wig alternatives: se with slim roller pin curls wound in direction—forw or a tousle-y perma

Permanently curl real hair by L

67/68



Eye makeup is softer, more romantic.

Sylvia Poscano is one of many women who've taken to this new eye softness.

Sylvia's a stylist f Bill Helburn, a favori *Journal* photographe

The softer influence: us *only* masc instead false eyelash in place of ha eyeliners Twiggies, a smudgy line dark gray pe along upper lower lids gray eyeshad

New message on lips: the darker color fruit-berry lipsticks.

67/68

For this story, we turned the tables on Kathy: researched one of our own researchers.

Kathy Agnoli prefers the look of this year's fruit-berry stain lipsticks (right) to the pales of yesteryear.

Lipsticks as dark as a fruit-berry stain turn light after you blot away excess, rub in well with finger, then slick over with lip gloss.



67/68

Eyebrows go lighter.

nemarie Blackman
ightened
yebrows
t) for a softer
ll effect.
o helps
up her
er lipstick.

Jeannemarie's a wife, mother and fashion designer for "Doodles," a junior-sportswear house.

For the effect she achieved, try one of the new brow-lighteners. Goes on with a brush.



67/68

traight hair goes into curls and waves.

Churi's full-time job: taking care of her baby.

uri Perkin loved
aight hair last year,
s year she craves curls.

To get curls high and new-looking, tease each individual curl at the base (not higher). This way, teasing doesn't show, curls stand up firmly.





Mary hated to leave for school. She had begun to feel she was watching over Jason, in a way, like a mother.

Who Would Want a Little Boy?

n had ridden in a helicopter, n snails, sung on the o. "I don't need any mothers," id. But he did need a mother, a sister, too. By ANNE TYLER

Mary was at school when Jason came, and missed seeing who had brought him or what he had said to her family first. If she had known to expect him she might have stayed home, since her mother believed that eight-year-olds caught everything and should be allowed to stay in bed even if all they had was a funny feeling all over. But she hadn't known. She even asked her brother one day, a long time after that, "Did anybody tell us Jason was coming?" Billy said they hadn't, but he was younger and forgot everything. So halfway she believed that Jason was a surprise, something planned at midnight when she and Billy were asleep, and halfway she believed that they had been told, because their mother always let them know if something important was happening. Yet, if that was so she mustn't have been listening, because all she knew was that one day she came home and there was Jason, and he had come without her being there to see it.

He was sitting on the couch, wearing a blue snowsuit and a round blue hat that snapped under his chin and had a button on top. Opposite him sat Billy, rocking wildly in a child's split-bottomed rocker. If you looked just at Billy you would think there was no one else in the room with him, and if you looked at the other little boy you would think the same thing. He was five maybe, but small, so that his feet stuck straight out in front of him on the couch. The soles of his shoes faced Mary; she could see the blue elastic straps of his snowsuit that went under each instep. But what she noticed most was his fingernails. He had his hands spread palms-down on his knees, and he was studying ten tiny squares of adhesive tape that were plastered to his fingernails. They made him look wounded. When she stepped closer, so as to see, he didn't even look up but went on with his study. "Hi," she said.

"Hi," said Billy, and stopped rocking.

"I wasn't talking to you."

"This kid is Jason. When I got back from kindergarten Mama was just cleaning the house for him. Then he came."

"Who brought him?" Mary asked.

"A woman. She left him here."

"I see," said Mary, but already, even then, she was wondering more about it than Billy could tell her. She was wondering if Jason had walked in himself, and had said hello when spoken to, and how he had come to be sitting there so neatly with his feet sticking out as if someone had set him there and told him not to move. "Did he come in a car?" she asked.

"I don't know. I had to pick up all the mess in our room, mine and yours both."

"Did you come in a car?" she asked Jason.

Jason went on studying his fingernails.

"He don't say much," said Billy.

"Well."

She went on out to the kitchen, still carrying her reader and trailing her scarf from one hand. Her mother was at the stove, frying onions for the stew. She threw a look at Mary over one shoulder and then said, "Hi," and pointed with her chin toward the cookies on the table. "Did you meet Jason?" she asked.

"Yes."

Illustration by Mark English

"He's coming to stay with us. I want you to be nice to him, now; he's just Billy's age, but Billy's kind of rough sometimes."

"How long's he going to stay?" Mary asked.

"Well, always, I hope. It depends on his mother."

She took the onions off the stove and dumped them into a casserole, and Mary watched her while she chewed her cookie.

"What happened to his fingernails?" she asked.

"That's to keep him from biting them," said Billy. He had come to stand in the doorway, and he was dragging the split-bottomed rocker along with him. If there was one thing Billy hated it was other children sitting in his rocker.

Mary looked at her mother, and her mother nodded. "He bites his fingernails," she said.

"Who would make him wear bandages?"

"His mother did that. Mrs. Schmidt. She thought it might stop him."

"What's her first name?" asked Billy.

"Oh . . . I don't remember that. Why do you always have to know?"

"Elizabeth? Esmerelda?"

"No. Wait a minute." She stopped, in the middle of flouring the meat, and thought a minute. "Sophie," she said finally. "Billy, take that rocker back. It won't hurt the thing for Jason to sit in it a while."

"It'll hurt *me*," said Billy. But he took it anyway, and Mary followed him out.

Jason was still sitting on the couch, but he had stopped looking at his fingernails and was examining the soles of his shoes now. He laid one foot in his lap and snapped the elastic snowsuit strap, and then he set it down and did the same thing with the other foot. When the children came in he didn't stop what he was doing, or even look up. "Do you want to take your coat off?" Mary asked him.

"Mama's already tried that," said Billy. He set the rocker down and then sat in it immediately, leaving no one any time to slide in before him. "She's asked him four times."

"It's hot in here, Jason. Aren't you hot?"

Jason shook his head. Even when Mary shucked off her own coat and then ruffled out the skirt of her plaid school dress and made a blowing sound to show how glad she was to be cool, Jason sat stolidly in his snowsuit, which was so thick that the act of putting his foot in his lap made him grunt and gave him the look of a fat little barrel. "Oh, well," Mary said. She sat down on the couch, too, but at a little distance.

For maybe five minutes no one said anything more. Then Billy frowned, getting ready, and after a minute he rocked forward sharply. "Your mother's name is Soapy," he told Jason.

"Sophie," Mary said.

"Sophie, then."

Jason looked up.

"Your mother's name is Sophie and you bite your fingernails."

"I do not," said Jason.

His voice had a croaky, rusted sound, as if it were not used very often. That made what he said seem important, and after those three words there was a special silence in the room. But he didn't speak again, and after a while Billy went on rocking.

When supper was in the oven their mother came out to sit in the living room. By then Billy had gone by degrees toward the door of his and Mary's bedroom, taking the rocker with him, and now he sat halfway in the living room and halfway in the bedroom, leaning down from his *(continued on page 156)*

NO MORE TAXES FOR BOB HAYES (WELL, PRACTICALLY)

continued from page 129

calling the meeting to order. Charlotte will read the minutes of our last meeting."

His wife does so, then he says, "In view of the increasing activity of the R. O. Hayes Foundation, we think the foundation ought to consider purchasing a new car to facilitate its operation."

"How are the foundation's funds?" asks Dad Hayes.

Charlotte reports that they are reasonably healthy, and gives a fast rundown of the financial statement.

"Well, I'll vote for a new car," chuckles Mom Hayes, "if the foundation will let me choose the color."

They all laugh, and agree that she can have that privilege. Then Bob asks, "Will someone make a motion that an automobile be purchased?"

"I will," replies Charlotte, "but not for all cash. I suggest that the foundation withhold $500 of the purchase price and take a six-month bank note for that amount, to establish credit in the community."

"An excellent idea," agrees Dad Hayes.

"I second the motion," says Mom Hayes.

"All in favor, say aye," breaks in Bob. All "aye" agreement, and he announces, "The motion is carried unanimously. Are there any other points of business?"

"Kiss the kids for me," says Mom Hayes. With that, the meeting is adjourned and they all say good night.

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Give yourself the best...beauty care products to keep you looking and feeling your loveliest! Hair freshly set and glowing...a marvelous manicure and pedicure...and you, radiantly relaxed. For tip-to-toe beauty, look to General Electric.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602



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The Handbag Hair Dryer! Holds smart bouffant bonnet with elasticized reaching top. 3 heats, plus cool. Adjusts to any head size. Blue or beige with gold-color flower pattern.



Manicure-Pedicure Set. Light, contoured power handle. 5 snap-on attachments shape, buff nails, gently care for cuticles, smooth calluses. Lovely compact storage case.



Hand Massager relaxes muscles, relieves tension! Fits on the back of the hand for soothing vibration and manipulation through hand and fingers. Compact and comfortable.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Furnishings and Appliances . . . 30
Telephone 15
Charity and Religious
Contributions 50
Life Insurance ($50,000) 100
Family Hospitalization 40
Sickness and Accident Insurance 20
Retirement Plan (Investments) . 50
Professional Literature . . . 10
Savings (Educational Funds) . . 17

Automobile Loan Payments . . . 100
Car Maintenance 50
Car Insurance 30
TOTAL: $740

Personal Expenses—Taxed Income (from Salary)
Beauty and Barber Shops . . . 25
Laundry and Dry Cleaning . . . 10
Medical (Beyond Hospitalization) 12
Newspapers, Magazines, Books,
Records 10

Clothing 45
Food 200
Entertainment, Recreation, Misc. . 40
INCOME TAX WITHHELD . . 15
TOTAL: $357

NOTE: Social Security is usually optional to employees of nonprofit foundations, and generally necessary.

Under the setup of ordinary taxpayers, this family pays $193 a month *(continued)*



This new product will become as essential to you as your other deodorant.



FDS* *(Feminine Deodorant Spray)* is a welcome new addition to the world of feminine freshness. A very personal deodorant. Formulated especially for the external vaginal area. A pleasant aerosol mist to use daily... just as you do your underarm deodorant. Effective even on special days. FDS... there's never been anything like it.

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in income taxes. But with the marvelous money machine of the Instant Foundation, this lamentable drain on family finances is magically reduced to $15 per month. Houdini never produced a handsomer windfall: the hard-working head of the Foundation family now has to earn only $357 a month (or $4,284 a year) to provide his family with the same standard of living that they enjoyed while he earned $1,250 a month. He can generously double his contributions to charity; make a modest but polite gesture to the tax collector and still have $153 a month (or $1,836 a year) for "research" or "education."

To hear Hayes tell it, it's all so effortless:

The breadwinner's earnings—from his job or from his own business—are simply paid to his foundation, and his foundation may now own or rent his house and his car and be his insurance beneficiary. (In Bob Hayes's case, the foundation pays household maintenance and repair costs, in return for using his home as its headquarters.) The family directors of the foundation continue to control all, and the breadwinner draws a small salary, which is taxable, for his services.

"Repulsive!"

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes maintain that this kind of setup involves nothing more than an exercise of every American family's constitutional right to pay as little income tax as they can, without stepping outside the law. Hayes is fond of quoting a 1934 opinion of the late U. S. Appeals Court Judge Learned Hand: "Anyone may arrange his affairs so that his taxes shall be as low as possible."

Among those who think that Judge Hand was not talking about anything like the Hayes plan is Congressman Wright Patman of Texas, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Foundations, who calls the principle of the family foundation "repulsive," and says that if it were allowed to go unchecked it would lead to a "nightmare" for government and a "crushing burden of extra taxes on those who believe that good citizenship includes the payment of taxes, and who do not try to dodge their responsibilities."

Patman's committee has been amassing detailed information on foundations, from the multimillion-dollar variety to the "backyard" kind. But whatever new laws are passed, the Congressman warns that, even now, "A foundation is always in danger of being declared illegal. If an individual forms one and puts his property into it, he might eventually have trouble getting his property out of it!"

But Bob Hayes prefers to see himself as the champion of the downtrodden middle class. He says: "Every state has laws that make possible the establishment of a nonprofit, tax-exempt foundation, but generally only the very rich know about them. The privately controlled wealth in this country is more than a trillion and a half dollars," he adds, pausing dramatically, "and some 90 percent of it is controlled by about 100,000 nonprofit enterprises that are very much like mine, only bigger.

"What people find hard to believe is that you don't have to be wealthy to have a family foundation. Charlotte and I did it for just $25—and that included $20 for a state charter as well as a $5 contribution to fund the foundation!"

And how, he asks, could kindly Uncle Sam possibly object? "After all, avoiding taxes is not the purpose of our enterprise—it is only one of the benefits!" Hayes is, to be sure, in the same boat as any other taxpayer, if the IRS chooses not to believe this claim. The burden of proof rests squarely and heavily upon him.

Under the law, the *main purpose* of a nonprofit foundation must be to make a contribution for the benefit of mankind in at least one of these categories: scientific, educational, charitable, literary, religious, testing for public safety, or the prevention of cruelty to children or animals. Bob Hayes maintains that *his* foundation qualifies beyond a shadow of a T-man's doubt. Last year the Hayeses gave only $2 each to such campaigns as Easter Seals and the Muscular Dystrophy Association, with their largest donation ($750) going to the Philippa Schuyler Memorial Foundation to assist Vietnamese farmers. But Bob and Charlotte explain that the R.O. Hayes Foundation is *educational*, not charitable.

According to its founding father and mother, their purpose is "to educate and inform people on better ways to manage their personal affairs." In other words, the Hayeses are working to spread the word about Foundation Family living, to urge other average families to join the movement, and to advise and "assist" them, in return for a substantial fee, to set up foundations of their own.

Prospective converts to the foundation way of life start by paying Hayes a fee of $1,050 to attend a three-day seminar for basic training, generally at a big hotel in a major city. A husband and wife may attend these sessions together, to find out exactly what foundation-style living will mean for the whole family. If, after the three days, they're convinced, they can proceed to a full educational course—legal assistance and financial counseling through all the complex and tricky details involved in rearranging their affairs.

The fee for this full-scale service then jumps to $10,500—no, that's not a misprint—from which the initial payment is deducted. These fees are, essentially, the source of the R.O. Hayes Foundation's income and working capital. As Bob Hayes says, and on this the tax authorities would agree, the family foundation is far from a simple do-it-yourself enterprise, and anyone who tries it on his own proceeds at his own risk.

Despite Bob Hayes's apparent nonchalance now, the decision to raise his own family on a nonprofit basis didn't come easily to him, either. He had a good job as a field engineer and management training supervisor for one of the major automobile companies, and, like most young breadwinners with growing families, he relied completely on that weekly paycheck, minus the usual deductions. He and Charlotte, married in 1952, were both graduates of the University of Illinois, and Charlotte had continued to work as a home consultant for an interior decorating firm, until Bob Jr. was born in 1956. They were always, as they say, proudly, "money-oriented."

Bob came by that philosophy honestly. He is the son of Robert D. Hayes, a self-made management training expert, himself a pioneer in the "family foundation movement." In 1966 the elder Hayes encouraged Bob and Charlotte to strike out for the foundation frontier, too.

The R.O. Hayes Foundation was chartered in the State of Michigan, but didn't become truly operative until March 3, 1967, when Bob quit his job to become a full-time, salaried executive, employed by the foundation's directors, the Hayes family.

Charlotte admits she felt queasy when it came time for Bob to give up that nice, safe paycheck, along with all the other amenities of a good job—group insurance, pension plan, stock options. "I just wasn't sure the foundation could really support us," she recalls.

The tax man cometh

Then, too, they were aware that there might be some raised eyebrows in their neighborhood. As the first family foundation on the block, they faced the possibility of being taunted as "tax dodgers." And even that wasn't as upsetting as the knowledge that some day, *any* day, that Internal Revenue man could show up.

The decision was to change their life in more ways than even they had expected. Charlotte, as vice president, treasurer and secretary of the foundation, found that, besides her regular chores of keeping house and looking after the children, she was snowed under with official chores: filing detailed expense reports, making business calls, answering letters and attending board-of-directors meetings in person or by phone.

But, despite the work, she feels the change has been both healthy and exciting. "The foundation has increased our communications within the family considerably," she points out. She likes being told by her husband when she brings in his mail, "Go on, open it, that's your job, you're an officer."

She also has become a better household manager, learning to question every expenditure. In the past, if she told Bob she needed a new ironing board, he would simply tell her to go out and buy one. "Now, even a new ironing board has to be discussed as a serious business decision," Charlotte explains. "You know, something happens to you when your family foundation gets the privilege of paying no taxes. It's a big thing to think about—having to make every dollar count."

The Patman committee, convinced that many foundation dollars belong to the Government, wants a special Government agency to keep tabs on all private foundation activities. As Patman says, "We're after them with sharp sticks. They are going to have to do a lot of ziggin' and zaggin'." Whether the Hayeses can keep their setup rolling is clearly a very cloudy question. Yet Bob and Charlotte manage not to worry about it.

"You might say that we are guinea-pigging this notion of family life," says Bob cheerfully. "I know that everyone is watching. But it is already having some very good effect on our kids. Bobby is only 11, but you won't find a young fellow with more knowledge of the value of a dollar!"

Bobby does not get an allowance. Neither does Nancy. They receive wages, for work done. "We want our children to know what it means to have to earn money," says Bob.

The children take turns making their parents' bed for a wage of 25 cents weekly. They must make their own beds without compensation, as part of their family responsibility. Nancy gets 30 cents a week for collecting and emptying the trash; Bobby receives 30 cents for burning it up. Bobby is also paid for mowing the lawn and shoveling such payments may add up to $1 may require half a day's work.

"Some parents might not agr this," says his father, "but Bob receives financial encouragement ing well at school."

The family pays off at grading For every A on Bobby's report collects $2; for every B, $1; every C, a quarter. "He made $6 marking period," says his dad "It was the best report card h brought home."

At first, Charlotte was skeptic financial rewards as incentives f grades, but she is now convinced works.

The youngsters' wages have to do with the family foundation expenses come out of Bob Haye sonal salary as executive direct they consider the whole system tant as part of the foundatio phasis on good family financin kids know," says Bob, "that we different kind of life from their And we feel we've got a marvel to teach them about good practice."

The Hayeses even hope the tion can work out a way to scholarships for their children's educations—presumably as educational contributions.

A pipe dream?

That may sound like the bigg dream of all, but Bob Hayes k an Illinois doctor who formed a foundation that collects his fe vides him with a house, car, in policy, retirement plan *and* edu grants for his children's college The foundation employs him as a "medical administrator," and serves as "assistant medical a trator." The foundation's stat pose? Research and developmen fields of health, education and for the general good. The docto ingly makes his clinical finding able to everyone.

Although the R.O. Hayes tion has been active for only year, Bob says its educational has already provided similar ben many other average families. A for example, has formed a fou that enables him to conduct rese soil improvement and make his available to help other farmer there's an airline pilot with 2 flying experience, whom Bob h set up a family foundation for ing research in air safety.

Bob Hayes's younger brother, now setting up a foundation for ily in New York City to conduc tectural research on restoring la buildings. Tom says, "I could no this interest otherwise, becaus wouldn't have the time to, or b enjoy the economic circumstan would make it possible." He is new ways to reclaim and reno brownstone houses, and hopes his family to such a brownsto base of operations, echoing h brother's contention: "We aren ing taxes. We're contributing nation's welfare."

Will the dream last? Som doesn't seem likely, for as Cong Patman says wryly: "If we let of thing get carried to its logi clusion, why, there'd be nobod pay taxes." Nobody.

e want to wash your face

like it's never been washed before.





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ty Wash cleans like
rinses off like soap.
u feeling scrubbed clean
-but never dries.



Washing cream or lotion



No more gooey
greasy creams.

New Beauty Wash takes off makeup like cream and softens like cream. Smooths and moisturizes—greaselessly.

Pond's Beauty Wash

A whole new way to wash your face beautiful

YOU AND YOUR SLEEP

By BOB GAINES

Snore Cure: Gurgle, wheeze, snort! Wives (or husbands) who must put up with such nightly concertizing from their spouse can take comfort. A group of British physicians have developed several exercises which, they claim, will strengthen the jaw and throat muscles and thus reduce snoring. Try holding a pencil in your teeth for 10 minutes after going to bed. Then press your tongue against the inside of your lower teeth for a few minutes. Now press your fingers against your chin and move your jaw against this pressure for two or three minutes. The doctors report these exercises have appreciably lowered the snore decibel-count—and even eliminated the condition in a few patients.

Dream Time: Where do you go in your dreams? William Offenkrantz, a Chicago psychiatrist who has monitored several hundred dreams, reports that there is a nightly time pattern to dreams. The first dream of the evening is usually staged amid the dreamer's current daytime world, his home, office, neighborhood. Later in the night, frequently after 4 A.M., the dreamer flashes back to his childhood or youth. In the last dreams of the night, he returns to his present surroundings and problems. Dr. Offenkrantz speculates that the dream pattern may represent a natural time progression, and as the dreamer gets farther from the day's events, his mind wanders to meaningful events of the past. The return to the present in the last dreams may represent "an anticipatory time sense"—the readying of the mind for the coming day.

Dream Couples: When they fought (which was often), Annette said that Abe was cold and unloving. With an aloof air, Abe tried to answer Annette analytically, which only enraged her the more. By the time they arrived at the office of Dr. Benjamin Fielding, a New York psychoanalyst, they were barely talking. It was a dream that helped save the marriage.

"I asked them if they had had any dreams the night before," Dr. Fielding recalls, "and Abe replied that he had a dream about having an operation and no one in his family cared. The telling of the dream had the effect I wanted—it drew Annette out of herself and she began to think about Abe and his problems."

Dr. Fielding reports in the *Journal of Psychotherapy and Psychosomatics* that dreams can be used in counseling couples in marital hot water. "Stimulated by a common experience, couples can have dreams on the same night which reveal very specifically the manner in which the psyche of each spouse can rationalize differently the experience. The joint discussion of dreams can be a fruitful contribution to the development of healthier patterns of communication."

I asked Dr. Fielding if he thought happy couples might benefit from morning analysis of their dreams over the breakfast table. "It's quite possible so long as they can communicate with each other and they don't feel threatened by the content of their dreams. Even if they make mistakes in interpreting, the attempt to talk could be beneficial."

The Jerk: I do it. You do it. In the course of falling asleep, everyone twitches violently once or twice. Sleep scientists call this sudden spasm a myoclonic jerk. They are not sure why we do it. In some ways, it is like a small epileptic fit, a minor seizure as the brain shuts down its electrical circuits. It's harmless—except, as one sleep researcher explained to me, "some people jerk so violently they startle or wake up their mates. But that's one of the jolts of marriage."

Creativity: How creative are you? Your dreams may have the answer, says psychologist Joseph Adelson of the University of Michigan. Professor Adelson checked the dreams of two groups of students, one rated as stolid and prosaic and the second rated as imaginative and creative. He drew these conclusions about the dreams of the dozing creative mind: The creative tend to have funnier dreams—17 percent of his creative group's dreams were humorous. Creative people frequently dream of themselves in exou
tions or odd situations, suc
Hollywood movie star, an
explorer. They also tend
other people in their dream
clearly, in contrast to the n
tive whose dream charact
often hazy and indistinct. P
Adelson came up with one
While his noncreative studer
always involved in their dre
percent of the time the
students chose to stand ba
view the events as an obser

Sleepy Driver: It's night.
driving. Your eyes ache, a
struggle to keep them ope
road ahead is a blur of
lights and darkness.

Sleep researchers call thi
tion "hypothalamus exha
which is another way of say
are dead tired. The sleep c
the brain is trying to turn
waking electrical circuitry
can you do to keep awake?

First, stop the car and tal
deep breaths. Try rolling yo
in a circle, three times in or
tion, three times in the
direction. This will send bloo
ing into the brain. Drivin
turn on your car radio and
something loud. Stop fr
for coffee or possibly a pla
cream. The sugar can give y
a physical and psychologi
and the caffeine in the cof
be just the stimulant you r

If none of these works, p
to the side of the road and
a half hour.



Which side of the Angels are you on?

Now only Betty Crocker lets you choose

The Traditional Side . . . for homemade texture

Angel Food with all the open, fluffy-light, melt-in-your-mouth texture of homemade . . . because you beat the egg whites yourself from a separate packet. It's the traditional way to homemade angel goodness.

BETTY CROCKER
TRADITIONAL TWO-STEP
ANGEL FOOD MIX
. . . in the red box.



The No-Fold Side . . . quality with 1-step ease

Angel Food as easy to make as a layer cake. Betty Crocker pre-mixes the egg whites into the other ingredients. Just one beating gives you a high and tasty angel food without folding.

BETTY CROCKER
ONE-STEP
ANGEL FOOD MIX
. . . in the blue box.





Delights

n't have to be a dull rou-
h the wealth of convenient
ailable at the supermarket
especially during the party
rie-watcher deserves a lift
n. That's why we've con-
ush-tasting but low-calorie
uickly made from special
hey're high in flavor, vita-
and fun, but low enough in
ind a place in any diet.

ILLED CHOCOLATE CREAM

young editor we know keeps
lim figure by occasional
ing. But she's a chocolate
oh why don't they make
urt?" she mused. So, like
ie, she set to work experi-
il—eureka!—she invented
asting dessert.

n
rt
colate

2 individual pkgs. powdered artificial sweetener

contents of 1 (8-oz.) carton
, 1 tablespoon diet choco-
d 2 individual pkgs. pow-
al sweetener. Chill very
(136 calories).

H-STYLE

sine dish in the French
med with all sorts of vita-
and other good things.

iced
oom
an

1½ lbs. beef liver (in ½-inch strips)
2 Tb. paprika
¼ cup chopped parsley

iet margarine. Sauté 1 cup
oms until just tender. (Or
can sliced mushrooms,
auté 1 minute.)
ushrooms from pan. Toss
s. beef liver cut in ½-inch
tablespoons paprika. Stir
kly until crisp and brown
t *do not* overcook. (Takes
es.) Stir in ¼ cup chopped
ushrooms. Cook 1 minute
(176 calories per serving).

SE BEEF

iental entrée everyone—
—will love: flank steak,
gus and green beans. And
ell under half an hour.
egetables are sugar-free,
However, omit soy sauce
recipe in a *salt-free* diet.

oil
teak,
d
n

asparagus, drained
1 (8-oz.) can diet-pack cut green beans, drained
2 Tb. soy sauce
1 tsp. ginger

illet, heat ¼ cup peanut
lbs. flank steak, cut in
nutes. Add ¼ cup chopped
5 more minutes. Stir in
an diet-pack asparagus,
z.) can diet-pack cut green
, 2 tablespoons soy sauce
ginger. Cover and simmer
o heat vegetables through.
calories per serving).

N BEAN SALAD

amy salad of green beans
dressing. Each serving is
ut tastes like lots more.

4 (8-oz.) cans diet-pack green beans
¾ cup plain yogurt
1 Tb. lemon juice
½ tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. paprika
½ tsp. dried mint leaves

Drain 4 (8-oz.) cans diet-pack green beans. Cover and chill. Just before serving make dressing by beating together ¾ cup plain yogurt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and ½ teaspoon each dried mustard, paprika and mint leaves. Toss into beans. Serve surrounded by crisp salad greens. Serves 6 (65 calories per serving).

Smirnoff

80 & 100 PROOF. DIST. FROM GRAIN STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.



The Smirnoff Screwdriver. The big squeeze is on. Suddenly Smirnoff is getting very fresh with orange juice and mixing it up in Soda-Toters. The orange grove was never groovier.

How to assemble a Screwdriver: Start with a highball glass half-filled with ice. Startle it with a shot of Smirnoff. Cover with orange juice. Now you're a giant among hosts.

Smirnoff Vodka leaves you breathless.



CURRIED CHEESE SALAD

This fruit and cheese salad is perfect for a summery ladies' luncheon—especially if the ladies are calorie-conscious!

1 (1-lb.) can diet-pack pear halves, drained
2 (8-oz.) cartons skim milk cottage cheese
1 (13-oz.) can diet-pack pineapple chunks, drained
1½-2 tsp. curry powder
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
½ tsp. salt
Torn salad greens

Drain 6 pear halves from 1 (1-lb.) can diet-pack pear halves. Chill. Make filling by mixing together 2 (8-oz.) cartons skim milk cottage cheese, 1 (13-oz.) can diet-pack pineapple chunks, drained, 1½-2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and ½ teaspoon salt. Chill at least 1 hour. Divide evenly to fill 6 pear halves (approx. ½ cup each). Serve on bed of torn salad greens tossed lightly in oil and vinegar if desired. Serves 6 (58 calories per serving).—POPPY CANNON

Journal About Home

By Margaret Davidson
Home Management Editor

The largest kitchen-for-a-day was set up recently at the Apparel Mart in Dallas . . . especially for the Pillsbury Bake-Off. One hundred cooking centers, each with a General Electric range and a three-foot cabinet, were arranged in orderly aisles in the big airy Great Hall. Some of the best cooks in America were there to prepare their own original recipes. Mrs. Phyllis Lidert, top winner, received a handsome $25,000 check for her version of a rich tube cake rippled with poppy seed batter and flavored with lemon frosting mix. Her husband likes pound cake *and* poppy seeds! And the money—her husband who inspired the cake is to get a new boat as his share. Twelve-year-old Peter Russell, the top junior winner, nestled barbecued meat inside refrigerated biscuits, then capped the creation with cheese. Peter started his cooking career scrambling eggs with variations, finally worked up to his winning concoction. He aims to be a veterinary doctor some day, and the $2,000 he won will come in handy for his education. Betty Taylor of Dallas, right at home for the contest, pocketed a check for $5,000 with a new version of lasagna with fresh roll dough in place of noodles. Education again will take some of this winning, for Betty's husband is working toward a doctorate in psychology.

Another prize winner, Helen Borner of Nebraska, made a jiffy apple dessert. Her $2,000 check will go toward remodeling her kitchen. And she has a good start, for every contestant at Dallas received a new General Electric range. As I wandered up and down the rows, I asked the contestants (between stints of mixing and stirring) which model range they had selected for their own. The majority vote was overwhelmingly for the double-decker model with a full oven below the cooking counter and a smaller one at eye level. The popular color choices were copper tone (to go with woody cabinets) and avocado green (to be used with matching or bright accent colors). But the real boon to the women—men, too—was the wonderful arrangement for cleaning. The bottom oven is a self-cleaning type, the top oven (with a window for watching cooking progress) has removable panels to take out and put in the lower oven during the cleaning cycle. Ingenious the way one self-cleaning oven copes with the splashes and splatters of two ovens.

There was not a single failure in the whole contest—even though the contestants were under a subtle strain what with a watchful audience and the unaccustomed kitchen arrangements. For instance, Mrs. Slade of Kalamazoo, heating a cup of water on her range said, "At home there's hot water at the faucet." Contestants had to order pitchers of water to dip scissors in when cutting dates or marshmallows, or bowls of ice to chill bread and cookie dough. Even so, every product was a success. It could be that the reliable ranges for cooking and the standardized ingredients deserve credit. All contestants had to prepare the recipe at least twice—once for judging, once for showing—but had supplies for making four finished products. This year the group finished earlier than ever, probably because many made good use of convenience foods. Records show they used more short cuts, blenders, timers, temperature controls, for instance. The ranges were connected with seven miles of cables and backed by enough energy supply to operate ten complete homes; but the electric bill for the contest was a mere $3.94. If ovens (self-cleaning ones) had been cleaned, the bill would have been about four cents higher per oven—and who would do it by old methods at that figure!



Margaret Mead, the anthropologist, said the other day that it's old-fashioned to say you look *up* at night and see the stars. "Even the teen-agers today know you look *out* into space. They know, too, there is a lot of hardware in space in addition to the stars." This summer, by firefly time, there will be another phenomenon in dark skies. A new paint and a putty-like colored dough glow at night after exposure under light (fluorescent is best). We foresee some eerie fun (this) when paper plates become glow saucers after painting with "Glo Juice" and blue, pink balls for night-tossing are made Globs" (also from Kenner). It the materials are nontoxic.

Going places this For travelers we round-up of handy first item orga of tiny but i items in a sma it fits into c luggage) kit. ments inside towelettes fo clean-up with packets of d pre-moisten perspirant t spot removers ishing squares kit, rain bo shower cap. T by Reefer-G since refills are it can be used over again. N travel abroad, sink stopper, kind (Rubber instance) that drains of any For motorist baby in tow, playpen con back seat of a flat bed for pl (by Randall, furniture). It against the f when not in ing use, the pen extends to side across seat. . . . Fo or boaters, a with a mag convenient, held handily t surface. The Magnetlite F magnet is buil smooth, neat it nears steel pops out to gri For the fastidi are pursepack seat covers rity. . . . Fo homers or trav a timer to aut turn up the sunset. A Para can be set to t *on* and *off* wh are at home or so discourage

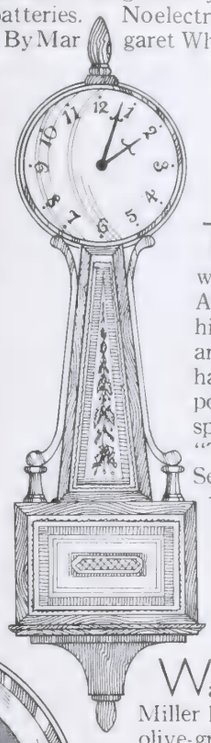
Quick, a pencil! W statistics, but we'd at least a quarter o phone conversations aren't without a jotted note or re telephone number. This is w Phone Board, actually a t writing-on-plastic panel, is a Designed to fit around a wa phone, the Dri-Mark Phone a writing surface over a foot s in addition includes a marker pad for reminders you want t pocket or purse. Best of all, th doodles wipe clean instantly damp cloth. It costs less than

DLESS, NO TICK-TOCK CLOCKS

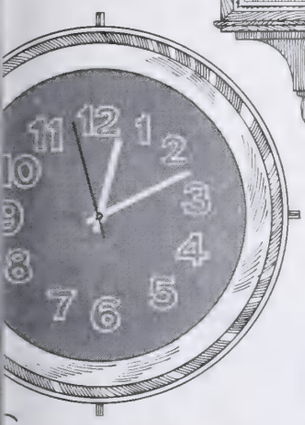
suit any fancy can now sit or hang where you *want* them, thanks sting transistors and batteries. No electric outlets or cords, and, no winding or ticking. By Margaret White, Decorating Editor



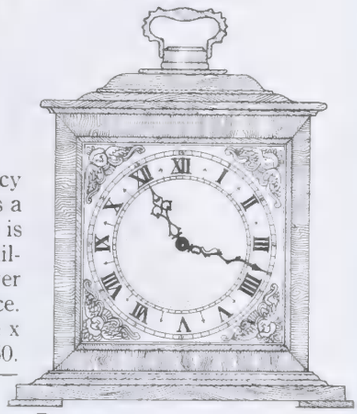
gital desk clock in l finish flashes the hour and minutes. s on one "D" cell . 8″ x 3½″ x 4½″ By Jeco, $25, from acher Schlemmer, 57th St., N.Y.C.



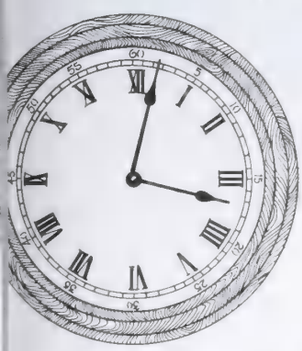
Transistor banjo wall clock, in an Early American design, is 23″ high, 1½″ deep. Mahogany or walnut-finished hardwood case with polished-brass Colonial spool and scroll trim. "The Homestead" by Seth Thomas, $50.



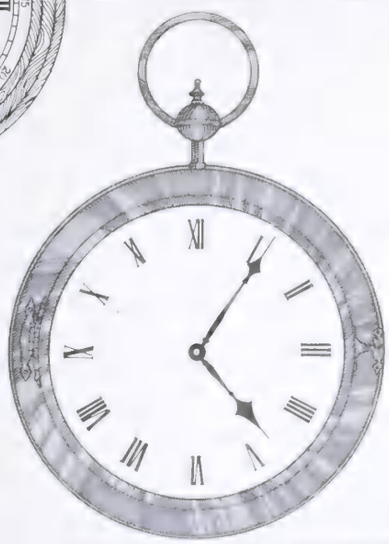
Wall clock by Howard Miller has black, white or olive-green lacquered metal case with a charcoal gray face. 14″ diameter, 3½″ deep, it operates on a "D" cell flashlight battery. $70.



lassic mantel clock, "Legacy IV" by Seth Thomas, has a nsistor movement. The case is grained mahogany (also avail- le in walnut finish) with silver g dial on an etched-brass face. 14¾″ high x 10¾″ wide x 7½″ deep. $150.



Reproduction of an Early American wall clock, "The Saybrook" by Seth Thomas has a dual-jewel transistor movement. In genuine oak or antique-green case with white porcelain dial. 13¼″ diameter x 1½″ deep. $35.



ll clock by Hallmark essories has a pewter se that resembles an ioned pocket watch. ates on one flashlight ery. 22″ x 16″ x 3½″ 70, from B. Altman, e. & 34th St., N.Y.C.

Drawings by Loring Eutemey





For the pleasure of your company:

Pour Chateau La Salle at dinner . . . or any other time of the day. Highly entertaining just chilled. It's also a great mixer in tall, cool drinks or short punchy ones. Very sociable over ice at cocktails. No wonder The Christian Brothers put this light, naturally sweet California wine in a decanter instead of an ordinary wine bottle!

CHATEAU LA SALLE

THE ALL-TIME WINE FROM THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

Sole Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc. San Francisco, California



Wine, Women and So

FOR BRIDES AND OTHERWISE . . . CHAMPAGNE PUNCHES

When the mood is festive and the scene is gay, for a wedding party or almost any large celebration, a fine punch, easy to make and happily inexpensive, is the classic drink to serve. And a champagne punch is *supreme*. Unfortunately, in the past few years, punches have gotten themselves a bad name, or at least a questionable reputation. So much so that it has become stylish to say, "Punch? How nice . . . but if you don't mind, darling, I'll have a Scotch on the rocks."

The pendulum, however, swings! Certain clever hosts and hostesses have been quietly rehabilitating the punch. At a recent levee in New York City, Daniel Webster's famous Champagne Punch routed, absolutely *routed*, all the straight-liquor folks, and stole the show! What was the secret? Well, there are several.

First and foremost, this punch or *any* punch appealing to the modern palate is not sweet. Icky, sticky sweetness is the bane of punches.

Speaking of sticky (fingers), this punch was not served in the usual dinky, dowdy punch cups, but rather in good-size stemmed wine goblets. Moreover, it had a clean, definite flavor, and although the bowl had to be replenished many times, the punch tasted just the same—just as delicious—at the end of the party as it did at the beginning. To achieve this cheering result, various batches were prepared separately, in advance, and kept chilled behind the scenes. The punch bowl was emptied and a fresh block of ice and newly opened bottles of champagne were added each time. Any other method (as a good bartender will tell you) "wrecks the balance."

Here are some other punch pointers to keep in mind: Choose a good recipe without too many ingredients, and, at least on the first occasion, follow it slavishly. Resist the temptation to improvise. Simple punch is often the most successful. Remind yourself now and then that the word "punch" comes from the ancient Sanskrit and refers to a drink made from five ingredients. Still a good rule, even though over the centuries there have been thousands of delectable exceptions.

All ingredients should be chilled beforehand. Whether they are chilled separately or together depends on the recipe. If fruit is to be covered with wine or spirits, and macerated for any length of time, it may soften and darken. If so, it is tossed away, having given forth its bounty of flavor. Fresh fruits are added as a garnish at the last minute.

A punch is a wedding o
gredients, no one of which t
on its own. This doesn't m
can afford to skimp on qua
best of everything—one b
best wine or spirit is better
three run-of-the-mill.

Almost all punch recipe
large chunk rather than cu
hunk melts more slowly, d
the drink. The iceman com
to most homes, so you must
from your wood and or ic
freeze your own in milk car
tins, like coffee cans.

A Rocky Rock Block is
easy dodge. Empty several
cubes into a bowl. Pour or
just enough to hold cubes t
refreeze in bowl. Loosen by
few seconds in warm water

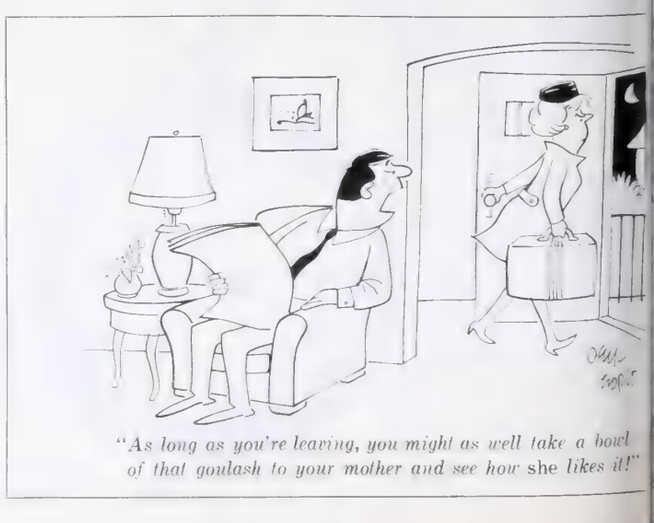
Champagne adds life,
verve to your punch.

How much punch do yo
usual serving is ½ cup (4
should not be filled more
fourths full. The number of re
course, with the nature of yo
the character of the party. (
going types naturally take fe
than those who stay put.
rule, figure on 2 or 3 serving

WATERMELON BOWLE: boiling water over 3 Tb. l
tea bags. Let stand covere
utes. Stir, strain (if you use
add 1 pint cold water, 1 (6-
frozen Hawaiian-style pu
trate and lemonade conc
cups watermelon chunks
chilled rosé wine. Just be
add 1 bottle chilled pink
Makes about 25 (4-oz.) serv
for about 8 people).

HONEYMOON PUNCH: M
puree from canned, fresh or
cots. Combine with the rind
ber cut into spirals. Add ¼
liqueur and a little honey if
needs sweetness. Chill severa
over ice into small punch b
fore serving add 2 bottles
champagne. Makes 20 serv

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PUN
gether the juice of 2 dozen le
4½ cups), add 4 cups suga
1 qt. cognac or brandy, 3
wine. Cover tightly and let
night. At serving time add 2
chilled champagne. Garnish
of bananas and oranges,
berries, and cherries. Makes
lons, or 64 servings. Recipe
cut in half.—POPPY CANNO



"As long as you're leaving, you might as well take a bowl of that goulash to your mother and see how she *likes it!"*



ure he'll be whatever he wants to be when he grows
) but it's up to you to see that he gets that choice.

o you really think your child
e happy at just any old
w of today's children will be
t just going through the
s of life. Your child will want
besides material success.
ant work that will involve and
s interest. Work that will
oals—and rewards when he
them.
ot just any old job offers
pportunities. It's the
s—the challenging careers
orrow—that he must work
s and build bit by bit. You
tart too soon to provide your
ith the encouragement,
on and tools he'll need to
hese goals.

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Please send me my free copy of your booklet, "The Magic Carpet."
There are ___ children in my family, ages ___

Name ___

Address ___

City ___

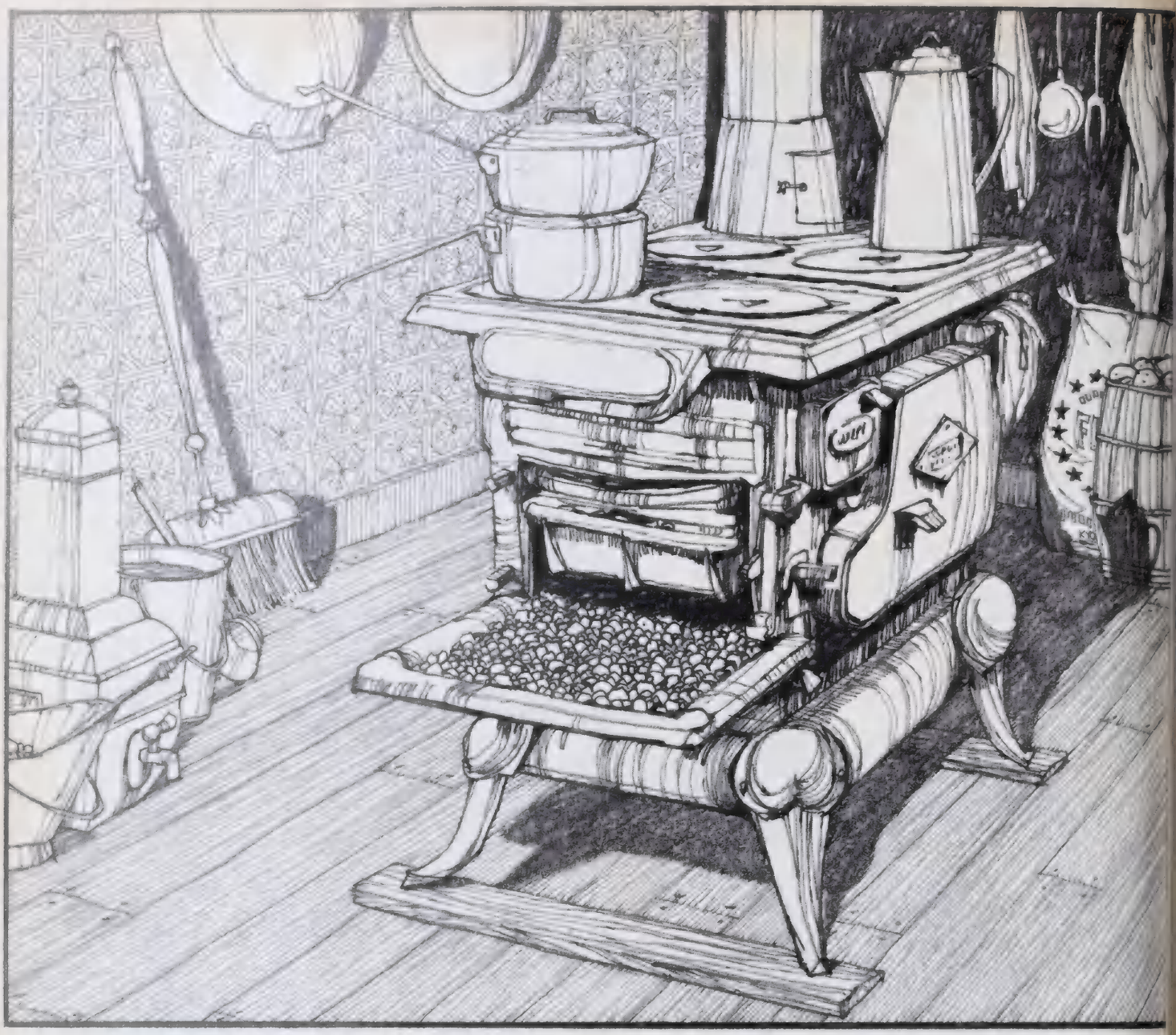
State ___ Zip ___

County ___

La. Hom. Jr. 5-68-1

e New Book of Knowledge

ication of Grolier Incorporated. Cash price $200 plus handling and shipping. Budget terms available.



It used to take Grandmother eight hours to fix Thanksgiving Dinner. She had no choice.

You've heard about the "good old days."

Well, this is what they looked like to your grandmother. This is where she spent most of her time.

Because grandmother's world was strictly do-it-yourself, every meal was a production. Even her breakfast porridge had to be cooked for an hour.

Thanksgiving was the longest day of the year. Plucking a turkey took time. Cranberry sauce didn't come in a can. She peeled, sliced, scraped, and cut her own vegetables. She not only baked the pies but, chances are, did her own bread and rolls, as well.

In fact, the "good old days" weren't all that good to grandmother. She'd have traded them cheerfully for one, good, up-to-date supermarket.

Instant oatmeal might have given her another hour in bed in the morning. And oh, the joy of a big, plump, packaged turkey, home from the store and ready for the oven. And the turkeys even taste better today—bigger, meatier, with less waste.

How did they get that way? The same way so many other parts of modern living have been improved. The competition between turkey breeders for more sales have driven them, over the years, to breed a better turkey.

Almost everything on the supermarket shelf is a product of that same kind of competition. Because it is competition that drives manufacturers to make things better, offer more variety and convenience. And keep prices low.

In the "good old days" grandpa worked twelve hours for the price of an 18-pound turkey. Today, he works only 3.2 hours. He worked forty minutes for a loaf of bread. Now it takes only five minutes.

Think about that the next time you he some well-meaning person say there's t much competition today, too much cho in the marketplace, too many brands in t supermarket. They think the governme should step in and restrict this competiti

But, since nobody knows for sure how you can restrain competition without har ing the economy, hadn't we better be ca ful? Do we want to give up the things th grandpa never had? Certainly, the less co petition there is, the fewer new and i proved products we'll see in the market.

In fact, if we're not careful, we may sc have good reasons to look back on today the "good old days."

Magazine Publishers Associa

An association of 365 leading U. S. maga

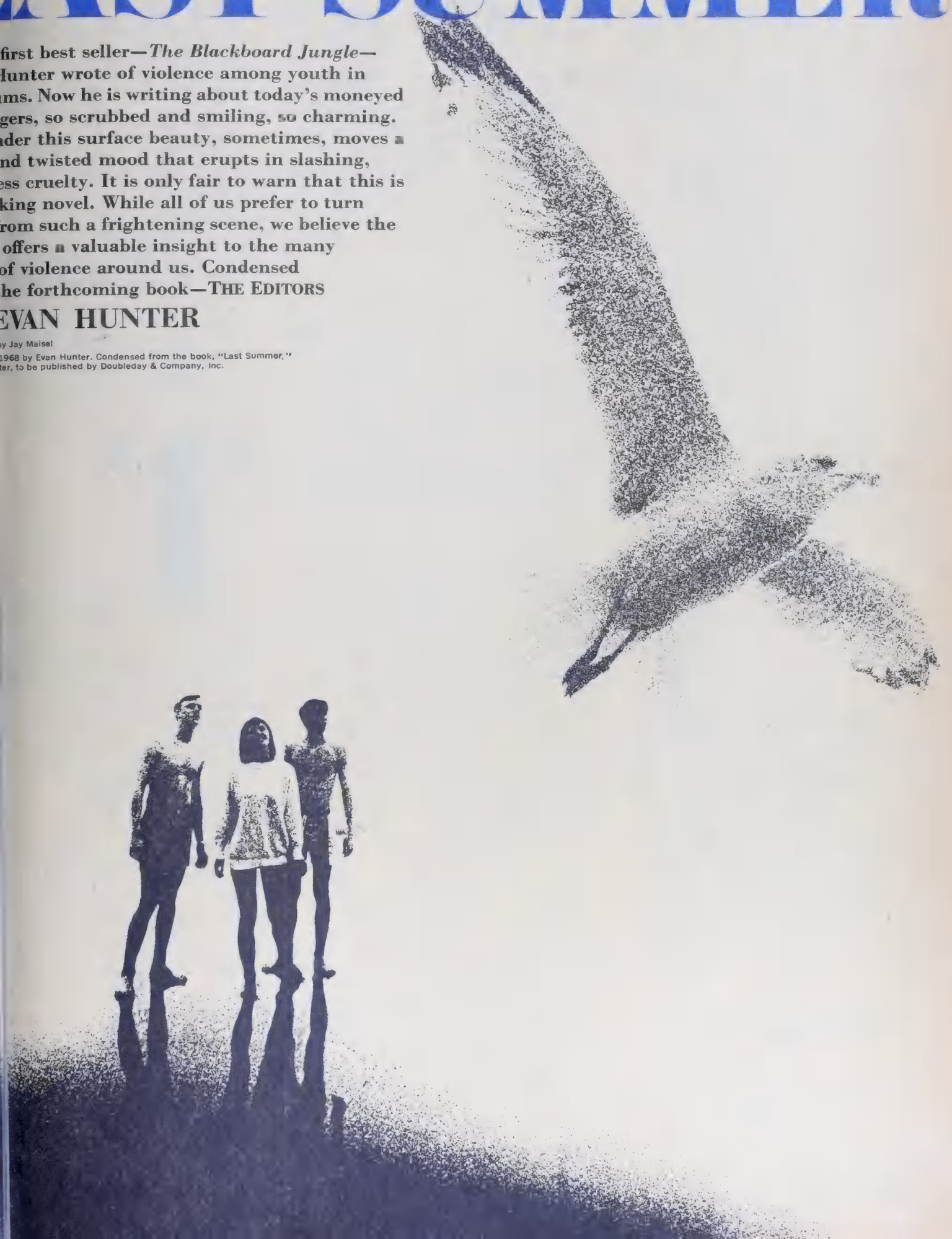
LAST SUMMER

first best seller—*The Blackboard Jungle*—
Hunter wrote of violence among youth in
ıms. Now he is writing about today's moneyed
gers, so scrubbed and smiling, so charming.
ıder this surface beauty, sometimes, moves a
nd twisted mood that erupts in slashing,
ess cruelty. It is only fair to warn that this is
king novel. While all of us prefer to turn
rom such a frightening scene, we believe the
offers a valuable insight to the many
of violence around us. Condensed
he forthcoming book—THE EDITORS

EVAN HUNTER

by Jay Maisel

1968 by Evan Hunter. Condensed from the book, "Last Summer,"
ter, to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



Sudden in a shaft of sunlight
Even while the dust moves
There rises the hidden laughter
Of children in the foliage.
T. S. ELIOT*

1: THE GULL

We spent last summer, when I was just sixteen, on an island mistakenly named Greensward, its shores only thinly vegetated with beach grass and plum, its single forest destroyed by fire more than twenty years before. There were perhaps fifty summer homes on the island, most of them gray and clustered safely on the bay side, the remainder strung out along the island's flanks and on the point jutting insanely into the Atlantic.

It was there that the sea was wildest. It was there that we first met Sandy.

She was standing close to the shoreline as David and I came up the beach behind her, spume exploding on her left, pebbles rolling and tossing in a muddy backwash, a tall girl wearing a white bikini, her hair the color of the dunes, a pale gold that fell loose and long about her face. Her head was studiously bent. Hands on hips, legs widespread, she stood tense and silent, studying something in the sand at her feet. It was a very hot day. The sky over the ocean seemed stretched too tight. An invisible sun seared the naked beach, turning everything intensely white, the bursting waves dissolving into foam, the glaring sky, the endless stretch of sand, the girl standing motionless, her pale hair only faintly stirring. We approached on her left, walking between her and the ocean, turning for a look at her face, her small breasts in the scanty bra top, the gentle curve of her hips above the white bikini pants, the long line of her legs.

The thing lying at her feet in the sand was a sea gull.

"He's still alive," she said suddenly, and raised her head to meet our gaze.

Her eyes were a vivid blue, set wide, her nose narrow, flaring suddenly at the nostrils, combining with a full upper lip that curled outward and away from her teeth to give her face a feral look. I guessed she was about fifteen years old. We looked down at the gull. He was a large bird, gray and white. His eyes were closed. He kept working his beak, as though trying to suck in air.

"Yes, he's alive," David said.

We were standing with the sun behind us. David was taller than I last summer, a strapping six-footer who'd been lifting weights for four years, ever since he was twelve. I'd always liked his looks, from the first day I met him. He had broad shoulders even then, a narrow waist, chest and abdominal muscles as clean as Alley Oop's. His eyes were blue, flecked with white, his hair a dusty blond. He had good features, too, and a strong jaw and brow; he looked solid and reliable. My own appearance last summer suggested a sort of vague maturity. I was trying very hard to achieve a sophisticated look, so I wore my brown hair long and combed sideways across my forehead, almost hiding my eyes, which were also brown. But my nose was growing faster than the rest of my face, and my mouth was sprinkled with acne at one corner, and it was pretty difficult to maintain a cool against such odds.

"Get out of the sun," the girl said, "he needs the sun."

"The bird?"

'Can't you see he's dying?"

'What's that got to do with the sun?"

'What happened to him, anyway?" David asked.

"I don't know. I was just walking along, and there he was."

"Which house are you in?" I asked.

"Up the beach. The Stern house."

"What's your name?" David said.

"Sandy."

"I'm David. This is Peter."

"Hi," I said.

"Hi. Will you help me take him off the beach?"

"What for?"

"Get him out of the sun," Sandy said.

David and I looked at each other.

"Gulls are pretty dirty animals," David said.

"He'll die if we don't help him," Sandy said.

"He'll die anyway," I said.

"Never mind. I'll do it myself," Sandy said.

She brushed a strand of hair away from her face, getting sand on her cheek, and then walked off toward the dune while David and I watched. She almost fell climbing the dune, but neither of us dared laugh. She disappeared into the tall beach grass and came back with a large weathered shingle, which she carried directly to where the bird was lying on his back in the sand. She did not look at us. Her face was very serious as she bent over the bird and started to shove the shingle under him. The bird gave a shriek just then, and tried to flap his wings. Sandy dropped the shingle, and screamed. She started to turn, and then in her haste merely backpedaled away from the noisy bird, her eyes wide, her mouth still open around the scream.

"You rats," she said, standing at a respectable distance from the bird, who was now silent, "why won't you help me?"

"Because we don't want to get bit," I said.

"You can get rabies from those damn things," David said.

"Oh, rabies, my eye," Sandy said, and walked back to the gull again, frowning. Gingerly, she picked up the shingle and then cautiously edged it under the bird, who remained motionless and silent this time. Holding him out at arm's length on the shingle, she began walking toward the dune again. We followed her onto the boardwalk, a narrow path about two feet wide, made up of wooden slats loosely strung together. When she reached her house, she climbed up onto the deck, put the gull on his shingle down in the shade, walked to the screen door, turned to us before she opened it, and said, "Watch him. I'll be right back."

The screen door banged shut behind her. We turned to watch the bird. Nothing happened. That is, nothing different. He didn't shriek again, nor try to flap his wings, but neither did he die. He simply lay there on his shingle, moving his beak spasmodically, trying to suck in air. The surf was extremely rough that day. The Stern house, which Sandy was living in that summer, was up on a dune perhaps a hundred yards from the shore. I could hear the waves pounding in, and then echoing on the air, a strange, vast, hollow sound, like voices in an angry argument very far away.

"He'll die," David said.

"Mmm."

"I wonder what happened to him."

"Maybe he flew into something."

"What could he have flown into?"

"Another bird?"

"Maybe," David said.

We kept looking down at the gull.

"What do you suppose she's doing in there?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe we ought to split."

"No, let's see if he dies," David said.

The screen door swung open.

"Is he still alive?" Sandy asked.

"I figure another three or four minutes," David said, and winked at me.

"Go to hell," Sandy said. She was holding a long piece of clothesline in her hand.

"What're you gonna do with that?" I asked.

"You'll see," she said, and bent down over the bird again, knotting one end of the clothesline around his right leg, and then carrying the other end to the deck railing. She looped it swiftly around one of the stanchions, made a double knot in it, stood up, put her hands on her hips and said, "There."

"Very good," David said. "You've got a half-dead bird tied to the deck railing."

"What's that in his neck there?" I said.

"Where?"

"There, what is that thing?"

"Where? I don't see ——"

"That's a fishhook. He's swallowed a fish"

"Oh, man, that's disgusting."

"Sure, that's the tip sticking out of his"

"God, *look* at that!"

"I didn't see it," Sandy said. "Did you? before?"

"No," David said.

"I didn't see it, either."

"But there's no blood."

"No."

"You'll have to take it out," Sandy said

"Me?" David said. "You're out of your

"Peter?" she said, and looked up. I did swer at first. She kept looking at me, her my face, one hand extended toward me. "P otherwise."

"So what?" David said. "He's just a gull."

She did not take her eyes from me. He had sounded doubtful, but her eyes were co she knew damn well I couldn't leave that the bird's throat.

"All right," I said, "hold him."

I got the hook out pretty fast, considering wasn't any blood while it was still in th throat, but the minute I eased it loose, th began to flow, pouring into the bird's ruff. got some on his hands, I could just imagi much *that* thrilled him. Sandy ran ins peroxide and bandages, and finally we got all cleaned up and bandaged and tucked a a towel inside a cardboard box, with one to the porch railing.

So we asked Sandy if she'd like to have burger with us down at The Captain's.

That Saturday night, th a dance at the firehouse for all the teen-a on the island.

The firehouse was down by the bay, t thing you saw when you came over from th land. It had been built in 1945 immediate the big fire that destroyed the pine forest center of the island. The forest had alwa rified me. I had been to it only once or tw it was the bleakest spot imaginable, with dead Australian pines, a ghostlike silence over the entire place. Just miles and m burned-out trees, black and twisted agai sky, surrounded by stunted second growth

The dance at the firehouse had abou chaperones to supervise three dozen kids. was set up just inside the door, with Mr. C sitting behind it taking admissions, and little cash box near his right hand. We ga fifty cents apiece, and then we went in an close to the table; it's always difficult comi a dance, even if you know all the kids t tall, pretty girl was standing across the near the ladders hanging on the cinder-bloc She didn't even look at us. She had red h in bangs across her forehead and coming d about the nape of her neck.

"Who's that?" I said.

"Where?"

"There. Near the ladders."

"The redhead?"

"Yeah."

'I don't know."

"Let's find out who she is," I said.

"OK," David said, and shrugged, and we across the room toward her. She was beir blasé, her eyes smokily and lazily taking surroundings, her beautiful red hair clippe and clean like a copper helmet. oh my, s couldn't have cared less for all these grubb children milling around. And then, when w

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three feet away from her, she suddenly toward us, her blue eyes snapping, her twisting up into a triumphant little grin. it over almost double, the way a fast-draw does in a Western movie, slapped her with one hand, drew an imaginary pistol, -armed it at us, and shouted, "Ha, *got* you!" is Sandy.

ooked great. In addition to the red wig, she aring a blue sweater and chinos, and she refoot, with a gold bracelet on her left We walked around her, appraising the wig. a little model's turn for us, with her head e tilted up, and then said, "What do you

ere'd you get it?"

my mother's."

wild."

ost three hundred and fifty dollars."

at a wig?" a boy standing next to me asked.

it's a locomotive," I answered.

ha," the boy said.

n't know who he was, but it became imme- plain that he had an excellent sense of because the next thing he said was, "Are d or something?" which Sandy didn't even o answer.

thing was beginning to happen.

dn't quite understand it. But I felt it come all at once, and I sensed that David and were suddenly aware of it as well. It had ng to do with the wig, I knew, the fact wig was a disguise. It had something to how beautiful the wig made Sandy look, nd sophisticated, and experienced, some- e a college senior. But I suddenly felt that . and David too, looked extremely hand- the identical light-blue T-shirts we had at Mr. Porter's, so that there was a unity rio we formed—Sandy in the center with wig and dark-blue sweater, David and I her in light blue—a harmony. This sudden is certain knowledge that each of us was f his own good looks as well as the effect ted together, led to an intense feeling of gain shared. For a moment, I found it to disassociate myself from Sandy and o look upon myself as a single entity.

hree of us together had performed a del- ce of bird surgery two days ago, and now of secret intimacy flashed between us like y, hot and bright and feeding on itself, ng new power from its own violent dis-

kid in that firehouse was looking at us, I being dazzled by us, and wishing he could t of us. I could actually see kids trying to us, as though wanting to be absorbed, to be touched by our special glow. We ee very bright and searing—no, *one* enor- owerful life-giving sun that had suddenly into the universe, diminishing by its bril- l previously existing stars.

was the beginning of it, that Saturday

onday, we drank the truth serum.

uth serum was beer.

isn't beer," Sandy said, "it's truth serum."

re sitting inside the tent we'd constructed ing David's poncho from the beach um- hrough the open flap facing the ocean, l see the slanting rain and the gray sea beyond. Each time a wave crashed in he shore, it left behind it a roiling wake es and sand, twisted seaweed, splintered ood.

ks like beer to me," David said. "What ook like to you, Poo?"

" I said.

ruth serum," Sandy insisted. She tilted le to her mouth, drank a little, and then it into her lap. She was sitting with her crossed Indian fashion, a gray sweatshirt the top and pants of her bikini. "Here's a uth," she said. "My top is wet."

k and said, "Here's another major truth: ls who say things like my top is wet."

"I only said it under the influence of the serum," Sandy said. "But the truth is, it *is* wet, and also uncomfortable."

"So take it off," David said, and shrugged.

"Ho-ho," Sandy said, and rolled her eyes. "Here's another truth for you. Mr. Matthews once got funny with me."

"What do you mean?" I said, thinking I knew what she meant, but really shocked to hear it because Mr. Matthews was an island councilman or something and practically in his forties.

"He put his hand under my skirt," Sandy said.

"When?" David asked.

"Last summer."

"I can't believe it," I said. "He seems like such a nice guy."

"You think *that's* something?" David said, and drank and lowered the bottle, and said, "My mother has a boyfriend."

"How do you know?" Sandy asked, her eyes wide.

"I saw him."

"With *her?*"

"Yes."

"In *bed?*"

"Yes."

"Were they *doing* it?"

"Yep."

"When you came in?"

"I didn't *go* in," David said. "They didn't see me."

"Boy," I said.

"I walked around for maybe two hours," David said. "We were supposed to have a game that afternoon, you know, but it was called because the field was wet. Which is how I happened to get home early. So I walked around, and when I got back my mother asked me who won. I said we didn't play. She got this sort of panicky look on her face, you know, and her hand went up to her throat, like in some cheap television show, and she said, 'Well, where *were* you all this time?' 'Just walking around,' I said. And we looked at each other."

"Parents are a pain in the neck," Sandy said thoughtfully.

"Mmm," David said, and glanced through the opening in the poncho. It was raining harder now, the sky was blacker. "Where the hell's that opener?" he said. I tossed it to him, and he opened a second bottle of beer. "One of *you* go," he said, "I'm tired."

We were all very quiet. Outside, there was a streak of lightning, and then a thunder clap. I started biting my lip and wondering what I could tell them. I didn't want to tell them about the snot.

"Whose turn is it?" Sandy said.

"I don't know," I said, and shrugged. I didn't want to tell them about the snot, and yet it seemed to be the only thing I could think of. Outside there was another flash of lightning. We held our breaths. The thunder came almost immediately, loud, close. A fresh torrent of rain beat noisily on the umbrella top.

"I . . ."

They both turned to look at me.

"Nothing," I said.

"Come on, don't be chicken," David said.

"No, I was just thinking."

"About what?"

"About . . ." I hesitated. "About Sandy's top."

"What about my top?" Sandy asked.

"Nothing," I said. I shrugged. "Just that it's wet, that's all."

"Would you like me to take it off?"

"No."

"Tell the truth. If you want me to take it off, I will."

"I don't know." I shrugged again. "David?"

"Oh, take the damn thing off if you want to," David said.

"Well, does *Peter* want me to?"

"Yeah, sure, go ahead," I said, "I don't care."

"It's not such a big deal, you know," Sandy said, and reached behind her to unclasp the bikini top. She put one hand into her sweatshirt, pulled out the top, and threw it on the blanket. "Oh, man," she said, "that feels a hundred percent better."

"Well, sure," David said, "we're not *kids* here."

"Listen," I said, "are we really . . . I mean, it's never gonna go beyond the three of us, is it?"

"Of course not. If you ever told anyone I took off the top of my bathing suit . . ."

"Oh, come on, Sandy, why would we do that?"

"Good," Sandy said, and we all drank again. "Tell us," she said to me.

"It's pretty disgusting."

"How bad can it be?"

"Well, it's pretty awful."

"What'd you do?"

"Well, I made cracker sandwiches out of cream cheese and snot, and gave them to my cousin to eat."

David and Sandy both burst out laughing at the same time, surprising me. I'd thought they would kick me out of the tent or something, but instead they were laughing.

"Jesus, that's a *great* idea!" David said.

"Well, it was pretty disgusting," I said, but I was tremendously relieved.

We had each sneaked six-packs out of our respective refrigerators. We drank almost all the beer, and buried the rest in the sand, marking off the distance from a telephone pole with the number 7-381 on it on a small aluminum strip. It was still raining when we decided to go into the water. The beach was empty, the waves were still pounding in and dragging up a lot of muck. David and I took off our sweaters. I chased David into the water and then we shouted for Sandy to come in.

"Just a second," she yelled from inside the poncho tent, and then she came out, still wearing her sweatshirt, and holding the top part of her suit in her hands. She looked out over the water, gave a shrug, and threw the top back inside. Then she pulled the sweatshirt over her head, and came running down toward the water, shrieking and yelling.

She had very small breasts.

I thought we did a very good job with the gull, if I must say so myself.

To begin with, he turned out to be a very husky old bird, ready to fly off long before the wound in his neck had healed entirely. The day after Sandy put a red collar and leash on him, in fact, he fluttered out of his cardboard box, and immediately crouched over low, beak thrust forward, wings back, like a swimmer about to do a racing dive. He gave a sudden spring into the air, opened his wings wide, flapped them wildly, got pulled up short by the leash attached to the porch railing, and came right down on his head. Gaining his feet again, he looked at the three of us in a hurt, bewildered way, and then gave it another try, going through the same crouching routine, and the springing, and the flapping and fluttering, this time squawking mightily and attracting the attention of several other gulls who swooped low over the house and began squawking back at him. Sandy and David and I sat on the porch steps, watching as he got himself set for another try, crouching, and then coming down the runway for a takeoff and then going into his nosedive again when the leash played out and the collar caught his throat.

I was beginning to think he was pretty stupid. He must have tried it at least two dozen times before he began to get the feeling that *perhaps* something was preventing him from taking off as was his usual custom. The gulls circling the house lost interest (they had probably thought food was

involved, and then realized there wouldn't be any handouts) and flew off. The bird gazed at them wistfully, it seemed to me, and then glared at the three of us where we sat quietly watching him. Suspiciously, he looked up at the sky again, apparently thinking there was some sort of trick involved here, some unseen force putting the whammy on him, and decided to dispense with his usual preparations for flight, surprising his invisible opponent instead by leaping into the air without a preliminary crouch. His new tactic earned him only another fall. He came crashing down quite hard this time. For a few minutes I figured he might have to go into surgery again, for the brain this time. But he staggered to his feet once more, looked balefully at us, and gave a squawk as if to say, You bastards, what's the secret here, why can't I fly? Then he began pacing around the deck in the sort of circle proscribed by the length of the leash, took a cautious flutter up to the deck railing and actually pecked at the leash once or twice before trying to take off from his new perch—which only netted him another crashing blow to the cerebellum.

"He's gonna kill himself," David said.

"No, he'll catch on," Sandy answered.

I wasn't so sure.

Eventually, though, the leash made its point. The gull was a captive, and he realized it at last and became the first walking bird in the history of America. In fact, Sandy got him to the point where he was almost heeling, though most of the time he just strutted along either ahead or behind. Every now and then, he'd try to take off, forgetting that he wasn't supposed to fly. But Sandy would give a short, sharp snap of the leash, and he'd come back down, squawking a little (he was really a cantankerous old crank), but walking along nonetheless, and waiting for his reward from the small bag of garbage one or the other of us always carried.

Unfortunately, our delight over the bird's progress was somewhat dampened when David's mother discovered he'd swiped a six-pack of beer from the refrigerator on the day of the truth serum. She grounded him at once, a full-dress grounding, too. He wasn't permitted to leave the house for three days, but neither was he permitted to have friends there or to talk to them on the telephone. He was allowed only one phone call (as soon as he hung up, Sandy said to me, "Do you think we should get him a lawyer?"), which was how he managed to let us know what happened. All in all, it looked as though a desolate few days lay ahead.

The first day was very difficult.

Sandy and I had gone out to the point on Wednesday morning, searching for our cache of beer near the telephone pole with the aluminum strip marked 7-382 on it, and practically digging up half the beach until we remembered we'd buried it at the foot of 7-381. We unearthed two bottles and carried them into the tall beach grass because there were some other kids around, and also some adults playing volleyball without a net. Sandy took the bottle opener out of her bikini top, removed the tissue she had wrapped it in, opened both bottles, said, "Here's to the prisoner of Zenda," meaning David, winked, drank, and then reached into her canvas beach bag for what looked like a railroad timetable.

"Did you see this?" she asked, and handed it to me.

The brochure was perhaps eight inches long and three inches wide, folded in half lengthwise and then in half again. It was printed in blue ink. The headline read: INTRODUCING SELECTA-DATE.

"What is it?" I said.

"Read it."

I read it quickly. The first page explained that this was a new scientific method of meeting people who were specifically suited to one's own tastes and needs, all of it made possible through the modern miracle of electronic data processing. It went on to explain that the answers to this questionnaire (which comprised the remaining pages of the folder) would be fed into a computer programmed to discover "that perfect date who will complement your personality, your likes and dislikes, your outlooks and ideals, your physical tastes."

"What do you think?" Sandy asked.

"What do *you* think?" I answered.

"I think we ought to screw up the machine," Sandy said.

"It costs ten bucks to join," I said.

"That's only a little more than three dollars each," Sandy said. "David'll go along with it, don't you think?"

"I don't know." I hesitated again. "I wish he was here."

We sipped a little more beer. Sandy took a ballpoint pen from her beach bag, and propped the folder on a magazine, which she supported with her knees. It was a very hot day. A fine sheen of sweat was on her chest above the bikini top. I thought fleetingly of that day she'd run into the water naked above the waist. Sandy immediately said, "What?"

"Nothing."

"Peter," she said warningly.

"I was thinking of the day you went in the water without your top," I admitted.

"Oh, yeah," she said, and grinned. "Some show, huh?"

"Well, *I* think it was," I said, and shrugged.

"Shall we fill this thing out or not?" she said.

"Yeah, sure, let's fill it out."

The first question (as indeed the entire first *page* of questions) was multiple choice, the applicant being asked to circle his or her age bracket. Since the youngest bracket listed was 17–19, Sandy was clearly ineligible to begin with. But, in order to screw up the machine, she circled the listing for 20–22. I was still thinking about that day, and was getting a little annoyed by her refusal to discuss it. We'd promised to tell the truth at all times, hadn't we? So why had she just brushed me off? She went down the questionnaire now, reading the questions and the choices out loud, circling her height as 5'3" to 5'5", a good two inches less than her real height, and then describing herself as "of ample build." She claimed to have a master's degree, black hair, and blue eyes—she did have blue eyes, of course. But she further claimed to be Oriental, *and* Jewish, *and* fluent in Chinese and Greek, *and* Republican in outlook.

"Should my date be Negro, Caucasian, or Oriental?" she asked.

"Negro," I said.

"No, let's say Puerto Rican. That'll *really* screw 'em up."

"Is there a listing for Puerto Rican?"

"No, I'll write it in."

"OK," I said. My mouth was dry.

"Peter, what the hell *is* it?"

"Well, if you really want to know," I said, "I was pretty interested that day."

"What day?"

"The day you took off your top."

"Oh," Sandy said.

"In fact, it's still on my mind," I said.

"Oh, come on, Peter."

"Well, we promised to tell the truth, and that's the truth."

"Well . . . I . . . " She gave a brief puzzled shrug. "Well . . . well, what about it?"

"I want you to do it again."

"Do *what?* Take off my *top?*"

"Yes," I said, and swallowed, and looked away from her.

"There are people around," she said at last.

"Yeah."

"I'd take it off if there weren't."

"Sure."

We were silent again.

"You don't believe me," Sandy said.

"I believe you."

"Peter, it doesn't mean a thing to me. I it off in a minute if we were alone."

"Sure."

"I would."

I did not answer her. She began tapping on the magazine cover. Down on the beach hear the volleyball players shouting. S thoughtful for a long time. Then she sigh put the magazine and the questionnaire pen into her beach bag. She rose, tugged bikini pants, adjusted the bikini top, brush from her thighs, and held out her hand to a moment, she stood against the sun a faceless.

I looked up at her and tried to see her

"Come," she said.

I took her hand, and she pulled me to m felt very clumsy. I felt I should apologize We began walking. We walked in silen beach bag hanging from her shoulder, t against her thigh with every step she to sun was hot. We were climbing up and aw the beach. The sound of the volleyball ga far behind us now. We continued to clim alized suddenly that we were heading tow center of the island, where the fire had be

"Listen," I said, "let's forget it." Inexp I had begun trembling.

"No," she said.

"Sandy . . ."

"I *want* you to see me," she said. "D afraid."

We were approaching the forest. Th pines were gnarled and black against th was trembling violently now.

We found a huge boulder, as black as t etal trees surrounding it. Still trembling with my back to it on the side away from tant ocean. Sandy stood before me silen solemnly, and reached behind her to uncl top of the suit. Her nipples looked exactly they had that day she'd rushed into the that day the icy water touched them.

She smiled and sat down beside me. T reached into the beach bag again, and bega out the questionnaire, reading the questi possible answers aloud to me.

Eventually, I stopped trembling.

Sitting there with Sandy beside me, eve seemed suddenly all right. Smiling encoura inviting me to look and admire, she forc my mind all previous knowledge of that place. There beside her, I was able to dis evidence of devastation all around me a sider the fire a legend passed from gener generation (Have you heard of the terribl '45, horrible, we hope and pray it will ne pen here again), but *only* a legend. Besides or not, we'd had nothing to do with that fire—and so, guiltless, we could sit in the s with the burnt and stunted trees all aroun cure in the knowledge that what we did also quite innocent: Sandy showed me her That was all. So, we concerned ourselves o the present. The present was figuring out swers to a questionnaire that would later tronically computerized in an attempt to perfect date for Sandy. The present wa herself sitting half-naked beside me in the the forest.

When David wa sprung and we told him what had happ agreed with us that we'd done nothing wr said he was only sorry he hadn't been t

ghed and said the hell with it, and that ve went over to the mainland.

had lobster and chowder at a place called rt's, and then we walked over to the movie to find out what was playing. The feature ieduled to start at 8:10 and break at 10:20, meant we could see the show and still catch t ferry back to Greensward at 11 o'clock. od on the sidewalk under the marquee and d our money. A few hulking townie kids udging each other over near the glass cases the movie posters were, ogling Sandy's irt and bare feet. We ignored them com- . We had just enough money to pay for our ions, but we had already bought round-trip on the ferry, so we decided to go in.

movie was exceptionally good.

as about man's alienation from his society, ided later on. It was also about the differ- tween illusion and reality. On the way back erry slip, we couldn't stop talking about it. street bordering the bay was silent and Most of the business district was built in- f course, and as a result there never *was* too ction along the bayfront. But this was still atively early on a Saturday night, and you expect the sidewalks to be pulled in right nner. It was sort of eerie. Here we were in ist of what was supposed to be civilization, only sign of life came from a fisherman's lling orange and blue neon into the street. wasn't involved with *any* of them," David hat was the point. None of the people in cture ever really touched each other."

re was something very phony about that ," Sandy said. "I mean, if the point was that running around and fooling around unattractive, then why did the director so exciting?"

t's exactly what I thought," I said, and as when the three boys appeared on the k ahead of us. They were standing in a pped imitation of every teen-age hoodlum ey had ever seen, the perfect stereotype of eather-jacketed youth, except that they earing T-shirts and levis. The image was ll nonetheless, a trite reproduction of evil And because we had been exposed to it so mes before, and recognized it immediately, onse was clichéd as well: Immediate fear with a pounding sense of imminent dan- sing excitement at the prospect of a rum- turned without a word to each other, and nning. The boat was supposed to leave for vard at eleven sharp. It was now close to nd we had no doubt that the boat was al- n and loading passengers. It occurred to we ran up the street away from the ferry it we could very easily miss the boat and ed here on the mainland with three speci- ho, it was fair to surmise, were not overly ed in discussing illusion, reality, or aliena- ad no idea whether or not they were the ys who had been ogling Sandy outside the before the picture began. But there was an in the clatter of their chase, and I began we were making a mistake by running nto a town they undoubtedly knew well, han heading for the protection of the ferry room and the civilized people boarding the Greensward.

hen—I don't know what caused it, per- was the influence of the film, perhaps we still deeply caught up in the film's mes- sudden giddiness came over the three of e ran through the deserted streets of the e began giggling, and then laughing aloud. us, one of the townies yelled, "Hey, Long ait up!" and another one shouted, "Give k at you, honey!" and rather than striking nto our hearts, their words absolutely up. After all, how real could these hoods is be when they were shouting banalities me on, honey, we got something for you," v down, baby, you'll love it?" How real ny of this idiotic chase be when we had d wilder chases on motion-picture screens?

Laughing, stumbling, our eyes tearing, we came out onto a long, dark street, made an abrupt right turn and found ourselves once again approaching the open bar, its blue and orange neon flashing ahead like some gaudy oasis. "Let's go, gang!" David shouted, and we began running faster and in dead earnest, though still chuckling with recognition of the absurdity of it all. Behind us, the cleverest of the townies shouted, "Aw, baby, don't be mean," and Sandy shouted, "Good night, lover," as we saw the ferry slip ahead. The boat was already in. We boarded it rapidly, just as the three hoods came panting onto the dock, standing again in stereotyped tough-guys-hands-on-hips postures while we mingled with the other passengers, and then tauntingly thumbed our noses at them from the quarterdeck. Sandy laughed then, a high, blaring hoot that caused some of the other passengers to turn and stare at us, a derisive challenge to the gangsters below. Tossing her golden hair in the light of the pilothouse, she looped her arms through ours and led us aft.

We stood on deck all the way out to the island. It was a marvelous night, and we huddled close together and sang songs in very low voices, and once we kissed either side of her face spontaneously.

The very next day, the gull flew over our heads without a tether.

The extraordinary thing about it was its simplicity.

It was no secret that I didn't exactly agree with Sandy about the gull's intelligence. It seemed to me, in fact, that any number of other birds could have been leash-trained more quickly than he was.

Nevertheless, bright and early on that Sunday morning, the four of us marched out to the point, and Sandy immediately removed the collar from around the bird's throat. David was the first of us to come to his senses.

"Good-bye, gull," he said.

"Shh," Sandy said, and signaled to us with her hand, the palm flat, patting the air. The gull peered up at us, unaware for the moment that the collar had been taken from his neck, completely oblivious to his freedom.

We backed still farther away from him, and he began following us up the beach, walking with that curiously proud gait of his, but never once attempting to fly.

"He is by far the stupidest bird in the world," I said.

"Shh," Sandy said again.

"Let's rush him," David said.

"No, just be quiet," Sandy said.

We squatted in the sand.

It was a gray day, heavy with mist that hovered over water and beach, a mist that would undoubtedly be burned off by mid-morning. The sand was cool and damp. Far out on the water, a trawler made its slow way northward. There was a stillness to the point that morning, intensified by the hanging mist. The surf was gentle, washing in against the shore in endless whispering repetition, as tranquil as the water on the bay side. I thought of the film we had seen the night before, and I thought again about reality and illusion, and it seemed to me that even the flat ripples out there were only imitations of real waves. And then I thought about estrangement, not in the movie's sense, but instead as something you deliberately chose, an isolation you wanted and needed. And I thought, as I sat there between David and Sandy, that the three of us would go on this way forever, in a soft and misty landscape, understanding each other completely without having to say a word. Sitting on the edge of the shore, I was struck by a sense of eternity, the ocean stretching endlessly to distant places I had never seen, the mist wafting in to insulate and protect a very special universe, the nucleus of which was the three of us alone.

The bird suddenly took wing.

The beauty of his flight was breathtaking, it almost brought tears to my eyes. Wings flapping, he soared up into the mist, gray merging with gray, white underbelly and ruff looping upward, beak thrust into the sky. His wings—angled, long, graceful, tapered—went suddenly motionless. He swooped low in a wide, descending arc, wings wide, and then flapped them again effortlessly, nudging himself higher and higher, until at last he was lost completely in the mist. We waited. The mist shifted soundlessly around us, the ocean whispered in against the shore.

"He's gone," David said.

"No, wait," Sandy said.

I don't know how long we waited. We stood almost shoulder to shoulder, gazing up at the sky, listening. The only sound was the incessant stroke of ocean against shore. And then, suddenly, the bird broke through the mist, his wings wide, emerging from the grayness as if a piece of it had suddenly broken away and was falling swiftly earthward, swooping lower and lower, more clearly defined now, the white startlingly explosive against the background of gray, the yellow of his beak and eyes, his legs tucked back against his body, descending in a wide, free arc, closer and closer to the ground, the wings suddenly rising in eagle-like majesty to fan the air and brake his fall as he dropped silently to the sand at our feet.

"Feed him, quick," Sandy whispered.

David threw him a piece of bread, and Sandy grinned and said, "He's trained." Walking to the bird, she reached out her hand to pat him on the head—and he bit her.

She yanked back her hand. A look of startled rage crossed her face. "You stupid idiot!" she shrieked, and reached for him again, lips skinned back, teeth bared as if to return the bite. Something slid into her eyes. Intelligence or guile, cunning or concern, it jarred her to an immediate stop. Trembling, she forced a smile onto her mouth and airily said, "It's only a scratch, men."

"Is the skin broken?" David asked.

"No."

"He was eating," I said, apologizing for the bird.

"He almost ate *me*," Sandy said, and laughed. She turned to the gull. Without a trace of her earlier flaring anger, she cheerfully said, "Come on, bird."

We began walking up the beach. Behind us, the gull took flight. He followed us all the way to Sandy's house. When we went inside for lunch, he sat on the deck and waited for us.

The next day, he was gone.

Sandy related the disappearance to me on the telephone, and I immediately called for David, and we walked together up the beach to Sandy's house, speculating on what might have happened. She had reported that the night before, unwilling to take any chances, she had once again put the leash on the bird and tethered him to the deck railing. This morning, when she'd gone outside to feed him, the leash was still attached to its stanchion, but the gull had somehow managed to escape by squeezing his neck and his head through the collar.

I thought this was an amazing stunt for such a stupid bird, but David said I wasn't considering the fact that the bird had once tasted freedom and probably couldn't bear even temporary bondage any longer.

We looked everywhere for that damn bird. Sandy gave up the search before either David or I was weary, but—determined to find the bird and surprise her—we continued looking long into the afternoon, luring flocks of gulls down to the beach with our bag of garbage, hoping to recognize our bird among them.

By sunset, we were on the edge of the forest.

"Do you think he may have wandered in there?" David asked.

"I doubt it."

"Let's try it.

"I don't think he's in there," I said. I was suddenly afraid of the forest again. I knew it was harmless, but something urged me not to enter it, something warned me that whatever horrors it had earlier contained were still in there, ready now to spring full-blown from nightmare into reality.

The sun was low on the horizon, orange, silhouetting the charred trees, re-creating that night so long ago when flames had leapt from branch to branch and the islanders had trembled in fright on the distant shore. The sun drove fire directly into the eye, overpowering the retina, blinding unless a gnarled limb or twisted trunk intercepted its rays, shooting sparks from behind black, contorted trees, now and again blocked by large gray boulders that cast long shadows on the forest floor, translating, by collision, pure light into something as dark and as deep as an open grave. There were nameless horrors in this forest. I felt them ooze damp and white from every pore of my body, heard them shriek inside my head with all the crackling terror of a flying spark.

The black boulder lay just ahead. I recognized it instantly as the one behind which Sandy and I had sat the day we filled out the computer questionnaire. Huge and round, it rose from among the smaller gray rocks like an ancient crypt.

The bird was lying behind the boulder.

He was still wearing the red collar and leash. There was red everywhere. Red in his white wing feathers and ruff, red on his broken yellow beak and crushed skull, red splattered onto the black boulder, red on the forest floor, red that shrieked against the violent orange of the dying sun, the forest was red, the world was red with the blood of the gull.

A rock rested on the ground some three feet from his body. It was covered with his drying blood. We looked at the gull, and we looked at the rock that had been used to crush his skull, and a slow comprehension came to us, but without horror: Sandy had killed him. And then, I don't know why, we were both suddenly overcome with rage.

"You dumb bird!" David said, and picked up the blood-stained rock. I had moved simultaneously, and of my own volition, to pick up the nearest weapon at hand, a rock larger than the one David wielded. We threw the rocks as though on signal, and then we gathered more rocks, hurling them at the bird in rising frenzy, rock after rock, finally exhausting the supply at our feet and, sobbing now, seized fallen limbs, which we used to club and batter and pound until the bird lay pulverized, a sodden mass of feathers and gristle and pulp.

We stood over him in tears, exhausted. Our hands and our clothes were covered with blood.

As we walked out of the forest, it occurred to me that we had never even given the stupid gull a name.

2: RHODA

The first guests to arrive at Sandy's mother's cocktail party were Violet, who owned the island's marina-boatel, and Frankie and Stuart, the two fags who ran The Captain's, down near the old ferry slip.

Violet was a very fat, flamboyant old lady who wore pendant earrings even in the morning. She had orange hair, and she wore white makeup, and she was always surrounded by her boys; David's father called her the Queen Bee. But neither Frankie nor Stuart were obnoxious fruits, meaning they didn't go mincing around or making sexy little jokes about *Oh, you're such a cute one, I'd love to give you such a pinch*, the way some faggots do, especially the ones in the city along Greenwich Avenue. Frankie had been living with Stuart for half his life, almost as though they were married. Stuart had a black handlebar mustache, and he never said very much. Frankie was blond, and he made up for Stuart's reticence, talking almost nonstop in a high, grating voice. They were both wearing Bermuda shorts and Italian sport shirts. Stuart also wore a wedding band.

The alleged purpose of the party that last Sunday in July was to bid farewell to those islanders who had rented for only half the summer. David and I were there by sufferance; we had agreed to help serve, and had promised not to "get underfoot." Actually, there wasn't very much to do in the beginning, but by four o'clock, when almost everyone had arrived, Sandy and David and I got fairly busy. David's parents weren't at the party because they had left the island the day before to attend a wedding in New Jersey. My parents, however, had arrived at about a quarter to four, and they kept calling me over to introduce me to this or that person, always seeming to take great pride whenever anyone said, "My, how *big* he is! Did you say he's only sixteen?" (to which my father invariably replied, "Sixteen going on twenty-four.")

Every time my father asked for another Scotch, my mother threw him a little warning dagger, green eyes snapping off the knife with a quick flick, *whap!* But my father always smiled back at her in a gracious and loving and absolutely sober-seeming way, his gray eyes crinkling and assuring her he would know when he'd had too much, which he rarely knew until he was falling-down drunk and telling people once again that he was a connoisseur of good Scotch. Everyone agreed that my father was just the most darling, sweetest man in the whole world when he got drunk—except my mother. She called him a drunken fool one night three summers ago while I was lying in my bed, without benefit of cuddly toy, being all of fourteen. That was the first inkling I had that perhaps my father drank a trifle too much at parties. The second inkling was in the city, when he drove the maid home after a party and nearly killed himself and her by ramming his Porsche into a lamppost. Everyone in the building knew that he had been drunk. I told the kids at school they were all crazy. That was when I was fifteen.

The bartender that afternoon used a very heavy hand on the booze bottle, and by six o'clock everybody was beginning to get a glassy-eyed look, including Sandy's mother, who laughed too loud habitually, even when she wasn't high, and whose laugh, I now realized, Sandy had imitated on the ferry ride home that night the townies tried to rape her. (We really didn't know whether rape had been their intention, but we constantly referred to that night among ourselves as The Big Rape Scene.) It was Sandy who kept the flow of food coming from the kitchen, and a good thing too, because otherwise all those swilling islanders would have floated out to England on a sea of alcohol.

The sun went down at 6:15, and everyone turned to face the ocean, as though paying obeisance to a familiar deity. There were the usual "oooohs" and "ahhhhs" accompanying the sunset, the unvaried reaction that came every night of the summer, as though each successive sunset were a new and exciting experience instead of an identical replay of the one that had taken place the night before. The Dynamiters, the local rock-and-roll group Sandy's mother had hired for the occasion, played right through the scintillating display out there on the horizon, blasting the deck and the house and the island itself with their own rendition of "Gloria." As the music got louder and louder, as the drinks got stronger and stronger, as the sky and the ocean and the beach and the deck got darker and darker, the guests got noisier and noisier, so that there was a cacophony of sound hanging on the night air, canopied by the distant silent stars and a full moon that brought, for an instant only, renewed sighs of "ahhhh" and "oooooh." The conversation was deafening, it bounced from the deck, it reverberated against the rear wall of the house, it threatened to obliterate even The Dynamiters' detonations. "Sandra, you're a nice little girl," Mr. Matthews, the island councilman, said, and p arm around her and squeezed her. "Oh, *than* Mr. Matthews," Sandy said, "but I must anything's burning in the kitchen."

Behind me, I heard my father telling son "I'm a connoisseur of good Scotch," and th grabbed me as I handed Mr. Porter his drin swung me around, and put his arm aroun shoulders and said, "C'mere, Peter, tell these people, am I a connoisseur of good Scotch, o a connoisseur of good Scotch?" I looked him eye, and I said, "You are a connoisseur of Scotch, Dad," and he said, "You bet your life I am."

A voice sudden through the cooperative din of The Dynam and the party guests, amplified and blaring the group's expensive loudspeaker setup, whelming all other noise by sheer volum ineptitude. Sandy and I both turned to look the deck at the same moment, trying to pir this new source of sound, this intrusive and ca onous groan from below. An amber rectangl from the living-room window above illumi three-quarters of The Dynamiters plus a chunky, dark-haired girl of about fifteen wh commandeered a microphone and was hold just below the head, as though producing, t strangling grip on its neck, the horrible soun permeated the night. She smiled in that mo revealing metal bands on her teeth, and ther tinued slaughtering the lyrics as the mus winced behind her. David came rushing u steps to the deck, laughing helplessly, ru over to where Sandy and I stood with our m open, listening. The dark-haired girl woul relent. The lyrics resisted her, the amplifier back squeaked, the drummer tried to drow out by playing even louder, and the other cians tried to recover their cool by singing str than she, but only succeeded in sounding tune against her flat and penetrating whine.

The guests stood in drunken stupor and n thenic shock on the silent deck.

"Thank you very much," the dark-haire said into the microphone. "My name is Rh

We took a walk along the beach after the broke up, and then we sat on the edge of the Sandy with her knees folded against her br arms wrapped around them, skirt tucke David and I leaning back on locked elbow stretched to where the water just touched ou

The night was so still.

There was a lingering sadness on the ai knowledge that August was almost here, su would soon be over. And then, as though voice to the permeating sense of grief, there sobbing sound behind us. Startled, we turn look toward the dune, and saw nothing but t beach grass shifting in the ocean wind, illumi by the brilliant moon. Puzzled, we looked a other, and then Sandy got to her feet and w swiftly to the dune. Climbing it, she signaled

Rhoda was sitting with her face buried hands, sobbing bitterly. "Go away," she sai would not take her hands from her face. Her ders were heaving. She had stopped sobbing long enough to utter her command and tak fresh gulp of air.

"Come on, leave her alone," David said.

"No, wait a minute," Sandy said. "Can see she's crying?"

"Leave me alone," Rhoda said.

"Come on, the hell with her," David said

you just stop that crying," Sandy said.
want to choke to death?"
wants to cry, let her cry," David said.
er than her singing, anyway," and Rhoda
o fresh tears.
p, or I'll pick you up," Sandy said.
her alone," David said, "she's a creep."
a creep," Rhoda said, gasping and chok-
olling away from Sandy, who seized her
and yanked on it, getting her at last to a
sition, and then putting one arm around
and pulling her to her feet. Rhoda stag-
ut blindly, her eyes closed, shaking her
hiding her face, trying to pull away from
ho finally slapped her sharply, twice. The
stopped at once. Gasping for breath,
ared fixedly at Sandy, tears streaming
cheeks.
it me," she said.
e damn right I did," Sandy answered.
she'll go screaming to her mother," David

other is dead," Rhoda said.
other is dead, you jackass," Sandy said.
was making short, brave snuffling sounds
ough wanting to break into tears again,
Sandy would hit her if she did. "Do you
ndkerchief?" she asked.
?"
andkerchief?" David said, outraged.
ly not."
an have mine," I said, and reached into
pocket. "I haven't got one," I said.
ht, damn it," David said, "here's mine."
d it to Rhoda and said, "Try not to gook
will you?"
you," Rhoda said, and noisily blew her

lo you feel?" Sandy said.
le. They all laughed at me."
because you're a lousy singer," David

tter than any of those musicians," Rhoda

probably also better than Senator Dirk-
id and, surprisingly, she began giggling.
" Sandy said.
a manic depressive," David said.
nybody hungry?" I asked.
mished," Sandy said.
et's all go over to The Captain's for some
rs."
s what we did.

d again on Monday morning, the last
y.
parents were still in New Jersey, so we
ver to his house to listen to records. The
elentless. It never varied in its rhythm
sity, seemed in fact to add natural con-
everything David was saying about the
of pop music. Rhoda, as it turned out,
te bright person who asked intelligent
and who smiled in delight each time
sfactorily answered them. Her smile was
hing, despite the unflattering bands on
It transformed her entire face, imparting
to it that was totally lacking when she
erious, older-party look. She was not an
girl, but there was an appealing softness
perfect contrast to Sandy's glittering,
beauty. As the afternoon waned, I
elf liking her more and more, and I was
vhen Sandy asked her to tell us all about

nothing to tell," Rhoda said, and
he blush seemed entirely contradictory;
t imagine it on the face of the girl who
requisitioned a microphone and drowned
n horrid sound.
always something to tell," Sandy said.
ting prunes by the fireplace, lazily dip-
and into the box, chewing off the black
ing the pits dry.
ny mother is dead," Rhoda said, and

d she die?" David asked.
wned."

"Where?"
"On Martha's Vineyard, five summers ago."
"How old were you?"
"Ten."
"God, that must have been awful," Sandy said.
"Yes. Yes, it was." She nodded, and then very quietly said, "I still miss her."
"I thought my father was dead for the longest time," Sandy said. "They got divorced when I was two, and I grew up thinking he was dead. Then one day this man arrived at the front door of the house, and I said, 'Yes, sir, may I help you?' and he said, 'Sandy, I'm your father.' My mother came out of the kitchen and said, 'Get the hell away from her, you bum.' That was the first time and the last time I ever saw him."
"That's worse than if he were dead," Rhoda said.
"Hey, put on some more music," Sandy said suddenly. "Come on, David, how about it?"
"OK," David said, and got to his feet.
"You still haven't told us anything about *yourself*, though," Sandy said. "Tell us something about yourself."
"Like what?"
"Something terrible."
"I don't know anything terrible."
"Everybody does. Tell her something terrible, Peter."
"I once made cracker sandwiches out of cream cheese and snot," I said easily, "and gave them to my cousin to eat."
"That's disgusting," Rhoda said, but she giggled.
"What have *you* done?" Sandy asked.
"Nothing."
"OK," Sandy said, just that single, chilling word, and reached into the prune box in dismissal. A look of panic crossed Rhoda's face. She studied Sandy, who had turned her head away and was disdainfully nibbling on the prune. Then she looked at me, hopefully.
I didn't say a word.
David had put on a Beatles LP, and we listened now as "Taxman" flooded the living room. Outside, the rain drummed its steady accompaniment.
"You won't tell anyone?" Rhoda asked.
"Of course not."
"I spit on my mother's grave."
"When?"
"At the cemetery. When everyone else had left. I stayed behind and spit on her grave because she had no right to die that way, no right to leave me all alone." She suddenly covered her face with her hands. "I'm so embarrassed," she said.
"Don't be," Sandy said cheerfully, and then rose and went into the bedroom where she had left her yellow rainslicker and a brown paper bag. The bag contained two coloring books and a box of crayons she had bought at Mr. Porter's. We spent the rest of the afternoon coloring pictures before the fire.
It was a very good day.

We decided to teach Rhoda to swim.
She assured us there was nothing psychosomatic about her inability to do even the dog paddle, no fear stemming from her mother's drowning, no lingering effects of what might have been considered a traumatic experience. The only problem, she told us, was her lack of coordination. She couldn't seem to synchronize her arm and leg movements, and as a result she sank to the bottom each and every time she tried. We convinced her this was nonsense, and she agreed to have another go at it, even though she was pessimistic about the outcome.

Borrowing my father's boat, we sailed to a tiny island some six miles due north of Greensward, and on that first day of August, I tried to teach Rhoda to swim. David and Sandy had taken snorkels and masks and gone around to the other side of the island. In the shallow water of the cove, I spent perhaps twenty fruitless minutes with Rhoda, until finally she stood up and said, "It's impossible."
"Well," I said, beginning to agree with her, "let's rest for a while."
The island was silent, the cove sat still and smooth, opening into the vaster ocean and the distant horizon and the huge canopy of blue sky and drifting pristine clouds. I lay back flat with my hands behind my head, and tried to understand why Rhoda couldn't stay afloat.
I was beginning to think she was pretty stupid.
When she began speaking at last, it was without preamble, as though she assumed I'd been inside her head and would know immediately what she was talking about. She began by admitting she'd lied about her fear of water, but saying again it had nothing to do with her mother's death. The truth of the matter, she said, was that she was afraid of so many things, probably because she felt so out of it most of the time. She couldn't understand this feeling because, after all, half the entire world was composed of people who were twenty-five or younger, which she most certainly was, so why shouldn't she feel right at home? And yet, she always had the feeling instead that a party was going on, and she hadn't been invited. (She'd tried to explore this feeling in her school newspaper column called *Feelings*, and had got letters from a lot of girls who thought she was merely a square, which she supposed she was.)
Everyone at this party is in costume, she said, but it isn't a costume ball, they're wearing regular street clothes that only *seem* to be disguises. The girls' skirts are very short, with oh such marvelous colors, bright reds and oranges, greens and blues, pinks and purples, yellows and whites in stripes and polka dots, but they're all combined in such a mad swirl that they seem like *no* color at all. And there are false eyelashes and wigs, flowing falls and sequins, metal skirts and plastic dresses, boots that reach to the calf or the thigh, See me, see me, everybody yells, Look at me, see me! And yet the funny thing, Peter, is that although everybody's so exposed and naked at this party to which I haven't been invited, there's really *no* exposure at all, do you know what I mean, well, let me explain.
Where's the *nucleus*, she said, that's what I mean. Where's the *person* in all this action and noise, where's the *self* in all this laughter? In fact, why's there so much laughter to *begin* with, and why is it so loud?
The sun was hot, her voice was becoming more insistent (a bit hysterical, in fact), she seemed to find in my silent presence a sounding board for future columns called *Feelings*, she put her hand on my arm, her fingers were cold despite the sun, I think they're afraid, she said. I think that's why they threw this party in the first place, and I think that's why it's lasting through the night.
I opened my eyes. The sky was still bright with buoyant clouds, the water still murmured softly in the cove, but Rhoda's voice beside me suddenly chilled me, and gooseflesh broke out on my arms and across my chest.
The summer my mother died should have been the last summer for me, she said, I should have grown up fast and all at once, I should have come face to face with all the loss anyone ever has to experience. But each year, I seem to lose a little more, more and more each summer, until I want to shout, "*Leave* me something, at least please leave me *something*," until I want to grab a microphone the way I did at Sandy's house, and sing out louder than the noise, and thank everyone for listening, and then smile and tell them who I am, *me*, "My name is *Rhoda*." But I know, I know inside it isn't any use, I'll have to lose everything sooner or later, and I'll join the others, yes, I'll huddle with them in fear, and the party'll end the minute I get there. *That'll* be the last summer, Peter. Mine and maybe everybody's. And I'm so afraid of winter coming.

"Mmm," I said.

"Yes," she said.

"I've got to be truthful with you," I said. "That's one of the things we don't like about you."

"What is?"

"That sometimes you sound like an old lady."

"Well, sometimes I *feel* like an old lady."

"Then try to *hide* your feelings, will you?"

"I can't."

"Because it isn't much fun to hear somebody making dire predictions."

"It's just that I get very frightened sometimes. Forgive me."

"Well, we all get frightened sometimes."

"But not by the same things."

"No."

"Let's not argue, Peter," she said, "I'm too fond of you," and suddenly kissed me on the cheek. Blushing, she took my hand, and we started down toward the water again.

By the end of the week, we had her swimming around the cove.

Those were golden days.

We took the boat out every weekday morning, blessed with sunshine and fair breezes, feeling healthy and lazy and contented. Rhoda seemed to fit in more easily now, laughing at our jokes, offering nonsense of her own, rarely wincing at our occasional profanities, lazing confidently beside the cockpit, her eyes closed, a curious half-smile on her face, her head thrown back to the sun. She even wore a bikini with casual authority now, her body uniformly tanned, her look of flabby respectability all but gone; she had lost seven pounds in the past week, and she told us she had never felt better in her life.

I was beginning to like her very much.

I don't know what it was.

I found myself staring at her whenever her eyes were closed, finding new and interesting things in her face each time I studied it; the way her brows soared up over each eye, like quick, sure charcoal strokes, her long black lashes, her really marvelous nose with its prominently sculpted bridge tapering gently to a delicate winged tip, her mouth with its full lower lip and deep bow, the freckles that showed on her cheeks even through the tan, it was really a remarkable face.

I felt so completely happy last August.

I think I had felt that way only once before in my life, and that was when I was very small, maybe five or six years old. My Aunt Bess owned a little summer cottage in Spotswood, New Jersey, and my parents used to take me out there every weekend. It probably was a dumpy little place, I can't even remember what the inside looked like. It was set in a little clearing surrounded by trees, and it was made of wood, and painted yellow, with small, brown-shuttered windows. There was a water pump in the clearing, just outside the kitchen screen door. A big aluminum pot used to sit on a milk crate under the pump's spout. The whole family went out to Spotswood every weekend, dozens of us, aunts and uncles, cousins, even my grandmother before she died. I still can't figure out where we all slept, there must have been a hundred beds inside that tiny house. What I remember most is the activity in the yard. The pump was the nucleus of that house, you see, everything centered and swarmed about it. There was constant traffic through the clearing, screen doors opening and closing, the pump squeaking, water splashing.

I can remember a striped canvas beach chair, and me lying back in short pants, my legs crossed, and bright sunlight pouring into the clearing, and the trees around the yard swaying, looking so very tall. I can remember the hum of the family all around me, buzzing back and forth to the pump, calling to each other, laughing, all in brilliant sunshine, and I can remember feeling warm, and safe, and extremely well-loved.

I felt the same way last summer.

Our routine in the water was unvaried.

Wearing masks, we would float on the surface until one or another of us spotted something that looked interesting. A finger pointed, a head nodded, the original discoverer jack-knifed into a surface dive and headed for the bottom, the rest of us following in formation. A glistening explosion of tiny bubbles trailed behind the kicking fins, I could see Sandy's long blond hair flowing free in the water like a live golden plant, David's powerful arms thrusting, Rhoda beside me. And then the discovery, whatever it was, a gleaming bottle top, a fishing lure and broken line tangled into a smooth piece of driftwood, a lumbering horseshoe crab, a school of tiny shiners, a pink bathing cap. Each new discovery delighted Rhoda; she would nod her head vigorously and then break into a wide grin, her bands catching watery sunlight, scaring me to death each time because I kept thinking she'd take in a mouthful, and choke, and panic, and forget everything we'd taught her.

Our underwater world was silent and exclusive. We moved through it like conspirators.



andy's caller opened the telephone conversation in Spanish.

"*Buenos dias,*" he said.

"*Buenos dias,*" Sandy replied.

"I have received your number," he said, "and so I am calling."

"What?" she said.

"It says that we have been chosen," he said. "By the machine."

"Oh!" Sandy said. "Yes, yes, of *course.*"

"Ah, now you understand?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," she said.

"*Bueno,*" he said. "*Sandra, es usted una morena?*"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Your hair is black?"

"Oh, yes, yes, it is," Sandy said.

"*Bueno.* You also have blue eyes?"

"Yes, I have."

"*Bueno.* The machine says you wish to meet a Puerto Rican gentleman, which I am."

"That's right."

"Who is very bright like you, which I am."

"Good," Sandy said.

"Also, I am five feet seven and one-half inches tall, with black hair and brown eyes, is that true?"

"That's certainly true," Sandy said, and stifled a giggle.

"How tall are you?"

"Five-four," Sandy said.

"My name is Aníbal Gomez," he said. "I wish to see you."

"Fine," she answered. "When?"

They then spent another five minutes settling on a time and place to meet over on the mainland, deciding on 6:30 that Saturday night at the ferry slip, and then Gomez said, "I look forward to it, Sandra," and Sandy said, "Me, too, Aníbal," and he said, "Good," and hung up.

"Well, I guess I have a date for Saturday night," Sandy said.

She was lying full length on her bed, and she rolled over now to replace the telephone receiver, and then began giggling. Rhoda, who was reading in the floppy armchair opposite the bed, looked up from her paperback and said, "Who with?" and I realized she hadn't heard a word of the telephone conversation. David and I, who had been playing chess on the floor, had, of course, heard only Sandy's half of the conversation, so she promptly filled us in, using a Spanish accent that was hilarious.

"You're not *going*, are you?" Rhoda asked, appalled.

"Of course I am!"

"I don't think you should," Rhoda said.

"Why not?"

"Well, it isn't right. That poor man is probably lonely and ——"

"I don't think you should go, either," said.

"What!"

"For different reasons, though," he said ing. "To begin with, he's expecting someone twenty years old. You're only ——"

"I can pass for eighteen," she said. "I'll w mother's wig."

"Your mother's wig is red. You described self as ——"

"That's right, but I'll wear a kerchief o He'll never know the difference."

"I've got a better idea," David said, and he smiled.

"What's that?"

"Send Rhoda in your place."

"*Who?*" Rhoda said.

"Hey, that's ——"

"Absolutely *not!*"

"But Rhoda, it's perfect!" Sandy said, l off the bed and rushing to where she sat. " the right size, you're the right coloring, you right *everything!* David, that's a marvelous she said, and threw her arms around him.

"That's a *lousy* idea," Rhoda said. She the paperback book with a small flourish, back into the bookcase with great care, an said, "Why do you want to make a fool of

"I don't. I'm after the machine."

"Why? What'd the machine do to you?"

"I don't want to be computerized," Sand

"Then why'd you send in the questionn

"To screw up the machine," Sandy said.

"But now you're going *along* with the mac

"How do you figure that?"

"By keeping the date."

"No, I'm screwing up the machine," Sand

"I don't like that kind of language, Sand mother called from the other room.

"Sorrrrry!" Sandy sang back. "I'm screw the damn machine," she whispered to Rho

"People aren't machines!" Rhoda said. " Gomez is a *person.*"

"How do we know he didn't lie to the m too? He may turn out to be an old man c with his *teeth* falling out!"

"Fantastic!" David said. "A *triple* cross

"I don't want any part of it," Rhod "Period."

"OK," Sandy said, and walked out bedroom.

Aníbal Gomez looked like an accountant He was wearing a simply tailored brown t suit, a pale beige shirt, and a dark-brown t socks were brown, as were his shoes, and h brown-rimmed spectacles. We identified h the dock at once, the only individual the Saturday night who looked even remotel lized, standing apart from the ferry compa sonnel who wore dungarees and chambray and the islanders coming and going in varie ful and sloppy attire, and the sports fisher white shorts, windbreakers and yachting c

The four of us had dressed for the occasi though certainly not as elegantly as Gomez. had put on her mother's red wig, not in tempt to further baffle her Selecta-Date sui only as defense against possible recognition of the townies who had chased us in July. S Rhoda were both wearing thonged sand crisp cotton shifts, hers yellow, Rhoda's blu both looked very pretty. David and I were pressed khakis, sport shirts and jackets. Th ets had been put on under duress. San suggested that we wear ties, too, but we lutely refused, and threatened to blow th evening if she insisted, which she did not. came off the ferry and onto the dock, Davi pered, "There he is."

"Is everybody ready?" Sandy asked.

"I'm terrified," Rhoda said.

"Here goes," Sandy said, and walked to with her hand outstretched. Clearly expe brunette (on the phone, he had specifically about the color of her hair) Gomez was sta see a redhead approaching him and offer hand. He was a short person,

(con



This is Cindy Pinkstaff and her doting daddy. Her diapers and his greasy work clothes are both washed clean in cold water with Cold Power!

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coming eye to eye with Sandy who, in the wig, looked as old as he did. His face was smooth and very white, his eyes brown. A gold tooth showed at the side of his mouth when he opened it in surprise. Tentatively, he took her hand.

"I'm Sandy," she said, shaking his hand vigorously, and then dropping it. His eyes widened behind their glasses when he saw Rhoda and David and me walking over, and he seemed utterly baffled for an instant, seemed in fact as if he were about to run clear off the dock and all the way back to Manhattan. "Let me explain," Sandy said quickly. "This is my friend, Rhoda; she's your date for tonight, she's the girl who filled out the questionnaire."

"But . . ." Gomez said.

"She's very shy," Sandy said, "which is why she used my name."

"*Ah, sí, lo entiendo,*" Gomez said. He turned to Rhoda. "How do you do?" he said. "I am Aníbal Gomez."

"How do you do?" Rhoda said shyly.

"But your eyes are not blue," he said.

"She used my eyes," Sandy said.

"Oh."

"Yes, I'm sorry," Rhoda said.

"That is all right," Gomez said. He looked her over carefully. He still seemed on the edge of panic. Every thought flashing through his mind appeared instantly on his face, as though he were incapable of the slightest subterfuge. His eyes behind their magnifying lenses, his sensitive mouth, even his nostrils expressed doubt, and then suspicion, and then further confusion, and finally resignation. He had come all the way from Manhattan, his look clearly stated (he would have made a terrible spy) and for better or worse he would see this thing through, not with Sandy, it seemed, but with Rhoda instead, who claimed to have filled out the questionnaire, and who certainly appeared to be somewhere between nineteen and twenty with dark black hair, as she had claimed, but not with blue eyes, well, he would have to forgo the blue eyes (all of this appearing in sequence on his face, he was about as inscrutable as a sparrow), and certainly of ample build, as she had promised, with very large *tetas* like Puerto Rican girls, and truly about five feet four inches tall, though she did not appear at all Oriental, but perhaps the Jewish part of her ancestry had dominated the Eastern influence, well, he would have to make the best of it. And then his transparent system of telegraphy flashed fresh puzzlement into his eyes and onto his mouth and caused his nostrils to twitch again; we could clearly read his new concern: Who are these two boys with her?

"These are friends of yours?" he asked.

"Yes. They're with Sandy," Rhoda said.

"They're with me," Sandy said.

"Ahh," Gomez said. They seem very young for her, his face telegraphed, but perhaps there is a shortage of available men on the island. "Well," he said, "are we to be together?"

"I thought it might be nice," Rhoda said.

"Ahhh," he said, and his mouth turned slightly downward, and his eyes grew sad behind their spectacles, and he sniffed. "Ahh, well, if you wish," he said.

The restaurant we chose, one of the least objectionable in town, was on a side street across the way from Woolworth's, its décor consisting largely of red leatherette booths and checked tablecloths. Gomez suggested that we have a cocktail before dinner, but since we were all under-age and didn't need the embarrassment of being asked for identification, we all came up with various excuses, which he accepted without question. We all urged him to have one if he wished, though, and he ordered a Scotch and water, and then lifted the drink when it came and said, "*Salud*, Rosa."

"It's Rhoda," she said.

"Rhoda? Ahhh, Rho*da*. Ahhh, ahhh," Gomez said, and drank.

"Anything by The Stones there?" Sandy asked David.

"I don't see anything," David said. "Here's a new Blues Project, though."

"Oh, good, play it," she said. "Do you mind, Annabelle?"

"No, not at all," he answered, "but it is *Aníbal*. The accent is on the second syllable, Ah-*nee*-bal, do you see? not Annabelle. Annabelle is a girl's name, no?" and it was then, I think, that we decided to get him drunk.

I don't know whose idea it actually was. I only know that the notion was suddenly there, flashing between Sandy and David and me with the same electrical intimacy we had generated that night of the firehouse dance. Our eyes met. There was no need to nod, or smile, or offer acknowledgment of the idea in any way. It was simply there, we felt it taking shape and gaining power, it surged around and over the table, it was as if we had our arms around each other and could feel each other's pulse beats: we would get Aníbal Gomez drunk.

There were some swift currents swirling around that booth for the next ten minutes, and I began to get a little dizzy trying to cope with them all. Aníbal completely entered into the spirit of the bacchanal, recalling whatever annual feast it was the natives celebrated in the streets of Las Croabas on Holy Saturday, voluntarily ordering consecutive double Scotches, and swilling them like water. His eyes were bright behind their spectacles, and I had seen that same brightness often enough in my father's eyes to know that complete stupor was only a hair's breadth away. I began to feel guilty about my role in getting him drunk. That was one of the currents, and it had nothing to do with Rhoda, nor anything to do with the angry warning signals her eyes flashed. It had only to do with my father. It had only to do with this Puerto Rican who, like my father, was a connoisseur of good Scotch. I thought of Spotswood, New Jersey, and of a clearing in bright sunshine, and a small boy in a striped beach chair, bare legs crossed. Had my father been a drunk even then? It did not seem possible. I looked into Rhoda's eyes, and for some reason had the strangest feeling I was watching Rhoda on film, as if the reality of Rhoda was rapidly fading, the reality was here with David and Sandy on this side of the table while the film, the illusion, was there across from us, Aníbal putting his hand over Rhoda's on the tabletop and whispering, "Rosa, you a pretty *muchacha*, you know what that means? It means a pretty girl, Rosa."

"Rosa ees a pretty gorl, *sí*," Sandy mimicked.

"A *muchas* pretty gorl," David said.

"No," Aníbal said, "No '*muchas*,' what we say is '*muy*,' we say '*muy linda*,' that means very beautiful."

"Thank you," Rhoda said.

"*De nada*," Aníbal said, and his elbow slipped off the table and he almost hit his chin on the tabletop. He burst out laughing, and I was suddenly frightened.

"Let's eat," I said, "I think we should eat now."

"No, Annabelle wants another drink," Sandy said.

"Annabelle enjoys *el boozo mucho bien*," David said.

"No more whiskey," Aníbal said, "I may get drunk."

"He *may* get drunk!" Sandy said, exploding into laughter.

"Another Scotch and water, miss," David said to the waitress.

Aníbal was ossified by the time the food came, slurring his words, swaying gently in his seat, and smiling beatifically at Rhoda, who was furious at us for what we'd done, and even more furious at Aníbal for having allowed it to happen. When Aníbal ordered a brandy after the meal ("Sandra, you will join me now?" he asked, and Sandy shook her head demurely and answered, "Oh, thank you, Annabelle, I don't think so"), Rhoda became nearly apoplectic. Aníbal finally staggered out into the street with us at about a quarter past ten, having paid the lion's share of the check, which was only fair since he'd drunk so much.

The town was its usual Saturday-night self, riotously asleep even here in the business district. We crossed the street to avail ourselves of the big weekend entertainment—Woolworth's lighted window—and then headed down for the bayfront and the parking lot where Aníbal had left his car. The lampposts threw spaced circles of light into the blackness. Aníbal reeled along beside us, throwing his arms wide and bursting into song whenever he stepped into one of the circles, like a performer in successive spotlights. We were perhaps three or four blocks from the parking lot—were, in fact, crossing the street to get on the same side as the lot—when we saw them.

I'm not sure they would have recognized us if our reaction hadn't been so immediate and so obvious. But the three of us froze at once, stopping stock-still in the middle of the street as Rhoda and Aníbal moved forward to the sidewalk and then turned to see what was delaying us. The three boys were dressed just as they'd been dressed on the night of The Big Rape Scene, almost as though having once been typecast they refused to accept any other roles, levis, T-shirts, wide belts, loafers. They swaggered up the sidewalk, pushing each other and laughing, and then saw us, stopping the moment we did, freezing in an attitude of uncertainty. Then one of them let out a yell that chilled me to the marrow. "It's *Long* Legs!" he shouted, his voice rising, the simple exclamation loaded with something more than merely joy of recognition, shrill with discovery, thoroughly malevolent in its promise of revenge for the merry chase we'd led them and the razzing we'd administered from the deck of the ferry.

I was terrified this time.

This time the danger was unmistakable, there was no wondering about illusion this time, there was only panic being pounded into the heart like a splintery wooden stake. What happened next happened in split-second sequence, and yet it all seemed to overlap, the only concession reality made to distortion. I grabbed Sandy's hand and started to run, and then I heard David's voice shouting, "Run!" and then I remembered Rhoda, and dropped Sandy's hand, and whirled, and stopped, and shouted, "Come *on*, for Christ's s and I ran to the curb as the three raced down the sidewalk, and sa angry face of one of them, and Rhoda's hand, and heard David "Let's get *out* of here!" and Rhod "What?" and idiotically I thought three astronauts who had been tr inside the Apollo spacecraft wh flash fire erupted, and the way them in his last few seconds ali shrieked in what the *Times* descri a shrill voice, "Get us out of he caught another fast glimpse of th face as he approached, and then sa Aníbal had his mouth open, and I forward and pulled Rhoda off th walk, and heard Sandy shout, them, Annabelle! They're after R

Aníbal reacted at once. He plan feet wide, clenched his fists and and deliberately and drunkenly for the rush of the first boy, who most upon him now. This was som he understood, Sandy had chose cisely the words to hurl at him, "T after Rhoda!" This was pride a was honor and this was manhoo this was only the code that ha tributed to the flow of *mucho sangr* 111th Street and environs, "T after our girl, they're after our tu them, get them, get them!" H forward in the light of the lam wearing his neat brown suit, s somewhat with the liquor tha fumed inside him, Aníbal Gomez with his slender accountant's clenched, and bravely prepared fend the honor of the wrong girl th puter had provided.

"*Damn* you, Peter, come *on*!" shouted, and the hero Aníbal burned himself in my mind in bro houette, and I thought again heroes in the space capsule and t they had been reduced to merely t human beings at the end, and wo if Aníbal Gomez would also scre the unseen power that was NAS trol or whoever when three townie tried to stomp out his brains—but Rhoda who screamed instead an to go back to him.

I grabbed her hand, I swu around, I pulled her up the stre was still screaming. Sandy ran where we were struggling. Behin could hear grunting sounds, the thud of fists, gentle mayhem, whi apart from the danger Rhoda se to the night and Sandy approache terror-filled blue eyes, blond hair ing from beneath the red wi quickly brought her hand to R mouth to smother the cries. I g Rhoda's arms and held them pin her sides while she squirmed and gled to get loose, trying to cal knowing her screams would do n we did not want police on the sce did not want to have to explain our parents. She was wearing Sandy had expertly helped her to her mouth was slippery, she twis head sharply to the left, leaving blood-red smear on the right side face, escaping Sandy's hand and s ing again, screaming hysterically behind us the grunting went pulpy sound of fists, the soft n people sweating hard to kill each "Hold her!" Sandy shouted, grasp her mouth again—and Rhoda bit

Sandy yanked back her hand. of startled rage crossed her face

she shrieked, and reached
lips skinned back, teeth
eturn the bite. Something
yes. Intelligence or guile,
ncern, it jarred her to an
p. Trembling, she forced a
r mouth and gently said,
an't stay here. Come on,
."
led.
unning toward the ferry

I heard Aníbal scream,
Dios, ayúdame!"

leven.
ght, hot, muggy day. The
cking to me when I woke
covered with sweat. I felt
and surly. I looked at the
resser, and then I called
was still in bed and asked
lan was for the day.
andy a ring," he said,
go out to the point."
id, and hesitated. "You
call Rhoda?"
'
eemed pretty upset last

bly fine by now," David
g to stop by here for me?"
, give me a half hour,

all Sandy."
ink I should call Rhoda,

id said, and hung up.
ne back on the cradle and
e ceiling. There were four
uitoes near the light fix-
ter of the room. I had
he very beginning of the
my father and I had put
I thought of the night be-
sighed and called Rhoda.
g I said was, "I'm sorry
."
t answer.
sorry. I'm really very

said, "why did you get

w," I said.
to stop . . ."
did."
l you to stop."
ain it, I really can't."
said, "do you know that

I know it," I said. I was
ened. I did not want to
lse Rhoda had to say. I
that whatever else she
int on would be painful.
er to leave things exactly
d, accept my apology,
merely shut the hell up.

an pounding me with
She had lain awake all
nderstand my behavior,
was *real*, she said, he was
rson, and I'd got him
cks, and then threw him
boys without a thought,
were made of plastic.
made of plastic yet, we
ic hearts and livers and
run around on plastic
't have tapes inside us
to love or hate, not yet

houldn't have gotten
nd sighed and looked up
felt intimately but mis-
d with her, as though
ering lovers' secrets to



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each other, as though even our silence now blatantly advertised a relationship that didn't really exist. I had not asked her to love me. I had not even asked her to understand me. I felt suddenly trapped.

"Listen," I said, "I don't find this conversation very pleasant."

"Neither do I."

"So let's talk about something else."

"No, let's talk about what you did last night."

"Oh, Rhoda, for Christ's sake, get *off* it! We didn't mean any harm last night."

She was silent for a long while. "Didn't you?" she said at last. "*Didn't* you mean any harm?"

"We were only trying to have a little fun," I said.

"A little fun," she repeated blankly.

"We didn't know the night was going to turn out the way it did. Rhoda, we *couldn't* have known."

"No, you couldn't have known," she said.

"Rhoda, for Christ's sake, don't start *in* again. You make me feel ——"

"I'm sorry."

"Yes, you're sorry, but you keep *doing* it all the time. Why can't you just ——"

"Just *what*, Peter?"

"Just . . . just shut up every now and then?"

"Not speak?" she said. "Not think?"

"Rhoda," I said, "you're beginning to give me a fat pain," and I hung up the phone. *(continued)*

The beach was suffocatingly hot and thronged with people. This was Sunday, and the normal weekday crowd should have been doubled or at most trebled, but the incredible heat had driven the entire world to the shore, and people sprawled now on every available inch of sand, hoping for a breeze. There was no wind at all, but the ocean was rough nonetheless, with huge waves rolling in and breaking furiously against the shore. The sky was a yellowish white, not a trace of blue anywhere, not a single cloud breaking the glaring oval that stretched like wet skin over ocean and beach. It was difficult to breathe. The sun seemed to be everywhere and nowhere, the air shimmered with diffused light. It was Sandy who suggested that we go to the forest instead, where we might find some shade and a vagrant breeze or two. We stopped at David's house to sneak out some beer, and were heading inland when we heard Rhoda's voice behind us.

"Peter!" she called. "Peter, wait for me!"

Sandy turned. "Well, well," she said, "it's Rhoda."

We waited for her on the path. Panting, she said, "May I come along?"

"Sure," Sandy said.

We walked in silence, the beach bag hanging from Sandy's shoulder, thudding against her thigh with every step she took. The sun was hot. We were climbing up and away from the beach. The sound of the ocean was very far behind us now. We continued to climb. I suddenly wished that Rhoda had not joined us.

I wasn't sure why I felt that way exactly. I only know that as we got closer to the forest, as I saw the burnt trees in a shimmering haze ahead of me and above me, I remembered that once there had been a fire here, remembered that this was where Sandy had killed the gull, this was where David and I had pounded him to a pulp. And then I remembered sitting with Sandy behind the huge black boulder, and I thought of what we might have done to Sandy today if Rhoda hadn't suddenly decided to join us. That wasn't exactly it, though. That wasn't all of it. I don't know what it was. I was frightened. I wanted to tell Rhoda not to go into the forest. I wanted to tell her to get the hell home.

The burnt pines were gnarled and black against the sky.

"Are you all right?" I asked her.

"Yes, I'm fine," she said.

We found the huge boulder, as black as the skeletal trees surrounding it. Sandy went to it unerringly and kicked aside some bleached and rodent-picked bones that might have been the gull's, I don't know. We spread David's poncho on the ground. I sat with my back against the boulder, and Rhoda sat beside me. I was trembling. David opened four bottles of beer.

"No, I don't want any," Rhoda said.

"Take one," Sandy said. There was a sudden flick of harshness in her voice.

"All . . . all right," Rhoda said.

David handed her an open bottle, and then sat on the poncho with us. Sandy was still standing. She accepted the bottle of beer David offered to her, tilted it to her mouth, said, "*Skoal*," and drank. "Mmm, that's good," she said. "Isn't it good, Rhoda?"

"It's just . . . so bitter," Rhoda said.

"Got to take the bitter with the sweet, baby," David said, and laughed. He drank, belched, said, "Beg your pardon," and drank some more.

"It's just as hot here as it was on the beach," Sandy said.

"Not a breeze," David said.

"Why don't we go?" I said, and started to get up.

"After all that climbing?" Sandy said. "Sit down, Peter."

I eased myself back against the boulder. Sandy finished her beer and threw the bottle into the bushes.

"Another one?" David asked.

"Why not?" she said.

He belched again, drained his bottle, and tried to throw it into the bushes where Sandy had thrown hers. But the bottle hit the branch of a burnt tree, and the branch broke off and fell to the forest floor. A cloud of black dust rose on the air. The sound of the cracking branch echoed and then died. David handed Sandy another open bottle.

"*Skoal*," she said.

"*Skoal*," David said, and again laughed the same nervous laugh.

"You're not drinking, Rhoda."

"I really don't like the taste of it," Rhoda said, and put her bottle down.

"Here, let me have that," Sandy said. She lifted Rhoda's bottle, and then, holding a bottle in either hand, drank a little from each one and sa truth: it is very hot in this d Remember that day, Peter? the truth serum?" and sudd one of the bottles and pour her breasts and into the fr bikini top. "Ahhhhh," she s better," and tossed the em away. "But now my top is said, giggling, "Peter, my t

"OK," I said.

"Don't you like girls who like my top i

"Yes, sure,

"Why don it off?" David

"Ho-ho," and rolled he

"Are we o David asked.

"You can left of this," don't think I it."

"What's t Poo?" David the wagon?"

"No, I'm thirsty," I sa

"God, it's said, and fi beer, and ca the empty b on the groun off the top o

Rhoda did diately see h her head was at last she lo caught her b immediate away.

"What's t Rhoda?" Sa

"Noth . . she answered

"Rhoda, y to swallow yo David said, "I . . . I . she said, "I th to go now, pl

I sat stu uneasy and thought, Thi geous, and t diately reali only relating shock and no lief of my ov *marvelous*, I this is stimu daring, and w ately overcon guilt when R tively touche but I could n eyes from Sa shameless, and the thou me, and I w and then embarrassed by my response, and I thought, I'd Rhoda out of here before son rible happens, and then I be ticipate what might happen, anticipated getting Aníbal d

Rhoda got up off the ponc Sandy stepped into her pa

"Where are you going?"

"Back . . . home. To the house. Out of here. Out," sh

"What's your hurry?" S

"Put your . . . cover yours *cover* yourself."

"Why?"

"They can see."



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oneness with David, and found myself rolling over suddenly on the wet poncho, rolling toward Rhoda, moving together with David as if his body were my body, his muscles and hands were mine, Sandy falling suddenly against my back, taut and smooth and wet with sweat, kiss her, I thought, kiss Rhoda, and heard Sandy whisper, "*Get* her!"

"Leave me," Rhoda murmured, but we did not leave her, grabbed her in rage instead, "Leave me, please," she mumbled, but we did not leave her, swept our hands in fury over her body, "Something," she said, "please," she moaned, "something, something," and Sandy slapped her, and she cowered naked on the sticky rubber poncho, shivering as we stood over her breathing harshly, our bodies covered with sweat, the forest silent around us. She seemed dead. She lay on the poncho with her eyes closed and her mouth tight, and I thought, She's dead, we've killed her.

David did it to her first, and then I did. I was last.

As we walked out of the forest, Sandy said, "Is she dressed yet?"

"Who?" David asked.

"What's-her-name."

I turned to look over my shoulder.

She was standing by the round black rock, whimpering and hunched, flinching at every crackling forest sound. She looked up only once, as she fastened the top of her suit, and her eyes accidentally met mine, and then, quickly, she ducked her head, and sidled away through the stunted bushes, her head *(continued)*

LAST SUMMER *continued*

turned away from us, moved from us silhouetted against the black trees in gnarled silhouette, the dead, distorted trees, not hurrying, moving with a slow, broken, crooked gait.

I watched her go.

"She's leaving," I said.

"Good," Sandy said.

"Do you think she'll tell?" David asked.

"Not a chance," Sandy said, and smiled. "She's too scared."

"Why, that's right, she is," David said.

"Too scared of everything," I said.

We grinned. We all looked at each other and grinned. Then we began laughing.

We must have laughed for about three or four minutes, our arms wrapped around each other, just standing in a tight, closed circle, unable to stop laughing, laughing until the tears ran down our cheeks.

The weather turned bright and clear that last week in August.

We took my father's boat out every day, the three of us happily lounging on deck and soaking up sunshine, going in for a swim whenever we felt like it. We saw Rhoda maybe once or twice before the summer ended, but then only casually at Mr. Porter's or down on the dock, playing with the younger kids near the pilings. We always said hello to her, and she always answered shyly, her eyes turned away, "Hello," her metal bands catching sunlight for just an instant before she ducked her head.

The Greensward season ended officially on Labor Day, but most of the summer people left the island on the Saturday or Sunday before. In fact, they had to run four additional ferries that Sunday to accommodate the heavy traffic. Our families caught the nine-o'clock boat out, trotting down to the dock with the rest of the islanders, all of us looking like gypsies, carrying belongings wrapped in blankets, bulging suitcases, bird cages, bicycles—it was a regular exodus scene.

The two fags, Stuart and Frankie, came running onto the dock at the very last minute, carrying Violet's valises. Out of breath, wearing pendant earrings and white makeup, she allowed Stuart to help her aboard, and then stood on deck with both of them and waved tearfully at the island as the ferry horn sounded twice in warning.

A sharp wind was rising off the bay.

The ferry eased away from the dock, there was the clanging of bells, the engines were reversed, the boat slipped out into the water, away from the island. Violet stood on the port bow with her arms around her boys, whispering.

On the starboard bow, David, Sandy and I huddled together against the wind.

We talked softly as the boat moved farther and farther away from the island. The wind was very sharp by the time we reached the center of the bay. Sandy put her arms around us, and we grinned and embraced her, but the wind was very cutting, it sliced through our clothes, it raged across the deck and finally drove Violet and the two boys inside to sit with the others.

We stayed on deck, huddled together.

It almost seemed as if winter had already come.

END

WHO WOULD WANT A LITTLE BOY?

continued from page 133

chair awkwardly with one hand on the arm of it and one hand arranging a plastic filling station on the floor. When his mother saw him she said, "Billy, did you ask Jason if he wanted to sit in your chair?"

"Yes."

Jason said nothing.

"It's getting warm," their mother said. "Would you like to take your snowsuit off, Jason?"

"No."

"Mary and Billy have lots of toys you'll like. Mary can take you to see them. They have little cars and there's soldiers enough for a *dozen* children."

She went on talking, brightly, stopping every now and then if Jason wanted to say something, but he never did. He watched her, though, out of round eyes that matched his snowsuit exactly. Mary wondered what color his hair was.

By the time their father came home, Mary had joined Billy in the bedroom with the filling station and their mother was back in the kitchen. There was a silence everywhere, as if they were all keeping one ear cocked for Jason. When their father came, whistling "Clementine" and stopping to kick the mud off his shoes just outside the front door, everyone burst out to meet him all at once, talking loudly for the first time that afternoon and not listening to what the others said. Even Jason seemed to change. Their father looked over at the couch and said, "Well, well," and walked straight toward him without seeming to notice his silence. "You must h
out playing," he said.

"No."

"No? What have you got yo
suit on for?"

"He won't take it off," sa
mother.

"Aren't you roasting?" He s
on the couch and bent over to
the cap. "Pretty silly to keep
junk on," he said. The others
in silence, feeling Jason migh
any minute or try to run away
didn't. The cap came off; his ha
bright yellow, and very short
showed the perfect circle of h
Mary stared. Everyone else in th
had dull brown hair, and it was
to think that now, even if only
tion, there would be someon
here. His clothes were just as su
He wore short pants with emb
straps and a little white shirt
broad collar. "There," their fat
"You look nice. Don't you feel

Jason nodded, and their father
He didn't seem to be bothered
silence. "I sure am hungry,"
"You want supper, Jason?"

Supper that night was alm
same as every other night, excep
beginning. At the beginning, wh
had just climbed into his chair,
telephone book placed on it fo
he picked up the cloth napki
his fork and held it out to the c
mother. She hesitated a minu
then shrugged and took the na
tied it around his left hand. "He
said their father, and stopped
middle of dishing out the stew.
all that for?"



keep him from being left- their mother said. "It's part escribed regimen. Six pages written."

er a prescribed regimen might didn't know; but she knew was. She frowned at Jason, andaged fingernails and his nd. This way he had even that wounded look—handi- most. But he ate well, keep- hand in his lap and sitting t.

und out more of the regimen e. Jason slept on the daybed and Billy's room, in striped amas. Before he climbed un- vers he held out his hands, mother dipped both thumbs e of purple stuff that Mary seen before. Then she tied a th around his head and under ll this time she kept making and shrugging at their father, smoking his pipe in the door- lary could tell it was some- didn't want to do. "But what *for?*" Mary asked, and sat "The purple stuff tastes bad, -suckers," said their mother. is so he won't breathe with open." Mary lay down and at over.

our prayers," their mother

?" asked Billy.

elt down beside his bed, and sitting up so that she could e prayed for. But even if she she couldn't understand; he nother language. At first she ointed and then she was ex- way she had been about the color of his hair. She and Billy kept staring round-eyed at each other from their beds.

But when they had been kissed good night—even Jason, who accepted the kiss without surprise—and the light was turned off and the door shut, Mary sat up again immediately. "*Jason!*" she whispered.

Jason moved in his bed.

"Jason, do you speak another *language?*"

"No," he said.

"What was that prayer, then? Wasn't that another language?"

"Yes," Jason said, "but I don't talk in it."

It was the longest sentence he had said all day, Mary thought. She lay down and pulled the blankets over her.

The next day was Saturday, and everyone slept late but Mary. She got out of bed at seven and went in her bare feet to the kitchen, where she found the six typewritten sheets behind the electric mixer. That was where her mother kept everything important. Already there was flour splattered across the paper, and the typing was bad, but she could read enough to see that her mother wasn't doing all that was expected of her. There was some sort of alarm that was to be wired to Jason at night to prevent bedwetting—that was one thing left out. Would Jason wet his bed without it? She went back to their room and peeked in. He would, she decided; the room had an ammonia smell. She worried for the next hour about what their mother would say when she discovered it, but as it turned out she never said a thing.

By the time the weekend was over, Jason was beginning to seem more like one of them. If the parents weren't around he could sometimes be persuaded to talk—usually about things he had seen or done, which they didn't know whether to believe or not. He had been up in a helicopter, sung a song on the radio, and eaten snails. His father was away in the war. "There is no war," Billy said.

"Yes, there is," said Jason, "because my father's away in it."

"Oh, well. Did the snails make you spit up?"

On Monday, Mary hated leaving for school. She had begun to feel she was watching over Jason in some way, like a mother, and when she had to leave she hugged him good-bye and told him she would bring a picture back for him. "I'll draw it during art period," she said. "Be good, now." And Billy, although he still wouldn't let Jason sit in his rocker, had begun to lend him some of his other toys. He would sit watching Jason play with them a while and then walk off. They never actually played *together* for long, but Billy didn't care one way or the other if Jason used his belongings.

After the nightly bath that Monday, when Jason was sitting on the edge of the tub wrapped in a towel and the eight white squares of adhesive tape and the two purple ones had been removed from his nails, their mother stopped just as she was about to cut the first new square from the roll of tape. "Isn't this silly?" she asked. "Look at his nails. Do you see any sign he's been biting them?"

"Those old tapes are pretty good, all right," said Billy, who had missed the point.

"No, I really don't think he bites them. Do you bite your nails, Jason?"

"No," said Jason. "But I might start someday."

"He doesn't suck his thumb either," said Mary.

"How do you know?"

"If he even put his thumb in his mouth for a *second*, that purple color would run. But it hasn't."

"That's true," said her mother. "And are you left-handed, Jason?"

But Jason stopped them there. "Yes, I am," he said. Their mother had to be content with leaving off the adhesive tape and the purple stuff.

With so much of the regimen gone Jason seemed much more ordinary. There began to be a permanent feeling about his being there, and their parents sold the daybed and bought a set of bunkbeds for Billy and Jason to use together, with a plastic-coated mattress on the bottom bunk for Jason. "Now you're really *here*," Mary said. She began teaching him to read, and their mother made him corduroy overalls to play in. When Jason had been there an even month, one suppertime Mary said, "Mama, can I have—" and her mother turned very quickly to Jason and said, "Jason, you can call me Mama, too, if you like." She seemed shy about it, and looked first at their father and then at the children.

"Mama," Jason said without expression. He went on buttering his bread.

In March, just when spring was coming in, a big blond woman came visiting. She was frazzled and *(continued)*

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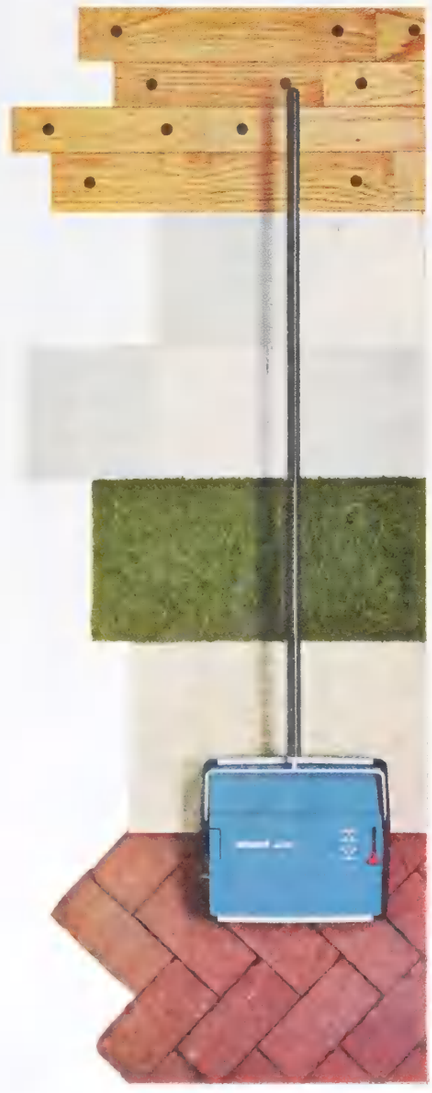
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old-looking, and wore a black dress with lint stuck to it. "I want to see your mother," she said. Her accent was odd: her w's came out v's.

Mary went to call her mother, with Billy trailing behind her. "There's a fat woman to see you who speaks funny," she said.

"Oh!" her mother said. She cut off the mixer and stood thinking a minute. "Well, go into the bedroom," she said finally. "Take Billy with you."

"Can't we just "

"Go on, Mary."

Once they were in the bedroom, Billy forgot all about the visitor. He began pushing a wooden train, while Mary sat down next to the door and tried to hear what was being said. The words were blurred. The first thing she could hear distinctly was that croaky voice of Jason's, and she leaned forward on her knees and whispered piercingly, "They let *Jason* stay!"

"Of course they did," said Billy. "She's his mother."

"How do you know?"

"I saw her bring him."

Mary reached up and twisted the doorknob. The door swung slightly open, and now the voices floated in clearly. "If you're *not* happy, I want you should tell me," the woman was saying.

"OK, Mama."

"Mrs. Burns treats you well?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry," the woman said, apparently speaking to their mother now. "I have to ask. The last place he stayed, you don't know how those people neglected him."

"Yes, yes," said their mother. "Would you like some coffee?"

"No. I cannot help checking now and then. Can one just forget? When I first knew, when I was here alone and fresh a foreigner and knew he was on the way, I thought, at least he will be my family. I padded myself all over so I would not show, so people thought I was only becoming fat. I would not get rid of him. You may think ——"

"Or we have tea," their mother said.

"No, thank you. You may think these are only details, but I was a nurse and must keep my job, to support the boy. Jason, do they treat you nice?"

"Yes," Jason said.

"Do you wear the bad-tasting thing on your thumbs?"

"Yes."

"Let me see."

Mary put one eye to the narrow opening of the door. There was Jason, with his little duck-yellow head, advancing slowly to the woman. She wondered what would happen if she rushed in and grabbed him up and ran off to the bedroom with him. "There is no adhesive on your nails," the woman said.

"I don't bite them."

"You may start."

"He does *not* bite his *nails*," their mother said firmly.

"He may start. Let me see your thumbs."

There was a silence while she bent over his hands. Mary held her breath. "There is no purple here," the woman said finally.

"It's daytime," said their mother.

"It would stay around the cuticle, even so."

"I wash him well. He has a bath."

"In the morning?" the woman asked. "He has a bath at night. It is on the paper. This is the way things start."

"What things?" said their mother.

"Home after home. I have seen it: first the adhesives go, then the thumb-color. Then I take him away."

"No," their mother said, "he is *not* neglected."

"I take him away."

"I will put the adhesives on," their mother said. She seemed to have picked up the woman's accent. "If that makes you happy, I will put them on again."

"Very well," said the woman. But she seemed unhappy now, and she sighed and sat in silence for a minute. Then she said, "Well, Jason, do you want to know what I brought you?"

"Yes," Jason said, in a flat voice.

"Come here, then." She reached into the big shopping bag she had brought. "First, chocolates. Swiss. For your stepbrother and stepsister."

"Hey," Mary whispered, and jabbed Billy with one finger. "Did you know we're a stepbrother and stepsister?"

"I know that."

Billy went on pushing his wooden train, and Mary turned back to the door. The woman had something pink and furry in her lap. "A teddy bear," she said. "It plays a lullaby." She wound a key in its back and the bear began tinkling out a tune, at first very fast and then slower and slower. "Very nice," the woman said. "Then there are clothes. I will give them to Mrs. Burns. You are not interested in them." She stood up and handed the bag to their mother, and then she bent down and hugged Jason. "You won't forget me?"

"No," said Jason.

"I will be back, Mrs. Burns."

All the while the woman was preparing to leave, gathering up her purse and struggling into her coat, Mary watched her with her eyes narrowed into slits, willing her to turn purple and die. But she didn't. She walked on out the front door, and Jason came into the bedroom with his face expressionless and his arms full of the candy and teddy bear. "Here," he said. He dumped the Swiss chocolates into her lap.

"Thank you," Mary said politely. She watched Jason, waiting to see if he thought the chocolates were important or not, but he didn't look at them so she went into the living room to put them in the wastebasket. Her mother was standing in the middle of the room. She watched Mary throw out the chocolates with the same blank expression that Jason had worn, and then she walked over and pulled up one crumpled piece of wastepaper so that it covered the chocolates. Maybe so that Jason wouldn't see; or maybe so Billy wouldn't find them there and eat them after all.

Back in the bedroom, Mary said, "Your mother is a foreigner."

"I know she is," Jason said. He had put the bear at the foot of the bed, neatly, and now he was on the floor watching the wooden train. Later, Mary thought, the bear would go into that box of toys that he kept in the closet and never took out.

"Look," she said. She got down on the floor beside him and put one arm around him. "*I'll* be your mother. Would you like that?"

"I don't need any mothers," said Jason. "Leave me alone."

"Leave him alone," Billy said.

Mary rose and left the room.

At bedtime the adhesive tapes and the thumb-coloring came back again. It seemed to be an important event to their parents, because their father came to stand in the bedroom doorway watching and their mother kept looking over her shoulder at him. But Jason didn't act surprised; he accepted it all without comment and said his prayers and went to bed. Their mother took a longer time tucking him in than usual, but no one asked why. At the doorway she said, "I hate it all. Good night." No one asked what she hated.

For two weeks they kept on with the adhesives and the thumb-coloring. Every now and then their mother would get a phone call, and from the things she said during the conversation Mary guessed it was Jason's mother calling. Now conversations from *before* that visit came to her, and she could see that Sophie had been calling twice and three times a week. Every day when she came home from school she found herself checking to see if Jason was still there. She thought her father did the same thing.

One day, after a phone call that came just before supper, her mo crying. "What is it?" Mary

"Nothing," said her m went into the kitchen. Ma her.

"Is she going to take Jaso

"Oh, what makes you th her mother said, and droppe Mary picked it up for her.

"She's going to take him

"No, she's not." Her mo the kitchen stool. "She jus that because she loves him a to do what she knows is bes have to understand these th using the thumb-coloring a won't take him."

"Oh," Mary said.

She went into the bedroom building a ranch out of toy the room was Jason, drawi now that he wore the adhesive different again, and Billy with him so much. "You're g here," Mary told him.

"I am," he said.

"Yes, you couldn't leave. W you go from here?"

"I don't know."

"Who would you stay wit

Jason stopped drawing th thought a minute. "Oh, peop he said.

"What people?"

"Just people."

"Who-all wants a little kind could you just go off t

He thought a while longe stood up. "Wait," he said. S him go to the closet, deep i at the back of it that he neve few notes of the teddy be tinkled out; then he came cedarwood box. "I never sh he said.

He sat on the bed and Ma him. Billy slid over to loo when the box was opened that there were only photog he made a face and turned toy logs. "These are peo stayed with," said Jason. H the whole pack of pictur weighed them in his hand them to Mary.

There were about a dozen p and there was only one thi in common: Jason. Jason walk, Jason on a table in a w suit, Jason on a tricycle too Jason by the side of a swi with his fourth birthday times his fingernails had the l of tape on them and someti ways he was looking into with the same sober, squinti in each picture the people wh him were different. Mary th picture they had taken the fore, of the whole family i flower Gardens with their a each other. Would that go darwood box? She slapped down and turned toward Ja was still smiling happily at graphs. Thinking, maybe, people he had been with, e had prayed so hard for him like his own mother, they him too tightly and refuse he would go.

"I don't like you anym said.

But she didn't mean it, have known that. He only her a minute, and then took from her and shut them up wood box.



"Henry, remember that little bitty ash tray we took at Expo last summer?"

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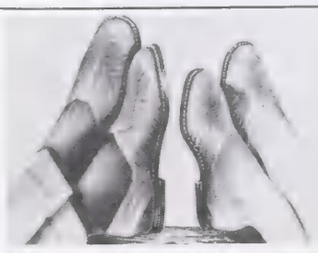


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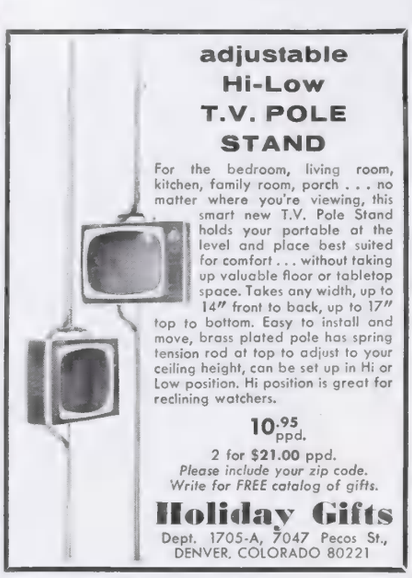
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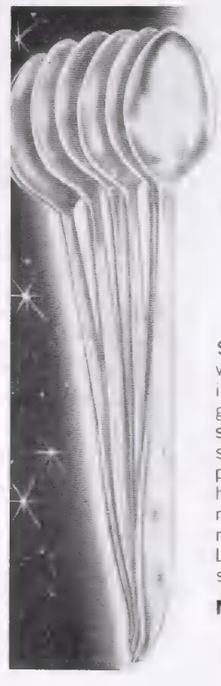
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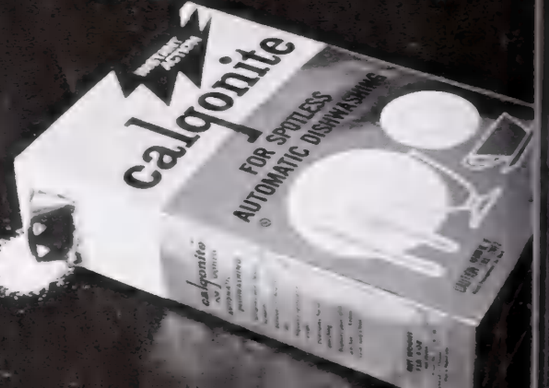
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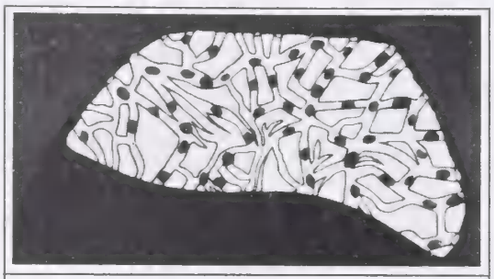
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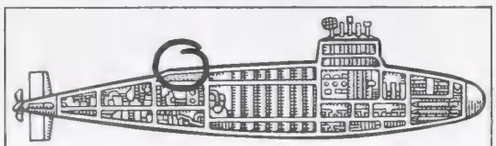


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Journal's Journal

What's Happening/*Gene Shalit* ▪ **Poor Woman's Almanac**/*Beryl Pfizer* ▪ **Pet News**/*Joyce Kuh*

The Editor's Diary



The assassination of Martin Luther King stunned and saddened everyone at the *Journal*, but most of all his longtime friend, *Journal* Food Editor Poppy Cannon. We asked Poppy, widow of Walter White, another great leader in the civil-rights movement, to share with *Journal* readers some of her memories of Dr. King—the ones she cherished most:

"Nobody in all his career was ever able to bribe him—not with money or power or position, nor even a cabinet post. As one of his parishioners put it, 'They can't bribe him with either love or praise.'

"One day in his office, I repeated this comment to Dr. King. His eyes twinkled, but his mouth was firm. He quoted someone—I was not quite sure whom, but probably himself. He said: 'Caution asks, is it safe? Expediency asks, is it politic? Vanity asks, is it popular? But conscience asks, is it right?'"

As for Dr. King, the husband, son, and father, Poppy recalled: "The fame of their parents did not make the King children the envy of their neighbors. One old friend said, 'He is a great man. The better you know him, the greater he seems—but I wouldn't want to be his wife or his child. He hasn't time—he is too taken up.' Grandmother King had a different idea. 'We lived,' she once told me, 'in constant turmoil and confusion'—referring to the crisscross of comings and goings, one set of grandchildren to be fed supper, another to be picked up, others taken home, appointments, meetings and more meetings. 'At Martin Luther's house it's even worse,' she said, 'except for one thing. He has his Tuesdays, his quiet days, and he tries never to let anything interfere. That is his time with the children . . .'

"Under all circumstances," Poppy recalls, "his children seemed never to be long absent from his thoughts or conversation. I had my first long talk with him back in 1960, when both of us were invited to attend the inauguration of the President of Nigeria. At London airport, on the plane, during an unexpected late-night stopover in Barcelona—we discussed all kinds of topics, but the talk constantly returned to his children. In Barcelona, while the others relaxed over refreshments, Dr. King and I made a determined foray, tramping what seemed like miles of corridors to find something for the children. Later he took time out from the grim events of Birmingham to write me about how much they had enjoyed the oranges made of gumdrop sections, and the filigree ships."

Lord Harlech's family never talked about the Kennedys in print before, but the *Journal*'s Diana Lurie managed to charm them into it for the delightful feature on page 57. Here's Diana's report of how she landed the hardest-to-get story of this month's issue:

"The first day we met, Lord Harlech's daughter Victoria and I were both petrified. We stood there in a friend's Hyde Park dining room, staring at each other like frightened children. She looked like an elf with flyaway hair and far-out clothes, but though I'm older, she somehow made me feel years younger. Our hostess' six-year-old son finally broke the ice by wandering around the room while we talked, munched grapes and nibbled on endless sandwiches. Still, that first interview was a bomb! I think my tape recorder unnerved Victoria, especially when the little boy kept breathing into it.

"I had to ask her so many difficult questions—about her mother, who was killed in a tragic automobile crash last year, and then about her relationship with the Kennedys (I was scared stiff about delving into that topic, but she answered easily).



"There's a Chinese book that's very In in London now among people who believe in things like horoscopes. It's called the 'I Ching,' and you consult it about the future. During one of our meetings, Victoria and I consulted the 'I Ching' about the story. The book said the story would be good—and would have 'consequences' afterward. Now we can't wait to find out what consequences!"

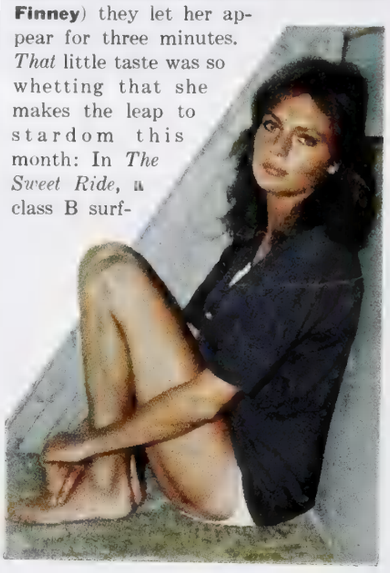
Problem: How do you revive an old summer romance? Solution: Easy—if the romance is a summer *fashion* revival. *Journal* Fashion Editor Trudy Owett, struck with the sweet nostalgia of current styles, thumbed through "antique" *Journal* issues for ideas about how to photograph them. A June, 1904, page titled "Girls at Their Summer Fun"—made up of outdoorsy snapshots sent in by readers—yielded just what Trudy wanted (see photo, right). For our new old-fashioned girls at *their* summer fun, see page 66.

John Mack Carter

WHAT'S HAPPENING



Jacqueline Bisset is growing more popular by the minute. Actually. In her *Casino Royale* film debut, she appeared for just a minute, yet hundreds of men almost fell out of the balcony trying to get closer to the screen. So in *Two for the Road* (with **Audrey Hepburn** and **Albert Finney**) they let her appear for three minutes. *That* little taste was so whetting that she makes the leap to stardom this month: In *The Sweet Ride*, a class B surfing picture, and as **Frank Sinatra's** leading lady in *The Detective* (she replaced **Mia Farrow** in this role). Jacqueline looks French, but she's English, so her last name, instead of rhyming with Miss Hay, rhymes with Miss It. Accent on the Miss.



IF YOU'RE PLANNING A VISIT to New York this summer, don't be deceived by the publicity for an Off Broadway musical called *Your Own Thing*. It is awful.... Whatever you see, the place to go afterward is the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel: elegant, calm, not expensive, luscious desserts, a strolling violinist. Don't miss it. . . . Musical styles merge if you wait long enough: You know who's going to be in the next **Elvis Presley** movie? **Rudy Vallee!** Will he use an electric megaphone? . . . **Dustin Hoffman**, the boy who became a star in his very first film, *The Graduate*, is set for his next: *The Midnight Cowboy*. If he's still a star after *that* picture, then he will be a star. . . . Two classic **W. C. Fields** movies are being shown around the country: *My Little Chickadee*, co-starring **Mae West**, and the greatest of all Fields pictures, *The Bank Dick*. Waddle, do not walk, to your nearest theater. . . . Watch for **Julie Andrews** in two high-hopes musicals, but don't get in line yet. Coming first is *Star*, a biography of the great **Gertrude Lawrence** (*Lady in the Dark*, *The King and I*) as a young woman. Then, in a film that begins shooting in 1969: **Irving Berlin's** *Say It With Music*. Berlin will write seven new songs for this *find-me-some-new-superlatives*, *Manny* movie.... Why do so many movies sound can't-wait-to-see-them when they're announced, but look so why-did-we-bother when they hit the screen? **Bob Evans** of Paramount answers that question with a question of his own: "Why are there so many beautiful brides and so many ugly wives?"

I don't like a dress that's smarter than I am. —Poor Woman's Almanac

If it's called a "romp," the movie doesn't have a plot.

pet news

WHAT MAKES A DOG ATTACK a human being? According to Dr. Michael W. Fox, an expert on canine behavior, it is extremely unusual for a dog to have no inhibition about attacking a person, as happened early this year in Virginia and Pennsylvania when dogs attacked children. Dr. Fox points out that the dog has been domesticated for over 10,000 years, and "it is basically a highly social animal." But some dogs *are* aggressive . . . and dangerous.

Although no one knows exactly what happened in the two recent cases, Dr. Fox guesses that the dogs saw the children playing, moving about quickly, possibly on all fours, and for an instant did not perceive them as children. The quick movement of a child might have seemed like a rabbit, and the dog became a hunter. What followed was much like the human hunter who sees movement in the bushes and shoots at what he thinks is a deer, when on occasion it has been a man.

Dr. Fox states emphatically that a dog should not be allowed to develop aggressively, and that dog owners can control this hostile behavior. A puppy that has free run in the house and is overindulged will become the dominant member of his "pack"—in this case the household. Once he has assumed dominance over humans, he has no inhibition against biting them, for they are his inferiors. Under these (continued)



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"Waltz Through Washday" with your new Norge bleach dispenser automatic washer

This broiler-oven thinks it's a $300 stove

Toastmaster's broiler-oven actually bakes the way an electric stove does, only it's smaller. Flip it over and it broils like one, too.

From cakes to steaks, everything comes out just right because Toastmaster uses electric-stove type heating units and automatic temperature controls (200° to 475°). There's even a window in the door.

It's a lot easier to clean than a stove—the inside is easy to get at, the drawer slips right in your sink. For a gift or for yourself, see the Toastmaster model 5231 at your favorite store soon.

TOASTMASTER®

Toastmaster Division,
McGraw-Edison Company,
Elgin, Illinois 60120



Journal's Journal

continued

circumstances a German Shepherd will obviously be more dangerous than a toy poodle. Dr. Fox suggests that often the best therapy for a dog that tends to be aggressive is "a good beating." If a dog owner is not able to control his dog, to spank him when necessary, Dr. Fox suggests he get another dog that won't be so dangerous if out of control.

> *The longer you wait, the harder it is to get the morning paper read.*
> —Poor Woman's Almanac

Having survived attacks himself in his work with abnormal dogs, Dr. Fox offers this advice if a dog does start to attack: The most important thing to do is remain absolutely still and never look directly into the dog's eyes. If you move quickly, the dog's natural response will be to chase. Walk away slowly, facing the dog, but not looking directly at him. If a dog pulls you to the ground, put your head in your hands and don't move.

But before all this becomes necessary, the best advice to dog owners is learn to be master of your dog.

THE SMALL SCREEN SCENE: Gather golfers: The U.S. Open will be telecast by ABC on June 14–15–16. Sit straight and watch the birdie. . . . Horse lovers can mark June 1: That's when the Belmont Stakes are run, and the CBS cameras will be running right with them. Should be good: Stakes are always well done on this medium. . . . On June 17, **Judy Hill** of the University of Washington will stop reigning. That night she crowns her successor as National College Queen. The smiles and shrieks will be color-covered by NBC. . . . **Walter Cronkite** spends three hours of prime time June 18, 25, 26, in a CBS report on the crisis of our cities, assuming there will still be cities.

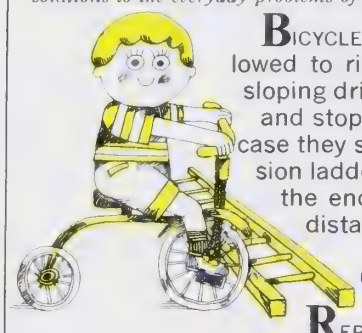
EVERY NIGHT in the Broadway musical *Golden Rainbow*, **Eydie Gorme** makes her entrance in a white mink coat that stops the show. Unfortunately, the show starts again. But for a few restful moments of silence, the women in the audience can adore Eydie and That Coat. To answer your questions: It's a Jasmine White mink trench coat with *(continued)*

> *Are we absolutely sure that's the best shape for an ironing board?*

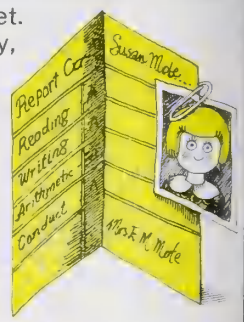
IF IT WERE MY CHILD. . .

A Column for Mothers Only

The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone know the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this natural source of experience, we have asked our readers to share with each other their best solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.



BICYCLE BRAKE: My preschool children are allowed to ride their bicycles, etc. on our paved, sloping driveway, but not into the street. To slow and stop them before they reach the street (in case they should lose control), I placed an extension ladder across the driveway a few feet from the end. The ladder stops "vehicles" a safe distance from the street.
—Mrs. E. R. Holley, Champaign, Ill.

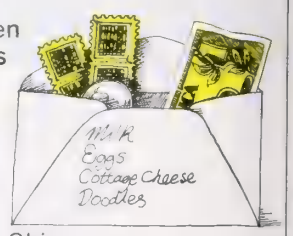


REPORT CARD RECORD: Each year when my child brings home her final report card, I attach a current picture to it and file it. Now, at a glance, I can see how she looked in each grade; they're also fun for her to have as a record of her school days.—Mrs. Edward M. Mote, Memphis, Tenn.



LOCK AT THE TOP: We are a family mixture of almost grown children and a small one. It's all great fun, but we have the problem of the little one getting into and messing up the older ones' rooms while they are away during the day. To prevent this, I put hooks and eyes on the outside of the doors of our teen-agers' rooms at adult height, out of my child's reach (this could be done to any room) so the doors lock from the outside. I was relieved not to have to constantly watch my little boy, and my teen-agers were happy because their rooms were left untouched.—Mrs. James C. Reeder, Fullerton, Calif.

ERRAND ENVELOPE: To make sending children to the store on errands less complicated, it's easier to list the needed items on an envelope rather than a piece of paper. This way, the money and discount coupons can be kept inside so the child only has to remember one thing; on the trip home he can put the change and trading stamps safely inside.—Miss Mary Rockefeller, Chagrin Falls, Ohio



How do you solve your problems in bringing up children? The Journal pays $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Advice of godmothers and baby-sitters, as well as mothers, is entirely welcome. Address your solutions to Julie G. Maxey, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Please do not include snapshots, toys, etc., because such submissions cannot be returned.

How to get gorgeous

Minute Make-Up Stick is how to get gorgeous. It's the ingenious new make-up from Helena Rubinstein. The first light-as-a-liquid make-up whipped into a stick. An outrageously clever, fluffy little stick. It isn't greasy or heavy or cakey. It slips over your cheeks and forehead and chin lightly and gracefully. Then suddenly incredible things happen. All those uneven colorings are gone. And the shadows. And little flaws. Your skin is warm. And radiant. And terribly alive all the time. Minute Make-Up Stick. It's a whole new face in a little swivel case. It's how to get gorgeous, gorgeous.

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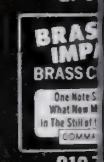
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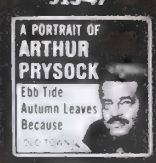
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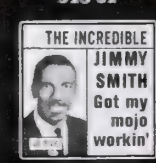
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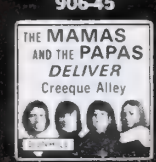
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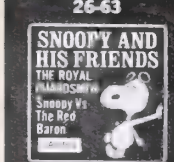
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Music can mean so much in your life—are you enjoying your phonograph as often as you should? If you're not, maybe it's because you get tired of playing "the same old records" all the time. But exciting things are happening in the world of music all the time. New stars are born—and long-time favorite stars are recording exciting new albums. The offer on this page will introduce you to a wonderful way to keep up with the most enjoyable new records. As a member of Capitol Record Club, you'll receive a free monthly copy of "Keynotes," the Club's big, beautiful full-color magazine, reviewing and listing over 300 outstanding records a month. The ones you want (or if you prefer, we'll choose one a month for you) are delivered to your door at average savings of about 50% off the regular price! To start, just detach, fill out, and mail bound-in postpaid reply card.



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Be sure to watch "The Doctors" in color, Monday through Friday, 2:30-3:00 PM, NYT, on NBC-TV.

Journal's Journal

continued

a drop belt, epaulets and side slash pockets. It breaks just above the knee and is lined in emerald silk. Eydie designed it herself by snipping pictures from magazines and telling Ben Menken, who executed it, that she wanted *those sleeves*, and *that collar*, and *these cuffs*. A group of 45 minks got together to provide the pelts for this $10,400 custom-made wrap. "It's very warm and worth it," Eydie told the *Journal*. Technically, the coat belongs to the show, but the show belongs to Eydie and her husband, **Steve Lawrence**, and since it doesn't fit Steve . . .

I don't suppose science would back me up on this, but country dirt certainly seems cleaner than city dirt.
—Poor Woman's Almanac

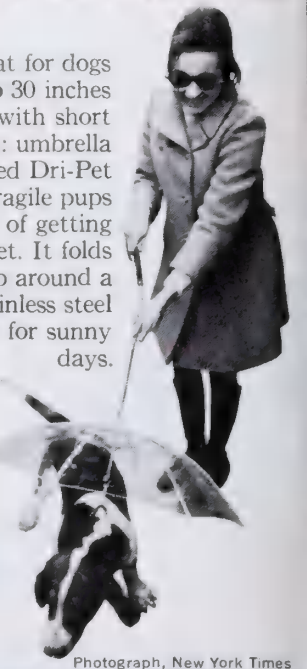
NOW THAT SUMMER IS HERE, there are a number of problems dog owners should be prepared to handle. Start looking for ticks and fleas as soon as the weather gets warm. Go over your dog's coat once a week with a fine comb and a strong light, and use a flea collar on him. If he does pick up fleas, be sure to clean out his sleeping quarters when you de-flea the dog.

Since a dog is usually bathed more often in summer, be extra careful about getting water in his ears—moisture encourages bacteria to grow and can cause infection. Stuff a wad of cotton in his ears before bathtime. If Fido is getting fly bites on his ears, spray him with a good mosquito repellent before he goes out. Watch for sunburn in short-haired dogs and dogs such as poodles with delicate skins—if he does get burned, the remedy is ordinary sunburn lotion. And finally, a country veterinarian who has tried a lot of solutions says if your dog has a run-in with a skunk, douse him in tomato juice and leave it on for a few hours before you bathe him!

Another summer problem that bothers dogs and cats may be a lot of itching caused by allergy and eczema. A new product, Enditch, only recently available in pet shops, is said to clear up itching and skin problems in a seven-day treatment. The beauty of Enditch is that you don't have to rub it in the skin. It comes in tablet form and liquid that can be mixed with regular dog food. You also get a guarantee that if the itching doesn't stop within 74 hours, your money is refunded.

FOR REIGNING CATS AND DOGS

Great for dogs up to 30 inches long, with short tails: umbrella called Dri-Pet for fragile pups afraid of getting wet. It folds up around a stainless steel leash for sunny days.



Photograph, New York Times

Dri-Pet ($9.95) comes in see-through red, blue, green, yellow and clear plastic. Available through better pet shops or directly from Kennel Comfort Products Company, P. O. Box 456, Costa Mesa, California 92627.

Father's Day advice . . . never look a gift tie in the mirror.

NEXT TIME your collegiate son or daughter writes home for money, send back a copy of *How to Succeed in Business Before Graduating*, by two youths who did, **Peter Sandman** and **Dan Goldenson.** Dan launched a publishing firm while a Princeton undergraduate in 1966, recently merged his business with Gulf & Western. Peter wrote the Ivy League best seller, *Where the* *(continued)*



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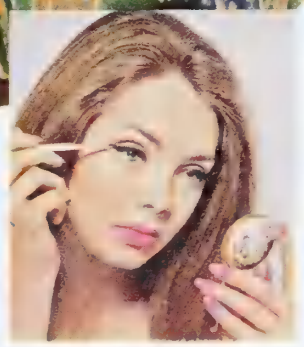
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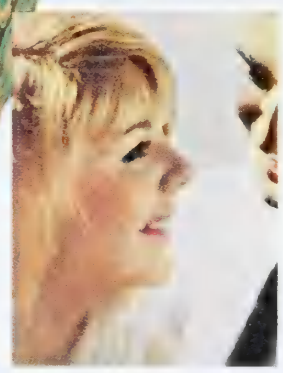
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For example, a typical assortment was packed in a pretty, waterproof "Beach Beauty Bag," containing sun tan lotion, nail hardener, bubble bath, shampoo, deodorant, cologne ice, mascara, night cream, bath soap, and cleansing pads. Another beauty kit was packed in a lovely Jewelry Box containing moisture cream, eye shadow, cleansing lotion, make-up base, a powder compact, facial soap, hand cream, nail polish, and body lotion.

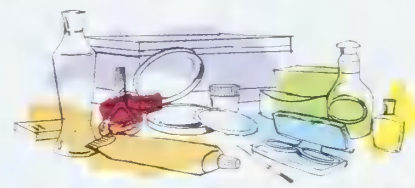
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My Age Group ☐ Teen ☐ 20-25 ☐ 26-39 ☐ 40 or over
My Hair Color ☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette ☐ Redhead ☐ Silver
My Skin Tone ☐ Fair (light) ☐ Medium ☐ Deep (dark)
My Skin Type ☐ Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐ Combination

2027

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35 Smith Corona Electric Portable Typewriters—The deluxe Electra® 110™. Precision-built, big-machine features. Full 88 character office-size keyboard. Changeable type™ bar lets you type in professional, technical, language symbols. 5 electric repeat actions type dots, dashes, etc. Up to 10 carbons. Flight-styled, metal, vinyl clad carrying case.



15 PG Professional Golf Sets—Registered PG Professional clubs, perfectly weighted and balanced. Customized shafts, each with same flex. Woods (1, 3, 4 & 5), irons (2 to 9), plus pitching wedge. Elegant PG golf bag of DuPont Corfam®. Resists scuffs, wipes clean. Matching weekender, shag bag and headcovers. Looks, feels, is professional quality.



4 EMBA® Mink Jackets—Luxury from the magnificent Rare Quality Collection of Emba® mink. Bred in America. Just imagine yourself in any one of these jackets of world-famed beauty: JASMINE® white mink, AUTUMN HAZE® natural brown mink, LUTETIA® natural gunmetal mink, TOURMALINE® natural pale beige mink. Made in your correct size.

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15 Rayette Salonette "Beauty Center" Hair Dryers—Includes new facial sauna which can be used with dryer or separately. Vapor and Power Mist for better and faster hair drying and uniform hair coloring. Giant-sized, full-contour snap-up hood with geared height adjustment. Equipped with handy remote control with 4 settings.



10 Magic Chef Chateau Gas Ranges—Complete double oven range. Easy to clean. Bake, broil, keep food warm in either oven. Upper oven has rotisserie. Removable lower oven door, liners, rack runners, cook top. Magitrol thermostatic top burner keeps food warm. Eye-level infra-red radiant broiler gives charcoal tastiness without smoke.



15 Samsonite 5-piece Luggage Combinations—Ladies' beautifully styled Samsonite Fashionaire® luggage. Sleek, pliable, strong. Fashion-wise interiors for more packability, exclusive hidden locks, light magnesium frames to keep things shapely. Includes Folding Wardrobe, 26 Pullman, Beauty Case, Weekender, Handi-Tote in choice of 5 smart colors.



15 Story & Clark Organs—Even beginners can make good music right away. Completely transistorized. Two full 44-note keyboards. Authentic instrumental voices. Many special features including "Lilt" control for Hawaiian Guitar, Auto-Beat for Marimba, and Sustain on keyboards and pedals. Exquisite spinet styling; beautiful walnut finish.



35 Norelco Tape Recorders—Carry-Corder "150". Cassette loading. Cordless. Up to 120 minutes recording/playback per cassette. Capstan drive and constant speed, transistor regulated motor. 80-10,000 Hz. Comes with tape cassette, dynamic microphone, fitted carrying case, patch cord. Output jack for external speaker and viewing window in lid.



20 Gibson Jumbo Flat Top Acoustic Guitars—Superbly rich, resonant tones. Carefully crafted from premium spruce and Honduras mahogany. Special adjustable bridge and truss rod. Tortoise shell finished finger rest, chrome-plated enclosed machine tuning heads and rosewood fingerboard with pearl dot inlays. 20 frets. Natural finish top; walnut trim.



15 KitchenAid® Portable Dishwashers—Gets dishes cleaner ...drier, too. Push-button VariCycle selection. Full cycle. Utility-Utensil. Rinse and Hold. Hydro Sweep wash. Flo-thru drying. Automatic-lift top rack. Big, versatile capacity. Beautiful Avocado green with hard maple cutting board top. Sleek porcelain enamel inside and out.

RULES: **1.** Send your name and address, together with a Miracle Whip Salad Dressing label or a piece of paper 3" x 5" on which you have hand printed in plain block letters, written or typed the words "Miracle Whip Salad Dressing." NO PURCHASE REQUIRED. Wisconsin and Missouri residents send only name and address on a plain piece of paper.

2. Mail entries to Miracle Whip Sweeps, Box 730, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be in a separate, stamped, addressed envelope. Entries must be postmarked by July 6, 1968 and received before midnight July 10, 1968.

3. Winners will be chosen by drawing five days after close of Sweeps. First 25 names win a Grand Prize of a two-weeks' Swing Around America tour—a total of 13 nights' lodging, 14 days' meals for you, your spouse and your children, covering any itinerary you choose to go in your car, as prearranged for you through the American Automobile Association from your hometown to any one location of the 700 cities where over 900 Holiday Inns® are situated in Continental U.S.A., and return. Catalog of Holiday Inns® will be furnished to Grand Prize Winners. Holiday Inns® pictures Holiday Inns® normal double room occupancy, all meals for you, your spouse and your children, [illegible] breakfast, lunch, dinner at Holiday Inns® on your chosen itinerary. Each Grand Prize winning family also receives $200 spending money. In addition, Miracle Whip pays an allowance for your estimated motoring costs for the trip.

Grand Prize Winners will be required to provide Kraft Foods with a specific itinerary of all of the Holiday Inns® to be visited on your trip, and dates of travel plans. Also the names of the members of winning family, along with ages of sons and daughters who will accompany parents on the tour. Reservations prearranged, based on availabilities.

4. The American Automobile Association, as prearranged through Kraft Foods, will provide each Grand Prize Winner marked road maps of his chosen itinerary, along with the total estimated road miles per family to be traveled. Based on these estimates, Kraft Foods will advance in cash 15¢ per mile for total mileage planned in each itinerary prior to each winner's tour, as an allowance toward motoring costs including gasoline and oil.

5. Next 189 names drawn will win the next 189 prizes in order of value. All winners will be notified by mail.

6. Each Grand Prize winner must take his Swing Around America tour prior to December 31, 1968. If, for any reason, a winner is unable to take the tour, or to accept any part of any prize, no alternate, substitute or exchange will be made.

7. A $500 cash bonus will be awarded to each of the first twenty-five winning entries which—in addition to a major portion of a Miracle Whip label or alternate substitute—also includes a blank sales slip or sales tag from any store which sells any of the prizes; or, as a substitute, you may hand print the name of any of the prizes in plain block letters on a plain piece of paper. No purchase is required to qualify.

8. This Miracle Whip Sweepstakes is void outside the U.S.A. and wherever prohibited, taxed, or restricted by federal, state or local regulations. Employees of Kraft Foods, its advertising agencies, and the judging organization and their immediate families are not eligible. State, federal, and other taxes imposed on a prize winner in the Sweepstakes will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner.

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED TO ENTER

MIRACLE WHIP SWEEPS
P.O. BOX 730, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60677

☐ Enclosed is a Miracle Whip label or appropriate substitute according to Rule 1.

☐ Enclosed is a Miracle Whip label or appropriate substitute according to Rule 1—and, to qualify me for the $500 cash bonus, a free sales slip or appropriate substitute as set out in Rule 7.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Miracle Whip Sweeps closes midnight July 10, 1968.



Journal's Journal

ntinued

irls Are. In this Collier book, the au-
iors cite case histories: Two boys from
uke went to Greenwich Village, bought
)-cent buttons with legends like *Chaste*
Takes Waste and *Freedom Now*, returned
their Durham, N.C., campus, charged
ree for a dollar, netted $150 in six
urs. . . . A lad at Flint College formed
gardening company to lay sod, made
10,000 during the last school year. Fare-
ell to waiting on tables, O golden (at
e current price) college youth.

ALTER MATTHAU is so good that he
n often save a seemingly hopeless
ript—but not always. Take *The Secret*
ife of an American Wife (and I wish you
ould): A few scenes in which he ap-

By the time I thought of hoarding fifty-cent pieces, they were all gone. Now I think I've just missed out on silver quarters, too.

ears are funny, but the rest of the film
a virtual monologue by **Anne Jackson**,
lking to herself and to whoever in the
udience is awake. Writer **George**
xelrod tries to be oh so adult by using
ords that used to shock and by telling
e story of a suburban matron who is
red of being an amateur and wants to
ay at beddie buy. Still, there's
Matthau.

IGH ABOVE THE HUDSON'S WATERS in a
hite apartment of vast spaciousness—
aces, meditates and gets rich **Peter Max**,
28-year-old designer and one-man con-
omerate. Max is inescapable: He's de-
gned posters for your son's college
om, decals for your husband's car,
ttoos for your daughter's forehead,
d shower curtains, ashtrays, bath
ats, postcards and now, Iroquois china
ee photos above). It's about time he
t around to China. The long-faced fel-
low with the Fu Manchu mustache spent much of his childhood in Shanghai after fleeing Nazi Germany with his family in the 1930's (he was born in Berlin). From China to Israel to study art, then a year



in Paris, and finally his arrival in New York in 1953. On a recent sun-filled afternoon, he showed us designs—drawers and drawers filled to stuffing with designs—more than 4,500. Nifty and new: A series of clocks with crazy faces. Our favorite: W. C. Fields, with the two hands swinging from his nose. For each product, Max forms a corporation. This year he will gross well over

Taking a long walk sounds better than it feels.

$1 million. In 1963 he had designs on Liz Nance of Troy, North Carolina. So he married her. Two results: A three-year-old son named Adam Cosmo, and an 18-month-old daughter named Libra Astro.

A COMMUNITY PET SHOW *(continued)*

DORIS DAY: THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

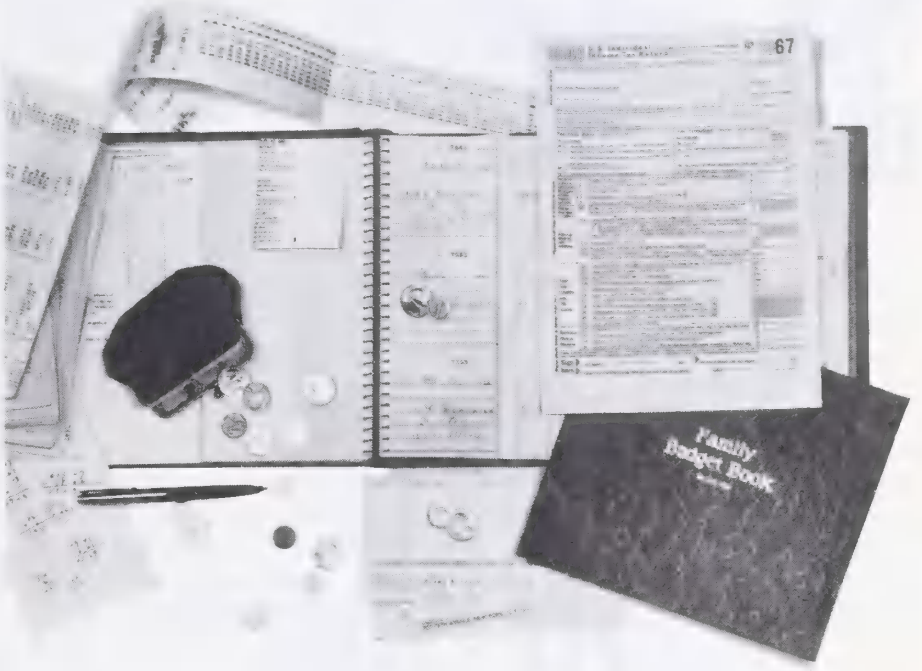
When the telephone rang from Califor-
nia, the *Journal's* **Joyce Illig** knew it
was going to be one of those Days:
Doris, Dennis or Death Valley. Hap-
pily, it was Doris, whose new film is
With Six You Get Egg Roll.
Suddenly there are two
big-star films about
widows who wed wid-
owers: *Yours, Mine*
and Ours, starring
Lucille Ball and
Henry Fonda,
who have 18
children, and
this one star-
ring **Doris Day**
and **Brian**
Keith, who have four.
Whatever happened to
planned parenthood?
Miss Day may
play empty-
heads



on screen, but she was full of ideas as she spoke: "I don't think there's a crisis with teen-agers. I think they're great. Take a look at parents: The kids have rebelled because they don't want to be like *them.* What have the parents done that's so great? Let's face it, we're in wars constantly and the world's a mess. In this country, it's dog eat dog, everybody's *push*ing everybody else around for the almighty dollar, and we're all brainwashed by those stupid television commercials. I think young people are on the right track: We're going to have a better world when we all come face to face with ourselves, when we try to be better and more loving.

"I don't mind people calling me *the girl next door.* Maybe it's the way I look. I look *healthy.* I think explicit sex films will run themselves into the ground; people will get tired of them. This stuff we have now is like keyhole peeping. I really don't dig it. When I sit in a theater and watch those scenes I start squirming. People are going to demand a return to romance and beauty."

Every family needs a bookkeeper.



Now, every family can afford one!



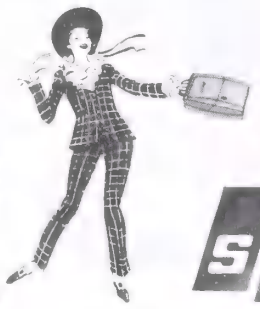
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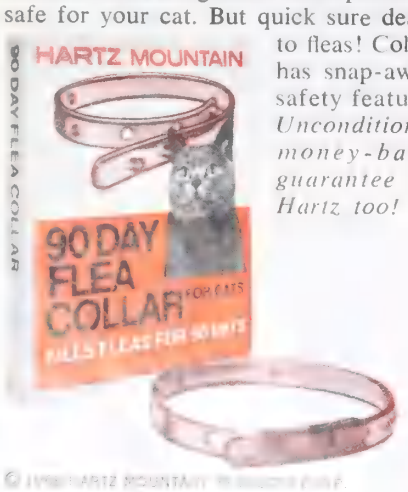
SCM®

Her fleas are dead. Her collar did it.



Hartz®
90 Day™
Flea Collar

New Hartz Mountain® 90-Day™ flea collar kills fleas wherever they're hiding, nose to tail. Works 3 months—keeps your cat comfortable. Helps end fleas that can move onto chairs, beds, rugs. Made of soft plastic with revolutionary new flea-killer built in. This flea-killer vaporizes slowly...enveloping cat in an odorless, invisible flea-killing shield that's perfectly safe for your cat. But quick sure death to fleas! Collar has snap-away safety feature. *Unconditional money-back guarantee by Hartz too!*



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might be just the thing to liven up the lull between school and summer camp. You can use it to raise money for charity. Variations are limitless; you can have dogs or cats or all kinds of pets and make up your own prize categories.

Last summer the Massapequa (New York) Public Library sponsored a dog show to interest children in the library. Prizes, donated by local businesses, were given for the biggest dog, happiest dog, saddest dog and the dog with the longest tail—to name just a few. Library director Bradley Breitenstein was so pleased with the results that he plans to have a cat show this year on Halloween.

If you'd like to see a blueprint for a show, write for the free booklet, *How to Run a Community Pet Show,* c/o American Pet Products Manufacturers Association, Inc., Dept. LHJ, 157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

WHO'S AMERICA'S best-selling authority on bringing up baby? Dr. Spock? Nope. Uncle Sam. While the Doctor's books have sold 19 million copies, Uncle Sam has sold 55 million copies of *The U.S. Government Book of Infant Care* (95c) and *Your Child from One to Six* (75c). Until recently, they've been available only from the Government, but now, as Award Books, you can pick them up on any paperback rack. (Note: There is a need for a book on teen-age dating titled *Your Child from One to Six* A.M.)

Do You Know a Cheerful Giver?

Last year's December *Journal* presented "The Gift of Love," which told the stories of five volunteers who make very special contributions to the happiness of others. United Way member agencies helped us find these selfless men and women. This year we plan again to bring you the stories of people who keep the spirit of Christmas all year long.

Do you know someone like Robert Cronin who shares his weekends with fatherless boys or Elizabeth Morin whose writing workshop opens doors for mental patients? If you have a neighbor whose activities might inspire others to offer the gift of love, please tell us about him or her. We're looking for the ordinary person, the one not in the limelight, who is special only in an extraordinary ability to make practical use of an overflow of love. Send your nominations to: "Gift of Love," LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.

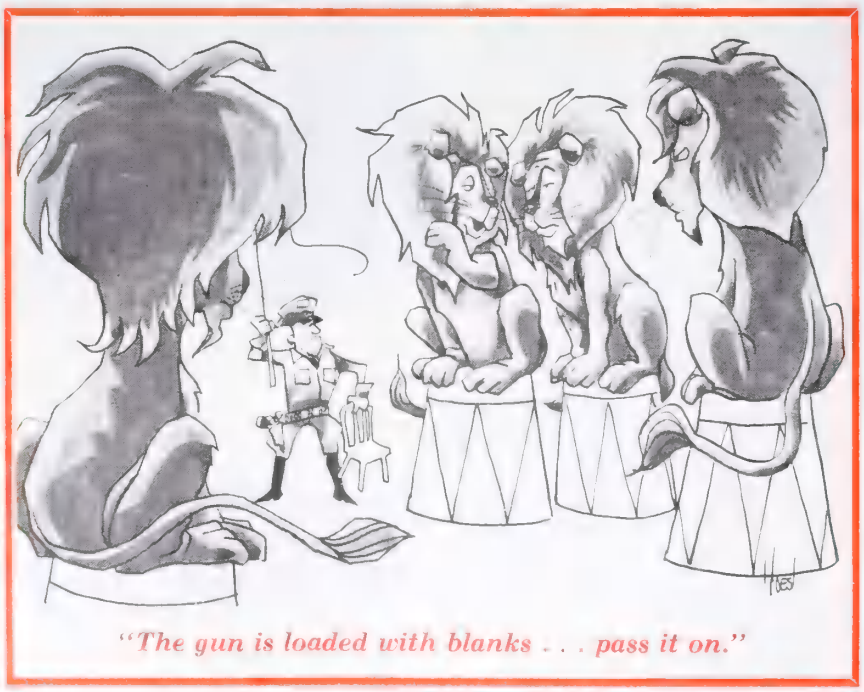
PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



This puppy prefers petunias. Peter E. Ruggles of Detroit, Mich.

Do you have a favorite pet picture? Send it to Pet News Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022. Pictures will be returned *only* if you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

KEIR DULLEA, star of *2001: A Space Odyssey,* was down to earth as he relaxed with the *Journal:* "One day in the spring of 1965 I heard that there was a vague interest in me for some kind of science-fiction film. No firm offer, just interest. So that day, just for the fun of it, I went to Battersea, which is across the river from Chelsea in London, where there's an amusement park. I saw a palmist's stall, so I walked in. Now, I'm not a super star, a Paul Newman; I'm very rarely recognized. The palmist did not know who I was. He told me the usual gobbledygook that could be so general as to apply to anybody, and then he said, 'Are you a scientist?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'I see some sort of spaceship in your palm.' Well, I tell you, a chill went right up my back. I was just superstitious enough at that moment to believe it was going to happen." **END**



"The gun is loaded with blanks . . . pass it on."

His fleas are dead. His collar did it.



Hartz®
90 Day™
Flea Collar

New Hartz Mountain® 90-Day™ flea collar is the answer to the flea sufferer's prayer. Kills fleas for 3 months. No messy sprays. No spilly powders. An insecticide built right into the soft plastic. It vaporizes gently to form a safe, odorless, invisible shield that kills fleas from head to tail for 3 months. Fits any size dog. Available at your supermarket, 5-10 or pet shop. *Unconditional money-back guarantee by Hartz too!*

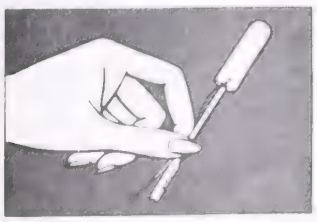


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Remember how simple life used to be?

It still can be.



The tube is gone. Kotex reduces internal protection to its simplest form. Just an absorbent cottony tampon and an uncomplicated insertion guide. A gentle little guide no thicker than a daisy stem. (And about as easy to dispose of.) What it does is slip the tampon perfectly, naturally, into place. And perfect placement means perfect protection. Hours of it. It's as simple as that.

Kotex® tampons

with gentle Insertion Guides (No tubes)

THE FINEST IN FEMININE PROTECTION COMES FROM KIMBERLY-CLARK

Medical Fact:

She Needs Far More Iron Than He Does!



Hard to believe that this petite lady needs far more iron than her husky husband does. Well it's true . . . for like most women between 15 and 50, she loses vital blood iron every month during menstruation and may not replace it with her normal diet.

When you suffer this blood iron loss, your body just doesn't get the oxygen it must have. You look pale . . . lose energy, tire easily . . . become so irritable that family and work become burdensome.

You should take IRONIZED YEAST—it restores all the iron you need to combat this simple iron deficiency anemia . . . provides the iron so essential to good health and happy living. Best of all, the iron in IRONIZED YEAST is the same kind that's contained in 2 out of 3 doctors' prescriptions for iron.

IRONIZED YEAST Tablets are economical, too. You don't pay for multi-vitamins and other additives that can't do a thing for iron loss.

Yes, with IRONIZED YEAST you can get all the iron you need to regain your old-time pep and energy, to feel and look your best. 60 Tablets only 98¢.



CELIA WANTED TO REFORM THE WORLD—AND RILEY

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Every wife should have some absorbing interest outside the home—not absorbing enough to make her neglect the home, but important enough to keep her from feeling, as so many women do feel, that "I'm merely a housewife." Her husband should give her every encouragement and help in getting such self-expression. For her part, she should choose something that will not conflict with her husband's work or embarrass him in his outside life. Similarly, if the wife has very strong views or serious interests in some area, her husband should take care not to become involved in anything that will distress or injure her. There are many possible and desirable activities in which each could engage profitably; many "causes" that could be espoused; but there is only one marriage. Since no one can campaign for every conceivable good movement, the question should be constantly borne in mind, "Will this strengthen our marriage?" If it will hurt the marriage, find something else to do. The counselor in this case was Nicholas Merlo.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
Founder and president,
The American Institute of Family Relations

"My whole family turned on me last Tuesday evening," said Celia, mother of three, a slim, attractive woman of 36 with fiery red hair, huge brown eyes and a voice simultaneously impassioned, aggrieved and bewildered. "Riley is an architectural engineer with a tremendously rich building corporation, and he is shamefully exploited. For $12,000 a year he works atrocious hours; his bosses see more of him than I do. Miraculously, Riley arrived home early on Tuesday, and I had hopes we could attend a peace rally at church after enjoying a civilized sit-down dinner with our children.

"The trouble began when 16-year-old Hughie, our eldest son, refused to eat his meal, delicious and nutritious though it was. I waited for Riley to handle the situation, but he assumed a faraway, detached expression, as though he were in outer space. As usual, the discipline was left to me.

"I told Hughie in plain words that he couldn't use the car on Saturday, his most cherished privilege, unless he cleared his plate without delay. Hughie exploded like a firecracker. He yelled at me that our home was worse than a prison cell, our food worse than prison fodder and I was as sadistic as a prison warden. Then he hopped up from his chair, knocking his plate to the floor with a crash.

"Twelve-year-old Johnnie, who follows his big brother in everything, shoved his plate off the table on purpose. I told both boys to march upstairs at once and begin their homework. Johnnie started up the stairs, but Hughie moved in the opposite direction. Hands stuck in his pocket, whistling between his teeth, he sauntered out the kitchen toward the garage.

"For a moment I was dumfounded; Riley and I *never* permit any of the youngsters to go out on a school night. By the time I pulled my wits together and ran to the garage, Hughie was at the wheel of the car and Johnnie had scooted out the front and joined him. The two of them roared by, going so fast they nearly knocked me over in the driveway. It's a wonder I wasn't killed.

"Weak and trembling, I went back inside and asked Riley to call on the police for help before Hughie wrecked the car. He didn't stir. I telephoned the local police station myself and requested that a lookout be kept for the boys.

"Ten-year-old Judy, our baby, tossed her head at me impudently and began to gobble her food in a show-off way, smearing gravy on her face, hands and the cloth. Because she ate too fast, she was sick at her stomach and had to rush away from the table.

"With all three youngsters acting up, I badly needed comfort and support from Riley. I didn't receive it. He put aside a frivolous mystery story and slowly looked me up and down as though a strange, unwelcome female had wandered in. In a cool, impersonal voice, he told me I was ruining our children. He told me I spent too much time trying to solve the problems of the world, too little time solving the problems of my own family.

"At that very moment the boys came in from the garage. Johnnie was subdued and white around the gills, but Hughie swaggered like a defiant rooster on the prowl. In the last 30 minutes, our 16-year-old son airily announced, he and Johnnie had run four red lights, stolen a magazine and six postcards from a drugstore in the adjoining community and traveled 25 miles. For proof, Hughie tossed the magazine and postcards in my lap.

"When Riley loses his temper with our sons, it's a terrifying spectacle. His face turned pale, his eyes seemed to pop, his body shook. I can't recall a time Riley ever raised his voice to me—his cold sarcasm is hard enough to take—but he roared bloody murder at them. He canceled their allowances for two weeks, canceled Hughie's driving privileges for a month. Johnnie fled the room in a flood of tears, looking so scared and pitiful I was sorry I couldn't gather him in my arms. Hughie stamped upstairs, hitting every step like a riveting machine—but there was something pitiful about him, too.

"Although I felt years had passed, it was only eight o'clock. Five minutes later the phone rang. I was urgently needed at the church; the peace meeting had drawn fewer people than expected, and those few were swamped trying to get out the monthly bulletin. The group was newly organized, enthusiastic, but still small in number, and likely to fall apart unless properly motivated and encouraged.

"Riley refused to accompany me as he once used to do. He preferred, he said, to drop by the precinct station, thank the officers for their trouble and then go back to his office. While he worked for the big, bad corporation that supported us, Riley said sarcastically as he walked out, I could work with all my might for peace and civil rights. Hopefully, said he, I would put forth a modest amount of effort to stay out of the headlines and out of jail and make it a little easier for him to continue to hold a job.

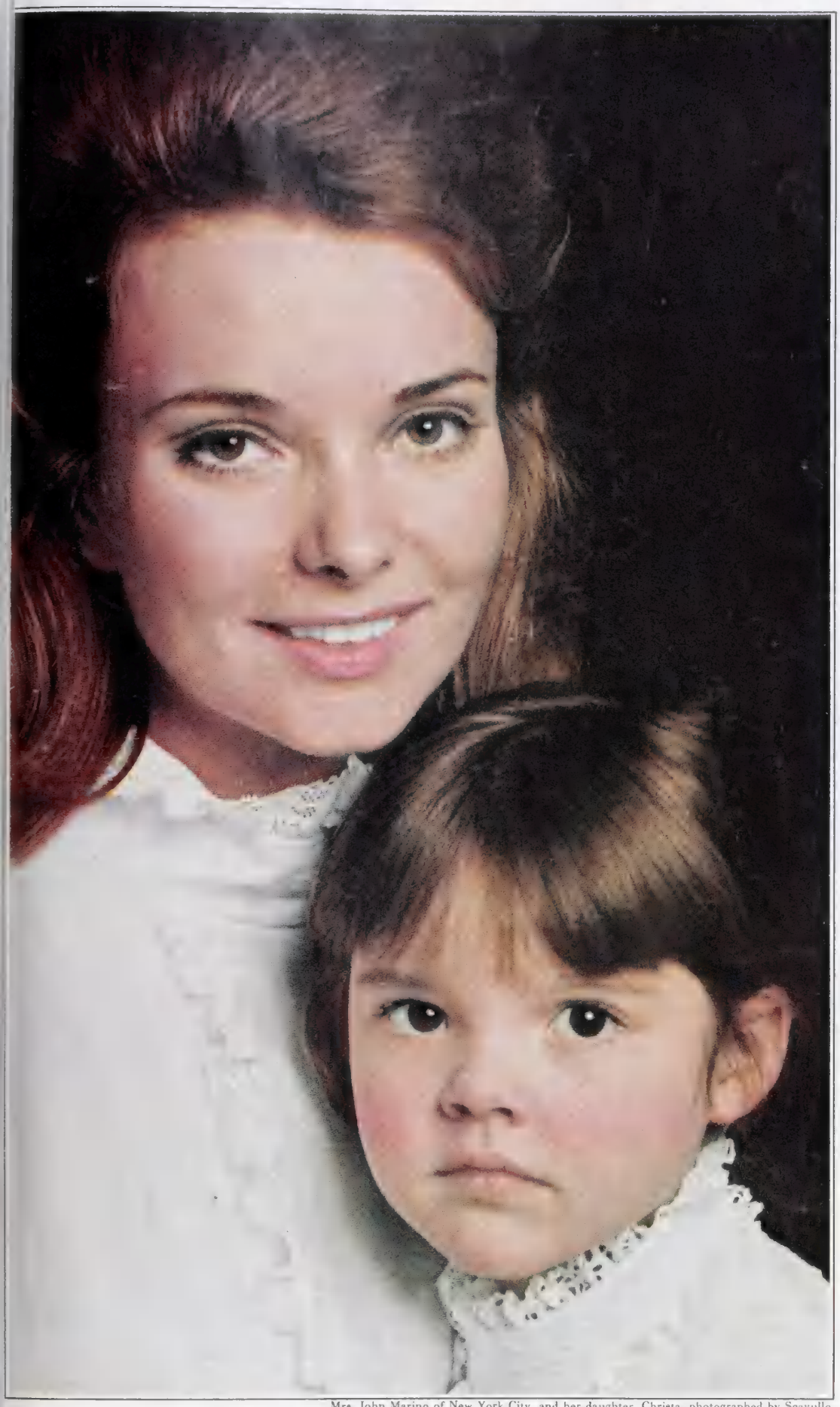
"I was crushed. For several minutes I must have cried as hard as poor Johnnie. However, I disapprove of tears, like my mother and grandmother before me. I forced myself to stop, and drove over to the church to cheer the workers. Two of the men loaded my car with copies of the monthly bulletin for me to mail. After making a short pep talk, I drove back home, stuffed and addressed 500 envelopes, finally decided I had earned my rest and collapsed into bed.

"When Riley crawled in later on and pulled me to his side, I woke, but I was too exhausted to feel even slightly affectionate. I didn't let him know. I put my arms around him and responded to the best of my ability. However, I was unable to relax, and the experience that should have been thrilling and joyful to us both was far from joyous to me. Indeed it was very painful, although Riley didn't know.

"Nor does he know how very often during our life together he has found pleasure in sex while I found either pain or acute discomfort. I love Riley deeply, and most of the time I think he loves me, but, speaking in the physical sense, we are not good lovers. Frequently if I'm in a loving mood he has a migraine headache, is buried in a trivial book, or has just telephoned that he won't be home for hours. If I am busy freezing and canning fruit and vegetables or even busier with committee work, he wants intercourse. His advances aren't gentle and romantic; he is too brusque and hurried. I often wish he would be more tender, but I don't say so, and very seldom do I deny him.

When I married Riley, I was as ignorant about sex as *(continued*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic location and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



Mrs. John Marino of New York City, and her daughter, Christa, photographed by Scavullo.

Can you compete with your daughter's "Little Girl Look"?

Mrs. John Marino does. She keeps her complexion young-looking with pure, mild Ivory...

The same purity and mildness daughter Christa needs is important to help grown-up skin look young: more important than extra ingredients in other soaps. More doctors recommend Ivory. 99 44/100% pure.* It floats.**



The big girl's soap for complexions with that little girl look.

a baby in the cradle, and I've sometimes thought to myself he probably wasn't much wiser. My mother was an invalid, too sickly to explain feminine physiology to me, and my grandmother's explanations were so roundabout that for a long while I supposed women menstruated through the navel.

"I fell in love with his ideas and his ideals as well as his good looks. We met at a college mixer; I had a partial scholarship, worked for my room and board, was serious-minded and strongly opposed to alcohol and tobacco. When someone spiked the punch, I wouldn't drink it. Several other students laughed at me. Riley spoke out and defended my right and his right not to smoke and drink, and hushed their laughter. I was charmed.

"A few months later we were married. He was 22. I was just 19, terrified of sex but determined to fulfill his masculine expectations and male demands. I didn't intend to lose my husband to another woman, as my ailing mother had done. When I was seven years old we left Kansas—where my three younger brothers and I were born—because of mother's severe bronchial attacks and went to stay on the desert in my widowed grandmother's small house; my father stayed behind temporarily to wind up his business.

"My brothers took the largest bedroom, I took the other, Grandmother slept on the living-room sofa. Mother unselfishly occupied a cot in the garage, and contracted pneumonia which went into tuberculosis. On receipt of the bad news, Father decided to remain in Kansas permanently, with his secretary.

"For years I prayed every night that my parents would be reconciled; my grandmother, a staunch Methodist, active in the W.C.T.U., used to tell me it was sinful to pray for such a petty, selfish

We guess we'd rather be poor than disadvantaged.—Journal proverb

cause, that my prayers would not be answered, and she was right. When I was 12 I appeared in court as a witness in my mother's divorce suit. I saw my father, who had been my hero, across the room, but I didn't speak to him. His secretary sat beside him.

"As a bride I found sex an almost agonizing ordeal, but I stuck by my resolve, concealed my reaction from Riley, and soon became pregnant. My obstetrician, in whom I did confide, predicted that the pain I experienced in love-making would disappear after my first delivery. Hughie's birth was long and difficult, but the problem remains to this day.

"In the beginning he and I agreed in all really important feelings, principles, beliefs and goals. We agreed that the atomic bomb, rapid communication and mass media had introduced a new era, that humanity would perish unless racial minorities achieved dignity and justice, and a lasting peace was secured.

"To my great pride, Riley declared himself a conscientious objector during the Korean War, an unpopular stand that required more character and courage than for him to kill strangers who had done us no harm. Today Riley and I are equally opposed to war in Vietnam or in any country on the globe, but he is too timid to stand up and be counted.

"What's more, he objects to my speaking out in public for peace, circulating petitions or picketing. Riley complains that I neglect our children and waste my time and energy pursuing illusions. I blame his employers, an ultra-conservative corporation, for his loss of principle, his timidity, all the changes in his attitude. His long, hard hours of stultifying, soul-destroying work have destroyed his interest in the great convictions we used to share. Riley's work has no social value whatever; basically, he toils to make rich men richer. Many times I've suggested that he go back to college and take an advanced degree in law—perhaps he could become a public defender—or educate himself in social work or teaching. I would gladly sacrifice my volunteer work to help support the family with a paying job and sell our ranch home. But he won't do it.

"I have tried to be a good wife and mother, a good citizen and human being, but somewhere I have failed with Riley and with the children, too."

"In some respects, I may be as big a coward as Celia thinks," said 39-year-old Riley, a tanned, broad-shouldered man with thick black hair and an evasive glance. "It's true I've stuck many years on a job that I don't much like, but her bland assumption that I'm spinelessly allowing money-hungry employers to con me into working around the clock is nonsense.

"Frankly, I dilly-dally at work because I hate to go home. Sometimes I drop in at a concert or art show, despite the guilty hunch my youngsters might need me around as an antidote to the pressures Celia exerts on all of us. Often she nags me about my weakness as a disciplinarian until I chew out the kids for some trivial fault, and then, of course, they behave even worse. I'm alienating our sons from us both.

"Last Tuesday she goaded me until I punished Hugh and John against my better judgment—I wish Celia would stop addressing a hulking six-footer as 'Hughie'—and they obeyed my orders, but with pure hatred in their eyes. Later she sailed off to a meeting, leaving broken crockery on the floor and dishes on the table that I had to clean up.

"Next morning I woke with a terrific migraine. Celia blamed my job for the headache, but I blamed it on the fact I'd blown my top at the boys. In my youth I got the habit of control. In those days my only headaches were three older sis-

How many years do you have to work before what you're doing is a "career"?

ters, who pounced on me for the slightest misstep and a mother, who praised me to everyone as her 'sweet-natured child,' but praised me for nothing else.

"My father owned the drugstore in our small Ohio town, was hard-working, easy-going, very popular. One spring he took me hunting, a rare and pleasant outing, and I mentioned a grievance with my mother or my sisters. I can still recall how Father smiled wryly and told me the way to get along with women was to let women have their way.

"Not long afterward his store went bankrupt, and we came to California, where Father died of a heart attack. There was enough insurance for my education. Mother and my sisters chose an engineering college for me, and apparently I had no better ideas because I went.

"At this late date I don't appreciate Celia pestering me to go back to school and study social work, teaching or law so I can start my career anew in a so-called helping profession. I study and read quite a bit right now just for fun, but she views fun as almost wicked. If I ever do enroll for a few evening classes, I will shop around in literature, art, music or history, pick courses that might broaden my vision, stretch my mind. Celia doesn't know this because she no longer listens to me.

"During a large part of my married life, I've had to accommodate myself to the bitter fact that my wife has given her highest loyalty and deepest feelings, the best of herself, to the struggle for world peace and to the integration fight. All her contacts with the outside world, with our children, with me, seem to be weighed on the scales of the possible relative value to these two causes.

"Our sexual relationship isn't what it should be, although she thinks I'm unaware of it. I love Celia deeply, and most of the time I believe she loved me in her own fashion, in spite of my lowly position in her two all-absorbing fields. However, she often rejects me sexually on the plea of exhaustion, and I can sense a lack in nearly all our love-making.

"Celia has an excellent mind, a quick wit if she cared to use it, and she once had a lovely contralto voice. It's been years since I've heard her sing. By channeling her total energy, intelligence, and leadership ability into the crusade for peace and integration she has limited her imagination, creativeness, and narrowed her whole personality. (*continued*)



"We didn't know then, it was a secret marriage."

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Fisherman's Wharf Jambalaya starts with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

In 2 tbsp. butter lightly brown 1 pkg. Chicken Rice-A-Roni. Stir in 2¾ cups hot water, contents of Chicken flavor packet, ¼ tsp. each: black pepper and Tabasco Sauce, 1 tbsp. instant minced onions, ¼ cup each: diced celery and bell pepper. Add 2 cups diced cooked ham (or luncheon meat), 1 can tuna or shrimp. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.



New! Complete Noodle Roni Dinners!

Parmesano, Romanoff, Stroganoff, Casserole and Chick 'N' Almonds.

"I believe strongly in the justice of Celia's two great causes, as all right-thinking people must. In my own small way, I have tried to help. Last year our bill for postage stamps alone probably averaged $50 a month, and I earned the money to buy those stamps. For a long while I attended get-out-the-mail meetings with her, addressed and sealed envelopes by the hundred. However, I was always doubtful that unsolicited literature mailed to names picked at random from city directories ever converted anybody.

"Celia belongs to almost every conceivable organization in both of the fields, except those she regards as Communist-dominated. Several years ago, I went with her to a get-out-the-mail meeting.

Celia introduced me to a select little band of activists, clustered in an unheated basement lit by one wan electric bulb, and then she apologized for my presence. Perhaps I was too neatly dressed for the unshaven company. Anyhow, she carefully explained that I was trapped in a job with a reactionary corporation, that my unfortunate business connection curtailed my freedom of speech and action, but I could be trusted not to betray group secrets.

It's been years since a piece of gossip shocked us.—Journal Proverb

"At that point I excused myself, went back to the office for a while, went home, caught the kids at TV, let them finish their program, but was sour about it. Next day I had a mountain-sized migraine. That was the last meeting I attended with Celia. Among Celia's cohorts, maybe because of the shame-faced way she introduces me, I am considered overcautious, ultra-conservative, even right-wing.

"Yet everywhere else if I express my political opinions and social views, I am regarded as unconventional and extremely liberal. I've been tipped off that at least two of my bosses suspect I'm a dangerous radical, and I confess it makes me nervous. Around the office I often feel obliged to be noncommittal, and I suppose ducking issues *is* cowardly. I guess I am afraid I might lose my job. I was a conscientious objector during the Korean War by choice, but I still am not exactly sure what I would have done if I hadn't got lucky and been deferred.

"Celia forces the kids to eat stuff they dislike and more of it than they want. I wouldn't describe Celia as a food faddist, but she has a thing about vitamins, proteins, organic farming. I grow organic family-sized crops on our three-quarter acre, which is probably good exercise for me, but I would rather play golf.

"Celia enlisted Hugh and John as conscientious objectors practically at birth, and, at her insistence, they have gone to Quaker services from the age of five or six, although she and I are Congregationalists. She hasn't permitted either boy to scrap with other kids in defense of his own rights. Consequently other boys bully them. John glides around the corner and escapes, but Hugh has been badly beaten several times. Recently, he begged for judo lessons, but Celia wouldn't hear of it. Neither he nor John have any friends among contemporaries.

"Nevertheless, Celia wonders why our children, with their high I.Q.'s, receive poor marks. She constantly bugs them to get at their homework. If Celia would just let up on the kids, I can carry on, I'm sure, but I do wish we could improve our marriage."

"Celia and Riley were even more deeply affected by childhood influences than are most of us," the counselor said. "In turn, their unsatisfactory emotional behavior patterns were influencing Hugh, John and Judy for the worse. Both Celia and Riley wanted to improve their marriage and were intelligent adults. Actually, it was easier to help them straighten out their difficulties than it was to help the youngsters.

"As a boy, Riley had been unmercifully pushed around by three older sisters, subtly manipulated by his mother, who praised his sweet disposition and obedience to such a point he became unable to assert himself. It was almost inevitable that Riley would marry a strong-willed wife, and invite her to dominate and lead him through life.

"As a little girl, Celia bossed younger brothers in a female-oriented household; she happily (if subconsciously) seized at Riley's subconscious invitation. Bossing her husband and making up his mind for him came as naturally to her as breathing. Many of her notions on the benefits of pill-swallowing and eating organic foods were copied from her grandmother, who tended her ailing (and possibly hypochondriacal) mother.

"In a series of joint interviews, conducted under Institute auspices, Celia and Riley leveled with each other for the first time in their marriage. I then spelled out the underlying motives that prompted their behavior. With chagrin, both of them learned that Riley was often furiously angry at Celia, deflecting his rage to the youngsters; afterward, stricken with inner guilt, he was likely to suffer a migraine headache. It is possible Riley might have gone to his grave, an unhappy man suppressing his wrathful feelings and all true feelings. Fortunately, the sad plight of his children, browbeaten by Celia, stirred him to oppose her and take action—although it was the wrong kind of action.

"The bankruptcy of Riley's father was probably the root of his fear of losing his job. In the course of our discussions, however, he discovered and acknowledged that he enjoyed most of his business associates and liked his job quite well; he had permitted Celia's dislike to color his opinions. With this realization, his job fears vanished.

"Riley discovered something else that his instincts had sensed; most of hi sexual relationship with Celia was base on sham. This discovery came almost a a relief to him; Riley loved Celia enoug to want honesty from her and to trea her honestly. When Celia admitted tha the sex act was often severely painful t her, she visited a top gynecologist. It wa then established that the pain had physical as well as an emotional basis. I childhood she had undergone a clums clitorial operation, and her three deliv eries had been accompanied by tearing Years later she remembered with drea her operation as a young child; this un pleasant memory was reinforced b recollections of the prudish sex educatio received from her Victorian grand mother and the never-to-be-forgotte abandonment by her father.

"Celia mistrusted all men; she saw he father in her husband, she saw him i her two sons. A surgeon performed skill ful repairs that eased her problem on th physical side; honesty eased the emo tional side of the problem for both Rile and herself. When Riley knew the score he became a more gentle, unhurried an satisfying lover. When Celia knew th score, she let up on her incessant nag ging; quite naturally, with this change Riley's overtures became more tender affectionate and agreeable to her.

"Celia surrendered the baseless belie that with argument and personal will power she could sway the world, or ever rule her own children. Hugh was allowed to take judo lessons and, now a colleg sophomore, has acquired self-respect an a few friends. Celia isn't entirely certai how he stands on conscientious ob jectors; she doesn't pry into this sensi tive subject. John and Judy are doin better in school and, for the most part they choose their own meals.

"A year ago, Celia and Riley sold thei ranch home, and he thankfully gave u his intensive cultivation of the smal patch of land. On weekends he now play golf. The couple moved to a house nea his place of business and, as a result, ar able to share many more interests, enjo more companionship.

"Celia still works hard as a voluntee in the fight for civil rights and to brin about universal peace. Sometimes, i Riley considers her current project re alistic, he works with her. Sometimes sh attends concerts and movies or walk around the golf course with him.

"Nowadays Celia believes her hus band and her children, like other peopl in this troubled world, should be priv ileged to enjoy peace and persona rights." END



"There are so many things I want to know about you, Rachel, like the color of your eyes."



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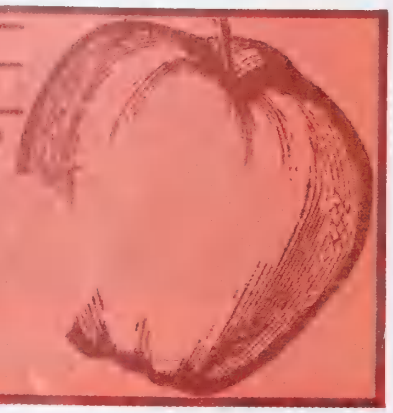
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MEDICINE TODAY



BY PHYLLIS WRIGHT, M.D., WITH DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

Will Tommy outgrow his asthma when he reaches adolescence? Probably not. A University of Rochester allergist, Dr. Douglas E. Johnstone, has been keeping track of a group of young sneezers and wheezers for more than a decade. Only eight of 41 boys and six of 22 girls were free of asthmatic attacks by their 16th birthdays. Those who also had hay fever were least likely to outgrow their asthma.

Infrequency of sexual intercourse among older married couples may account for their high proportion of mongoloid infants, says Dr. James German of Cornell University. It long has been known that a woman past 35 has a much greater risk of giving birth to a mongoloid. No one as yet knows why. Dr. German reasons that a woman's ovum remains viable for only about 24 hours after ovulation, and probably deteriorates toward the end of that time. Sperm, on the other hand, is viable for up to 48 hours. Thus, a woman who engages in sexual relations at least every two days will always have potent sperm available for fertilization, at the moment her egg is extruded from the ovary. But, if her marital relations are less frequent, an egg may already have deteriorated before the sperm that will fertilize it is present. Therefore, says Dr. German, an older woman who engages in regular and frequent sexual relations may lessen the risk of giving birth to a mongoloid baby.

The conscientious housewife's standards for clean-scrubbed floors probably are more than adequate for hospital wards, says the British medical magazine *Lancet*. Disinfectants, fancy mops and other innovations appear to be no more sanitary than the old-fashioned scrub bucket and soap—though they are easier to use. In a hospital, the journal says, "a clean floor is essential, but time and money spent on attempts to produce a sterile one are wasted." The same may be said for the floors at home.

Try standing on one leg, blindfolded, with your arms held straight out at your sides. If you find yourself rotating your body in a skating or waltzing position, then you had better go on the wagon.

The waltzing or skating signs, say two Chicago neurologists, Drs. Alex Arieff and Nicholas Wetzel, in *GP*, are two of the earliest indications that supposed "social drinkers" may be hidden alcoholics. While the two signs do appear in some individuals who have a natural injury to the balance center of the brain, they more often signify chronic intoxication.

In Bonn, Germany, meanwhile, an internist, Dr. W. K. Lelbach, who examined the livers of 526 ex-drinkers, finds that, ounce for ounce, the damage done is the same, whether the alcohol is imbibed in concentrated form, as hard liquor, or is diluted as beer or wine.

This means, says Dr. Lelbach, that probably it is the alcohol itself that causes cirrhosis, not additives or impurities in one or another beverage, as some people believe.

Smelling salts have revived many a lady from a faint, even though the medical profession tends to pooh-pooh their value. Besides their bad smell, however, research at the Mayo Clinic now finds reason to accord the imprimatur of "good science" on the aromatic fumes of ammonia. Dr. Ralph S. Zitnik discovered that inhalation of ammonia immediately and powerfully constricts the arteries and veins in the arms and legs. Fainting usually occurs when there is too much blood in the muscle tissue and peripheral blood vessels and too little in the brain. So the ammonia-induced squeeze on the general circulation concentrates blood in the heart—which must beat faster and harder to keep it moving—and thus restores adequate blood to the brain. This relieves the faint. Ammonia's action, says Dr. Zitnik, thus provides "ample reason for the effectiveness of this well-known remedy."

Six million bikes are bought each year in the U.S. But many new riders are too young, untrained and inexperienced, says Dr. Harris Faigel of New Haven, Conn., who warns that some currently fashionable cycling equipment can compound the danger. Especially risky, he says, is the bike with small wheels and high-rise handlebars, which is difficult for a child to steer and balance. The popular "banana" seat also is dangerous because it encourages children to ride double.

"Training wheels which convert a bicycle into a stable four-wheeled vehicle are an invitation to danger," says Dr. Faigel. If a child is too young to manage a two-wheeler, on *two* wheels, he's too young to be on it in the first place. Age seven ought to be the lower limit for a two-wheeler, and age nine could be more appropriate in hilly terrain or the traffic of a city. Advises Dr. Faigel: Buy the safest equipment, even if it isn't the latest style. Teach your children traffic safety and proper handling of their bicycles. **END**



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LR-86



Mrs. King & Mrs. Kennedy, by Mrs. Medgar Evers

Listening to the final services for the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., surrounded by faces as familiar as the morning papers, I sat with my daughter, Rena, thirteen, hearing the sounds of old, much-loved hymns, feeling myself pulled back five years to the time when we had gone through it ourselves.

Seeing Coretta King with her four children, I knew what she had been through that morning: the hushed atmosphere in her home, the helpful hands laying out the unfamiliar black dress, the last-minute checking of each child's appearance, the fighting back of tears, knowing you must not let down until it is all, finally, over. Watching the photographers focus on her during the services, I felt again the emptiness in the pit of my stomach I had felt at Medgar's funeral, the hurtful knowledge that when you have shared your husband with all of his people, you cannot, even in your grief at his death, have privacy.

It was too familiar, too painful, too much like what had happened to me for me to be able to separate myself from it. Beside me, as he had been at Medgar's funeral, was Medgar's brother, Charles. Nearby were friends who had stood at the graveside in Arlington National Cemetery as the guns were fired in the final salute. I thanked God that today there would be no guns to remind Coretta King, as they had reminded me, of how the end had come.

When the service was over, Charles sat weeping, unable to move, exactly as he had five years before outside Fort Myer Chapel at Arlington, and I recalled what Bishop Stephen Gill Spottswood had said in that chapel service: "I hope that Medgar Evers will be the last black American to give his life in the struggle to make the Constitution come alive." He was not, of course, and I wondered now, with the death of Martin Luther King, how many, many more fine men must die before we achieve in America a community in which race is irrelevant.

As Charles shook with sobs, Senator Robert F. Kennedy, who had also lost a brother to an assassin's bullet, came to sit beside him and comfort him. They sat, side by side, two men joined in bereavement, one black, one white, weeping for their lost brothers and for the man who had spent the last dozen years of his life trying to make us all brothers.

It was then that I remembered Jacqueline Kennedy and, rising, went to her. I murmured my name, and she gasped, "Oh, my goodness!" and took my hand. We stood like that for a moment, and I thought I could see in her eyes what I knew must be in my own: the sense that we, who had both been through this before, were here together seeing a third woman stricken in the same way.

My daughter, Rena, had pleaded to fly with me to the funeral in Atlanta, and at the last minute I had decided to bring her. Seeing Yolanda, the Kings' oldest child, just her own age, Rena had wanted to go to her and comfort her, knowing what it was like.

Now, Rena stood by me looking up at Mrs. Kennedy, and I became aware of a strange kinship of three young girls: Caroline Kennedy, Yolanda King, and my own Rena.

They had all lost their fathers in the whirlwind of hate and violence. Three times, three Americans, mad with the belief that by killing a leader you can stop a movement, had found their targets in telescopic sights and squeezed a trigger in the insane hope of ending an era. Would these three girls have to raise their children in the shadow of the same hate that had blighted their youths?

In the march from the church to Morehouse College, Dr. King's alma mater, nearly 200,000 Americans quietly demonstrated their mutual commitment to the struggle for justice that has already taken such a frightening toll. I saw old friends, people I had not seen for years. We all greeted each other silently; there was no need for words. We were marching beside each other still in the same march that had begun so long ago.

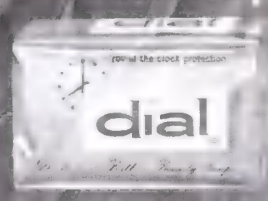
And that, more than anything, gave me hope for the future. Coretta King, Jacqueline Kennedy, and I, brought together by this latest tragedy, were linked not only by hideous coincidences of the past. Here, on the same day, we were joined as well in our determination to be counted among those Americans who will continue to march toward the dream of Martin Luther King Jr. **END**

Mrs. Evers is the widow of the Mississippi leader of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who was murdered in 1963.

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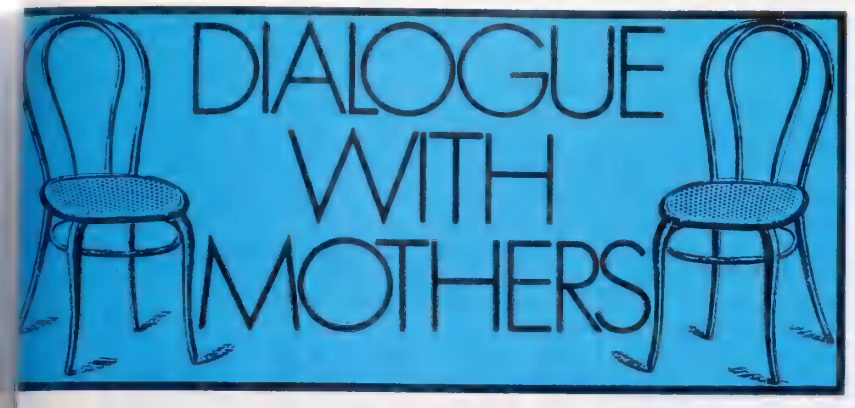
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THEIR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG

by Dr. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

First Mother: My four-year-old hears my husband and me talking about the war in Vietnam and he asks, "What about this war?" I tell him, "I think the war is terrible. If you want to know my political views on Vietnam . . ."

Dr. Bettelheim: I don't think he's interested in any political views yet.

First Mother: No, not in great detail. But he wants to know if we should be fighting the war. I tell him, "No, I don't think we should be," and that's the end of it.

Dr. B.: Is that the end? What kind of a country are you raising him in?

First Mother: Well, that's why I felt I had to tell him how I feel.

Dr. B.: Why? Are you going to tell him how you feel about contraception?

First Mother: No, only what he asks.

Dr. B.: Lately I've been asked repeatedly to talk about the hippies because I'm working with a group of them here at the Orthogenic School. While there are many different things that make a hippie, one very important ingredient is the conviction that whatever this country does is wrong. So if you want to increase your son's chance to be a hippie, one of the things you can do is to be sure to tell him that we are wrong in Vietnam.

First Mother: But I never . . . well, this is why it's a big problem with me.

Dr. B.: Just be sure to tell him that. These hippies all say the same: "The war in Vietnam is wrong. All life here is a rat race." So of course they drop out. Why shouldn't they?

Second Mother: But what about honesty? How do you answer a question like that?

Dr. B.: I think if it's such a bad country, you shouldn't raise children here, or keep them here. To a small child the war in Vietnam isn't any different from any other. There were plenty of people who felt exactly the same about our Civil War and, indeed, about the American Revolution. This just happens to be your child's war.

Second Mother: That's not what I mean. I mean you can love your country and still oppose the war in Vietnam.

Dr. B.: But if you're four years old, how can you love your country and oppose this, that and the other? You'll end up with those people who drop out of life.

Second Mother: To get away from the war for a minute: suppose you're active in something like civil rights. Isn't it all right to express your feelings about it to a child?

Dr. B.: It's one thing to say to your child, "This is a fine country, where some people have wrong ideas and we have to correct their ideas." After all, there's crime in this country. Your boy, who has toy guns, knows there are good guys and bad guys. That's part of life. But if the country where you raise your child is a bad country, the only thing to do is drop out of it. Which is very different from saying there are some people who do wrong things in every country. Because then the issue is, "Well, who's right?" He has to decide whether he wants to belong to the right kind of people or the wrong kind of people. This the child needs to know. He sees things in black and white, all or nothing, right or wrong. But the fine shadings he cannot understand; we don't begin to comprehend these until after puberty. Some people never comprehend them because it's difficult; but with decent education and intelligence, you learn—starting anywhere from 13 or 16 or 18—that there's no absolute right and no absolute wrong, that you have to judge things on their merits. So, to the small child, this country is either right or wrong. And if this society and this country is wrong, there's only one thing to do, and that's to drop out. These attitudes are formed very early in childhood. The hippie is all made by the age of six, though it'll take quite a few years till he shows it.

Second Mother: So they're reflecting the attitudes of their parents?

Dr. B.: Most certainly.

Second Mother: Somehow I had the idea they were reacting against their parents.

Dr. B.: So they are; but, like every child, they do both. I've never seen a hippie whose parents didn't have the feeling that this is a rat race, and the devil take the hindmost, and everybody's out for himself. But, while they hated the rat race, they stayed with it, and wore their hair trim. Yes—the child reacts against them by wearing his hair long. But he also acts out their wish to drop out, because by age six he's learned that the one big value he has for parents is to act out for them their hatred and despair at the rat race.

Third Mother: How would you have explained something like this to the child in Germany, if you'd been opposed to the Nazis?

Dr. B.: Most parents there felt they had no chance to influence their children, so that was taken care of. But if you opposed the Nazi regime and told your children so, the children might betray you and you'd be locked *(continued)*

Dr. Bettelheim is Rowley Professor of education at the University of Chicago's Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School. Each "Dialogue" is based on actual open-discussion meetings Dr. Bettelheim conducts at school with 30 or more mothers from the Chicago area whose children range from infants to junior-high-school age.



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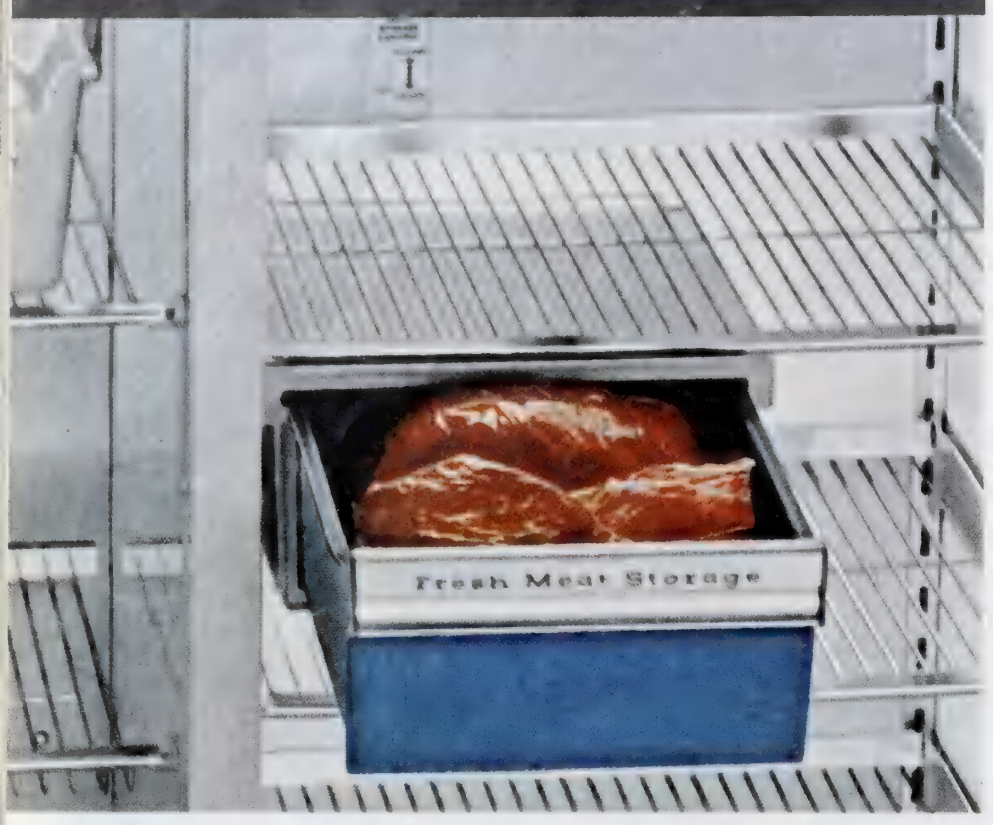
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up and that was that. So in either case the parents kept their mouths shut.

Fourth Mother: But was it right? Do you agree that parents should keep their mouths shut?

Dr. B.: I think you can raise children successfully on the British statement, "My country, right or wrong," which implies that the country could sometimes be wrong. The statement doesn't say my country's always right. What it does say is that "this is my country" and that has to come first. The right or wrong comes much later, in the education of children. To live successfully in the world, one has to begin with "it's my country." After you get older and more mature then comes the issue, "Well, is my country right or wrong? But even if it's wrong, it happens to be my country." Which means that you act within the legal means. In the voting booth you may vote for a hawk or a dove. These are the choices you have to make when you come of voting age.

Can't some electronic genius invent something better than that battery of microphones they use at press conferences?—Journal proverb

Fourth Mother: But even my little four-year-old, when he's playing with guns, wants to know if he's the good guy.

Dr. B.: This reflects a parental view of the gun and the war and the shooting. But a child doesn't carry a gun at age four because he wants to fight a war in Vietnam or anywhere else. He carries a gun because he wants to be strong and a man who can defend himself. If he doesn't want to be a fighter, I don't think you should impose it on him. But if he wants to be a man who can defend himself, do you want to stop him from that?

Of course, it's your parental prerogative to deny him this—just as it's your prerogative to tell your child, "I'm raising you in a lousy country." There *is* plenty wrong with this country, as we all know, but there's also plenty right with it. Only a child doesn't have this subtle understanding. Your child, at three or five, cannot say, "Johnny's sometimes a fine boy and sometimes a bad guy." Today he says, "Johnny stinks," and tomorrow he says, "Johnny's great," because he cannot comprehend that somebody can stink and be great in different situations at different times. And what goes for Johnny goes for his country. Mind you, I still don't like the war in Vietnam, but I also know that a man without a country isn't much of a man. That's why I think we should raise our children with a country, and then let them make up their own minds, when they have a mind to make up

Fifth Mother: Do you think it's hopeless to try to teach children to make distinctions between black and white when they're so young?

Dr. B.: Yes. It's not only hopeless; it makes a hopeless neurotic out of the kid who doesn't know which way to move because he has no judgment. He still has just you to go by.

Fifth Mother: So you'd say one shouldn't even try until they're a certain age.

Dr. B.: I don't think you have to try. They'll learn it by themselves. They're intelligent children. Weren't generations brought up to believe in God and the church? How come, then, people broke away from it? It certainly wasn't their parents who told them to throw it overboard.

Sixth Mother: We're from South Africa and we have a terrible problem there because we oppose the political system of racial intolerance entrenched in law. The people who oppose this end up in jail. Many of our friends don't feel strongly enough to leave because of the difficulties of leaving and so on; but at the same time they're uncomfortable and really living a lie, to their children. They find it very difficult when their children ask, for example, "Why does the Nanny travel on a different bus?" Do you say, "That's how it is," or do you explain that you don't really approve? What do parents do when they do, in effect, oppose things and disagree with them?

Dr. B.: I have some experience with Nazi Germany and with people who stayed and actively expressed their disapproval of the regime. The children always suffered greatly from it. As grown-ups they all show tremendous difficulties within themselves; they're deeply dissatisfied within themselves, deeply torn, unhappy people. The child's security depends on the strength and power

No matter how humble you think you are, it always comes as a shock to find out someone doesn't like you.

fulness of his protectors; even if they're not very strong and powerful, they have to be seen as such. A parent who lives in fear and trembling is not a protector nor is the parent who holds the right values but is forced to give lip service to the wrong ones. Children of these parents felt they were terrible liars and cheats whenever they had to give the Hitler salute. So, while from our point of view they stood for a higher morality they grew up with the feeling that they were the scum of the earth—because they betrayed their own values every day and never overcame the feeling that they're just no good.

continued

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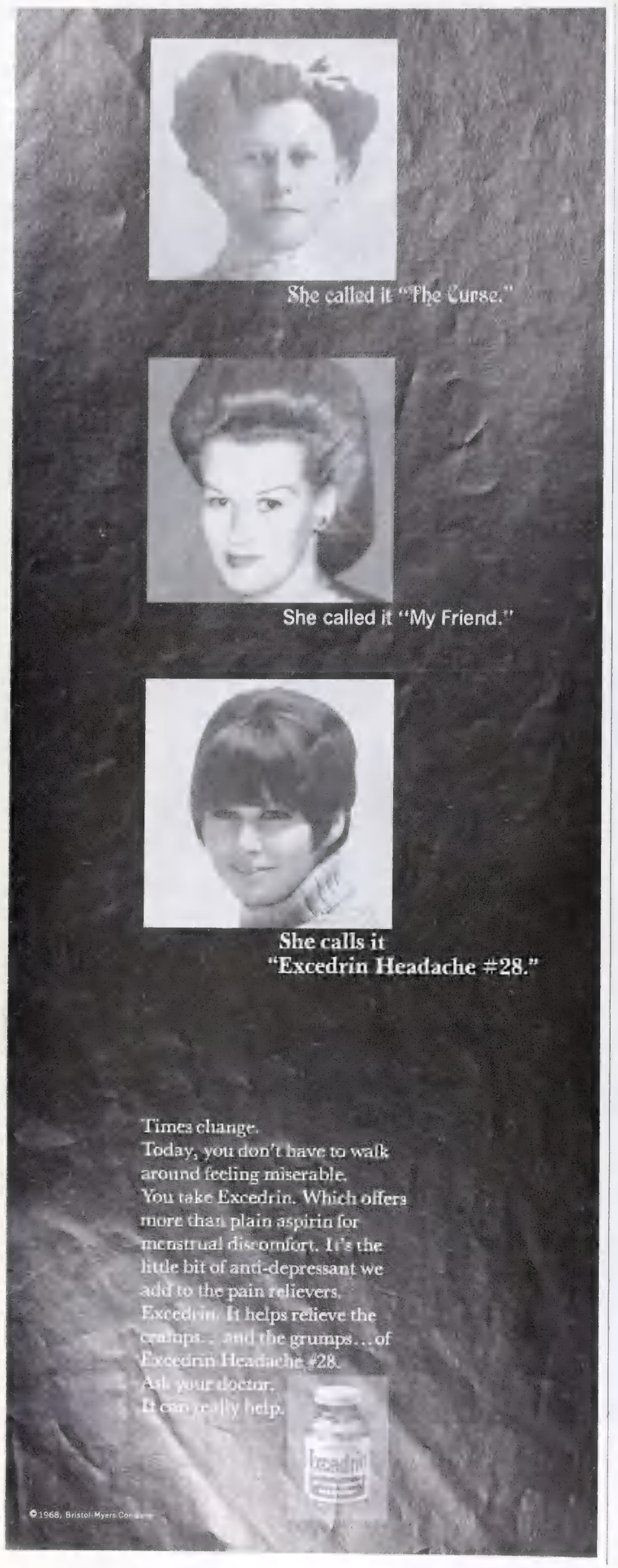




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Sixth Mother: It creates a terrible problem for the parent, too.

Dr. B.: I think you did the right thing to leave South Africa. It's the only thing a parent can do who feels as you do.

Seventh Mother: Let's assume we disagree with certain things our country does, but want to stay here. Is it best to stress the positive things about the country and to stress that there are things one can do to help change?

Dr. B.: It all depends on what comes to the child's attention very early. As one lady here said, children ask, "Why can't Nanny ride the same bus?" This comes to their attention very early. Other problems really don't occur to the child unless you bring them up. Whatever comes to the child's attention, I think you should honestly discuss with the child. What worries me is when we impose adult problems because they're of great concern to us, but before the child really has any spontaneous interest in them. The small child growing up has tremendous problems of his own, such as, "Should I be like Daddy or should I be like Mommy?" If such a problem becomes confused with "Do I want to be an American or don't I want to be an American?" that's too much.

Seventh Mother: I get the feeling that people who are against the war in Vietnam are going to have to be careful about how they answer their children, if their children bring it up. But maybe I misinterpreted what you said.

Dr. B.: I don't think you can fool your child, but there are many things we don't like that are still a necessary part of life. Every child learns this very early. Let me remind you how very interesting it was to watch how children felt when Roosevelt died and when Kennedy was assassinated. They thought the world was coming to an end. This was just as true in the homes of Republicans and Democrats, which goes to show that the child isn't interested in political parties, or in who's a good President or not. The child is shook up because the stability is gone. I'm talking about the sense of stability a child needs if he is to concentrate on building a personality. You see, to develop one's personality is a fearsome task. And a young child needs all his energy to do exactly that.

Fifth Mother: You mean if they're secure, you don't have to involve them.

Dr. B.: Nobody's more committed than I am to the conviction that the security of the home comes first. But I think it can be overdone—the idea that if a child is secure in the home, nothing can faze him. There were plenty of Jewish children who felt very secure at home in Nazi Germany and then burned in the gas ovens.

Fourth Mother: In our generation, we always seem to be discontented with our politics and looking for alternatives. We don't seem to have learned much security about "my country."

Dr. B.: What alternatives?

Third Mother: I think we have a beautiful alternative: our democratic system. If anybody disagrees with things, they should get out and work to change the government. We can all do it. Everybody has this right. This is our alternative. We're doing it right now, many of us. If you can't, because you don't have a democratic system, you have to leave; if you don't want to work to change what you've got, then you leave. That's all there is to it.

Dr. B.: I agree heartily. I'm sick and tired of people who gripe about the system and are so dissatisfied that they're going to wash their hands of it all. If this country isn't worth getting your hands dirty for, then the country can't be very important to you.

Second Mother: If a father does go to war in Vietnam, do you feel the child has to be told that the father's killing people? I know you're against deception and deceiving children.

Dr. B.: I personally never had to tell my children, "This is a miserable war." I told them all wars, in my opinion, are miserable. That's why I part ways with some of those who are violently opposed to the Vietnam war when they tell me it's an immoral war, compared to other wars that were moral. There never was a moral war. Wars are issues of power struggle and have nothing to do with morality, as I see it. But I can still say, "Yes, all wars are terrible, but this is a very fine country to live in, and I'm happy to be here." If I really feel that, it will come through to the child. I don't think I have to engage in holy patriotism. But don't tell me the children are really worried about the war. Little children don't give a hoot about Vietnam.

Mothers: It's the parents.

Dr. B.: That's right, it's the parents. The parents create anxiety in the children about the war in Vietnam, even though children, if anything, should only be exposed to anxieties they can do something about. And don't tell me the children can do something about the war in Vietnam, because that's been tried, too. It was tried in the children's crusade, and all those children died. Well, they no longer die physically. They die mentally; they die psychologically.

Fifth Mother: If other parents impose this war anxiety on their children and then your children are exposed to them, doesn't it rub off?

Dr. B.: No, fortunately not. It doesn't rub off until junior-high-school age. That's my point. Because up to the age of junior high, the child has essentially two tremendous problems. One is to find himself in the family, and the second is to find himself with his peers. The way he finds himself with his peers is through playing ball or hopefully through learning to read and to count and to play Monopoly. Every self-respecting 10-year-old or 11-year-old, if he is smart, finds that it's more important to him to win in Monopoly than to win in Vietnam. Hasn't that been your experience with your children? Some of the things they see on television, and read in the papers, feed into their anxieties. That's unavoidable. But their real concern is what the kids in school think of them.

The length of the graduation address is inversely proportional to the hardness of the chairs.—Journal proverb

That's what I think they need help with. If they get the right help, then hopefully when they're grown up they're going to do something to improve this country, to make it a better country. There's plenty of room for that. But also, you're not going to fight to make this a better country unless you're deeply convinced it's a fine country. If you think it's a lousy country, you're not going to make any effort to improve it. Then it will just stay a lousy country. That's all there is to it. **END**

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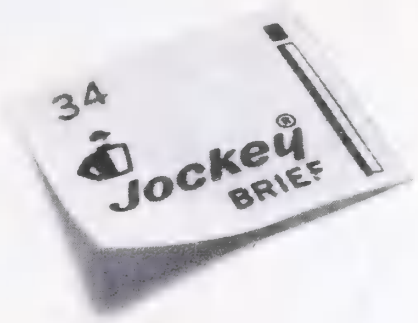
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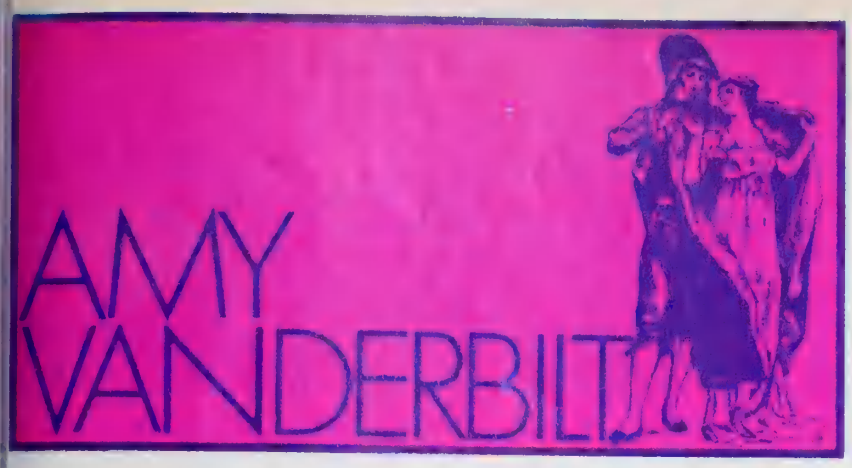




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Caution on the Phone

Q: Very often when I answer the phone the caller says, without identifying himself, "Who's this?" It makes me feel uncomfortable, yet I feel foolish if I don't say who I am.

A: Don't feel foolish; be cautious. The answer to "Who's this?" is "Who is calling, please?" The caller should always identify himself.

Reluctant Altar Boy

Q: I have been altar boy for a year and a half, and would like to get out of it now. How do I tell the priest graciously?

A: If you are really ready to cede this important spot to someone else, perhaps you should have a replacement ready whom you can suggest to the priest. It may be easier then for him to let you go. Just say, "Father, I have been serving for a year and a half, and I would now like to have a little more time for other things. I have talked to Jimmy ——. And he says that he would be honored to serve if you'd like to have him."

Published Thanks

Q: In our area it is customary to put a note in the local paper after a long illness or a funeral to thank everyone who has helped in any way. I was taught that only a personal thank you—verbal or written—is correct. What do you think?

A: Sometimes local custom in rural areas differs from that in more sophisticated societies. In city or country, however, most people do write notes rather than place a public notice.

Is She a "Lady" or a "Woman"?

Q: If you are in a store and another woman forgets a package, how do you refer to her in telling the sales clerk? Do you say "That lady" or "That woman"? How does a man address a strange woman in the street? Does he say "Ma'am" or "Madam" (not "Hey, lady," I hope!)?

A: You should refer to another woman customer as "That lady," not as "That woman." A child of either sex refers to a woman as a "lady." For example: "The lady next door gave me a cookie." You, however, in speaking of a contemporary would say, "She is a charming woman, who is a member of my church." The Duke of Windsor, when he abdicated, spoke of Mrs. Simpson as "The *woman* I love." These distinctions are delicate, and you must develop an ear for them. A man, addressing a strange woman on the street (perhaps she has dropped her glove), says, "Excuse me, madam, but I think you dropped this." In the South or Southwest he might follow local custom and say, "ma'am."

The Cozy Office

Q: The other day I called a business executive whom I do not know personally and got this reply from his secretary: "Bob is out having a haircut. Do you want to call back in about half an hour?" Now, even if she calls him by his first name, I don't. What is your opinion?

A: Even in an office where secretaries call their employers by their first names, both should be careful to refer to the other as "Miss Smith" and "Mr. Baker." No secretary should explain the errand that has taken her boss out of the office, especially when it is a personal one. She should say, "Mr. Baker is away from the office at the moment. Would you care to call back in half an hour, or would you like him to call you?" Needless to say, the second invitation is never accepted by the caller unless such a return call would be to the advantage of the person called.

Party Thanks

Q: How soon after a party should you send a thank-you note?

A: Send it as fast as you can. The note will be more spontaneous if you write it while the party is fresh in your mind. A party thank-you note two or three weeks after the fact can be worse than no thanks at all. A short note of thanks is preferable to a telephoned thank-you. The hostess kept hanging on the phone all day may end up less than grateful for your words of appreciation. If you do telephone, don't feel that you must speak to the hostess. You can always leave a message—if you are sure that the person taking it is responsible—"Mrs. McLennan called to say that the party was wonderful!"

Addressing the Maitre D'

Q: For many years we have been dining at a restaurant where there is a maitre d' named Pierre. We do not know his last name, and my son, who is 19, wonders how he should address him. Is it proper for him to call him "Pierre"?

A: Have him address the maitre d' as "Mr. Pierre."

Rising for the Introduction

Q: When exactly *does* a woman rise for an introduction? I find this very confusing.

A: A woman rises upon introduction to her hostess or her host, to a woman guest of honor, to a very much older and distinguished woman and often to a very much older and distinguished man. A woman seeking employment rises upon introduction to whoever is going to interview her—male or female. She rises, too, for the head of church or state. She does not rise for an ambassador, a governor or a mayor except on occasions of ceremony when they are hosts in their embassies or executive mansions.

R.S.V.P.

Q: A relative and I do not agree on the letters R.S.V.P. that are sometimes on the bottom of a wedding invitation. I have always answered the invitation whether or not I could attend. She says the only time you should answer is if you *are* going, and if you are *not* going, you do not have to answer at all.

A: An R.S.V.P. on anything means that you must reply as quickly as possible, whether or not you plan to attend. An R.S.V.P. is not on wedding invitations when there is a separate invitation for the reception. If you receive a wedding invitation with no mention of a reception and no R.S.V.P., then you go or not as you please to the wedding and no reply is necessary. When a reception invitation is included with an R.S.V.P., you must reply as quickly as possible in black ink on your best white stationery, following the form of the invitation.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to JOURNAL *readers: "Teen Manners," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners," and "Office Etiquette." Send 50 cents in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

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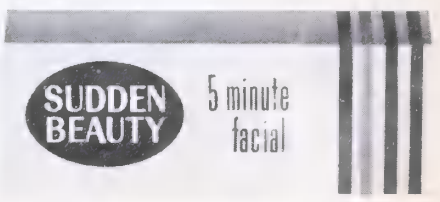


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SPENDING YOUR MONEY

By Sylvia Porter

Q: My husband and I are newcomers to the stock market, so we don't know very much about any individual stocks ourselves. But a very good friend of my husband's, who works for an accounting firm, says that a local electronics company is almost sure to split its stock three-for-one this fall. I want to buy the stock quickly so we'll make money after the split; my husband is holding back. What do you say?

A: It depends entirely on the company involved—the quality of its management, its future growth prospects, its sales and earnings record. If the company's stock *does* split, the value of an investment you make before the split well may rise after the split—simply because any split is likely to generate new investor interest in the stock, and because the split shares would sell at a much lower price.

But there are many cases in which the value of stock does *NOT* rise after a split—and cases in which the overall value actually *falls*.

Also, any rise in value could be only temporary, particularly if it is not justified in terms of the company's actual performance.

Therefore, I strongly suggest that you find out all you can about the company itself—from a reliable brokerage firm, rather than from a friend, no matter how close—and that you base any investment decision on the company's actual performance and promise rather than on rumors of a stock split.

Q: My husband and I were divorced last year. He now pays me $1,500 a year in child support, but my father also gives me $2,000 a year, which I use to support the child. Who can claim the child as a deduction—my father or I?

A: If your father gives you the $2,000 with no strings attached, to spend as you wish, you are using your money to support the child and can claim the exemption. If, however, your father specifies that the $2,000 he contributes is to be used to help support your child, he can claim the exemption.

Q: I saw an ad recently for a low-priced flowering shade tree tha the nursery claims will "Grov Roof-high in Just One Singl Season." Such a tree would b great for landscaping our nev home—but we can't quite believ the claims.

A: It may be true if you live i a ranch house with a very lov roof. But this perennial sprin come-on (the tree changes eacl year, but the ad stays the same tends to be a gross exaggeration and I suggest you look elsewhere

Beware also of advertised lure for trees, shrubs or flowers tha are described as "disease-proof" or are said to produce tens o thousands of blooms during th first season.

Buy your trees and plants only from an established, reliabl nursery—not from an unknown

Q: Our 19-year-old daughte wants to become an engineer but my husband is sure she woul stick out like a sore thumb, i this "man's world." Do you thin she would get a job?

A: Many companies, governmen agencies and universities certainly would give her a job if she ob tained the appropriate trainin to become an engineer. While les than 1 percent of engineers i this country are women, we ar desperately short of people quali fied in this field, and this short age means unprecedented oppor tunities for women—particularly in industrial, electrical, civil an aeronautical engineering.

Q: I am 17, and I want to appl for a summer job as a waitress a a big resort hotel. I know I shoul send in a résumé, but what in formation should it give? Hov long should it be? Should I say what salary I expect?

A: Your résumé should describ succinctly—and in no more tha one or two pages—which jobs including volunteer jobs, yo have held previously; your quali fications, if any, as a waitress your educational achievement. I also should list key facts abou yourself: your name, age, ad dress, hobbies and extracurricu lar interests, any positions o leadership you have held.

(continued

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You will need: Frozen lima beans, onion rings, sliced mushrooms, pimiento, oregano, Miracle French Dressing.

Combine a package of frozen lima beans (cooked and drained) with 1/2 cup onion rings, 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms, 2 tbsp. chopped pimiento, 1/2 tsp. oregano and enough Miracle French to moisten; toss lightly. Chill. This tastes even better the next day.

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Wait until you have an interview with your prospective employer to discuss salary—and to provide references if needed.

Type or print your finished résumé neatly, on white typewriter paper, with headings for each separate paragraph—such as "Job Experience," "Education," "Personal Data." *Don't* send a carbon.

Q: I've read that there is a possibility of a future Social Security amendment to allow working wives to receive not only their own retirement benefits based on their own Social Security tax contributions but also a "percentage" of the automatic benefit for which millions of wives of retired workers qualify without ever paying a penny in contributions. What I'd like to know is, why don't they completely remove this inexcusable inequity—by giving the working wife her *full* benefit as a wife as well as her *full* benefit as a worker?

A: Because the cost of your suggestion, reasonable as it sounds on the surface, would be staggering—the equivalent of a 10 percent across-the-board increase in Social Security benefits for all. Such a boost could mean a tax hike for all—including single working women who would get no benefit boosts and who surely would feel that they were being penalized to pay for higher benefits for married working women.

Q: I am a widow, aged 54. When my husband died two years ago, investments he left me, worth $355,000, were turned over by my advisers to a small stock brokerage firm in my hometown. I'm very worried because, although the broker in charge of my account has been buying and selling stocks for me almost once a week, the total value of my portfolio has dropped nearly $100,000. What do you advise?

A: I advise you to look for a new broker who is part of a New York Stock Exchange firm. It sounds as though the broker you now have is "churning" your account, that is, trading stocks more frequently than necessary, in order to reap commissions for himself rather than to achieve a steady income for you. Assuming your investments are solid ones, your portfolio's value should not have declined to this extent.

Q: Our son-in-law has just announced that he intends to become a jet pilot. Considering the dangers, isn't it very hard for pilots to get life insurance?

A: As far as the life-insurance industry is concerned, it's no riskier to be a jet pilot than it is to be a bus driver. Today, both are considered "standard risks," and pay the same premiums for the same coverage.

Q: We're now exploring the possibility of buying a house—and taking out a mortgage to finance it. In our state the ceiling for interest rates is set at 6 percent. But two lenders have told us that, aside from this interest charge, there would also be a charge of 10 "points." What does this mean, and what is the effect on the interest rate?

A: It means that the lenders would deduct 10 percent from the face value of your mortgage at the time the contract is made. However, you would still be required to repay the full amount of the mortgage. By charging you 10 "points" the lender is, in effect, adding another 1¼ percent to the stated rate of interest.

Q: My husband and I have a small business involving a lot of correspondence all over the country. Our airmail postage bills have really jumped since stamps went from 8 to 10 cents apiece. Now we hear the mail all goes by airmail anyway, even with regular first-class postage. Is that so?

A: The Post Office Department has informed us that *most* first-class mail to distant points in the U.S. goes by airmail, even with surface-rate postage, on a space-available basis. This cuts a letter's coast-to-coast travel time from about four to two days. Therefore, my advice is to use airmail *only* when you must have a *guarantee* a letter will go by air and arrive in the shortest time.

To check up on this, try sending a few "test" letters by regular mail and by airmail to various parts of the country—and ask these correspondents to let you know when each letter reaches them. Also, don't use airmail over weekends. Letters sent by regular mail almost surely would arrive by Monday.



Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered here as space permits.

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Never Let Your Beauty Fade

The beauty of your skin really begins deep down under the surface, where the tiny oil and moisture reservoirs maintain a fine balance by releasing just the right amounts of perfect natural nourishment to keep the complexion soft, supple and always gloriously in bloom.

Scientists engaged in dermatological research have constantly borne in mind this basic understanding of the human skin in their efforts to find ways and means to improve and preserve its most beautiful qualities. Today the discovery of a tropical moist oil with the remarkable ability to help nature supply never-failing quantities of natural oil and moisture to the skin has made it possible to contribute to the long-term youth and beauty of every woman.

In America, hot sun, rough winds and artificial temperature control may often be responsible for disturbing the balance of your skin, and any interruption or insufficiency of the vital moist oils will soon become evident on the complexion as it dries out, acquires flaky patches and develops ageing lines. When the scientific moist oil is smoothed over the skin, however, even a very devitalized complexion will benefit immediately from its 'isotonic' action, an ideal osmotic pressure calculated to take conserving fluids directly down to where they are most needed. Since it is closely homologous to the natural fluids of the skin, this moist oil readily merges with existing reserves and helps boost the dwindling levels, so that wrinkle-dryness cannot make the slightest advance.

The tropical beauty fluid rapidly aids in restoring the perfect conditions that encourage the controlled responses of the skin cells and the maintenance of the supple, unlined splendour of your complexion. Smoothed over the face and neck each day and used as a superb base for make-up, the hygroscopic elements with which the moist oil is endowed will constantly promote the attraction and drawing of moisture to the skin from the atmosphere, assisting in the stimulation and replenishment of the plasma colloids (dermal water-carriers) and helping wonderfully to overcome surface dehydration of the complexion.

Probably one of the easiest and quickest known methods for cherishing and protecting the skin, this unique beauty fluid is recognized in tropical countries as oil of Ulan, and in Britain and other parts of the world it is known as oil of Ulay. In America it is available from druggists as oil of Olay, the precious fulfillment of every woman's desire for a younger, more radiant complexion that will bloom beautifully all through the years.

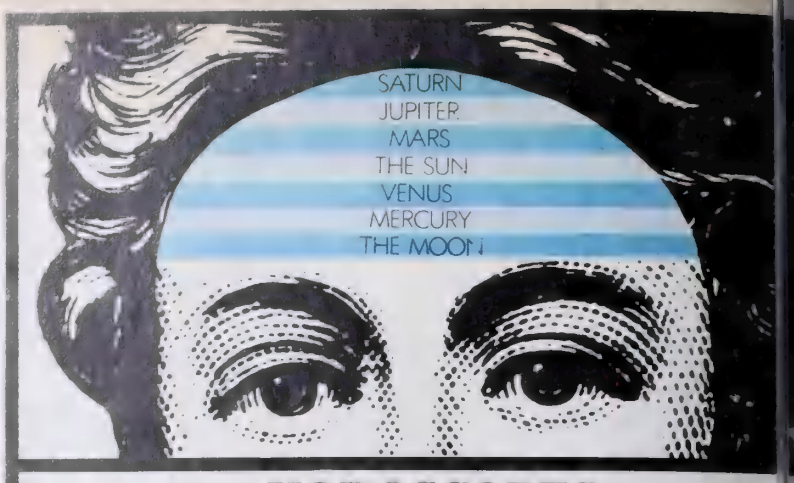
Beauty Skin-Care Consultants Recommend

To give your complexion youthful clearness and loveliness, always smooth on a film of oil of Olay before applying make-up. This Olay oil will cherish and protect your complexion and also insure that your make-up has a perfect, matt finish.

* * *

Areas where age-lines first begin to show need extra care at night. Massage oil of Olay (or Olay oil in vitalizing night cream form) into your throat and neck and tap it lightly into the delicate tissues around your eyes to smooth and beautify the skin.

Advertisement



HOROSCOPES FOR GARDENERS

By Sybil Leek

ARIES March 21–April 19. You enjoy all that nature offers the way of flowers and shrubs, but the actual work of se ous gardening does not appeal to you. Gardening requires an orde rhythm, and this conflicts with the influence of your ruling planet of Ma which demands work in spurts of energy. Many Arians tend to live town, and may not have any area for a garden, but are content to ha easy-to-care-for plants, such as cactus. Since your sign is associated w spring, early spring flowers—daffodils, tulips—appeal to you as do ear flowering shrubs. You don't expect praise for your gardening effor and won't spend any sleepless nights should a few plants wilt and d

TAURUS April 20–May 20. As for the first of the earth sig Taureans have a real emotional need for a garden, or hou plants if they're forced to live in the city. Male Taureans have a m lively interest in gardening, but the female, with her Venus-inspir sense of beauty, can produce some lovely results in the garden. Ma of you take special pride in a well-organized rose garden; indoo many Taureans have raised exotic displays of orchids. In the vegeta garden, root vegetables are apt to have special appeal for you, and the flower beds, rich reds and oranges are likely to be prominent. you are unable to grow flowers, you will often buy cut flowers—not extravagance but a need for beauty as necessary to the Taurean the more usual characteristic of being happy when making money.

GEMINI May 21–June 21. Gardening is more work th pleasure for most Geminis, and contact with green thin is simply not a necessary form of therapy for you as it is for oth signs of the Zodiac. If you have a garden, perhaps to please others mo than yourself, you'll be happier with a very free look about your pat of land rather than formal landscaping. You're likely to enjoy vin whose flowers are suspended in air—such as clematis or morni glory—so the slightest breeze causes them to give the illusion movement. Blue and silver-white flowers have special appeal for yo

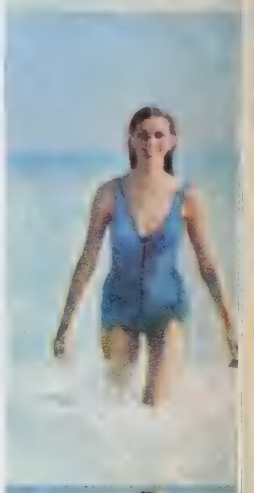
CANCER June 22–July 22. At your best tending a garde you are one of the signs that can truly say you have "green thumb." A careful saver of seeds, pips, stones from fruit a plant cuttings, you can unceremoniously put them in earth or wat and, months later, triumphantly show a strong little plant. Likin variety in everything you do, you're very much the year-rou gardener, although you always rely on others for help for the origin planning and some of the heavy work. As the first of the water sig if you have land, you are likely to have a pond for aquatic plan Your garden must show an abundance of color and vegetation, a you are always ready to add just one more rose bush. If land is n available, most Cancerians have a part of their home devoted to plan and appliances for gardening that you are constantly buying. If yo have a gardening fault, it is not knowing when enough is enough.

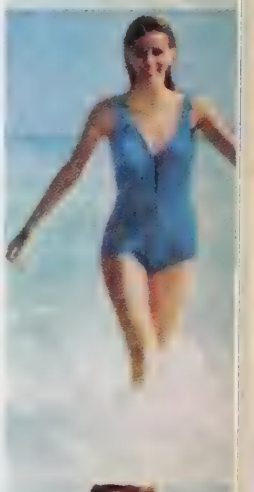
LEO July 23–August 22. If there is a plant to be grown th will win a prize for being the biggest and best, the chanc are that a Leo will have grown it. You are prepared to spend yo time, money and energy in getting the best results, but the end produ must justify the effort in your mind by being outstanding. Disa pointed Leos have been known to tear up whole patches of land a begin an entirely new venture. As children of the sun, the massi flaming yellow and orange of sunflowers appeal, as do hollyhocks a gladioli. Display on a grand level is your dominating characteristi and small, delicate flowers do not interest you, unless they are in lar bunches. A seasonal gardener, it seems to be impossible for you to b a long-term planner, and you sometimes are obsessive about keepi to the variety of flower you have decided you like, and not changin

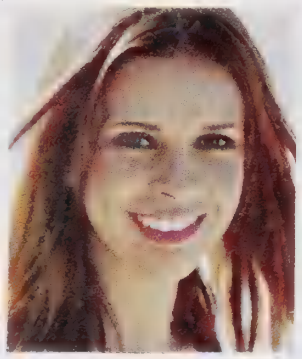
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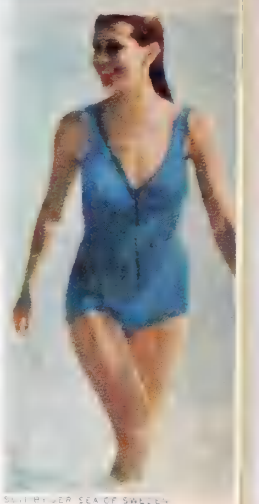














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VIRGO August 23–September 22. Although you are the second earth sign, you do not approach gardening with the happy interest of your fellow earth sign Taurus. A garden can be yet another problem in a life that often seems to have more than its fair share. If you do begin a garden, it will be necessary for you to plan it first, probably a formal arrangement with each plant in its place. Virgos have been known to cement their patches of land, leaving space for a few easy-to-care-for plants of ornamental grasses—relieving the worry of constant cares. Indoors, you like the cut flowers that last for a long time—and you always find out how to get the best out of them.

LIBRA September 23–October 23. Although you are rarely eager to begin the hard-work part of gardening, with your Venus-inspired love of beauty, gardens have an artistic appeal to you. A garden, whether indoors or out, must always be a thing of beauty; then it will indeed forever bring you joy. Your garden must offer a sense of symmetry to conform with your need for balance—for example, a formal Italian layout with rows of cypress making a frame for flower beds. The collecting of garden furniture is important to you, as are pretty pots and vases to display your plants and flowers such as hydrangeas, begonias, and camellias. You also like the idea of one room devoted entirely to plants—such an indoor garden room can be a showplace for your decorating skill as well as taking much of the hard work out of keeping a garden.

SCORPIO October 24–November 21. For Scorpians there is no middle-of-the-road approach to gardening—either you love it or you hate and ignore it, letting your land go into a mess of tangled undergrowth. If you have discovered you love gardening, your ruling planet Mars endows you with enthusiasm to work long hours to achieve spectacular results and thus capitalize on your sense of the dramatic. A problem for you can be a hesitancy to prune or throw out old plants—you must remember this is a necessary aspect of successful gardening. As the second of the water signs, succulent and fleshy plants such as begonias and ice plants appeal, as does a pond for aquatic plants. Magnolia and tulip trees also seem to suit the part of your nature that demands dramatic quality with eye-filling beauty as well.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21. You are one of the signs of the Zodiac that needs your own land to feel completely happy, but since your love of sport comes first, it's not unusual to find Sagittarians content to use their land as a tennis court or swimming pool rather than a garden. When you *are* involved in creating a garden, you are a willing worker (and often sought after by friends), although you are not so good about maintaining mechanical garden equipment. You like flowering shrubs and evergreens—perhaps as a border around your sports area. Indoors, you like branches that give the feeling of country living, especially if you live in town.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19. Saturn seems to imbue its children with ideas of restriction—a trait that makes you a compulsive pruner in the garden; indeed some Capricorns have been known to literally prune to death some of their most prized plants. A sense of order is necessary, but be wary when you pick up those shears. Your garden is apt to be neat, presenting a well-organized seasonal pattern of bulbs in spring, herbaceous borders in summer, mums in fall and winter. You excel in bonsai gardening, and many of you will have some sort of greenhouse set up so that you can raise plants from seeds and otherwise pursue your gardening instincts.

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18. When we consider that astrologically the mission of Aquarians is to water the parched earth until it blooms, it is surprising to find that this sign does not produce active gardeners. You are the armchair gardeners of the Zodiac, with a humanitarian interest in gardening as it applies to producing more food for the world as a whole. You can help others plan their gardens by telling them the right fertilizers and the most efficient tools to use, but you'll probably limit your own physical activity to very simple forms of indoor gardening. Few Aquarians have had freedom from financial worries in the last 26 years, but those who have land have made it pay by planting a vegetable garden—with hired help, of course, or with the help of someone in the family.

PISCES February 19–March 20. No one appreciates nature more than you—a trait that makes you able to cope with gardening on almost any scale, indoors or out. You aren't terribly good at planning; in fact you're apt to be pretty slapdash and illogical in gardening—but you produce results that will amaze even the most meticulous. Pisceans have a special kind of tender, loving care with plants (regardless of value), and if anyone can bring a sickly plant back to abundant life, it is you. Pisceans abhor monotony, which means your garden is bound to be full of surprises—indoors, succulents and cacti will appeal, while outdoors, among great bursts of color, you're likely to have a small pool of water lilies and iris. Most Pisceans also manage to have a small plot of herbs and vegetables.



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We asked Donald Linsley of Linsley Ltd. to design a centerpiece for our photograph of Mrs. Lyndon Johnson on page 60, using wild flowers of Texas and a vermeil bowl from the White House. He relied on Mrs. Johnson's own copy of *Roadside Flowers of Texas* as inspiration. She was so pleased with the result, he went on to design these other centerpieces, using regional wild flowers from all over America—each representing a different area. We hope they'll inspire you to try your hand at similar centerpieces, since wild flowers complement all kinds of china patterns, not just the new White House china.



Journal Original

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"I MISS HIM SO"

BY CLARISSA START My husband used to poke mild fun at me for my interest in those little astrological horoscopes. I had given up buying them, but early in January I picked up one at the beauty parlor and turned to my sign—Aries—to read the month-by-month predictions. My forecast for March began, "A long chapter of your life comes to a close."

For some reason or other, the sentence bothered me. I mentioned it to my husband, and we discussed how many chapters a life has—family, friends, professional—and how death could alter them. It never occurred to me that the chapter closed would be our almost 29 years of marriage.

It was not completely unexpected. We had known about the heart condition since the summer before. He carried tiny pills in his pocket and climbed the stairs slowly. But the doctor had said, "You can live a long time with care."

He had given up smoking and yard work. Our son began carrying in the fireplace logs and the groceries. I took to slipping behind the wheel of the car when we went out. But even our close friends didn't know. Normally a quiet man, he became a little quieter.

The first Saturday in March was a moist and muggy day, an could tell that he was feeling uncomfortable. We did our supermar shopping, and I called our son to carry the bags in from the car

After I had put the groceries away, I a record on the record player, a rather unus thing for me to do on a Saturday morning. husband followed me in.

"What are you listening to?"

"An old Mary Martin record. 'Speak Low' is the song keep thinking of the part that goes, 'The curtain descen everything ends—too soon, too soon.' You know?"

"Yes," my husband said. "I know."

The record was over. I stood up with a sigh and plunged i work, writing in the back bedroom, where we had a desk and ty writer, came out long enough for lunch, then went back to work was aware of my husband restlessly walking around the house. midafternoon he came through the room.

"I suppose you're busy?" he said hesitantly.

"Yes, I'm *terribly* busy"—with wifely annoyance. Then, sligh contrite, "Why, did you want something?" (*continued on page 1*



A poignant account of the days when a woman's life stands still.

From the book, "When You're a Widow," by Clarissa Start, copyright 1968 by Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Missouri 63118. Photograph by Jay Maisel.

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Caroline and John F. Kennedy, Jr.: THE HAPPY YEARS ARE NOW

How does Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy raise the most famous children in the world—and what kind of children are they? Friends say that Mrs. Kennedy is a remarkably devoted mother, and that Caroline and John, Jr. are youngsters any parent would be proud of: well adjusted, bright, athletic—and amazingly unspoiled. By GAIL CAMERON

The narrow strip of sand in front of the small New England beach club was usually silent and deserted by six o'clock, but on this warm August evening it was swarming with unaccustomed action. Billy Watson was celebrating his ninth birthday with a treasure hunt and cookout, and the pandemonium native to such occasions was escalating rapidly: the winners of the pirate-treasure hunt were thundering in from the dock; limited sand warfare was breaking out without warning; and a salty, invigorating breeze was indiscriminately scattering paper cups and potato chips.

Billy's mother, the only adult on the scene, was nevertheless unruffled, and seemed almost unaware of the picnic paraphernalia flying over her head as she got down on her hands and knees in the damp sand to build a fire. Having several older children in addition to Billy, she was a seasoned veteran of these happenings; even the sight of an unidentified little boy gleefully feeding the family's brand-new snorkel equipment to Billy's newborn puppies unsettled her only momentarily.

Twenty minutes later, however, on discovering the identity of the same little boy, she came close to blowing her cool. The children were all gathered around the fire, immersed in sizzling hot dogs and sticky, black marshmallows, when she happened to get a closer look at him. "Good grief," she said to herself, her eyes dilating in disbelief, "it's *John-John!*" Almost automatically, her gaze rotated to the little girl in the shocking-pink bathing suit whose name had earlier eluded her. Of course. *Caroline!* But what on earth were they doing *here?* It was not a situation that confronts many mothers.

Mrs. Watson had no time to consider the matter. A split second later, she spotted a pair of female feet in the sand. As her eyes traveled upward she instinctively knew that she was about to find herself face to face with the most-famous, most-photographed and, according to Gallup polls, most-admired woman in the world. And she was. But that same woman, whose slightest fashion whim triggers seismic tremors up and down Seventh Avenue, was now dressed in nondescript blue shorts and a T-shirt—the basic attire of every other woman in the community.

"I'm terribly sorry," Mrs. Watson explained, after hastily introducing herself to Mrs. Kennedy. "I hadn't realized till just a few seconds ago that your children were here. To tell you the truth, I simply never recognized them." To her credit, she managed to sound completely nonchalant.

No more dolls for Caroline. At 10, she is a fine student and a superb athlete. She takes after her mother in looks, temperament and interests.



As a baby, John crawled gleefully on the White House rug. Now, at 7, he is an exuberant boy who makes friends easily.

Jacqueline Kennedy's pleasure and outright relief were instantly apparent. "Oh, I'm just *so glad*," she said in that familiar hushed voice, "I just so hope that *no one* does." Then, explaining that she and the children were visiting friends down the road, she asked if Caroline and John could possibly stay—"they're obviously having such a good time."

It was, of course, perfectly all right, Mrs. Watson said, still slightly flabbergasted to find herself involved in the whole situation. Mrs. Kennedy then vanished to give the word to the Secret Service men who, it turned out, had been silently surveying the scene all along from some distance away.

"I think both children really had a marvelous time," recalls Mrs. Watson. "Caroline was very quiet, but John was terribly lively, racing up and down the beach and playing with the puppies—he wanted to name one of them 'Tommy Strawberry.' There were two or three children who fawned over Caroline—crowding up to sit next to her and asking, 'Don't you just *love* the little puppy?' and things like that. They were just as sickening as adults can be. But if any of the others knew that the Kennedy children were at the party, it didn't make the slightest difference to them. Frankly, I don't think children that age are really concerned about such things. To them, kids are kids—and these were just other kids."

That Caroline and John can still be "just other kids" to anyone is remarkable. For Mrs. Kennedy's dream of an anonymous childhood for her children has indeed turned out to be the impossible dream. As the children of the late President and the natural heirs to his legend and special charisma, their faces are familiar in every corner of the globe. For better or worse, they seem inevitably destined to grow up amid insatiable public curiosity.

As a *New York Times* writer puts it: "After all, the Kennedys are as close as America will ever get to having its own royalty—and people's interest in the children is just not very likely to fade." Mrs. Kennedy is the first to acknowledge that her children are not "just other kids." "Things happen to them that do not necessarily happen to other children," she remarks with some understatement. "Caroline was knocked down by a charge of photographers when I took her out to try to teach (*continued on page 108*)



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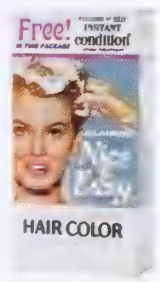
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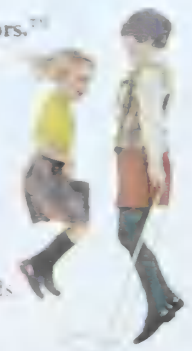
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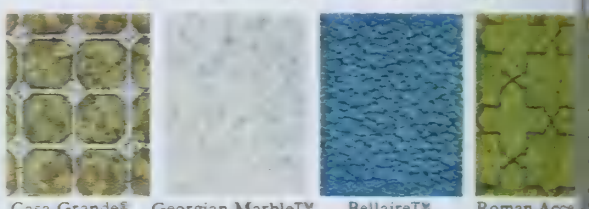
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LORD HARLECH'S FAMILY TALKS ABOUT THE KENNEDYS

By Diana Lurie

Perhaps the best way to understand Lord Harlech and his family is to spend a weekend with them, as I did. Although the Harlechs have a celebrated tradition, what strikes the eye in the drawing room of their English country estate, Woodhill, are not portraits of their own past but of the Kennedy glory that they shared. Engraved into the gold frame bearing a signed photograph of the late President are the names of Jacqueline and Robert Kennedy and others of the Kennedy inner circle. At the bottom is a Shakespeare quotation: "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers." On the opposite side of the room are two photographs of Caroline Kennedy's first school class. One was taken at the White House just after John F. Kennedy's death, when Lord Harlech was British ambassador in Washington. The second shows the class after it was moved to the British Embassy, and is dedicated to

Photograph by Tony Evans



Victoria Ormsby-Gore, 21, and the family's mongrel, Fly, at Harlech castle in Wales.

Lord Harlech's late wife: "With my deepest gratitude and love for dearest Sissie—who gave shelter to our little school out of love for Jack and made it possible for Caroline and all her classmates to finish out in happiness their first grade. Jackie."

* * *

Lord Harlech's second oldest daughter, Victoria Ormsby-Gore, 21, was talking. (Of all his five children, she is the most perceptive and articulate.)

"Everybody wants to read a good story about Jackie Kennedy marrying a British lord who was a great friend of her husband. We have had to live through millions of trashy newspapers saying everything they care to think about Jackie and Papa's friendship. Before he decided to go to Cambodia in her party, Papa said that if we minded he wouldn't go. We decided he should. Then a cheap movie magazine headline read: 'Will Bobby Kennedy Stop Jackie Marrying Lord Harlech?' Papa showed it to Bobby, who was also amused. He asked, 'Well, *will* I?'

"I haven't considered a stepmother," Victoria continued, "nor do I know what she would be like. If (*continued on page 115*)



Before he went to Cambodia with Mrs. Kennedy, Lord Harlech asked his children if they minded. They urged him to go.



Julian Ormsby-Gore, 27, will be the next Lord Harlech. He is a part-time model and interior designer who wears the bizarre clothing favored by "rich hippies."



Jane Ormsby-Gore, 25, with her husband, Michael Rainey, and their year-old son Saffron. Jane has been linked with the London drug cult—unjustly, her sister says.



Lord Hasloch gives daughter Victoria a motor-cycle ride. He loves to drive fast, but must be careful now. One more speeding ticket and he loses his driver's license.

For the President's Table



Photograph by Harold Krieger

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson with the new official White House china.

We are all curious to know how our Presidents entertain the country's official guests. An indication of this is the popularity of the White House China Room, where dining accessories of the Presidents are on public display, a display we find fascinating because it reflects not only the taste of our first families but also the mood and temper of their times. Newest addition to the China Room is the official service Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson has just chosen—pictured here for the *(continued)*

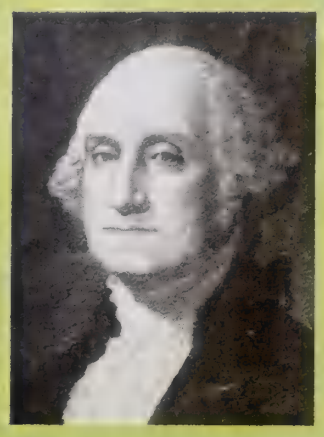


Photographs by Arthur Beck

The new china: top left and right, service and dinner plates; center, dessert plate; bottom, cream soup and demitasse.

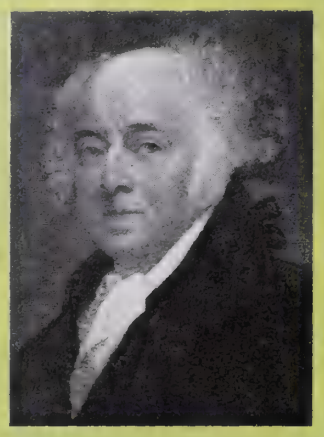
For the President's Table *continued*

first time in color. Because of Mrs. Johnson's great interest in the Beautification Program, it seemed only natural to her to suggest that the official state flowers and wild flowers of America be included as part of the overall decorative motif. The result is a charming contemporary design of American flowers that also retains the formality associated with the President's house. Tiffany & Co.'s Van Day Truex and André Piette worked with the First Lady for more than two and a half years, and their final design was executed by Castleton China, Inc. The service and dinner plates are banded with a selection of American wild flowers on arched, shaped backgrounds of tiny gold dots. Centered on the service and salad plates—the American eagle. Each dessert plate and demitasse is decorated with a different state flower—the dessert plate and cup pictured on the preceding page features the bluebonnet, the official flower of Texas. The table Mrs. Johnson presides over on page 60 is set with the new china and a faithful copy of the original French vermeil flatware ordered by President Monroe. The official glassware, the "President's House" by the Morgantown Glassware Guild, was selected by Mrs. John F. Kennedy. Below, a representative collection of the companion pieces to the Johnson china—an array that served many of the most important and influential figures in the 179 years of our nation's history. Our selection contains some elegant, some fanciful, some solidly American styles—each revealing something of the personality of the First Family that selected it.



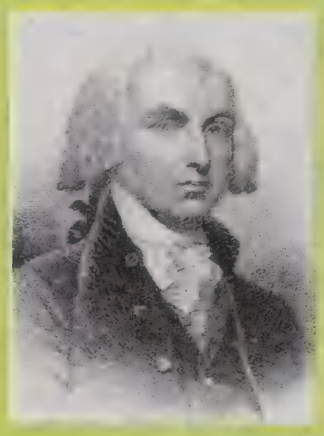


The Washingtons used this China Trade porcelain service daily. The plates are decorated with an eagle clasping an olive branch suspended by winged Fame—the insignia of the Society of the Cincinnati, an organization of Revolutionary War officers headed by Washington.



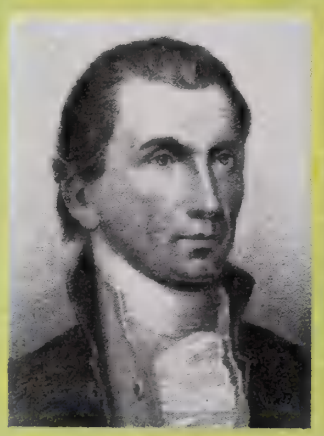


John Adams, our second President, was the first to occupy the still-unfinished White House, in 1800. To set the presidential table in the new official residence, the first family used their own Sèvres porcelain, ordered while Adams served on an American mission in France.



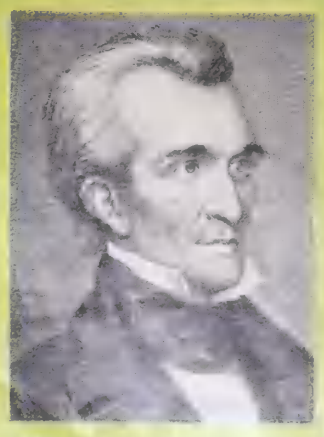


The Madison administration brought a new vivacity and wit to the capital. Dolley Madison, one of the most famous of White House hostesses, entertained at her celebrated dinner parties with orange, black and white Nast, a Paris dinnerware.



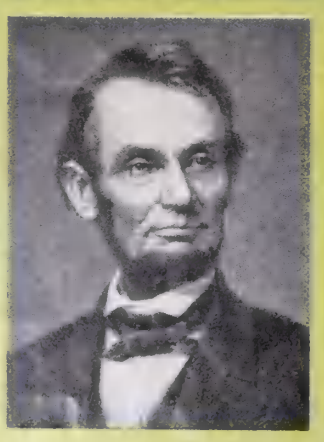


James Monroe ordered an elegant set of state dinnerware depicting American life from Dagoty of Paris. Five vignettes symbolizing Strength, Agriculture, Commerce, Art and Science border the plate. In the center, the American eagle in its debut on state china.





The Polk china, first to use a red, white and blue motif, also marked the first use of the United States shield on presidential china. Ordered during rather austere and strait-laced times, the china is of French porcelain.





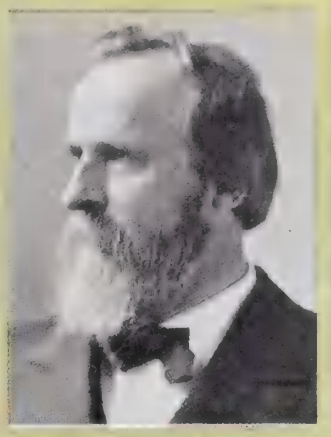
The Lincoln years, a time of trouble and hardship for the divided nation, are represented by "Royal Purple," designed in this country, produced by Haviland in France. The motto "E Pluribus Unum" is inscribed prominently on the clouds surrounding the eagle.

China and silver by Harold K.
Engravings and prints from Culver





President Grant, unable to find an American company to produce the quality china required for the White House, ordered his service, like the Lincoln china, from Haviland in France. The all-American design—native flowers and our coat of arms.





To capture the flavor of American life, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes commissioned a design using United States flora and fauna. The whimsical designs were executed in France by Haviland; the service contained more than 1,000 pieces.





Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, founder of the White House china collection, was herself a skillful artist and china painter. For her Haviland plates, she designed a cornstalk and flower border decoration. An inner band of 44 stars encircles the U.S. coat of arms.





Theodore Roosevelt, after expressing loud disappointment over the lack of quality-produced American china, ordered his state dinner service from Wedgwood in England. It bears a traditional border of radiating gold lines and is decorated with the United States coat of arms.



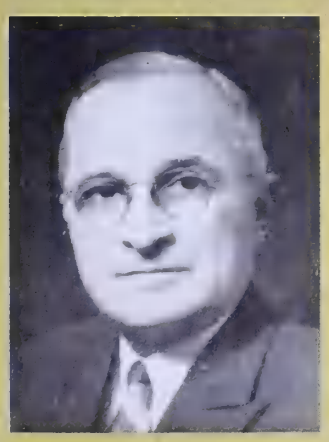


The Woodrow Wilson years marked the coming of age of the United States china-producing industry. For the first time, a domestic dinnerware became the official White House china. The service, by Lenox, was also the first to use the presidential seal.



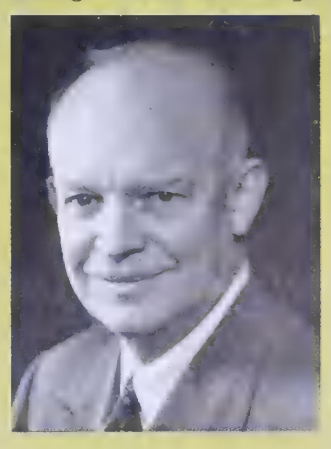


President and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt incorporated into the state china a detail from their own family coat of arms—the Roosevelt roses and feathers. On the outer rim, a band of royal blue studded with gold stars. The design was executed by Lenox.





By executive order, President Truman standardized the positioning of the American eagle in the presidential seal—its head turned toward the olive branches of peace. Still in use at the White House today, the celadon-green-bordered china was made by Lenox.





To complement the recently purchased Truman china, President and Mrs. Eisenhower selected gold-bordered service plates. The raised-medallion decoration on the rim is of pure coin gold. China is by Castleton.

It was all Dullsville—Eleanor and the kids and the mortgaged ranch house—until Bill discovered



the steamers bound for balmy, exotic ports. *A short short story by Robert A. Knowlton*

Evening Departure

Before he fled to the South Seas, Paul Gauguin was a prosperous banker. Christopher Columbus owned a nice little textile business, and Marco Polo made a good living from the import trade. Like me, they had every reason to stay dutifully at home; but maybe escape was easier in those days. None of them had ever tried, in the rush-hour traffic of a winter dusk, to find his way to a pier in Hoboken.

It must have been blind luck that led me to the right turn-off. The concrete under my tires changed abruptly to the rough cobblestones of a waterfront square; but I hardly felt the jolt, because in a glare of arc lights just ahead of me, like the backdrop for a stage setting, lay the *Madeira*.

I certainly didn't expect to meet anyone I knew. Nevertheless, since this was an odd and raffish place for a respectable accountant, I turned up my overcoat collar and pulled down my hat brim before hurrying over the gangway. Reflected light hid rather than revealed the patches of rust on the rails and burnished the oily water lapping at the pier. In the darkness below I could hear stevedores shouting, faraway and exotic, as if simply by reaching the *Madeira*'s deck I had already crossed the ocean. "Cadiz," I murmured to myself, "Tangier, Casablanca, Mogador . . ." and beyond the derricks and the snow-covered warehouses, I saw palm trees sway along a sandy beach.

A white-coated steward appeared at my side. "May I have your luggage check, sir?"

"I'm, ah, saying good-bye to friends," I said.

I had spoken hastily, and felt like a fool; how could I tell him that my friends were as imaginary as the palm trees on the winter horizon? Would it make him happier to know that I'd picked the *Madeira* from the shipping column of this morning's paper, and that the real reason I came aboard, instead of driving straight home from work, was one domestic crisis too many?

Meanwhile I was stuck with my story; waving over his shoulder at a party of strangers, I said, "There they are!" and walked toward the lounge.

The lounge was gloomy and airless and, except for a dark-haired woman in the far corner with a handkerchief pressed to her face, deserted. My palm trees had vanished now; and, looking around me, I saw nothing but an old and shabby steamer. I'd wait fifteen minutes so the deck steward wouldn't think I was completely crazy, then I'd leave. I'd get into my car, and head back to my split-level in the Jersey suburbs, where the water main had frozen, where the tax rate had been raised again, where my daughter mooned over a totally unsuitable boy and my son had smashed the neighbors' picture window with a snowball. Where, come to think of it, my wife, Eleanor, was coping with these problems all alone.

I picked up a magazine written in some unknown alphabet (was there such a language as Madeiran?) and tried to concentrate; but just then the woman in the far corner dabbed at each eye, and gave a distinct, if muted, sob. Like all men I'm embarrassed by tears. I half-rose to leave—never mind what the steward thought—then hesitated. Before I walked away, I could at least volunteer a clean handkerchief or a cigarette. I sat down again, shifted my hat from one hand to the other, and asked that fatuous (but universal) masculine question: "Is there anything I can do?"

"Not unless you're a magician." Her voice was soft, with a faint quaver; and somewhere I had heard it before. "It's kind of you to offer, though."

"A cup of coffee, perhaps?" I suggested.

"Till the ship sails," she said, "we can't even get a glass of water. Thanks anyway, Bill."

I sat up electrified. "I'm sorry," I said. "It's dark in here, and I didn't recognize ——"

"You still don't." Where *had* I heard that voice? "But years ago, when you unsnarled my tangled taxes, we called each other by our first names."

"Of course!" I crossed the lounge and shook her hand. "You were ——"

"Blond."

"That never entered my mind," I lied. "Your name was Laura Mowry, and you were the most glamorous actress I ever met. The only actress, for that matter. Movies, television ——"

"Oblivion."

"Even your tax problems were glamorous. You married a foreign director, and moved to Europe."

"It was a good marriage," she said, "because Charles was a good man."

I thought of my Jersey suburb, where picture window stared into picture window; of the crowded concrete highways to the city, the fume-filled tunnels and unswept streets; and I asked, "Where do you live now, Laura?"

"In Tangier. I have a villa over the harbor."

Without any effort I could see it, sparkling white between blue sky and bluer sea; and I was about to ask if palm trees grew by her doorstep when she said, "It's a long trip, and the *Madeira* isn't exactly a luxury liner. I'm glad you're sailing, too."

"But I'm not."

"You're waiting for friends?"

I don't think I've blushed since the day in high school when I was caught kissing my first girl, but I could feel the warmth climbing up the back of my neck. "No friends here, either," I said. "The truth is so absurd I'm ashamed to tell you."

"It couldn't be more ridiculous than most of the scripts I've acted. Try me."

"You know the way problems, one on top of the other, can tie you in knots? The nagging little everyday worries."

"I'm the world's greatest expert," she said. "The only trouble I ever ducked in my whole life was that tax business you straightened out for me."

My eyes were adjusting to the shadows now, and I could see that she, too, had fought a few rounds with time. That proud face was drawn and tense, and she'd lost too much weight in the wrong places. But at least she had stopped crying.

"When the day's over," I said, "some men unwind with a few drinks, and others ——"

"We're not talking about other men," she interrupted. "What do *you* do when you're boxed in?"

"Visit ships," I muttered, as if I were confessing some shameful secret. "Almost every evening there's a steamer leaving for some outlandish port, and before I go home I board it. For a few minutes I imagine I'm leaving all my troubles behind, sailing away from taxes and frozen water mains and children who behave like—well, like children."

"And then you go ashore again?"

"Oh, yes. While I'm on board I feel wonderful—carefree and relaxed—but problems always have to be faced eventually."

After a moment she said, "Do they? Tangier has no taxes, Bill."

"There wouldn't be much work for me, then."

"You'd be surprised. It's headquarters for half the big corporations in Europe, and they *live* on accountants."

"What's the weather like?"

"Perfect, month after month."

"Palm trees?"

"All around my villa, shading me from the sun."

I hated to end such a delightful fantasy, but it was time to go. I smiled and held out my hand again. "It was great seeing you, Laura. Too bad I don't have a passport."

"You don't need one in Tangier."

"The five dollars in my pocket wouldn't buy a ticket to anywhere."

"The ship's purser will take your check."

My hand fell to my side, and I stammered, "But I can't . . . I mean, there's Eleanor, and all our problems, and . . . Laura, this isn't *real*. These shipboard visits are my tranquilizer, my coffee break, my breather. They're just interludes."

Then she laughed, that clear, sweet laugh I remembered from so many films so long ago. "Of course you won't sail, and I know why. Granted that men are born wanderers and weren't made for domestic responsibility; still, the good men always accept it. Charles did. He was very ill his last few years, and shouldn't have worked. But he *did* work, so he could leave me the house in Tangier. You're the same sort. You like the taste of freedom, but you'll never gobble it up because duty comes first. Duty and love." She kissed me quickly on the cheek. "Good-bye, Bill. Eleanor's waiting, and they're about to take down the gangway."

Still I hesitated. "Why were you crying, Laura? Has someone hurt you?"

"Not really. I came to New York to look for work—bit parts, commercials, anything to fill my useless life. But everyone told me I'd been away too long, they couldn't use me. You don't know how lucky you are to be needed. Now run!"

I ran. I charged down the gangplank just as they started to haul it away, I raced across the cobblestone square, I swung my car back onto the concrete road with a squeal of tires. Sooner or later, I thought, my daughter would marry a teacher or a businessman, and forget she ever knew any unsuitable boys. Taxes *always* went up, but they went up for everybody. The plumber would thaw out our water main. Billy could shovel snow to pay for the broken window. The Maclaren family didn't have to solve any problems; we simply adjusted to changing conditions, and without these changes we'd be as lost as—what? The most irrevocably lost creature I could imagine was the homeless ghost of a middle-aged accountant in Tangier.

As I turned into our street I thought: Once I helped a very nice actress out of a tax complication, and she's just paid my fee for the second time. Eleanor and I will celebrate tonight, celebrate the fact that we need each other and our children and our worries to keep us alive.

I parked the car carefully at the end of the driveway, where the distant traffic rumbled like surf on a tropic beach, and all the snow-topped bushes looked like palm trees. Then, tucking the evening paper under my arm like any good commuter, I walked toward the house. END

Illustration by Mark English

Not Strenuous But Jolly





Two of a Kind



Ready for a Tip-Over



Girls at Their Summer Fun

Nostalgic, isn't it? Flipping through grandma's photo album—looking at snapshots of long-ago summers and wishing yourself backward in a time capsule? Now fashion fulfills the wish, turning away from jet-age slickness to long-ago softness—from vinyls, metallics and micro-minis to voiles, ginghams and midis. Midi, incidentally, is the length you'll be having the most fun partying in this summer—your house or theirs. By TRUDY OWETT, Fashion Editor.

Two of a Kind

A new shirt-and-midi-skirt look swings into view. Left: yellow dirndl skirt, tied with a grosgrain ribbon ($16), of Dacron and cotton voile. Ruffle-y fitted shirt of Kodel and cotton ($10). Both 3-13, by Doodles. Right: black dirndl skirt embroidered with white. Of Dacron and cotton voile, with yellow patent leather belt. ($36). Lace-edged shirt of Dacron and cotton leno ($23). Both 4-14, by Mr. Gee.

Not Strenuous But Jolly

Midi-length: the new must for summer partying. From left: Ruffle-front cotton batiste shirt ($9), tucked into floral cotton chino dirndl skirt ($11). Both, 3-13, by Charlie's Girls. Striped dress with scoop-neck top that tucks into high-waist skirt. Of cotton voile with white flocking, by Pantsville, 3-15/4-14, $36. Flowered blouse ($12) of cotton voile tucks into matching three-tier skirt with velvet sash ($36). Both, 6-14, by Ulla. Yellow cotton piqué skirt ($35) and cotton lace shirt ($40), both 6-16, by Ginori.

Ninety-Nine Times Without Stopping

For beach-romping, lazy or energetic. From left: Sleeveless romper ($18) with matching pull-on dirndl skirt ($10). Both of rayon ottoman, 3-13, by Doodles. Shirt coverup of Dacron and cotton gingham with cotton piqué collar and cuffs. By Peter Pan Swimwear, S,M,L, $13. Cotton seersucker dress accented with white duck. By Mr. Gee, 4-14, $35. Blouson cotton gingham jumpsuit, by Elisabeth Stewart, 5-13, $18. Cotton seersucker shirt romper, by Charlie's Girls, 3-13, $12. Cotton seersucker romper, accented with white duck. By Mr. Gee, 4-14, $26. Cotton knit T-shirt jumpsuit. By Bobby Brooks, S,M,L, $9.

Ready for a Tip-Over

The classic shirtdress: united or divided. Left, united: blue top with gray skirt, of Dacron and cotton dotted swiss, with white patent leather belt. By Leo Narducci, 4-14, $50. Right, divided: Ruffled blue blouse of Dacron and cotton voile (8-18, $12); front pleat dirndl skirt of Arnel and cotton ottoman (6-16, $13). Both, Maiestic.

Photographs by Melvin Sokolsky



Ninety-Nine Times Without Stopping

Four Girls Not Afraid to Climb

In the swim and out. From the top: short sleeve navy swimsuit, belted with a tie, has a hip pocket. Of Orlon knit. By Bobbie Brooks, S,M,L, $17. Pinstripe red rompers of cotton terry cloth. By Smartee, 6-14, $18. Tri-color shirt (can zip over a swimsuit). Of cotton knit. By Smartee, S,M,L, $11. Belted navy tank suit of acetate, cotton and Lycra spandex. By Jantzen, 10-20, $22.

Up to Their Knees—And "Comfy"

Newest to-the-knee shirtdresses—frothed with lace and ruffles. From left: shirtdress accented with black lace and black patent leather belt. Of Dacron and cotton dotted swiss. By R&K Originals, 8-16, $26. White-lace shirtdress of cotton and nylon. By Glen of Michigan, 6-16, $45. Vanilla shirtdress of Dacron and cotton striped voile by Cole of California, 8-16, $26. Blue and white dotted shirtdress of Dacron and cotton voile. By Anne Fogarty, 4-14, $70.

Hair styles by Carrie White; hats by Archie Eason; shoes by Golo; hosiery by Beautiful Bryans, Phoenix and Adriadne. All prices slightly higher on the West Coast.
Shopping information on page 106.


Four Girls Not Afraid to Climb





Up to Their Knees—And "Comfy"



FASHION'S NEW CRUSH: VALENTINO

Designer Valentino is as darkly handsome as his silent-screen namesake, and some of the world's chicest women are his adoring fans. Among them, Jackie Kennedy, Audrey Hepburn. The object of their affections: his elegant, magnificently delineated fashions. Now, happily, you, too, can shout "V for Valentino." Here, from his Rome couture to you, via Vogue Patterns, these superb inspirations in white, interpreted by us in cotton cloqué. By NORA O'LEARY, Patterns Editor.

Above: Left, his famous V-neckline dress, waist-high and on-the-V—borrowed from the tennis top (Vogue 1970). Right, the eased-fit dress, perfected (bias collar can fold over, 1995). Opposite: Left, coat-dress, buttoned in brass, flares into deep pleats (1978). Right, cardigan tunic dress, signatured with triple buttons on wide cuffs (1971).

Photographs by William Helburn. All fabrics of imported cotton cloqué by Stoffel; buttons, La Mode. Fabrics, patterns, Valentino shoes and scarves, details & hats on ensemble at Lord & Taylor, New York City. Hairstyles by Imo. Backviews on page 107.



A modern kitchen that doesn't flaunt its efficiency? Why not? Efficiency is only one part of a good kitchen's assets. Important, of course, but no more important than attractiveness, charm, the little human touches that say "this room is for people." Think about it. From the first whiff of morning coffee to the last sneak snack of evening, the kitchen is the room everyone gravitates to. So it stands to reason that the most popular room in the house also ought to be one of the most inviting. And here's where efficiency comes in. Much of the enjoyment of a kitchen for those who work and gather there is derived from the good basic planning that goes into it: organization of equipment, appliances and work areas, choosing materials that are decorative as well as practical, giving special attention to storage. The kitchen here and on the next page is exactly the kind we are talking about.

By Margaret Davidson,
Home Management Editor.

KITCHENS ARE FOR PEOPLE

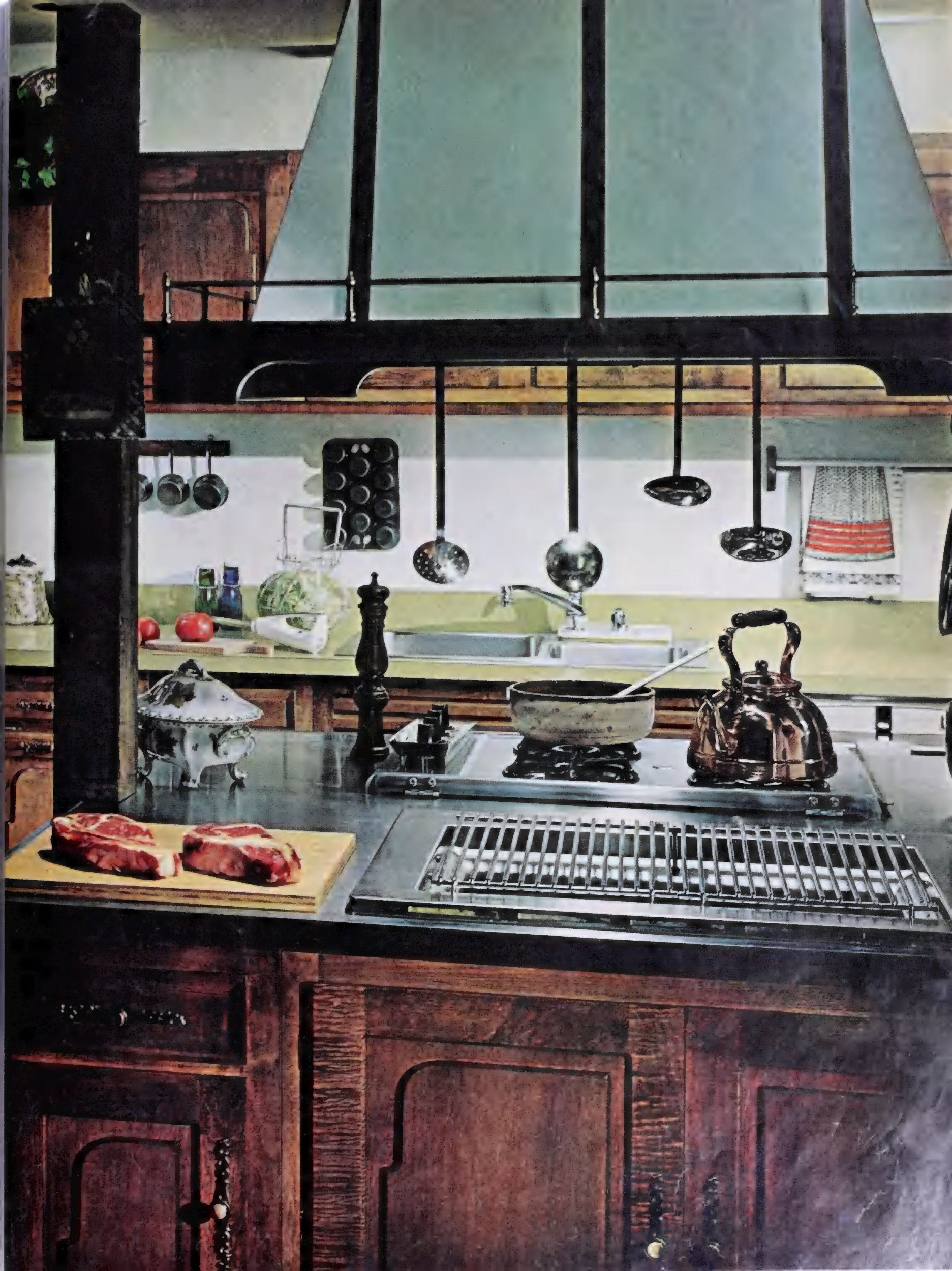
The spaciousness here results from bringing several separate areas together in one coordinated whole. Instead of a kitchen, tiny dinette, back entry (and no laundry at all), we have one continuum of space with each area clearly defined.

Looking at kitchen from the family room: a center cooking island with gas grill for hamburgers, franks, steaks on one side (in use, sloping rack directs fat into special drip pan, minimizing smoke), conventional cooking top on other side. Both share a hood for drawing off smoke and cooking odors.

Sink center on far side of kitchen has two stainless-steel bowls. Dishwasher is installed directly under counter, and at convenient arm's reach above it, a row of cabinets for dishes.

The gas ovens at left not only cook foods at selected temperatures, they hold food at serving temperature long after the cooking is done.

Photographs by Hedrich-Blessing
Shopping information on page 106







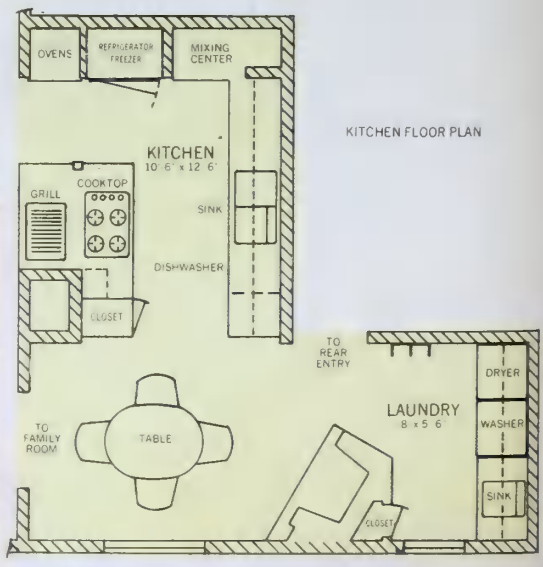
Top: Back-entry-turned-laundry is just a few steps away from kitchen and adjacent to breakfast area. Its automatic washer and gas dryer do wonders with almost everything in the hamper—often give better-than-hand-pampering results. Laundry sink (not seen) is ideal for hand-washables and assorted household tasks.

Bottom: A very special feature of the kitchen is the new mixing center that fits into the doorway of an old closet: a handy and decorative way to organize some of the kitchen helpers you call on most often. Here, spices, pots and pans and utensils and a mixer that's plugged in for instant use Cabinets below hold baking utensils, bowls and appliances.

Within handy reach of mixing center—refrigerator-freezer with new picture-frame front which lets you match door covering to kitchen wallpaper, in this case a yellow-and-white check.

Colors and surfaces add to this kitchen's charm and efficiency. The dark-patina finish of wood cabinets; the counter tops—soft pale-yellow plastic around sink; hardwood at mixing center; silvery heat-resistant stainless steel at cooking center. The wallpaper is coated, easily washable. Vinyl floor in a brick and tile design is easy-to-walk-on, easy-to-care-for.

Cabinets by Mutschler; gas oven and cook top by Caloric; gas grill, Majestic; dishwasher by KitchenAid; sink by Elkay; refrigerator/freezer by Sub Zero; laundry appliances by Maytag; wallpaper—Wallpaper Council.



KITCHEN FLOOR PLAN

THE COMPLETE PSYCHIATRIC MARRIAGE CHECKUP

INCLUDING "EMOTIONAL EXERCISES" FOR COUPLES

BY WILLIAM J. LEDERER & DR. DON D. JACKSON

You can find out everything you need to know about your marriage—and more than you ever suspected!—with this remarkable new program: a psychiatrist's series of revealing self-tests, plus a five-session plan that really shows you how to be happier. An excerpt from the forthcoming book, *Mirages of Marriage*.

The annual physical checkup, for people and for cars, has come to be regarded as almost mandatory. These checkups are performed in the hope that any pathologies or malfunctions will be discovered while they are still treatable.

It seems to us that marriages deserve the same care and attention given our bodies, or our automobiles. Marital checkups, we believe, can be useful. First, a checkup enables the husband and wife to identify and appraise marital liabilities, and the liabilities may then be reduced by therapy. Also, a marital checkup makes the spouses aware of taken-for-granted assets, and methods of stabilizing or increasing the assets can then be determined.

An individual in good health may be approaching an age where certain aspects of his living, such as diet, exercise, smoking, should be altered to help him maintain this good health. Similarly, marriages have phases, or life stages, that can be met by shifts or changes in the nature of the marital interaction and in some of the spouses' activities. Spouses may not recognize these marital process changes, but an experienced "marriage doctor" will.

Yearly marital checkups with a competent professional would make the majority of marriages more workable, and would result in a vast increase in mental health, physical health, satisfaction, and productivity. However, the chances for such annual checkups' becoming widespread in the near future are, indeed, small. Spouses have a natural reluctance to seek outside help unless their marriage is in great difficulty. Therefore, if the idea is sound—and we believe it is—spouses will have to conduct their checkup for themselves.

It can be assumed at the start that every marriage has problems. We have never encountered, or even heard of, a problem-free marriage. Correspondingly, it can be assumed that just about every marriage would profit from an evalua-

The late Dr. Don D. Jackson was director of the Palo Alto Mental Research Institute, professor of clinical psychiatry at Stanford University Medical School and author of numerous scientific books. William J. Lederer was co-author of The Ugly American, *and has written other best sellers.*

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tion, with the problems viewed in objective perspective.

Learning to appraise and diagnose the state of a marriage is essential for the maintenance of a workable relationship. We wish that our married readers could find well-trained and experienced professionals to help them with such a checkup; and we wish that our readers, if they could find such professionals, had enough money to afford them. But the average married couple in the United States today probably cannot take advantage of professional services; therefore, they need to learn the best professional methods for checking up on their own marriages.

Checking up on one's marriage is not the same as improving the marital condition. At this point, the aim is simply to discover how well the marital process is operating. Using techniques for self-appraisal, the spouses will determine whether their marriage is functioning satisfactorily. If they decide that the marriage should be continued and they wish to improve it, their next step will be to identify their marital liabilities. Then, the third step is to find ways of reducing or eliminating these liabilities.

There are three recommended methods of appraisal:

Method A. The spouses isolate themselves, and each tries to make the marital appraisal alone. This unilateral do-it-alone method is the least effective of the self-checkup procedures, but under some conditions it is the only one possible. Later we will describe how it can be made most efficacious.

Method B. The two spouses sit down together under conditions to be described later, and perform a joint evaluation of their marital state.

Method C. The two spouses meet in the presence of a third individual, a nonprofessional. The function of the third party is to listen, and to reflect back what he "hears." Often the message sent by one spouse is not the message "heard" by the other, and in this situation a third party frequently can clarify what the message is. Many times, messages are transmitted, at least in part, by nonverbal behavior of which the sender is not aware. The third party can describe to the spouses their behavior and actions during the discussion. The nonprofessional for this purpose should be someone not related to either spouse—someone who can be trusted not to take sides, and not to gossip about what he hears. Also, he should be someone who is not bitter about marriage even if he has been divorced.

METHOD A:
Marriage Appraisal by Individual Spouses

Each spouse should find a place where he can apply himself in quiet and without interruption for approximately two hours, and should try to select the time of highest vitality and least fatigue. Preferably, the test should be taken after the spouses have been apart for several hours, so that if they have been arguing, they have had an opportunity to simmer down. The only equipment needed is a pen or pencil and a pad of lined paper.

The first step is to record, in writing, what are considered to be the marital assets and the marital liabilities. In one column, the individual lists those elements which he likes about the marriage, those which he thinks work well, and in another column he records those which he dislikes, or which appear not to work well.

The next step is to answer the questions listed following this paragraph, supplying explanatory information as required. It is essential to *write out the answers*, not just to answer the questions mentally. The answers should be numbered to correspond to the questions. All the questions must be answered. Where a question does not apply to one of the spouses, he should attempt to answer it as well as possible for the other spouse. For example, in answering questions 15–17, the wife should state whether she believes her husband is getting along better or worse in his job since his marriage, giving the reasons for her conclusion.

1. Do you look forward to your spouse after being separated during the day? Answer *yes* or *no*.

2. If the answer to question 1 is "No," write out the major single reason why you do not look forward to meeting your spouse at home each evening. Be specific; for example, "My husband starts complaining about the way the house looks and the way I'm mishandling everything from the minute he comes into the house," or "I come home tired from the office and my wife has the house noisy, the television going, or friends in the kitchen, and everything looks like a pigpen."

3. If the answer to question 1 is "No," now write down at least five reasons, in addition to the one given in answering question 2, why the event of meeting at night is considered so unpleasant. Writing these five reasons may be difficult, and to do so will require much objectivity, for often one is ashamed of one's reaction to certain traits in one's spouse. For example, one man wrote, "I simply cannot stand the whining, high-pitched tone of my wife's voice." This husband had known about his wife's voice before he married her, and therefore found it embarrassing to admit that her manner of speech disturbed him. One wife wrote, "Tom comes home so damned jolly and tells of all the interesting people he met during the day. Me, I'm exhausted from cleaning house and looking after three children and I resent his noisy cheerfulness. Why can't he come in quietly and just start helping me?" It is essential that at least five reasons be listed. If five important reasons cannot be found, minor ones can be included, to bring the total up to five.

4. If the word "love" means that the security and well-being of your wife or husband is as significant to you as your own security and well-being, do you love your spouse? Answer *yes* or *no*.

5. Using this same definition of love, does your spouse love you? Answer with *yes* or *no*.

6. Briefly list five instances of your own loving behavior toward your spouse during the last month.

7. List five instances of your spouse's loving behavior toward you during the last month.

8. List five hateful things you have done—intentionally or unintentionally—to your spouse in the last month.

9. List five hateful things your spouse has done to you during the last month.

10. List five things which you have asked or scolded or nagged your spouse to correct or improve, but which your spouse has not corrected.

11. List five things which your spouse has asked or scolded or nagged you to correct or improve, but which you have not corrected either because you could not or because you did not wish to do so.

12. Of the items listed in your answer to question 11, which could you have corrected if you had really wanted to? For example, which would you have been ready and willing to rectify?

13. For each of the items listed in your answer to question 12, specify in detail your reasons for not making the change suggested by your spouse.

14. For each of the items listed in your answer to question 10, put down the reasons why, in your opinion, your spouse did not attempt to please you by making the changes suggested.

15. (*For the husband.*) Have you been getting along better or worse in your job since your marriage? Answer *better* or *worse*.

16. If you are getting along better, describe in what ways your being married has been responsible.

17. If you are getting along worse, describe in what ways your marriage has been responsible.

18. (*For the wife.*) Since marriage, have your days been as fulfilling and as interesting as they were before you were married? Answer *yes* or *no*.

19. If they are at least as fulfilling, describe in what ways your marriage has been responsible.

20. If less fulfilling, describe in what ways your marriage has been responsible.

21. List five ways in which you think your spouse is excessively selfish in regard to you.

22. Who do you believe is exerting the greater effort to make the marriage successful, you or your spouse? Give reasons for your answer.

23. Have you considered the possibility of a divorce, even as a fleeting thought? Answer *yes* or *no*.

24. How many times have you considered the possibility of divorce in the last six months?

25. Do you know of a couple with a marriage better than yours? Answer *yes* or *no*.

26. If you know of such a couple, why is their marriage better than yours?

27. Before you got married, you must have thought that your marriage would be a success. List five reasons why you thought so.

28. Knowing what you do now about your present marriage, would you—if you were again single—still marry the same person? Answer *yes* or *no*.

29. If you could get divorced from your present spouse without any inconvenience, without any major cost or publicity or bitterness, and without inflicting any hardship on your children, would you get divorced? Answer *yes* or *no*.

30. Were you happier during your courting period than you are now? Answer *yes* or *no*.

31. If you were happier, give at least three reasons why.

32. List five things which you do not like about your spouse, which you learned only after the intimacy of marriage.

33. List ten differences in taste between your spouse and yourself. For example, "He likes jazz; I like opera," or "She dislikes cleaning up the kitchen in the morning, and I object to the mess in the morning."

34. Is your married sex life satisfactory? Answer *yes* or *no*.

35. What behavior or techniques on the part of your spouse would make your sex life more satisfying?

36. If you have children, do they seem to you to help or to hinder your marriage? If you could begin your marriage all over, and be without children, would you prefer to have none?

37. If you do not have children, do you think their presence would improve the marital relationship?

38. Do you like your spouse's relatives? If there are any you dislike, tell why.

39. (*For the wife.*) Would your marriage be better if your husband made more money?

40. Is there any way you can help your husband to get ahead in his business (make more money)?

41. (*For the husband.*) Would your marriage be better if your wife had some particular skills which you believe she does not now possess?

42. Why doesn't she have these skills?

43. Can you help her to acquire them?

44. List five reasons why your marriage is advantageous (or satisfying) for you.

45. List ten disadvantages (or unsatisfying aspects) for you in your marriage.

If you have answered all of these questions honestly, a review of your answers will indicate very clearly whether your marriage, in your opinion, is working in a way that is reasonably satisfying to you, whether it needs a major overhaul, or whether the repair work required so outweighs your commitment to the relationship that it should be ended with a divorce to avoid continued destructiveness. *Neither spouse should show his answers to the other.* (Knowing that *you alone* will see what you've said permits you to be totally honest, and thus to judge the total picture objectively.) After both have gone through the test, each should ask the following question of the other: "Do you believe our marriage is much less than we want it to be?" If at least one of the spouses believes that the marriage is very unsatisfactory, then even if the other feels that the marriage is great, they should each answer the following question: "Shall we find out what is wrong with the marriage and try to improve it?"

If the answer for both is "Yes," they should next go to the "Interpersonal Comparison Tests" (on the next page).

METHOD B:
Joint Evaluation

In this second method for checking up on a marriage, the questions listed for Method A are employed once again. However, instead of writing the answers out, the spouses answer the questions out loud, in each other's presence, taking turns at being the first to answer a question. The answers must be brief (that is, as if they were being written out.)

Each spouse must listen to the other's answers without comment. It is not permissible for one to attempt to explain actions or episodes referred to by the other, or in any way try to enlarge or negate what the other says—regardless of how much he wishes to do so. Also, no matter how annoyed one or both of the partners may become, the test must be completed at one sitting—and it must be conducted in a quiet place where there can be no interruptions of any kind.

When both spouses have answered all of the questions, they should return to their normal routines without further comment. After a thinking period, of about 24 hours, each of the spouses should tell the other his answer to the following question: "Is our marriage very unsatisfactory?"

If both parties believe that the marriage is satisfactory and cannot be improved, nothing more need be done. But if one or both of the spouses thinks that the marriage process is not working, *or that it can be improved*, they should ask each other the following question: "Should we try to analyze our marriage to see how it can be improved?" The "Interpersonal Comparison Tests" may be helpful.

METHOD C:
Appraisal with the Assistance of a Nonprofessional Outsider

This method requires much more time than the others—a minimum of five uninterrupted hours. Again, the questions listed for Method A are used, and, as in Method B, they are answered out loud, not in writing. This time, with a third party present, after one of the spouses has answered a question, the subject is open for discussion. The other spouse may challenge, may argue, may explain, may say anything, as long as it is relevant. If, as often happens, one of the spouses wanders from the subject, it is the function of the third party to return the discussion to the matter at hand.

In the course of the session, there may be flare-ups of temper or weeping or cursing. When these occur, the third party should calmly remind the spouses that their purpose in coming together was not to argue, but to make an appraisal of the marriage.

Frequently, when one spouse challenges another, asks questions, makes an explanation, open hostility will occur between the spouses. During these times it often happens that the message received by one of the spouses is not the message that the other actually sent. The third party must stay alert for this situation, and try to act as interpreter, making sure that the messages sent by one spouse are accurately received by the other. For example, the third party may have to interrupt a discussion and say, "Mary, I will paraphrase what you have said in the way I understand it." After completing his paraphrase he asks, "Mary, is that what you meant?" If Mary says that it is, the third party asks the other spouse if he understands the statement in the same way also.

At the completion of the session, after all of the questions have been answered by both spouses, the third party asks both spouses if they think the marriage can be improved and if they wish to try to improve it.

If they wish to improve it, they can proceed to the "Interpersonal Comparison Tests."

INTERPERSONAL COMPARISON TESTS

These three tests will aid in determining how close or far apart couples are in their repertoire of values. The amount of difference will indicate the likelihood that the two individuals can form a functional system.

The tests should be taken by one person at a time in complete privacy. To start the first test, place a piece of white bond paper alongside the first test page. Line up the top of the paper with the top of the page. Now answer the questions by placing an *X* on the bond paper opposite the horizontal line where it would be put if the answers were being marked in the magazine. Mark only a single answer for each question. Go through Tests A and B in this manner, using a fresh piece of paper for each page. The instructions for taking Test C are given separately. Be sure to identify each page by writing at the top the number of the corresponding page in the book.

Do not make marks in the magazine. The second person taking the test would then see your answers, and would be influenced by them.

TEST A

1. I was born
a. in the Eastern seaboard.
b. in the Southern United States.
c. in the Midwestern United States.
d. in the Southwestern United States.
e. in the Western United States.
f. outside the United States.

2. My place of rearing was
a. a metropolis.
b. a medium-sized town.
c. a small town.
d. a rural area.

3. My religious background is
a. Catholic.
b. Jewish.
c. Protestant.
d. Moslem.
e. none.
f. other.

4. My parents are
a. first-generation Americans.
b. second-generation Americans.
c. third-generation Americans (or earlier).
d. not American citizens.

5. The highest annual income earned by my father was
a. over $30,000.
b. over $20,000.
c. over $15,000.
d. over $10,000.
e. over $5,000.
f. $5,000 or less.

6. The highest educational level reached by my father was
a. grade school.
b. high school.
c. college.
d. graduate school.
e. a doctoral degree.

7. The highest educational level reached by my mother was
a. grade school.
b. high school.
c. college.
d. graduate school.
e. a doctoral degree.

8. My position in the family was
a. oldest child.
b. middle child.
c. youngest child.
d. only child.

9. The number of children in my family was
a. very large (seven or more)
b. large (five or six).
c. average (three or four).
d. small (two).
e. only one.

10. My parents were
a. very close in age.
b. less than five years apart.
c. less than ten years apart.
d. less than fifteen years apart.
e. fifteen or more years apart.

11. My parents' experience with divorce was that
a. neither was ever divorced.
b. one had been previously divorced.
c. both had been previously divorced.
d. they were divorced when I was a child.
e. they were divorced when I was in my teens or older.

12. In my parents' families
a. there have been no divorces.
b. there has been one divorce.
c. there have been two divorces.
d. there have been three or more divorces.

13. In my family rearing the person who seemed most in charge was
a. my mother.
b. my father.
c. neither parent.
d. I never thought about who was in charge.

14. In our community my parents were
a. considered important people.
b. included among the people of some standing.
c. just average socially.
d. below average socially.
e. considered outsiders.

TEST B

I. PAST LIFE EXPERIENCES

1. My family situation consisted of
a. living with both of my biological parents.
b. living with just my mother.
c. living with just my father.
d. living in foster homes or with stepparents.
e. living with my real mother and a stepfather.
f. living with my real father and a stepmother.

2. My own family experience was
a. warm and pleasant.
b. pleasant but not intimate.
c. nothing I can particularly remember.
d. unpleasant.

3. As clearly as I can remember my earliest days were
a. extremely pleasant.
b. neither pleasant nor unpleasant.
c. pleasant, though I was nervous.
d. unpleasant.

4. The most pleasant aspects of my childhood are associated
a. with both parents.
b. with the parent of the same sex.
c. with the parent of the opposite sex.
d. with my siblings.
e. unconnected with members of my immediate family.
f. I do not recall any particularly pleasant experiences.

5. As a child I was fond of
a. reading, solitary hobbies, and daydreaming.
b. sports and outdoor activities.
c. being around other people socially as much as possible.
d. no particular interests which I can recall.

6. During my growing-up period
a. I had many close friends.
b. I had one or two close friends.
c. I had no friends whom I particularly recollect.
d. I was a very solitary person.

7. In my family, my dating
a. was something I could easily discuss with my parents.
b. was mentioned rarely, or only in a kidding manner.
c. was something I did not care to discuss.
d. aroused considerable conflict.

8. When I was in high school
a. my major interest was in getting good grades but maintaining an active social life.
b. my major interest was in maintaining an active social and sports life rather than in getting high grades.
c. I did not want to go to school any longer, and wanted to make money.
d. I felt confused and did not know what I wanted to do.

II. PRESENT LIFE EXPERIENCES

1. Financially and socially I feel the next five years
a. will be reasonably successful.
b. will consist of two steps forward and one back.
c. are impossible to predict at present.
d. scare me.

2. About my health at the present time, I would say that
a. I have always had and expect to have perfect health.
b. for the last few years, my general condition has been below par, but I believe I'll regain excellent health soon.

c. for some time now I have had a chronic illness (or disability) which is serious; and the probability of improvement is small. _____
d. I don't know for sure. I guess I'm as healthy as anybody, but I haven't had a physical for years. _____

3. About my psychological adjustment, I would say that
a. I feel fairly secure emotionally. _____
b. I am happiest not living alone. _____
c. I probably do best living alone. _____
d. I do not think about my emotions. _____

4. Like many people I am
a. sometimes uneasy when I am alone. _____
b. sometimes uncomfortable when in a crowd. _____
c. sometimes concerned about dying. _____
d. hardly ever concerned with such matters. _____

5. With regard to children
a. I have doubts about how good a parent I would be (am). _____
b. I very much want (am very glad I have) a child of the same sex as I am. _____
c. I am not sure I want children (like having children). _____
d. I do not care what sex the child is, but I do want to have one (or perhaps two or three). _____
e. I would like to have at least four or five children. _____
f. as far as I am concerned, my marriage would be most successful without any children. _____

6. With regard to being married at this particular time, I feel that
a. since most of my friends are already married, I am glad I am too. _____
b. marriage is an important stabilizing influence in my life. _____
c. the person I wished to marry would not have waited if we had not married when we did. _____
d. there was no special reason for marrying when I did but I did not wish to disappoint my friends and relatives. _____
e. it was as good a time as any to marry. _____

III. THE PERSON I AM MARRIED TO

1. My spouse
a. is extremely attractive physically. _____
b. is not unusually attractive physically, but is likable. _____
c. is someone I do not think of in terms of physical beauty. _____
d. embarrasses me because of his (her) looks. _____

2. My spouse
a. comes from a family I greatly admire. _____
b. comes from a family I feel very much a part of. _____
c. has so little family closeness I feel sorry for him (her). _____
d. has very irritating parents, but I can overlook them. _____

3. With regard to the family of my spouse
a. I am worried that she may become too much like her mother (or he like his father). _____
b. I am concerned that she may become too much like her father (or he like his mother). _____
c. I do not feel his (her) parents play any significant role in our marraige. _____
d. I do not think he (she) is like either of his (her) parents. _____

4. I feel that my spouse's parents
a. are better educated than my family. _____
b. have considerably more money than my family. _____
c. are not as socially acceptable as my family. _____
d. I do not think about them in this way. _____

5. In the relationship with my spouse I feel that
a. he (she) is more in charge than I am. _____
b. we are equally in charge. _____
c. I am more in charge than he (she) is. _____
d. neither of us is in charge. _____

6. With regard to companionship, my spouse and I
a. have many interests in common. _____
b. have independent interests, but are tolerant and supportive of each other's activities. _____
c. expect to develop interests in common. _____
d. seem to have relatively little in common when we are not busy with social activities. _____

7. With regard to the question of marriage, my spouse and I
a. have discussed our doubts and fears of marriage. _____
b. have had some doubts, but have not mentioned them. _____
c. may be afraid of hurting each other by bringing up the question of whether we have made a mistake. _____
d. do not have any doubts whatsoever. _____
e. used to have doubts but overcame them. _____

8. With regard to our marriage
a. I would like to leave it, but am afraid. _____
b. despite my doubts I prefer to stay with it. _____
c. I feel I can overcome any doubts since my love is great enough for two. _____
d. I would have doubts no matter whom I had married and should therefore not let these doubts stand in the way now. _____

9. With regard to religion
a. we are of the same faith and there are no conflicts. _____
b. neither of us has had serious religious training, and we do not intend to become involved with any church. _____
c. we are of different faiths, but have agreed to rear our children in one of them. _____
d. we have opposing religious views, but are tolerant of each other's ideas. _____
e. we would have no problems about religion if other people would stay out of our business. _____

IV. MARRIAGE AND THE FUTURE

1. With regard to my occupational or avocational interests
a. I feel I have the courage to pursue both my marriage and my interests, even when they conflict. _____
b. I feel I could sacrifice almost anything in order to have a happy marriage. _____
c. I see no conflict between marriage and other interests. _____
d. my spouse has no ambitions or professional commitments which will jeopardize or interfere with our marriage. _____
e. my spouse's devotion to his (her) career interest is something I can easily admire and support. _____
f. my spouse's devotion to his (her) career is something I hope I can get more enthusiastic about as I understand him (her) better. _____

2. With regard to the future with my spouse
a. I sometimes think he (she) may become ill. _____
b. I fear that he (she) may become ill. _____
c. I fear that he (she) will become too much smarter or more important than I can become. _____
d. I never have had any doubts. _____

3. With regard to the future of our marriage
a. I am worried about becoming poor. _____
b. I am worried about the influence of our in-laws upon us. _____
c. I am troubled about how many children we should have. _____
d. I sometimes think my spouse might have an affair. _____
e. I prefer not to worry about things until they happen. _____

TEST C

Using a separate sheet of paper, write down in order of preference the three activities listed here which you like most and the three which you like least.

Motion pictures	Business or professional activities
Competitive sports	Creative endeavor
Spectator sports	Television
Being outdoors	Driving a car
Special gatherings with friends	Theater
Reading	Night clubs
Art appreciation	Dancing
Politics	Discussion groups
Hobbies	Civic activities
Membership in organizations	Being with a few friends

When you and your partner compare sheets, first note those activities which neither of you checked and decide whether you are both genuinely indifferent to all of these. Perhaps there are some in this group which you might enjoy trying together.

HOW TO USE THE TESTS

For tests A and B align the two partners' answer sheets for a particular section so that the columns of X's are side by side. Be sure that the tops of the two sheets are even.

The alternative answers for each question have been arranged in order of increasing differentness (vertically). Therefore, the extent of the vertical distance between the X's for any question indicates the degree of difference in your cultural and ethnic values.

A scanning of the results of Text C will make the differences in taste between the two people obvious.

In general, the greater the gap between the two people in culture and taste, the greater is the likelihood that they will find themselves incompatible and the greater will be their difficulty in forming a highly functional relationship. The reasons for this have been discussed earlier.

This is the rule of thumb, but it is not an absolute law. No generalization about human nature can be absolute, for there is an infinite variety of people, and they relate to each other in an infinite number of different ways. Therefore, the man and woman who have completed the tests should do more than just take note of the differences between them. They should explore them in depth so that they can determine if the "sameness" can be fully utilized to increase the solidarity of the marriage, and so that they can attempt to turn some of the possibly debilitating differences into advantages, or at least to neutralize them.

DO-IT-YOURSELF EXERCISES

The do-it-yourself exercises which follow will not *guarantee* a perfect marriage, or even a workable marriage. However, if the suggestions are studied and seriously applied, they may stimulate a pattern and pace of thinking which may:

- prevent constant repetition of old, destructive patterns;
- stop small problems from becoming big problems;
- point toward broad relationship goals;
- force spouses or prospective spouses to explore certain areas which they have avoided or which social customs have formerly forbidden them to explore;
- assist couples in recognizing that a large number of so-called experts are giving (and charging for) tests and counsel that are not effective; and that the nature of much of this counsel leads people into easy—but spurious—conclusions which often are destructive to the marriage.

You may find that your marriage is much better than you think!

Before proceeding with these exercises, the spouses should make sure that neither has gotten into the habit of using the past adversely against his mate.

Remarks like "I notice you started these sessions late just as you do everything else" can only lead to a series of infinite regressions back to Adam and Eve. We recommend that whenever one of the spouses is *unable* to avoid the adverse use of past history, the other should take the privilege of stopping the session at once.

FIRST SESSION

This session is designed primarily to help each spouse listen to the other so that later on, when more substantive issues are discussed, the spouses have a better chance of *hearing* each other. It enables them to learn to control the tendency toward recriminations or alibis or the utilization of any sort of defensiveness. Accurate hearing means not only perceiving what is said but also refraining from attributing to the speaker what he has not actually said at this particular time.

It is recommended that the first session (which is divided into three segments) be confined to discussions of 15 or 20 minutes each. As in the previous practice sessions, the spouse who speaks first is elected by flip of a coin, after which they alternate. During each of the first two brief discussions (held on different evenings) one of the spouses has his turn to state as factually as possible what characteristics he would ideally like to see in the other, to make the marriage more workable. The spouse who does not have the floor remains completely silent, making every attempt to listen to what is being said.

A third discussion begins when the spouse who was silent at the previous session summarizes what he has heard from the other and inquires if his summary is approximately correct. Then he adds supplementary comments, but only about himself (for example, "It seems to me that if I were in your position I would want me to be more prompt than I have a tendency to be"). Note that the spouse who is summarizing is *not* allowed to introduce defensive or attacking material. At first, the habit of introducing such harmful material will be hard to break, but if both spouses are conscious of the problem, success will come.

The summary which opens the third discussion should be easy to complete quickly. Next, the other spouse is required to spend 15 minutes (timed by the listening spouse) describing how he himself contributes destructively to the marriage and how he could change so as to improve the marital situation. If the individual cannot think of any ways in which he contributes destructively or is failing in the relationship, this 15-minute period must be spent in silence. It is surprisingly difficult to remain silent this long, but it is even more difficult to be so perfect in a marital relationship that one cannot think of a single fault in oneself. The 15 minutes seldom pass silently. If the spouses have reached this point in the practice sessions without destructiveness or mutual antagonism, they can feel they have made considerable progress and are urged to take a three-day vacation from any discussion of their marital problems and from further exercises. If either brings up the topic of their marriage during this recess, the other is to remind him that the book says, "Thou shalt not."

SECOND SESSION

The second session consists essentially of one spouse's learning to take directions from the other. One of the most common and grievous problems in the ordinary marriage is that spouses cannot accept instruction from each other. In the course of any relationship, in the course of getting family work done, it is necessary for the spouses to divide areas of work responsibility and for each to be willing to cooperate by taking instruction from the other in the other's particular area. In actuality, however, *this is rarely done*. Usually, there is avoidance—"I'm doing it because I want to"—or a slight changing of the instructions so as to make them seem to have been issued by the spouse who is doing the work. The following exercise, then, is one in which one of the spouses learns to take instruction from the other.

On a morning shortly after the end of the rest period, the spouses again flip a coin. Then, in the course of the day, the winner plans in detail a weekend for the two of them; the children (if any) are *not* to accompany their parents. The other spouse is told about the plans that evening. He can make no suggestions, and during the weekend is expected to accept all of the arrangements made by his partner. The weekend is to consist of only two days and one night, for it is likely to be a difficult period for the couple. Couples frequently fail in their first try at the one-spouse-dominated weekend; the strain can be particularly great if the coin toss has resulted in a complete role reversal—as when the spouse who usually dominates becomes the follower, and the submissive spouse becomes the leader. Several attempts may be necessary before success is achieved. But when it is, the resulting relief and self-understanding will be recognized by both spouses.

One highly competitive couple achieved weekend success through humor. The husband, who had lost the toss of the coin, responded to his wife's detailed orders throughout the weekend with a cheery "Yes, boss!" Laughter followed, and suddenly both found the pattern easy to carry out.

The next exercise will be enlivened by the weekend experience and should not take place before the following Wednesday or Thursday.

THIRD SESSION

In the third session, the spouses ask each other questions which must be answered by "Yes" or "No" and nothing more. If attempts are made to qualify or explain the answers, the value of the session is decreased. The spouse whose turn it is to lead asks two questions of the other, waiting for a reply to the first before asking the second:

Do you believe that this marriage of ours can be improved?

Apparently we have to do a lot of work and perhaps give up some things in order to improve the marriage. Do you think our marriage is worth the enormous effort?

When these two questions have been asked by spouse A and answered by spouse B, then the roles are reversed. B asks and A answers the same two questions.

The next step is for spouse A, speaking out loud, to ask a series of questions of himself, answering each in turn by saying "Yes" or

"No." Spouse B listens. The questions are as follows:

1. During the last few months, have I ever said, "If only you (the other spouse) would do so and so, our marriage would be much better?"

2. In the last few months have I often stated, "If you (the other spouse) had a different personality, I would be much better off and the marriage would be much smoother?"

3. Have I in the last few months used past history against you? Have I brought up your past errors and ways of behaving, things I didn't like about you in the past, in order to prove a point, or to intimidate you, or to get some degree of control over you? (Remember, these are all to be answered by the spouse who is asking the questions.)

4. In the last few months have I generalized about some fault of the opposite sex? Have I done this either out loud or in my own thinking? Here the speaker should try to recall whether he has indulged in the common tendency to play the game of the battle of the sexes. It is easy to forget that our biases are reinforced constantly, and are thus enlarged, unless we become aware of this danger and learn to look around and think for ourselves.

5. In the last few months have I felt vulnerable in relation to you? (Only by avoiding a sense of vulnerability can one be open, fully trusting, and nondefensive. The speaker should try to remember if he has withheld loving behavior for fear that it would be interpreted as approval of some of the disliked behavior of his spouse.)

6. In the last few months have I used the children against you at any time?

While spouse A has been asking and answering these questions, spouse B has been sitting silently. Now the procedure is reversed. Spouse B asks and answers the same questions, while spouse A listens.

After this has been done, the same questions are used once again, only in this instance, we start off with spouse A asking the questions of spouse B. For example, spouse A will ask, "During the last few months, have I ever said, 'If only you would do so and so, our marriage would be much better'?" Spouse B answers with "Yes" or "No."

The procedure is then reversed; spouse B asks and spouse A does the answering.

Answering the questions is a sufficiently arduous task for one session. The reason for requiring a simple "Yes" or "No" is that it is important, at this time, for the spouses to avoid discussing the content of the questions. The urge to enlarge on the answers, and thus to become both defensive and aggressively destructive, is very great, and at this stage such behavior must be made impossible because one cannot truly evaluate marital interaction unilaterally: if A thinks that B is at fault, he is not considering how his own effect on B may have helped bring about that particular action. During the next week the spouses are to think about the questions which they asked and answered, *but they are not to discuss them between themselves.*

FOURTH SESSION

At the next weekly meeting, the questions and answers of the previous session are discussed. Whenever an answer has been "Yes," the data supporting it is now presented. For example, if spouse A answered "Yes" when he asked the first question ("During the last few months, have I ever said, 'If only you would do so and so, our marriage would be much better'?"), he now gives as many examples of his making this remark as he can recall. For instance, Mary may say, "Yes, I said that if you, John, would be home the same time every evening, I wouldn't be so nervous about meals. I'd be more cheerful at dinner, and we'd have much happier evenings." Then she goes on to mention other statements of this sort which she has made. When she is through, spouse B—John, in this instance—lists further examples which he may remember but which spouse A forgot. Both spouses speak as dispassionately as possible, making statements of fact, without elaboration. The spouses do not discuss whether or not the remarks now recollected were justified. They do not discuss the effects of the statements. They simply list as many as possible. After A has gone through the list of questions and given examples, and B has supplied more examples, B takes his turn and goes through the same list, with A adding further illustrations. Even if the one spouse supplies examples which the other thinks are exaggerated or perhaps totally unfounded, there is to be no disagreement or arguing.

Once again, a mirror in the room is desirable, for the effect upon the spouses of watching themselves as they speak is enormous. The inclination to become angry or defensive during the dialogue is strong. If the spouses watch themselves in the mirror, they can see when they begin to look angry or grimace or make gestures of annoyance and are then able to control themselves. Even if the effort at control is not completely successful, just the fact that they observed the development of anger in themselves, is a large step toward the establishment of an exchange of views.

Most spouses can get through this dialogue in one session lasting about an hour and a half.

The participants will notice that the exercise has involved statements of facts *as seen by each spouse.* Nothing is argued about, defended, or fought over. This avoidance of argument is important to the process because neither spouse can eliminate the ideas or behavioral patterns of the other by arguing, defending, or fighting. Up until now the exercises have been intended only to get each spouse acquainted with the nature of the other's thinking. Attempts to play district attorney or instructor must be avoided at all cost. The spouses must approach this undertaking as equals, with neither feeling superior in any way to the other. They must remember that if things have gone wrong, both are equally to blame. There is no victim without a victimizer. There is no victimizer without a victim.

FIFTH SESSION

The fifth session is by far the most difficult, and can be attempted only if both spouses feel they have accomplished the following:

1. Decided that the marriage should be continued, and indicated a willingness to make a vigorous effort to develop a functional relationship.

2. Practiced the rudiments of effective verbal communication.

3. Become conscious of some of the nonverbal methods of communication utilized by each, bringing them into awareness and learning to identify what they mean.

4. Learned what each spouse believes he has done to create discord in the marriage.

5. Learned that one cannot evaluate marital interactions unilaterally.

6. Learned that the developing of an exchange of viewpoints need not be a battle, *but can be satisfying.*

We now approach the bargaining table—which separates the adults from the children. Here one's capacity for maturity is put to a harsh test. Here it is possible to find out whether the spouses really wish to have a functional relationship, or whether they are only playing cruel games.

Both come to the bargaining table with paper and pencil. If possible, a mirror should be placed where they can see themselves in it. At this meeting each spouse presents his wishes, desires, and needs.

Once more they flip a coin to see who will begin.

The first speaker then describes what he would like; he does not dictate how his spouse should behave, or criticize his past behavior. Some examples follow:

"I would like to learn to be more patient with the children."

"I would like to see myself have more time to practice the piano."

"I wish that we could get a station wagon."

"I wish that I had a feeling of greater importance in our marriage."

"I wish that we could have dinner at the same time every evening."

"I wish I were not so jealous of you whenever you go on a trip."

"I wish we had a greater income." (Here the speaker should specify any practical suggestions for implementing the desire, if possible.)

Since these are to be important items, from six to ten should generally be sufficient to convey the individual's principal wishes.

One of the major hazards here is that one or both of the spouses will tend to use the bargaining table to present what they *do not want* in the future instead of making simple, declarative statements of what they do want. This practice in reality is a way of condemning the other spouse and of bringing up the past.

At this stage, then, one spouse expresses his needs, wishes and desires, and the other simply listens, asking for clarification when necessary, but not arguing. As the items are mentioned, both spouses write them down.

When one spouse has finished, the other has his turn to present a list of wishes, desires and needs.

After both spouses have spoken, they must spend about 15 or 20 minutes studying the two lists. Then each (if possible) identifies the first desire or need of the other which he feels can be fulfilled. We are suggesting here that the spouses find at least one area for collaboration, if they can.

The extensive use of teaching machines in the last few years has confirmed the commonsense notion that success reinforces the learning process and accelerates the rate of learning. So, too, we are suggesting that the spouses can learn more easily to trust each other enough to bargain if they are successful from the first.

The simplest way to accomplish this is for one spouse to pick from the list of the other an item on which he can agree, or about which he at least has very little negative feeling. He will then find it easy to "aid" the other spouse in working out something in relation to his wish. The other, having had the pleasure of cooperation, will be in a mood to cooperate in return.

If the spouses (and we consider this highly unlikely) are unable to select even one area of agreement for a beginning collaborative effort, they require further discussion and training.

For example, if they have been unsuccessful, they should quickly review the session in their own minds to see if they have employed any of the disaffiliative techniques most common in such discussions:

First, has either spouse made the assumption that he is right and the other is wrong? If so, and if he is unable to feel differently after independently reading the following material on how to conduct these discussions, he is in need of discussions with a third party before attempting further meetings with his spouse.

Second, has either spouse attacked the other with all-encompassing criticism which leaves the impression that there is no possibility of improvement? Such statements as "You never do anything right," or "You have always been like that," are fatal to this effort.

Third, has either spouse employed defensive withdrawal, a destructive though ineffectual way of behaving? In defensive withdrawal, one spouse breaks off contact and leaves the other feeling abandoned and righteous, like a modern-day Joan of Arc perishing in the flames of her own indignation. The wife who becomes silent and tearful as her husband's voice takes on a rasping, accusatory tone may feel she is trying to avoid making him even angrier, but she is, in fact, doing just the opposite. She is also indicating that she feels he is impossible, a message which does little to improve their communication.

As we have already indicated, these initial sessions will be difficult, especially since one spouse is required to sit silently while the other states how he would like to change the marriage.

Hence, a failure on the first go-around is not fatal to the process. The spouses must be sure they do not get carried away and continue the discussions for more than a half hour or 40 minutes.

FULL-SCALE DISCUSSION

After each partner has at last been able to select an area of agreement with the other, and to develop a means of accomplishing the desire expressed, the spouses are ready for their first full-fledged discussion. At a time when they feel at ease and safe from interruption, they sit down together to exchange viewpoints about what each feels is necessary, to determine the extent to which these aims are compatible, and to decide what can be done to achieve them.

If through the preceding exercises they have developed clear communication and a spirit of cooperation, each should find it possible to yield on some points in return for concessions from his spouse on others, and to maintain the attitude that his purpose is not to gain more than the other, but to help make decisions which will be to the advantage of both.

The following is an example of a successful start in such a discussion.

HUSBAND: I hate to sound like a tightwad, but I feel I must tell you that we have to cut down on our expenses at least until I get some of the new office equipment paid for.

WIFE: What particular items were you thinking of?

HUSBAND: I've been looking over the checkbook, and I find that clothes make up a considerable item. I'm willing to forgo any new outfits. How about you?

WIFE: You know very well that I spend much more on clothes than you do. If you're telling me to cut down, why not come out and say so?

HUSBAND: Because something occurred to me and that was that you've spent more on clothes lately since you lost that weight. I was very much for your losing it, too.

WIFE: That's right, I did have to buy a number of things right after finishing the diet, but it was nice of you to remember it. How about reviewing this matter in a few months, but agreeing not to buy anything in the meantime?

HUSBAND: Whew! I feel off the hook. I won't forget to bring it up when finances get better.

Note that although the husband begins tentatively, he manages to be at the same time specific and not attacking.

Getting the marital process back in balance often can be a long and arduous task. Even with professional help it may require a year or more. In some cases, however, spouses working on their own may be successful in only six to eight weeks, or perhaps a few months, provided both have a keen desire to solve their mutual problem. They may experience a certain zeal, a certain zest for mutual victory, which might be lacking if they were leaning on a professional counselor.

The danger in self-therapy is that the spouses may expect a balanced marriage to appear almost instantly. It will not. They should assume that at least six or eight weekly sessions of an hour apiece will be necessary before any degree of success is apparent. If after a reasonable trial the spouses are convinced that they cannot bargain, their alternatives, as has been mentioned, are to seek outside help, to separate, or to permit one spouse to dominate entirely.

The sessions should be looked upon as an important ritual, a ritual almost as important as the marriage ceremony itself, for in many cases if these sessions are not successful, the marriage will terminate. It is helpful if the spouses set a date for the first session, and mark the appointment on the calendar. The circumstances of the meeting should be as convenient as possible for both. For example, it may be necessary to spend a night in a hotel to avoid interruption by the children. Even if the meeting is conducted at home, it should be approached as something very special. One couple we knew took the attitude that they were now attempting to make a beginning in their "real and lasting marriage," and that their earlier wedding ceremony amounted to just a legal piece of paper which didn't count in human terms. Though they had been married for seven years and had three children (and many problems), they prepared for their meetings as if for a festivity, at which each wished to be at his very best. They bathed, dressed up, and in every way tried to appear as attractive as possible. At first they held their meetings at home after the children had gone to sleep. Later, they learned that they made more progress if they hired a baby-sitter, had dinner out, and conducted their discussion in a hotel room. The use of the hotel room is frequently advantageous because it is a neutral area without any personal associations; there will be no distractions, and in many cases it brings back memories of courtship days. This couple also used a tape recorder so they could later listen to the sessions *separately*.

Married couples, in short, can do something for themselves, and if they exhibit patience and stick to certain ground rules they will not damage their marriage, but rather improve it. END

Dear Abby: I Want to Get Married Underwater

By ABIGAIL VAN BUREN



In the dozen years that I have been Dear Abby, I have received almost every conceivable kind of question about marriage. Many come from members of the wedding who have an itch to hitch with a novel touch, and want someone to confirm the propriety of it.

For example, one prospective bride wrote to ask if it would be all right to have *What Kind of Fool Am I?* sung at her wedding. "It's kind of our theme song," she explained. "We fell in love to it."

Feeling as I do that weddings are a personal affair, I publicly (and perhaps foolishly) OK'd *What Kind of Fool Am I?* Irate readers promptly evidenced their disapproval. Like this one:

"Dear Abby,

The bride who wanted *What Kind of Fool Am I?* sung at her wedding showed what kind of fool *she* was. And Abby, you showed your ignorance, too. Popular love songs are out of place in church. Any qualified organist can assist the bride in selecting appropriate wedding music, and there is no excuse for all the trash that's being played at weddings these days.

IRATE ORGANIST"

This letter inspired still another:

"Dear Abby,

I was pleased to see that somebody finally spoke up to protest the improper music one hears at weddings lately. In the Protestant Episcopal Church, secular music is not permitted in the marriage liturgy, as marriage is a religious rite. I personally have dissuaded couples from using *Lohengrin's Processional*, because it's from an opera involving a heathen musician, and that marriage ended in failure. The other, *The Recessional*, is also unacceptable because it's from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—a Shakespearean fantasy in which a lovely young maiden is wedded to an ass-headed individual. No publicity, please, as I am a clergyman.

NAMELESS"

I escaped all controversy, though, when a bride who signed her letter "Bonnie from Duluth" wrote to ask if it would be proper to walk down the aisle to *Second Time Around*. "It's the second time around for both of us," she explained. Bonnie requested a personal reply, but she failed to include her last name and address, thus taking me off the hook.

Another second-time-arounder, a lady signed Myrtle, wrote to ask for clearance on a different aspect of wedding protocol:

"Dear Abby,

I am approaching my second marriage. My father is dead, and I have no brothers, uncles or close relatives, so my ex-husband has offered to give me away. Would this be proper? He said nothing would give him greater pleasure.

MYRTLE"

I advised Myrtle to hunt up a *distant* relative.

Then there was the rather lively controversy about what an "official" wedding cake ought to be. One bride asked if she couldn't have a *chocolate* wedding cake. ("Jack won't eat any cake but chocolate, and it's my favorite, too," she wrote.) I saw no good reason why a wedding cake couldn't be chocolate, and told her so.

This reply initiated still more questions about cakes: "How about the *shape* of the wedding cake?" a reader asked. "I'd like to have a square one because it's more economical and easier to cut."

I OK'd that, too, although I admitted I had never *seen* a square wedding cake. I soon learned that wedding cakes of varying shapes had been around for years. The best of the "cake letters" came from a true Texan:

"Dear Abby,

If you have never seen a square wedding cake, you should get around a little more. Wedding cakes don't have to be round. They can be any shape. My sister had her wedding cake made in the shape of Texas. It was beautiful. Unfortunately, not many of the guests saw it because my brother-in-law got potted and fell in it right about El Paso, and he broke it off clear to Galveston."

And then there was a boots-and-saddle bride with her own bizarre wedding plan:

"Dear Abby,

My future husband and I were making plans the other night and want to know what you think. We are both horse crazy, and so are most of our friends. We can't afford a big church wedding, so what do you think about getting married on horseback? We could have Western music.

My fiancé said as much as he likes the horseback idea, he kind of wanted to have me married in a gown, but you can't very well combine the two, can you?

HORSE CRAZY"

I replied: "Dear Crazy: If you can find a galloping clergyman with a stable mind, go ahead and have your Western wedding—and good luck."

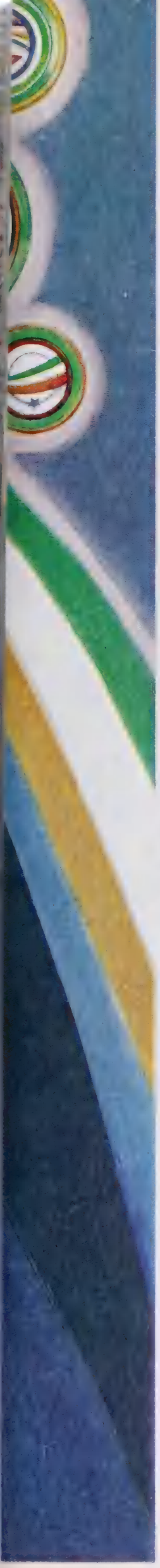
Letters from people like "Horse Crazy" invariably set off a chain reaction (mostly encouraging) from readers of Dear Abby. This suggests to me that, far from being scorned, the unconventional wedding is applauded by more people than one might have guessed.

Here are a few responses to "Horse Crazy's" letter:

"Dear Abby,

Our daughter got married on horseback. The minister who performed the ceremony was on horseback, too. The bride and groom were dressed exactly alike, white shirts and black trousers. The wedding took place at a rodeo, and there (*continued on page 107*)


I gave her my own marriage test, and it was Halley's comet all over again.



I Felt Sorry for Rosemary

Why did she wear a Mickey Mouse watch? Steve wanted to find out. What happened when the watch read seven o'clock? Charley never found out. But they all discovered that when your heart gets a hunch, play it strong. By Marnie Ellingson

There's an old saying in the building trade: doctors bury their mistakes; architects plant ivy. My friend Charley MacAvoy has never had to plant a single sprig. Maybe his designs don't win awards—his style tending toward Erector Set Modern—but his specification sheets are things of beauty.

You might think architecture is a profession for artistic dreamers, but there's no market for dream houses without water pipes. I still shudder remembering the time I was all ready to put the blueprint for a $70,000 two-story country house on Mr. Tremaine's desk when Charley glanced over it and said, "Unless you're intending this as a pad for Batman, don't you think it ought to have a stairway?"

That kind of goof-up could never happen to Charley. The thing about him is, he plans ahead. I've known him all my life, and he's always been that way.

He's never played a hunch in his life. Take the races. I lose my head over a pretty little 20-to-1-shot filly who stops to munch grass in the stretch, while Charley, who's too busy with the form sheet to look at the horses, always bets with the smart money and comes out, never with a killing, but always ahead.

Or take girls. Now me; I have absolutely no judgment at all when it comes to girls. I mean, just let me get a look at a couple of wispy little curls on the back of a girl's neck or smell some blossomy perfume—and right away I come unglued and ask her for a date. But Charley—well, Charley's always been a careful chooser.

At age five I was smitten with a girl named Wanda Fingerhut because she could pick up live worms without flinching. Charley prudently wooed a moppet whose father ran the corner drugstore and passed out free candy. In tenth grade I adored Mavis Thwaits, who knew all the words to every football fight song ever written. Meanwhile Charley, who didn't know a participle from the Parthenon, was dating an English major who wrote all his themes for him for the next three years.

It's the same thing now that we're sharing bachelor quarters on New York's upper Lower East Side. Like we go out on a double date and I'm just sitting there wasting my time smelling the perfume, while Charley's getting tips on the stock market, which his girl is passing along from her uncle who's a broker. Charley is a generous friend and he's always finding "worthwhile" dates for me, but somehow the girls always seem to have knobby knees.

I was home in bed all week with a bad case of That Thing That's Going Around when Rosemary Marshall came to work as a draftsman in our section. Charley had taken her to dinner twice before I was off penicillin.

On the rainy Monday when I went back to work I wandered into the office where Rosemary was working around lunchtime. "Miss Marshall," I said, "I'm Steve Mitchell. I'm sorry I wasn't around last week to welcome you."

As she swung around and said she was glad to meet me, three things struck me all at once. She had wispy little curls at the nape of her neck, her perfume smelled like peach blossoms, and she didn't have knobby knees. I wondered what Charley saw in her.

Then a fourth thing about her struck me. She was wearing a Mickey Mouse wristwatch. I supposed it *could* have been pop art.

"I can't help noticing you wear a Mickey Mouse watch," I said.

"Can't you?" she said, and started to gather up some papers and put on her coat.

I felt thoroughly rebuffed, and yet—a girl who wears a Mickey Mouse watch can't be all bad.

It was nearly a month before I discovered what Charley saw in her. It was her teeth. "Do you know that girl hasn't a filling in her head?" he asked me.

"Well, now, I've never actually examined her bicuspids," I began.

"Any girl who has reached 24 without a filling is not going to start needing gold inlays and bridgework," Charley said. "And, hereditywise, her children are pretty apt to have good teeth, too. A man could spend a lot of money on dental work during his lifetime if his family has bad teeth."

It was then I realized Charley was really serious about this girl. Good teeth don't do you all that much good on a mere date unless you feed her nothing but tough steak. You'd have to actually marry the girl for them to pay off. "The ceremony ought to be lovely," I said. "I, Charley, take thee, Rosemary's molars ——"

"That's OK, Steve," Charley said. "You'll never hear *me* making fun of *you*, not even if you get another one who borrows $87 from you and then leaves town, or one who tries to get your job away from you for her brother, or one who's trying to make her 240-pound boyfriend jealous."

Charley had a point, I thought glumly. I'd been trying to tell myself that it was only natural that a few hunch bets would fail to come in, *(continued on page 103)*

Illustration by Lorraine Fox

THE HOW TO KEEP HIM *(After You've Caught Him)* COOKBOOK

In their days of single blessedness, roommates Judy Perry and Jinx Kragen, pictured right, wrote Saucepans and the Single Girl, *which was featured in the* Journal *and went on to best-sellerdom. Since then, thanks, no doubt, to their culinary cunning, they have acquired a husband apiece. Now they've co-authored a new cookbook dedicated to the proposition that, in holding a husband,* good food *works better than handcuffs. Their new* How to Keep Him (After You've Caught Him) Cookbook *(Doubleday, $5.40) is a witty compilation of everything the novice wife needs to know. There are chapters on "rekindling the flame," entertaining the boss, "party politics," instant meals, holiday menus, feeding the poker crowd. In honor of June, the brides' month, we've selected recipes from the chapter called "Gingham Dogs and Calico Cats—Battle-tested Recipes and Menus for Making Up." Recipes on page 101.*

JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH:
No. 31 of a Series

What husband could stay mad, for instance, when served Amnesty Aspic, Barbecued Butterfly Lamb with Curried Peach Halves, Snow Peas and Water Chestnuts, and Sinful Sundae Pie, all shown here.

Photograph by Lynn St. John. Serving pieces and Grandeur sterling flatware by Dunda Silversmiths.

From the How to Keep Him (After You've Caught Him) Cookbook by Jinx Kragen and Judy Perry. Copyright © 1968 by Judith Jinx Kragen & Judith Trevose Perry. Reprinted by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



When the subject is salad, you may find yourself smack in the middle of a debate on dressings. More oil? More vinegar? To garlic or not to garlic? Lemon? Mustard? No oil and vinegar at all, but, instead, a creamy, mayonnaise-based dressing? We say, the choice is yours, and provide herewith a wealth of combinations for setting your own style in well-dressed salads. Classicists will be interested in making their dressings from scratch, but cooks in a hurry delight in the varied, ready-made bottled dressings on the market, shown below. Pictured are the pure Vinaigrette Dressing essentials (oil, vinegar, salt, pepper) for the Caesar Salad, and, in the other bottles, Herb Garlic Dressing, Caesar Salad Dressing, French Dressing and Italian Dressing. The bowl of romaine lettuce is flanked by all of the makings for a masterful and colorful Caesar Salad.

Photograph by Arthur Beck

On the other side of the coin are the creamy, mayonnaise-based dressings, and we've thought up all sorts of wizard-y ways to use them. It's easier than ever to make your own mayonnaise, in one minute flat, in the blender. But when there's not even a minute to spare, the commercial types are legion and luscious, and many are super calorie-conscious, as well. The same is true of the flavored-mayonnaise dressings, such as the choice shown below of, left to right, Thousand Island, Italian Blue Cheese, Creamy Onion and Green Goddess. The Louis Dressing, shown nearest the spoon, is our own little brew (now yours!) for the Crab Salad Louis. A summer full of salads in splendid array is a fine way, may we remind you, to start on a painless weight-loss regimen. Recipes for each and every one of your well-dressed salads, be it high-calorie or low, are found beginning on page 94.

THE WELL-DRESSED SALAD



NEW WAYS WITH OLD-FASHIONED

Desserts

BY POPPY CANNON, FOOD EDITOR

Nothing wins more compliments for the cook than a luscious dessert, fancily served. Cool summer desserts like those shown here were the pride of generations of housewives who would spend hours beating, baking, stirring, wondering if everything would come out right. Now, thanks to no-cook dessert mixes, even Trifle and Tipsy Pudding are a breeze to make on the hottest summer day because they "cook" right in the refrigerator. Our new-fashioned recipes for these traditional desserts and more begin on page 98.



COCONUT-CLOUD LIME PIE, right, a descendant of the Key Lime Pie so popular since Civil War days, has a no-bake "crust" of toasted coconut and meringue, a filling of lime-flavored lemon no-bake pie filling.

CRUNCHY ORANGE COOKIE TORTE is based on an old German recipe for "cold cake." Our quick American version uses plain tea cookies, alternating with layers of orange whipped-dessert mix. Walnuts, orange rind and a little almond extract add old-country flavor.





TEN-MINUTE TRIFLE, a new version of the famous English dessert, has a surprise at the bottom of the dish: Madeira-soaked ladyfingers sandwiched together with jam. More layers of goodness: fruit cocktail, then a smooth custard made from vanilla-flavored dessert mix. (Stirring the custard over a double boiler is a thing of the past.) On top: whipped cream or dessert topping bristling with almonds. All ready in only 10 minutes!





PINWHEEL TIPSY PUDDING, a new twist on another old English favorite, starts with slices of sherry-drenched, store-bought jelly roll lining a charlotte mold or straight-sided bowl. Strawberry-flavored whipped-dessert mix spiked with sherry and lemon rind goes on last for a festive touch.



LEMON CHOCOLATE CUPS, miniature version of an elegant Edwardian dessert, taste as good as they look. The delicate cups are made by spreading melted chocolate morsels inside paper muffin-cup liners, and refrigerating. The no-cook filling is ready in seconds: lemon no-bake pie filling stirred up with a touch of mint extract.

Photographs by Henry Sandbank



JUNE

Photograph by Bernard Gray

LINE-A-DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1 Poland celebrates its ancient victory over the Tartars today. We celebrate too, with Vegetable Platter Polonaise (shown above). Cook cauliflower, green beans and baby carrots separately. Arrange as shown. Brush cauliflower with 3 Tb. butter or margarine. Top with browned bread crumbs, encircle with egg yolks, whites and parsley, all chopped.

2 Pentecost or Whitsunday. When young lovers danced on the grass and oldsters sipped Whitsun Ale. Time to pack a picnic and off to nearest glen.

3 Second day of Shavuoth, the feast of weeks. Dairy dishes are traditional . . . like blintzes of cheese.

4 Roquefort cheese was discovered on this day in 1010, declares the Old Farmer's Almanac. More recently, we discovered a sensational Roquefort-Cognac Dip. Combine ½ lb. Roquefort cheese, crumbled, ½ cup finely chopped pecans, 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese, softened, and ¼ cup cognac. Whip until smooth and fluffy.

5 Inspired by the Little Britches Rodeo in Dodge City, Kansas, Little Britches rolls made from a package of refrigerated biscuits. Cut each biscuit almost in half to form "legs." Brush with egg white, sprinkle with cinnamon sugar. Bake as always.

6 Chinese Snow Peas ready for picking. Some call them sugar peas; others say telephone peas. The British use the French *mange tout*—which means "eat all," peas and pods together.

7 Is it disloyal to admit that a new snack really looks and tastes like fried onion rings? But it's no relation.

8 For the Indianapolis Rose Festival, a blushing rose cake wears a rose icing made by adding 1 tsp. rose extract, a few drops of red food coloring to canned vanilla frosting.

9 Packaged mashed potatoes with onions will star at the Bavarian Festival in Frankenmuth, Mich.

10 Underneath the full hot moon, a cool Full Moon Dessert: Top a 1-lb., 12-oz. can pears (drained) with a sauce made by whirring in a blender 8 or 10 fresh pitted apricots (or a 1-lb. can, drained) and ½ tsp. cinnamon. Toasted almond slivers over the top.

11 What we call okra is the African gourds, the garden fingers of England. Now is the time to pick them fresh.

12 Tuna Tourney coming in Atlantic City. If the big one gets away, make Tuna Tourney Salad from 2 (8-oz.) cans tuna, drained, tossed with ½ cup sliced pitted green olives. For dressing, a clove of garlic, crushed, ¼ cup lemon juice, 3 Tb. olive oil, 1 Tb. dried basil, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper.

13 Day of Anthony, saint of lost things. We'll have "Lost Bread Sandwiches": Make a grilled cheese sandwich. Dip quickly into 1 beaten egg and then into wheat germ. Grill until golden.

14 See you at the Federal "Yodeling" Festival in Winterthur, Switzerland. For a supper there are Swish Swiss Eggs . . . 6 sliced hard-cooked eggs on 6 slices buttered toast. Prepare 1 pkg. white-sauce mix along with 1 (6-oz.) pkg. processed Swiss cheese, grated, and ½ tsp. dry mustard. Cook over low heat until melted. Serve over eggs with a dash of paprika.

15 Delmarva National Chicken Cooking Contest reminds us of Ballotines or "Balloons" of Chicken. Lay a dozen chicken thighs on a breadboard. With a sharp knife, make cut along less plump side. Scrape flesh away; lift out bone. Sprinkle with salt. Drain 1 (6-oz.) can chopped mushrooms. Add ¼ tsp. each salt, dill weed and thyme, 1 Tb. each chopped chives and parsley. Fill and fold over thighs. Fasten with toothpicks. Brown in 3 Tb. butter or margarine, adding mushroom liquid. Simmer until tender—20 minutes.

16 For Dad on his day let the young sprouts create a Ten-Minute Trifle (see Recipe Index) for dessert.

17 New canned frostings come with resealable lids. If there's some left over, heat till melted. Eureka! It's a hot sauce for your sundae.

18 How are you celebrating Root Beer Week? Try our Ham in Suds. Rub a 2-lb. ham steak with 2 Tb. brown sugar and 1 tsp. dry mustard. Stud fat on side with cloves. Place in baking dish with a 1-lb. can white onions, drained, and 1 (12-oz.) can root beer. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes.

19 Cherries, sweet and dark, go divinely with wedges of melon.

20 Hapless gastronome murmurs, "I love beans, but they don't like me." The remedy is a bit of powdered ginger—like ½ tsp. added to a (1-lb.) can baked beans. Europeans call this "beautiful digestion without remorse."

21 On the bean theme still: in Sweden this Midsummer's Day they're serving Swedish Midsummer Salad. Arrange 1 cup very lightly cooked fresh or canned green beans with 3 tomatoes, sliced, 1 large onion, chopped. Pour Vinaigrette Dressing (see Recipe Index) over all. Chill.

22 Camping trips ahead? Stock up on miraculous lightweight, freeze-dried campsite dinners of beefsteak, pork chops, meatballs, et cetera.

23 For the "sing" on Grandfather Mountain, North Carolina . . . a Limping Susan Perlo, made by adding 4 crispy cooked and crumbled bacon strips and 1 pkg. cooked frozen okra to 1 (6-oz.) pkg. prepared Spanish rice. Season roundly with hot peppers.

24 Candles float on water this evening for Dragon Boat Festival. So we're having Dragon Boat Noodles. Prepare a 5-oz. pkg. noodles Cantong according to pkg. directions, but add 1 (7-oz.) can crabmeat and ½ cup sliced green onions instead of ground beef.

25 Mighty mites—those miniature crackers shaped variously like onions, cheese wedges and crescent rolls—are great with soups and salads as well as drinks.

26 A big huzzah for the people who have put frozen buttery-sauced vegetables in a new packet that has a forkhole slot for lifting, and "cool corners" for pouring.

27 A light, luscious pudding and pie filling mix now in milk-chocolate flavor. Add 1 Tb. orange marmalade and a dash of bitters for pizzazz.

28 Pick the pick of the honeydew melon crop, choosing one with a velvety skin that yields to slight pressure. Drizzle with orange liqueur.

29 St. Peter's Day celebrations everywhere . . . especially in Antakya (Antioch), Turkey, where he preached. Add a Turkish touch to dinner with Turkish carrots. Dip 2 cans drained cooked baby carrots in 1 beaten egg, then ¼ cup bread crumbs. Sauté till golden brown. Top with 1 cup chilled plain yogurt flavored with 1 clove garlic, crushed. Sprinkle with mint.

30 Today they bless the fishing fleets in Provincetown, Mass. We bless them, too, and the new fish-stick puffs.

Meet Campbell's 3 New Stout Hearted Soups!



Vegetable and Beef Stockpot Soup
Campbell crossed a stew with a soup and came up with new Stockpot. Rugged chunks of beef! Kitchen-cuts of fresh vegetables in a savory brown stock. Stout hearty!



Chicken 'n Dumplings Soup Wait till you see those pieces of chicken. And all those tender egg dumplings. In a stout, golden chicken broth, too. You'll get a rousing cheer for Chicken 'n Dumplings!



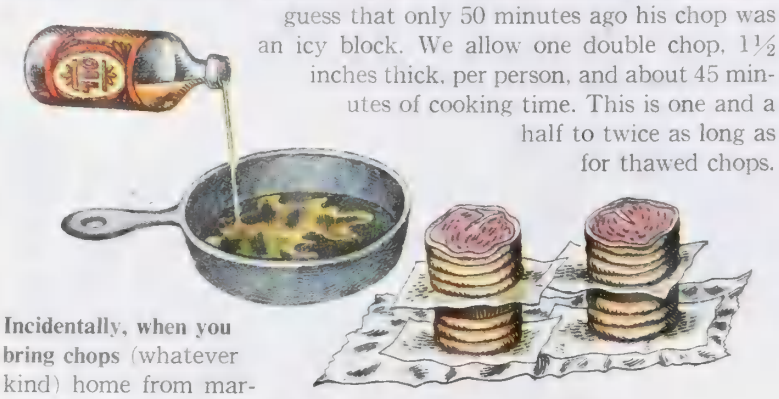
Hot Dog Bean Soup
You wouldn't believe the number of smoky little hot dog slices in every can. All-meat hot dog slices and lots of tender pea beans. Kids'll love Hot Dog Bean Soup. Frank-ly, it's delicious!



Cooking Frozen Chops

Things Your Mother Never Taught You

Lamb chops from frozen, solid state to table in mere minutes? Yes! We have a crafty method . . . *the* answer to the problem you may have about remembering to take chops out of the freezer in the morning. With our pan-grilling directions no one will ever guess that only 50 minutes ago his chop was an icy block. We allow one double chop, 1½ inches thick, per person, and about 45 minutes of cooking time. This is one and a half to twice as long as for thawed chops.

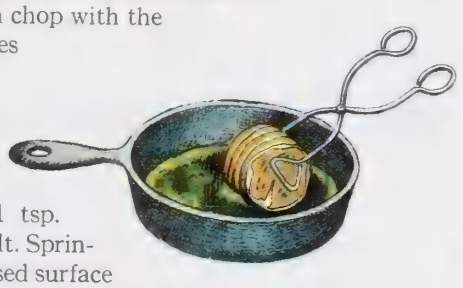


Incidentally, when you bring chops (whatever kind) home from market, put waxed paper between each one—to prevent them from sticking together—before wrapping in foil to put in the freezer.

Now: to pan-grill frozen chops, place them in a cold iron or electric skillet with 2 Tb. cooking oil. (Teflon-lined pans, you know, need only the merest smidgen of oil.) Turn heat up high (375° does it for electric skillets) and sear meat—which means brown it well—for two minutes per side. This seals in all those luscious juices that chops must have to be tasty.



Next step . . . arm yourself with some long tongs and oven gloves, as this is when the oil is apt to spatter. (You can lay the blame for this on water crystals, formed when the meat is frozen.) Pick up each chop with the tongs and crisp the edges thoroughly in the hot oil.



Reduce heat in pan to prevent oil from smoking. Mix together 1 tsp. rosemary, 1 tsp. seasoned pepper and 2 tsp. salt. Sprinkle a little of this on the exposed surface of each chop and turn seasoned sides down in the skillet. Cover chops loosely with foil and cook for 20 to 25 minutes. The foil is your secret to success—without it, the chops would become dried out and tough.



When the time is up, season the "up" side of the chops, with more of the herb mixture, turn them down in the skillet and cook for another 20 to 25 minutes, covered loosely with the foil. Test chops for degree of doneness by making a nick with a sharp knife close to the bone. In the European manner, we are slightly pink in our thinking about lamb.

In past issues, we've had instructions for roasting and for broiling frozen meats . . . so, happy grilling. Warning: Don't try to thaw out chops by placing them, wrapped, under hot, running water. This trick tends to make the juices flow, and meat becomes dry and tasteless.



THE WELL-DRESSED SALAD

continued from page 89

TIPS FOR SALAD LOVERS

"According to a Spanish proverb, four persons are wanted to make a good salad: a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt and a madman to stir all up." (The quote is from *Abraham Hayward, 19th-century English essayist.*)

We all have our salad idiosyncrasies, but here's the final word on tossing off a well-dressed salad every time.

1. Vinegar: Cider vinegar is pungent and robust, good for a vegetable salad. Red-wine vinegar has a deep flavor, right for meat or Italian salads. Herb-flavored vinegar (particularly tarragon) is delicate and aromatic, best on tossed-green or egg salads. Malt vinegar is fast disappearing from the market shelf, but it's great for old-fashioned boiled dressings. *Never* use undiluted white vinegar for salad dressings . . . much too acidic.

I could no more cook an authentic full-course Chinese dinner at home than make my own shoes.
—Journal proverb

2. Lemon and lime juices: Some purists prefer citrus juices to vinegar for dressings. We say that juice is good for fruit salads and a pleasant change on the simplest salad of all—tossed green.

3. Oil: At one time, salad devotees acknowledged no oil but olive oil. In this day of the diet and polyunsaturates, however, few dispute the merits of corn, safflower, peanut and sesame oils. European travelers remember wistfully the delicacy of walnut oil, sometimes found here in gourmet shops. A good rule of thumb: the lighter the salad, the lighter the oil to be used.

4. Herbs and Seasonings: Strive for freshness here, either from the garden or the market, or from a new jar. Never used old, tired seasonings. As for garlic, it's up to you. The timid rub a cut clove of garlic around the inside of the bowl. The brave try the French trick of crushing salt and garlic together, for maximum flavor.

A few salad hints . . .

The infinite variety of salads depends also on the type of greens used. Consider escarole, chicory, endive, romaine, Boston, Bibb, lime lettuce, iceberg, watercress, dandelion greens and tiny, young spinach leaves.

Crisp, clean lettuce is essential. Wash, pat *completely* dry on paper towels, or shake dry in a salad basket. Dressing will not cling to wet leaves. Store in crisper or plastic bag in refrigerator.

Can a salad be too cold? Yes! Prolonged chilling minimizes flavor. Let ingredients stand at room temperature for 15 to 30 minutes before serving. Always toss in a chilled bowl . . . at the very last minute.

Beware of the overly old wooden salad bowl. Experts these days favor glass or china bowls

BASIC VINAIGRETTE DRESSING

This is the basic dressing. You can add seasonings to taste to lend some variety to your salads.

1 cup olive oil
¼ cup vinegar
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Combine 1 cup olive oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Beat well with rotary beater, or wire whisk, until mixture is well blended and opaque in color. Mixture can also be put in jar with tightly covered lid and shaken *vigorously* to blend thoroughly. Makes 1¼ cups.

CAESAR SALAD (pictured on page 88)

When you set this up, you can perch the egg shells, with yolks in them, on the platter by making a soft dough of ¼ cup flour and 1 Tb. water. Place dough under egg shells to keep them upright. If you're in a hurry, small chunks of cream cheese are a good substitute.

2 small heads romaine lettuce
1 bunch watercress
Garnishes:
2 (2-oz.) cans anchovies rolled with capers, drained
1 (4-oz.) pkg. blue cheese, finely crumbled
½ cup garlic-flavored croutons
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
2 egg yolks
4 lemon wedges
1 cup Basic Vinaigrette Dressing

Discard coarse outer leaves of 2 small heads romaine lettuce. Separate remaining leaves. Wash well. Drain and pat dry gently. Place in salad crisper along with 1 bunch watercress that has been washed, dried and broken into sprigs. Chill.

At serving time, break romaine into 1- to 2-inch pieces, leaving smaller, tender leaves whole. This should give 8 cups torn salad greens. Place in large salad bowl. Set bowl in center of platter and arrange watercress sprigs around bowl so as to divide platter evenly into 6 sections. In each section arrange one of following—2 (2-oz.) cans anchovies rolled with capers (drained), 1 (4-oz.) pkg. crumbled blue cheese, ½ cup garlic-flavored croutons, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 2 egg yolks in shell and 4 lemon wedges.

To serve add anchovies, blue cheese, croutons and Parmesan cheese to romaine lettuce. Toss well. Add 2 egg yolks, juice from 4 lemon wedges and 1 cup Basic Vinaigrette Dressing. Toss very well. Serve at once.

For an already-prepared dressing substitute 1 cup bottled Caesar Salad or Herb Garlic dressing. Omit Parmesan cheese from main salad.

For calorie-counters cut all garnishes in half and substitute 1 cup low-calorie Italian dressing.

I can't imagine how we got along in the world before shopping bags.

MACEDOINE OF FRESH VEGETABLE SALAD

A real hot-weather treat, and ideal just now as so many fresh vegetables are in season. This even *looks* cool!

1 cup thinly sliced unpeeled cucumber
1 cup thinly sliced zucchini
1 cup tiny cauliflowerettes
1 cup thinly sliced mushrooms
1 cup thinly sliced carrots
1 cup thinly sliced celery
½ cup thinly sliced green pepper strips
¼ cup thinly sliced scallions
¼ cup thinly sliced radishes
1 cup Basic Vinaigrette Dressing
Chicory

In a large bowl toss together all ingredients except Basic Vinaigrette Dressing.

Chill salad and 1 cup Basic Vinaigrette Dressing separately. Remove both from refrigerator 10 to 15 minutes before serving and let stand at room temperature to develop flavor.

Toss the salad and dressing together and serve in chicory-lined bowl. Serves 6.

For an already-prepared dressing substitute 1 cup garlic dressing mix made according to directions. (*continued*)



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SALADS *continued*

For calorie-counters substitute 1 cup low-calorie Italian-style dressing.

BEEF AND VEGETABLE VINAIGRETTE

3 cups diced, cooked beef
2 cups diced, cooked potatoes
1 cup diced, cooked carrots
1 cup thinly sliced raw onion rings
1¼ cups Basic Vinaigrette Dressing
Boston lettuce
½ cup chopped parsley

Combine 3 cups diced, cooked beef, 2 cups diced, cooked potatoes, 1 cup diced, cooked carrots, 1 cup thinly sliced raw onion rings and 1¼ cups Basic Vinaigrette Dressing. Toss lightly to mix well. Cover and let stand at least 2 to 3 hours or overnight. Arrange in a lettuce-lined bowl and sprinkle with ½ cup chopped parsley. Serves 6.

For an already-prepared dressing substitute 1¼ cups bottled clear French dressing for Basic Vinaigrette.

For calorie-counters substitute 1¼ cups low-calorie Italian salad dressing mix, made according to directions.

WHIPPED TOMATO ASPIC

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup bottled Italian dressing
1¾ cups tomato juice
6 large lettuce leaves
¾ cup sour cream
Paprika

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup bottled Italian dressing mixed with ¼ cup tomato juice. Bring remaining 1½ cups tomato juice to a boil and pour over softened gelatin mixture. Stir until gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. Chill gelatin mixture until almost set. Beat with rotary beater until mixture is light and fluffy. Pour quickly into a 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf tin. Chill 3 or 4 hours or overnight.

To serve, cut into 6 pieces (2½" x 3" each). Place each oblong onto lettuce leaf and top with 2 tablespoons sour cream. Sprinkle cream lightly with paprika. Serves 6.

For calorie-counters substitute ¼ cup low-calorie bottled Italian dressing. For the topping, use ¾ cup prepared imitation sour cream.

BASIC BLENDER MAYONNAISE

One minute flat, from start to finish. Make sure your ingredients are at room temperature when you begin. Should mayonnaise start to curdle (shudder), simply beat in 1 Tb. hot water and watch it go back to normal.

1 egg
2 Tb. cider vinegar
¾ tsp. salt
½ tsp. dry mustard
Dash of white pepper
1 cup olive oil

In blender jar place 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cider vinegar, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard and a dash of white pepper. Place lid on blender and blend at high speed for 5 seconds.

Add ¼ cup of the oil. Cover and blend, at low speed, 5 seconds longer. Remove cover, turn blender to high and add remaining oil in a steady stream — in a matter of 20 seconds.

Makes 1⅓ cups mayonnaise.

CRAB SALAD LOUIS (pictured)

4 heads Bibb lettuce
3 (6-oz.) pkgs. frozen, cooked crabmeat, defrosted, or 3 cups fresh crabmeat
3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
3 tomatoes, cut into eighths
1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup catsup
¼ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup chopped scallions

Arrange 4 heads Bibb lettuce on serving platter. (The lettuce should first be washed, dried and crisped.) Place 3 cups crabmeat (fresh or frozen) in a mound in center. With 3 chopped hard-cooked eggs, form a ring around the base of the mound of crabmeat. Then arrange the 3 tomatoes cut into eighths on the lettuce. Serve with Louis Dressing.

Louis Dressing: Into 1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise, fold ½ cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten, ½ cup catsup, ¼ cup chopped green pepper and ¼ cup chopped scallions. Serve alongside salad. Makes 3½ cups approximately. Serves 6.

For an already-prepared dressing substitute 1 cup commercial mayonnaise or Thousand Island dressing for Basic Blender Mayonnaise.

For calorie-counters substitute 1 cup diet mayonnaise and omit heavy cream.

SPANISH SALAD

3 avocados, peeled and halved
3 cups grapefruit sections (2 large grapefruit)
2 cups orange sections (3 navel oranges)
1 cup thin apple wedges
½ cup thin onion rings
1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise
2 Tb. grapefruit juice
2 Tb. orange juice
1 tsp. sugar

Place 6 peeled avocado halves on serving plates. Combine 3 cups grapefruit sections, 2 cups orange sections, 1 cup thin, peeled apple wedges and ½ cup thin onion rings. Arrange on avocados. Serve with 1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise which has been mixed with 2 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons grapefruit juice and 1 teaspoon sugar. Serves 6.

For an already-prepared dressing substitute 1 cup commercial mayonnaise, 1 cup bottled creamy onion or Green Goddess dressing for 1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise.

For calorie-counters substitute 1 cup diet mayonnaise for 1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise.

EGGS à la RUSSE

1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise
¼ cup catsup
1 Tb. black caviar
6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
Lettuce

To 1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise, add ¼ cup catsup. Mix well. Just before serving, gently fold in 1 tablespoon black caviar.

Arrange 1 sliced, hard-cooked egg on lettuce on each individual serving plate. Top each serving with about 3 tablespoons of the dressing. Serves 6.

For an already-prepared dressing substitute 1 cup bottled Russian dressing for 1 cup Basic Blender Mayonnaise.

For calorie-counters substitute 1 cup low-calorie French-style dressing.

SLIM CHICKEN SALAD

Everyone's favorite . . . and this one has only 125 calories per serving.

1 (¾-oz.) envelope lemon-flavored diet gelatin
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup bottled low-calorie French dressing
½ tsp. onion salt
½ tsp. celery salt
2 cups diced, cooked chicken
2 (8½-oz.) cans low-calorie diced pineapple, drained
1 cup finely sliced celery
1 (2½-oz.) pkg. low-calorie whipped-topping mix
½ cup cold water
½ tsp. salt
Lettuce

Dissolve 1 (¾-oz.) envelope lemon-flavored diet gelatin in 1½ cups boiling water. Stir in ½ cup bottled low-calorie French dressing, ½ teaspoon onion salt and ½ teaspoon celery salt. Cool. Pour into 8x8x2-inch pan. Chill until set.

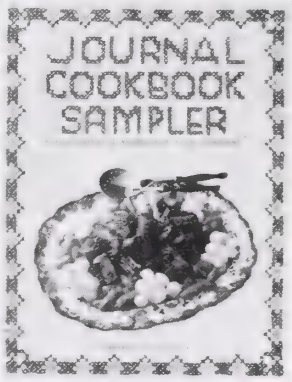
Cut gelatin into ½-inch cubes. Just before serving, toss gelatin cubes with 2 cups diced, cooked chicken, 2 (8½-oz.) cans low-calorie diced pineapple, drained, and 1 cup sliced celery. Chill.

Prepare 1 (2½-oz.) pkg. low-calorie whipped-topping mix according to label directions using ½ cup cold water and adding ½ teaspoon salt.

Serve salad on crisp lettuce in large bowl or as 6 individual servings. Serve topping alongside. Serves 6. **END**

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NEW-FASHIONED DESSERTS

continued from page 91

With summer coming on, isn't it lovely to have a whole new repertoire of sweets that involve the *refrigerator?* No slaving over a hot stove with these chilly treats . . .

Here are cool pointers to make summer desserting better, easier, swifter than ever.

When you have graham cracker crumbs left over from dessert packages, store in a cool, dry place for use in future pie crusts. Follow package directions.

Use icy cold milk for fast setting results.

When you're in a rush, pop these desserts in a freezer for 10 minutes—by the timer—to speed setting.

CLOUD LIME PIE (pictured on page 90)

For a prodigiously high party pie, use twice the amount of filling. Serve in thin slices, as this is a rich treat. Makes enough for 12 to 16 this way.

- 2 (3½-oz.) cans flaked coconut
- 2 egg whites
- ¼ cup superfine sugar

Filling:

- 1 (9½-oz.) pkg. refrigerator lemon pie mix
- ¾ cup milk
- 3 Tb. fresh lime juice
- 1½ tsp. grated lime rind
- 3 to 4 drops green food coloring
- 1 egg white
- 2 Tb. superfine sugar
- Lime slice
- Mint sprigs

Preheat oven to 350°. Place 2 (3½-oz.) cans flaked coconut on shallow baking sheet. Toast coconut in oven until evenly golden, turning frequently. Remove and cool. Reduce oven to 250°. Meanwhile, beat 2 egg whites until very stiff. Slowly beat in ¼ cup superfine sugar. Fold in cold, toasted coconut. Press mixture into a 9-inch greased pie plate to form a pie shell. Bake shell at 250° for 5 to 7 minutes to dry. Remove from oven and let cool before filling.

Make up filling by beating 1 (9½-oz.) pkg. refrigerator lemon pie mix with ¾ cup milk (reserve packaged graham cracker crumbs for later use). Beat at high speed until mixture is stiff. Slowly beat in 3 tablespoons fresh lime juice, 1½ teaspoons grated lime rind and 3 to 4 drops green food coloring.

In a separate bowl, beat 1 egg white until very stiff. Slowly beat in 2 tablespoons superfine sugar. Fold this mixture lightly into lime mixture. Mound into the cooled pie shell. Refrigerate at least 1 hour. Decorate with lime slice and mint sprigs. Serve in very thin wedges. Serves 8–10 generously.

LEMON CHOCOLATE CUPS (pictured)

You can make the chocolate cups ahead of time, if you want, and store in the freezer. Not a bad idea . . . as they are a bit tricky. If the made-up dessert has been in refrigerator overnight, let stand five minutes at room temperature before serving, so chocolate cups soften slightly.

- 2 (6-oz.) pkgs. semi-sweet chocolate morsels
- ¼ cup butter or margarine

Filling:

- 1 (9½-oz.) pkg. refrigerator lemon pie mix
- 1 cup milk
- ¾ tsp. mint extract
- ½ cup heavy cream—stiffly beaten
- Mint sprigs

In top of a double boiler, over hot (not boiling) water, melt 2 (6-oz.) pkgs. semi-sweet chocolate morsels with ¼ cup butter or margarine. Stir to blend well. Remove from heat, but keep covered.

Use 1 tablespoon at a time to coat the inside of a 3-inch paper muffin pan liner. Press chocolate into liner with spoon or fingers, taking care to work the chocolate while it's warm, but not too hot. Set each liner into a 3-inch metal muffin pan. Set in freezer to chill quickly. Makes 12.

Prepare filling: In a medium bowl beat 1 (9½-oz.) pkg. refrigerator lemon pie mix with 1 cup milk according to label directions, adding ¾ teaspoon mint extract. If necessary, chill 15 to 20 minutes until semi-set. Fold in ½ cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten.

Meanwhile, let chocolate cups soften slightly at room temperature. Peel off paper muffin liners gently. Set chocolate cups on serving platter. (If chocolate cups become too soft while removing paper liner from them, set back in freezer, briefly.)

Divide lemon filling evenly among chocolate cups. Decorate with mint sprigs. Refrigerate until serving time or serve at once. Serves 8–12.

PINWHEEL TIPSY PUDDING (pictured)

Glamorized version of the English treat sometimes known as Cabinet Pudding. A classic Charlotte mold, incidentally, is cylindrical and metal, available in good kitchen-equipment shops. In the absence of Charlotte, use a straight-sided quart-size bowl or pan.

- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. jelly roll
- ½ cup sweet sherry
- 2 (3¾-oz.) pkgs. strawberry-flavored refrigerator dessert
- 1¾ cups milk
- 2 tsp. grated lemon rind

Lightly grease a 1-quart Charlotte mold (or a 1-quart straight-sided bowl). Line sides and base with waxed paper. Cut 5 even slices (about ⅓ inch thick) from 1 (10-oz.) package jelly roll. Place 1 slice on bottom of mold. Press remaining 4 slices evenly against sides. Sprinkle jelly-roll lining evenly with ¼ cup sweet sherry. (Store remaining jelly roll for further use.)

Make up 2 (3¾-oz.) packages strawberry-flavored refrigerator dessert according to label directions, using only 1¾ cups milk. Fold into mixture ¼ cup remaining sweet sherry and 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind. Refrigerate if necessary until semi-set. Pour into lined mold. Refrigerate at least 1 hour. Before unmolding, trim jelly-roll lining level with filling. Unmold. Top with heavy whipped cream or whipped-dessert-topping mix if desired. Serves 6–8.

ORANGE COOKIE TORTE (pictured)

For variation, make with chocolate, and be a traditionalist.

- 1 (5½-oz.) pkg. plain tea cookies
- 2 (3¾-oz.) pkg. orange refrigerator dessert
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ cup finely ground walnuts
- 2 Tb. grated orange rind
- ½ tsp. almond extract

Topping:

- 1 (2⅛-oz.) pkg. whipped-topping mix
- ½ cup milk

or

- ½ cup heavy cream
- 1 Tb. coarsely broken walnuts

Lightly grease an 8x4x2½-inch loaf pan. Line all sides and base with waxed paper. Using some of the cookies from a (5½-oz.) package plain tea cookies, line the bottom of the loaf pan. Trim cookies to fit where necessary.

Make up 2 (3¾-oz.) packages orange refrigerator dessert according to label directions, using 2 cups milk. Fold into mixture ¼ cup finely ground walnuts, 2 tablespoons grated orange rind and ½ teaspoon almond extract. Refrigerate if necessary until semi-set.

Pour half of mixture over cookies in loaf pan. Top with another layer of cookies, trimming to fit. Cover with remaining orange mixture and a final layer of cookies. Refrigerate at least 1 hour before serving. Unmold onto serving platter. Top with swirls of whipped (*continued*)

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topping made by beating 1 (2⅛-oz.) package whipped topping mix with ½ cup milk or ½ cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon coarsely broken walnuts. Serves 6–8.

TEN-MINUTE TRIFLE (pictured)

Everyone will think you spent hours on this one! If you can't track down unblanched slivered almonds, use whole or slivered blanched almonds, toasted gently in a small skillet containing 2 Tb. butter or margarine and drained and cooled before use.

2 (3-oz.) pkgs. lady fingers
⅓ cup strawberry or raspberry preserves
1 (1 lb. 14-oz.) can fruit cocktail
⅓ cup Madeira or sweet sherry wine
⅓ cup reserved fruit juice
2 (3⅓-oz.) pkgs. vanilla refrigerator dessert mix
2 cups milk
1 cup heavy cream
½ cup natural slivered almonds

Separate each lady finger in 2 (3-oz.) pkgs. Sandwich together with a little of ⅓ cup strawberry or raspberry preserves. Cut each in half, crosswise, and set in bottom of 2-quart bowl. Drain 1 (1 lb. 14-oz.) can fruit cocktail, reserving ⅓ cup juice. Set fruit cocktail aside. Blend reserved juice with ⅓ cup Madeira or sweet sherry wine. Sprinkle over lady fingers in bowl. Spread drained fruit cocktail evenly over lady fingers.

In a medium bowl, make up 2 (3⅓-oz.) pkgs. vanilla refrigerator dessert mix according to label directions, using 2 cups milk. Refrigerate.

Whip 1 cup heavy cream (or 2 2⅛-oz. pkgs. whipped dessert topping and 1 cup milk) until very stiff. Mound on top of dessert. Spike with ½ cup natural slivered almonds. Can be served at once or kept refrigerated 24 hours covered. Serves 6–8 generously.

MOCHA CREAM PIE

A creamy, rich treat, just right with after-dinner coffee, especially when the meal has been a light one.

1 (12¾-oz.) pkg. chocolate-flavored refrigerator cream pie mix
Crust:
⅓ cup sugar
⅓ cup melted or softened butter or margarine
Filling:
3 Tb. instant coffee
2 Tb. sugar
2¼ cups cold milk
Topping:
½ cup cold milk
1 tsp. rum extract
2 Tb. blanched, chopped pistachio nuts (optional)

Crust: From 1 (12¾-oz.) pkg. chocolate-flavored refrigerator cream pie mix empty pouch containing graham cracker crumbs into a small bowl. Add ⅓ cup sugar and ⅓ cup melted or softened butter or margarine. Mix well. Press mixture firmly over bottom and sides of a 9-inch pie plate. Chill 15 minutes before filling.

Filling: Empty pouch containing chocolate filling into medium bowl. Add 3 tablespoons instant coffee and 2 tablespoons sugar. Mix well. Blend in 2¼ cups cold milk. Beat with an electric mixer at low speed or with rotary beater for 3 minutes or until thick and creamy. Turn into chilled pie crust. Chill 15 to 20 minutes or until filling is almost set.

Topping: Empty pouch containing cream topping into a deep, narrow-bottom bowl* and add ½ cup *cold* milk and 1 teaspoon rum extract. Whip with electric mixer at high speed or with rotary beater until topping peaks. Continue whipping until topping is light, fluffy and fully whipped—about 2 minutes longer. (Makes about 2 cups.) Dot by tablespoonfuls on top of mocha filling and turn through with scraper or blunt knife to give marbleized effect. Reserve ⅓ cup for garnish. Serves 6–8.

**Note:* If kitchen is warm (over 85°), chill bowl and beater before combining ingredients. Do not refrigerate pouch.

APPLE SNOW

Have you discovered the new, rolled, wafer cookies in your market? They're lovely with this airy dessert.

3 egg whites
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
⅛ tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
1 (2⅛-oz.) pkg. dessert topping mix
½ cup milk
1 (15-oz.) jar sweetened applesauce, chilled
2 tsp. grated lemon rind
⅛ tsp. cinnamon

In a large bowl, combine 3 egg whites, ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar and ⅛ teaspoon salt. With electric beaters at high speed, beat egg whites until stiff and shiny. Slowly beat in ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time.

In a medium bowl, beat 1 (2⅛-oz.) pkg. dessert topping mix with ½ cup milk according to label directions. When very stiff, fold in 1 (15-oz.) jar sweetened applesauce, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind and ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon. Finally, gently fold in beaten egg whites and sugar.

Mound into 8 (6-oz.) custard cups or parfait glasses. Chill 30 minutes before serving. Serve with cookies if desired. Serves 8.

Always a bridesmaid, probably a godmother, too.—Journal proverb

ORANGE-LEMON FOOL

This might well be called a "nursery dessert" . . . for children only. The soft orange color will make a big hit with them.

1 (3⅛-oz.) pkg. orange refrigerator dessert mix
1 (3⅛-oz.) pkg. lemon refrigerator dessert mix
1½ cups milk
¼ cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 tsp. grated lemon rind

In a medium bowl combine 1 (3⅛-oz.) pkg. orange refrigerator dessert mix and 1 (3⅛-oz.) pkg. lemon refrigerator dessert mix. Blend in 1 cup milk and beat at high speed for 1 minute. Add remaining ½ cup milk. Beat at high speed 2 minutes more.

Gently stir in ¼ cup orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Spoon into 8 (6-oz.) custard cups or parfait glasses. Chill until set, approximately 10–15 minutes. Serves 8.

RICE IMPERIAL

No blender? Simply proceed as directed using a small bowl to hold the dissolved gelatin and ice. Chill until syrupy and beat with rotary or electric beater. Then fold into rice.

Filling:
1 (1-lb. 14-oz.) can whole apricots (pits removed)
½ tsp. powdered ginger
½ tsp. almond extract
½ tsp. orange extract
Rice Mold:
1 (3-oz.) pkg. lemon-flavored gelatin
½ cup boiling water
½ cup crushed ice
2 (15-oz.) cans rice pudding
⅓ cup diced crystallized ginger
or
1½ tsp. powdered ginger

Drain juice from 1 (1-lb. 14-oz.) can whole apricots. Discard pit from each apricot. Heat juice to reduce by half. Stir in ½ teaspoon each powdered ginger, almond extract and orange extract. Pour over whole apricots. Let stand to absorb flavors. Cool and chill.

Prepare rice ring by dissolving 1 (3-oz.) pkg. lemon-flavored gelatin in ½ cup boiling water, in a blender. Add ½ cup crushed ice. Whir until thickened.

Place 2 (15-oz.) cans rice pudding in a medium bowl. Fold in thickened gelatin and ⅓ cup diced crystallized ginger. Pour into a lightly oiled 5-cup ring mold. Refrigerate until set—at least 1 hour.

To serve, unmold rice ring onto serving platter. Drain apricots from juice and place in center of rice ring. Serves 6–8 generously. **END**



(Why Dinty Moore tastes closest to home-made stew)

We start our stew the way you do at home—with firm, fresh vegetables and lean beef, carefully trimmed by hand. We measure everything carefully into each can (adding a fresh-made beef gravy). The lid's sealed tight; then the whole stew simmers together inside the can. Not one drop of flavor gets away. No one else but you and Dinty Moore makes beef stew with such loving care. You'll know when you taste it.



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HOW TO KEEP HIM COOKBOOK

continued from page 86

"One thing's sure. Your mother won't tell you. Neither will the cool and efficient lady who mans the Bridal Registry. And the cavalier editors of those slick brides' magazines certainly wouldn't dream of it."

Wouldn't dream of telling what? What's the big secret that no one will mention to the starry-eyed bride-to-be? The quarrel! The inevitable, albeit non-earthshaking, marital squabble, say Jinx Kragen and Judy Perry, authors of our cookbook of the month.

Nothing to get alarmed about, they say. "In moments of stress, just being husband and wife seems enough provocation," is their soothing word.

"What we would suggest is that once the dust settles and peace has been negotiated, you set about preparing a feast to make him forget that your mother is coming for a month or that you ever told him about the dent in the new car."

On to the summit . . . it's time to strike a truce! In the following choices from our cookbook, recipes for two can be doubled or tripled, when peace reigns and company's coming. Those serving more than two can be frozen or refrigerated for future use.

AMNESTY ASPIC
BARBECUED BUTTERFLY LAMB
SNOW PEAS & WATER CHESTNUTS
CURRIED PEACH HALF
SINFUL SUNDAE PIE
CABERNET SAUVIGNON

AMNESTY ASPIC

- 1 (10-ounce) can red consommé madrilene
- ¼ pound shrimp, cooked and cleaned
- 2 fresh mushrooms, sliced

Stir all ingredients together and chill. Serve in small consommé cups or bowls. Serves 2.

BARBECUED BUTTERFLY LAMB

- 1 (5-6 pound) leg of lamb, boned and butterflied
- 1 small (8-ounce) carton sour cream
- 2 teaspoons monosodium glutamate
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon cracked black pepper
- ¼ teaspoon each oregano, dried parsley, garlic powder

Trim away the heavy, paper-like fat from the outside of the lamb. This is referred to in more knowledgeable circles as the fell. Combine remaining ingredients and, leaving the lamb flat, smear marinade thickly on both sides of the butterfly. Cover and marinate 4–5 hours. Grill over hot fire (or broil) 20 minutes on each side. Test for doneness as you go. Makes 6 servings.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For a thicker layer of marinade, double the amount of sour cream and spices. Broil meat 6–7 inches away from source of heat.

SNOW PEAS AND WATER CHESTNUTS

- 1 (10-ounce) package frozen Chinese pea pods
- 2 water chestnuts, sliced thin (what you're going to do with all the other chestnuts in the can is your own affair).

Cook pea pods according to directions on the package. Drain and toss with sliced water chestnuts. Serves 2.

CURRIED PEACH HALF

- 1 peach, peeled and halved
- 2 teaspoons butter
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon curry powder

Preheat oven to 350°. Dot cut sides of peach halves with butter. Combine sugar and curry powder and sprinkle over peaches. Bake for 7–8 minutes. Serves 2.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Canned peach halves may also be used.

SINFUL SUNDAE PIE

- Vanilla wafers
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup tiny marshmallows
- 1 (6-ounce) package chocolate chips
- Dash salt
- 2 pints vanilla ice cream, softened in refrigerator

Line bottom and sides of greased 9-inch pie pan with whole vanilla wafers. Combine milk, marshmallows, chocolate chips and salt in saucepan. Cook and stir until blended and thick. Cool slightly. Spoon one pint softened ice cream into wafer shell. Drizzle half of sauce over ice cream; spoon on second pint of ice cream and drizzle with remaining sauce. Return to freezer immediately. Chill for 4 hours. Serves 8–10.

EDITOR'S NOTE: There is a danger that in softening you'll allow ice cream to melt too much. We found if you scoop ice cream from freezer, there is less chance of the ice cream overflowing from the dish.

FIELD MARSHAL'S FILLET
ALMOND WILD RICE
TOSSED SALAD WITH
ANCHOVY GARLIC DRESSING
APPLE CHEESE PIE
CHAMBERTIN

FIELD MARSHAL'S FILLET

- 1 (3-pound) fillet of beef
- Pepper
- 1 fat clove garlic, cut
- Salt

Preheat oven to 375°. Rub fillet with pepper and cut clove of garlic. Place on rack and roast until meat thermometer registers 140° for rare or 150° for medium rare. If you like it any more well done than that, you don't deserve this heavenly cut. Sprinkle with salt about 10 minutes before removing from oven. Makes 6 servings.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you don't have a meat thermometer, allow 20–25 minutes for cooking.

ALMOND WILD RICE

- ½ cup butter
- 1 cup fresh sliced mushrooms
- 1 cup uncooked wild rice
- ½ cup slivered almonds
- 1 green onion, chopped (tops, too)
- 1 or 2 (10-ounce) cans beef consommé

Preheat oven to 350°. Melt butter in skillet and sauté mushrooms until golden. Add rice, almonds and onion. Cook over medium heat until rice is toasted, but watch for scorching. Add broth and heat to simmering. Transfer to a nice, earthy serving dish and bake for an hour or so, or until all the moisture is absorbed. It's a good idea to have that second can of broth on hand as insurance. Different brands of wild rice vary greatly, and some will require more liquid. Can be reheated at 375° for 15 minutes. Serves 6.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you find wild rice too expensive, we recommend the packaged wild-rice combination.

ANCHOVY GARLIC DRESSING

- 1 can anchovy fillets plus oil
- ⅔ cup olive oil
- ⅓ cup wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire
- Pinch each basil, thyme and oregano
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
- ½ onion, sliced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 teaspoons catsup

Throw it all in a blender and give it a whirl. Makes 1 cup dressing. *(continued)*

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APPLE CHEESE PIE

1 (9-inch) pie crust
5–6 cups tart cooking apples, sliced thin
¼ cup flour
1½ cups sugar
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup Cheddar cheese, grated
Topping:
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1¼ cups flour
½ cup butter
Powdered sugar

Preheat oven to 400°. Line pie plate with crust and set aside. Combine flour, sugar and cinnamon. Line bottom of crust with layer of sliced apples and sprinkle some of flour-sugar mixture over the slices; dot with some butter. Repeat layering process until you run out of apples. Scatter grated cheese over apples. Combine topping ingredients and stir until crumbly. Sprinkle over apples and layer of cheese. Bake 40 minutes or until apples are tender when jabbed with a fork. Makes 6 servings. When cool, dust with powdered sugar.

PETULANT PAUL'S CRAB CHABLIS
WHITE RICE PRESERVED KUMQUATS
TOSSED SALAD—LEMON OIL DRESSING
CHILLY CHEESE TORTE
CHABLIS

PETULANT PAUL'S CRAB CHABLIS

4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk, room temperature
½ cup Chablis
1 cup grated Cheddar or Tillamook cheese
10 medium mushrooms, sliced and sautéed in butter
1 pound fresh crabmeat
1 teaspoon fresh ground pepper
Salt, paprika and cayenne to taste
⅓ cup buttered bread crumbs

Preheat oven to 350°. Melt butter in a large skillet and add flour. Slowly add milk and cook and stir until thick. Add Chablis, cheese and mushrooms. Blend in crabmeat and seasonings. Transfer to serving casserole, sprinkle top with bread crumbs and bake for 25 minutes or until golden and bubbly. Serves 4.

LEMON OIL DRESSING

½ cup olive oil
¼ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon coarse ground pepper

Combine, shake and serve tossed with crisp chilled greens and a handful of capers (about 1 tablespoon). Makes ¾ cup dressing.

CHILLY CHEESE TORTE

Crust:
1 cup cornflake crumbs
⅓ cup margarine, softened
2 tablespoons sugar
Filling:
2 (8-ounce) packages cream cheese, very soft
2 cups light corn syrup
2 cups milk
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 (12-ounce) jar raspberry or strawberry preserves

Combine cornflake crumbs, margarine and sugar. Press into bottom of 9-inch spring-form pan. Chill. Muddle the cream cheese and corn syrup around together until well blended, and then add milk and vanilla, slowly, beating well as you go. Pour over crumbs and freeze for several hours. When ready to serve, remove sides of pan and smear the fruit preserves over the torte. Makes 12 rich, rich wedges. This must be returned to the freezer between servings.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Freezing time is 6 hours. For a richer version, substitute heavy cream for milk and add 1 teaspoon almond extract.

BECKY'S SUMMIT SALAD
LAMB CHOPS MARINADE
ARMISTICE ARTICHOKES
LOVERS' LEMONADE PIE
ROSÉ

BECKY'S SUMMIT SALAD

4 small tomatoes, cut in small chunks
1 red onion, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
4 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon or more curry powder

Toss and refrigerate tomatoes, onion and salt and pepper. Combine remaining ingredients. When ready to serve, spoon tomato-onion mixture into individual bowls and top with a glob of curry dressing. Serves 2.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Garnish with sprigs of watercress or chicory.

LAMB CHOPS MARINADE

¼ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons garlic wine vinegar
2 teaspoons mustard
1 teaspoon rosemary
1 clove garlic, minced
¼ teaspoon ginger, ground
¾ teaspoon onion salt
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon coarsely ground pepper
4 thick loin lamb chops

Combine all ingredients except lamb chops. Marinate chops in marinade, 4–5 hours. Broil or grill approximately 20 minutes, turning once and basting as necessary. Serves 2.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Secure outer flap of chop with toothpick. Allow ten minutes on each side of chops. Broil about 4 inches from the source of heat.

ARMISTICE ARTICHOKES

2 globe artichokes, trimmed
Water, salt and salad oil
¼ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons garlic wine vinegar
1 shallot or 2 green onions, chopped
1 hard-cooked egg, sieved
1 tablespoon mustard
2 teaspoons minced parsley
1 teaspoon chopped chives
Dash each of salt and pepper

Cook the artichokes for 25 minutes in simmering water to which you have added a healthy dash of salt and about a tablespoon of salad oil. Combine remaining ingredients and serve to two as an accompanying dunk for the artichokes.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Trim artichokes by cutting an inch off top cone of leaves and clipping sharp points off each of large outer leaves with scissors. If you like a more tender artichoke, increase cooking time to 40 minutes.

If time is money, how come it's always later than I think in my bank account.

LOVERS' LEMONADE PIE

Crust:
3 tablespoons butter, melted
1½ cups shredded coconut
Filling:
1 cup evaporated milk
1 envelope gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
⅔ cup sugar
1 (6-ounce) can frozen lemonade concentrate

Melt butter in skillet. Add coconut and stir over medium heat until golden brown. Press firmly into bottom and sides of a 9-inch pie pan. Let stand at room temperature until cool.

Chill evaporated milk in ice tray until almost frozen around edges. In a large bowl, soften gelatin in cold water. Add boiling water and stir until all gelatin is dissolved. Add sugar and lemonade concentrate. Stir until lemonade thaws. Chill until very thick, but not set. Put ice cold milk into a cold one-quart bowl. Whip at high speed until stiff. Fold into chilled gelatin-lemonade mixture. Spoon gently into coconut crust. Chill until firm—about 3 hours. Serves 6. **END**

I FELT SORRY FOR ROSEMARY

continued from page 85

but maybe it was time I started paying attention to the form sheet.

For the next few weeks Charley dated Rosemary and I moped around thinking about how I should start playing by Charley's rules even though all the great heroes of my youth—Robin Hood, Don Quixote, the Green Hornet—would have figured it for a sellout.

Then one cold, wet Sunday Charley read an article in a magazine that was eventually to change my life.

"Do you know why one out of four marriages in the United States fails today?" he asked, sweeping the funny papers off the coffee table.

I don't know what the etiquette is anymore, but I'd consider it OK to type a love letter. —Journal proverb

"Sure I know," I said. "I also know who's going to win the pennant this year and where Atlantis is."

"Marriages fail because during their courtship couples see each other only under ideal and totally unrealistic circumstances."

"That's pretty profound," I said.

"No, listen," Charley said. "You take a girl to a nice restaurant for dinner. She's pleasant, and you think she has a nice disposition. But why wouldn't she be pleasant under those circumstances?"

"You could take her to a rotten restaurant," I suggested.

"You have to set up conditions she'll have to face in real-life situations and see how she reacts to them under stress. Then you know what she's really like."

"I heard about a marriage test that's better than that," I said. "You kiss the girl of your choice and if skyrockets go off in your head, you've chosen well."

"The first thing I'm going to test Rosemary for is her disappointment tolerance," he said. "I finally got tickets for that musical she's been dying to see. I have to go to Hempstead on the same day. I'll purposely get home too late for the show and see how she takes it."

"Good grief," I said. "Romance really is dead. In the old days a man had to prove himself worthy of a lady fair by jousting in the lists. Now the lady fair has to prove herself worthy by having a high disappointment tolerance."

I couldn't believe he'd really go through with it until Thursday night when I got home and found him lying on the couch eating canned spaghetti.

"Where is it you're not taking Rosemary for dinner tonight?" I asked.

"Little Swiss place on West 57th," he said between mouthfuls.

"If it'll help your appetite any, I don't think she had any lunch. She came back after her lunch hour with a dress box and a big smile."

"That's great," Charley said. "If it wasn't a real disappointment it wouldn't prove anything."

"You've already proved you're a meathead, and a profligate meathead—$6.90 right down the drain, times two."

"It would be a small investment to insure finding the right lifetime partner," Charley said, "but as a matter of fact as soon as I call her I'm going to toddle down to Times Square and sell them. The scalpers are getting $30 a ticket."

He put down his empty plate and sat up. "Well, we'll soon know." He reached for the phone and dialed.

"I'm still out in Hempstead," he told her. "My car broke down. I'm at the garage and they haven't figured out what's wrong with it." He banged his fork against a brass ashtray, presumably for garage sounds. "I'm afraid the show is out. I'll never make it back on time."

Then he frowned. "Well, I suppose I *could* have taken the train back and picked up the car tomorrow, but I didn't think of it." She must have said he should get himself something to eat because he had the grace to look embarrassed as he muttered something about a diner down the street.

He listened again and then he said, "This certainly isn't the gala evening I had in mind when I got out those theater tickets and stuck them in the mirror this morning. I have to run. The mechanic wants to talk to me," and he hung up.

He was halfway to the door when the phone rang. I reached for it. "Hi, Steve, it's Rosemary Marshall."

"Oddly enough I was just thinking about you, Rosemary," I said.

"Charley and I were going to see a play tonight, but his car broke down in Hempstead. He mentioned the tickets were stuck in his mirror, but he hung up before I could say anything. I'm sure he'd want you to have them. There's no use letting them go to waste."

"Just a minute," I said, "I'll see if I can find them." Charley was just putting on his coat. I extracted his wallet from his jacket pocket, took out the tickets and went back to the phone.

"Yeah, they were right where you said they'd be, but I don't have a date tonight."

"Oh, good," she said. "Then you can take me."

"I'll pick you up at seven. I know a good little Swiss place."

Charley was just standing there with his mouth open. I banged a couple of times on a lamp base. "Pull yourself together, Charley. It sounds as if they got your car fixed. I think you just had a little sludge in your carburetor."

It was about a week later that Charley walked into my office looking as if he'd be twirling his mustaches if he'd had any. "I just figured out a great new test for Rosemary."

"Wonderful," I said. "Get tickets for a drama this time, will you?"

He waved his hand. "She passed that one. This is for how she reacts in a crisis. For instance, if we were married and I brought the boss home for dinner unexpectedly, would she go to pieces or get mad or would she be able to cope?"

There's nothing you can do about the way your sneeze sounds.

"I hope she'd keep calm, sprinkle strychnine in your escarole, marry the boss, and live happily ever after."

"You know I invited Doug and his wife out to dinner tonight. And Rosemary." Doug was Arlen Douglas, one of the partners of our firm. Charley was planning to put out feelers about a new idea for an apartment development. "Well, of course, we're going to a restaurant, but I told Rosemary just now that I was planning to have dinner at home. I said I'd hired a caterer and spent two days getting the apartment all polished up and buying flowers—the whole works. Then I said the caterers just called and told me there'd been a fire in the kitchen and couldn't come."

"That must have brought tears to her eyes, and a sob to her throat," I said.

"So then I said I knew it was an imposition, but since getting together with Doug in a friendly setting was pretty important to me, could she cook dinner in my apartment after work."

"I hope she belted you in the teeth."

"Well, actually she didn't have time to say anything because just then the old man buzzed for her. I'll wait till she comes out to find out how she took it."

"Supposing she says OK, she'll cook."

"Oh, I'll let her off the hook after I find out how she reacts. I'll tell her I've realized it was too much of an imposition and we'll go to a restaurant."

You seldom think of a girl with perfect teeth as an object of pity, but I was beginning to feel sorry for Rosemary.

Lunchtime came and went, and Charley reported that Rosemary had left without seeing him. At two o'clock she breezed in and put two grocery sacks on Charley's desk. "Could you carry these home tonight?" she asked. (*continued*)



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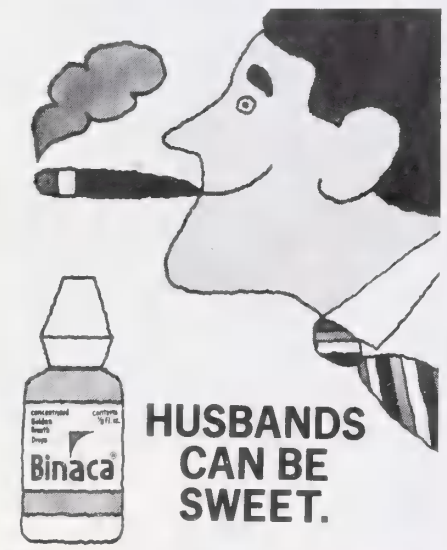
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I suffered from menstrual cramps.

I feel sorry for any woman who suffers from menstrual pain. But I also feel sorry for her husband. ☐ Cramps, headaches and body aches used to make my wife so depressed, so irritable that I suffered through those bad days each month, too. ☐ She tried just about everything. Then one day the druggist told her to try FEMICIN. It seems that FEMICIN is formulated to relieve every single one of the common symptoms of menstrual pain whenever they occur. But most important, its 5-ingredient formula is designed to concentrate on the worst symptom of all—cramps. ☐ Well, life has been different for my wife, and for me, ever since she first used FEMICIN. Thanks to FEMICIN, she now acts like the woman I married — every day of the month. ☐ I recommend FEMICIN to any woman who is suffering from menstrual pain.

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"I'm going to have a lot of other stuff to carry. Oh, and if you could pick up a bottle of saki, it would help."

Charley couldn't seem to speak, so I said, "What's all this, Rosemary?"

"Oh, I'm cooking a Japanese dinner tonight for Charley and the Douglases at your place. Will you be there?"

"I wouldn't miss it for a million yen."

"Do you have a long, low coffee table we can eat on? I'll bring my hibachi?"

"Rosemary, I've been thinking," Charley came to life hastily. "It's too much of an imposition. We'll eat out."

"I'd never do that after you spent all that time getting the apartment ready and bought all those flowers."

In our affluent society, do dogs still bury bones?

"No, I really couldn't think of it," Charley said desperately.

"Well, you can't disappoint the Douglases now," Rosemary said. "I mentioned to him that I was going to do a Japanese dinner, and told him to wear something Oriental. He said Mrs. Douglas would be thrilled because she has a kimono she bought in Hawaii, and he has one of those happy coats, and they both love Japanese food. I do it very well, too; so you don't need to worry about that. I once had a roommate from Kyoto."

"You—you *told* Doug he was coming to—to my *apartment* for dinner?" It came out in a kind of a squeak.

"Yes, and they'll be there at seven in their little happy coats," I said. "You look as if you might like to run home and slip into something loose yourself."

I had a heartwarming mental picture of the way our apartment looked at the moment. I hoped Charley was getting the picture too.

"You might want to take the afternoon off and rearrange the flowers," I suggested, "now that you know it's to be an Oriental bash. Too bad five hours isn't long enough to grow a *bonsai*."

"Five hours!" Charley got the picture all right and turned ashen. "I have to go. Right away."

"Charley, what's the panic?" Rosemary protested. "There isn't a thing to do till I get there."

"There's plenty to do," Charley croaked. "I can't have American flower arrangements at a Japanese dinner."

The tempura was delicious; the sukiyaki a poem. Charley might as well have been eating French-fried rent receipts for all he could taste, and as far as discussing apartment developments, he was too tired to speak three words all evening. Personally, I thought it was a great party.

It was ten days before Charley got his color back, and just about that time a pretty girl named Angie Dalton came to work for the firm. She and Rosemary seemed to take to each other, and Charley suggested I ask her out and the four of us could double-date. Aside from my natural skepticism about any girl Charley picked out for me, I just didn't feel much like going, and told Charley I was broke. Whereupon he offered to pick up the tab. I should have realized something was wrong right there.

While we were out it seemed to me that Charley spent an awful lot of time talking to Angie, but this didn't bother me. I didn't mind talking to Rosemary, and in the course of a couple of evenings we discovered we had a lot of things in common—an avid desire to go down the ramp at the Guggenheim museum on a skateboard, a deep-seated dislike of movies with intermissions, and a tendency to doze off whenever we hear modern folk songs.

It was after we'd double-dated three times that Charley put down his coffee cup at lunch and said, "Well, I did it—the last test for Rosemary."

"If you're so interested in science, Charley, why don't you dissect frogs or grow algae cultures?"

"I told her Angie had fallen in love with me."

"What are you testing, Rosemary's gullibility quotient?"

"I'm trying to find out if she's the jealous type. That would probably be the hardest kind of woman to live with."

"How did she do?"

"She looked a little odd, but she didn't say much. Of course, I won't really be able to tell for a few days—you know, if she gets upset every time I speak to Angie at the office, or if she makes any digs at her or refuses to double-date."

"Forget the double-dating," I said. "I want no part of the experiment."

"Oh, but you have to," Charley said. "You see, I told her you were in love with Angie."

I swore for a while, and then said, "And to think if Rosemary passes this test the prize is Charley MacAvoy, all wrapped up in Saran and tied with I.B.M. tape."

It was Thursday that I went into Charley's office and found him looking glum. "Angie doesn't work here anymore. Rosemary got her a job with Hargelrode-Smith."

I stared at him.

"You see what it means, don't you?" he said. "She was so jealous she just had to get rid of the competition."

"You wouldn't think of taking a chance on just an ordinary girl who wasn't perfect, would you, Charley?"

He waved his hand impatiently. "You miss the whole point. It would be like testing milk for strontium 90 and then drinking it anyway."

"Sure, Charley, I understand. Nothing but Grade A, pasteurized, homogenized vitamin-fortified milk for you."

I walked into the little cubicle where Rosemary worked. "I hear Angie has a new job." It was nothing to me, and yet I felt depressed. I wouldn't have cared if Rosemary had thrown a jealous tantrum, but if she'd made Angie lose her job—well, she just hadn't seemed the type who'd do anything underhanded. Of course, my judgment was so rotten.

She looked up, and there was something in her eyes I didn't recognize. She put her hand on my arm. "It's a good job, Steve, better than she had here. I was considering it for myself. You mustn't worry about her."

"Well, I guess if you have to eliminate the competition, it's better to kick her upstairs than have her fired."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Steve."

"Didn't Charley tell you Angie was in love with him?"

Rosemary frowned. "I know he's your friend, but does he always fantasize so much? Angie's in love with a soldier. She's hoping they'll get engaged his next leave."

"Then why did you want to get her out of here?"

"Why, Steve," she started, and then began again. "When Charley told me how you felt about her and I knew there wasn't any hope—well, I knew about this good job at Hargelrode-Smith and it seemed as if it would be less painful for you if you didn't have to see her mooning around over her soldier." I felt as if a rock the size of the Chase Manhattan bank had been lifted off my chest. I knew I could go right along playing hunches and I knew I'd never have to get involved with another knobby-kneed girl in my life.

"I'll bet Wanda Fingerhut turned out to be a great girl, too," I said.

"Wanda Fingerhut?"

"A girl who could pick up live worms without flinching."

"I suppose that means something."

"It means life is not a horse race. Never mind where the smart money is—when your heart gets a hunch, play it strong."

Then something occurred to me. "Listen, Charley thinks you got rid of Angie because you were jealous, and he doesn't like jealous women."

"That Charley!" She shook her head. "Well, let him think it. It's better that way. He can be a lot of fun but I couldn't get serious about him. I know he's your best friend and you probably see him differently, but from a girl's viewpoint he's unstable; he panics at the slightest crisis; there's this tendency to fantasize; and look how unethical he was—making a play for Angie when he knew how you felt about her."

"Well, what do you know," I marveled. "Charley flunked the marriage test!"

"Besides," added Rosemary, "I couldn't seriously consider a man whose eyebrows grow so close together."

I stared at her. Rosemary the hunch player, girl of my choice. I put my hand on the back of her neck where the curls were and pulled her to me and gave her my own marriage test. It was Halley's comet all over again.

I said, "When Mickey Mouse's big hand is on the twelve and his little hand is on the seven, what time is it?"

"Time to take me to dinner?"

"Right," I said. "And by the time we've finished the wine I'll expect you to have explained why you wear that watch."

I went into Charley's office, where he was morosely stapling a sheet of paper to his drawing board. "Just to set the record straight, Rosemary wasn't jealous. She was trying to spare my feelings because Angie's about to become engaged to a soldier."

It's hard to look as if you're with it when you're not.

The data were put back for re-evaluation into the computer Charley uses for a brain, and I could almost hear the whirring and clicking as Rosemary came out with a 1-A rating.

He started to rise, but I pushed him down. "Forget it, pal. I'm afraid you've blown the whole bit with Rosemary. And just so there won't be any misunderstanding later, you might as well know—I'm taking over, or giving it my best try."

"*You?*" he said, blinking. "You and *Rosemary?*"

"Why not?" I said, going out the door. "Do you think you're the only man in the world who wants to save on dental bills?" **END**

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Sarah's answer to fisherman sweaters and fishnet stockings is "South Seas" . . . a delicate mother-of-pearl pendent suspended on a woven mesh goldentone necklace. Matching dangle earrings in "pierced look" style complete the ensemble.

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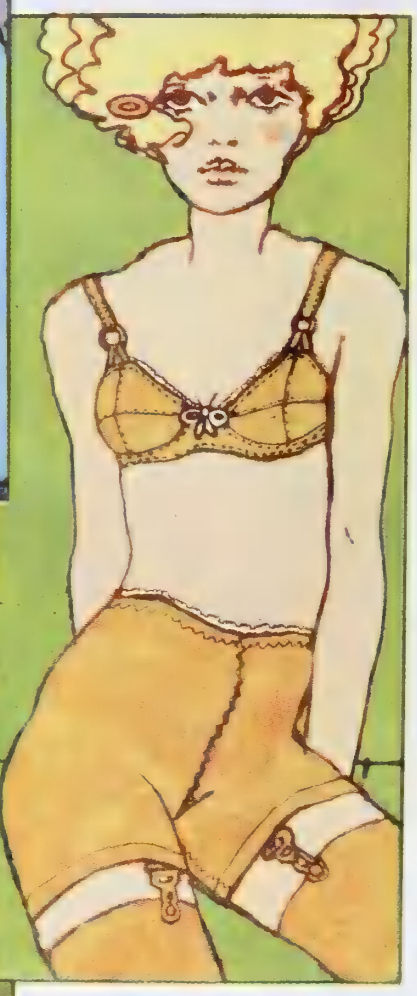
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SUMMER SHAPINGS

New fashion fundamental: the softened silhouette—bosom and hips gently rounded, waist once again defined. It's the essential shape-up for this summer's romantically inclined fashion look (see our story on page 66). Here are some of the basics you'll depend on—pretty, cool and light as a summer breeze. By MARTHA PETRASH

Left: Softly padded bra of nylon lace with powernet sides, fiber pads; 32–36, about $5. To slip on under a dirndl or shirtdress, a half-slip of Dacron and cotton durable press. Short, P, S, M. Average, S, M, L; about $7. Both by Bali.





Above: For subtle rounding, bra of Antron tricot and fiberfill; 32–36, about $4.50. Next-to-nothing pantie girdle, of nylon/Lycra Spandex; S,M,L, about $4. Hollywood Vassarette.

Left: To take summer barings, low-cut underwired bra. Nylon tricot and powernet; 32–36, about $7. Pantie girdle with tummy-flattener in front, "rounding" panel in back. Powernet and nylon tricot; S,M,L, about $11. Emilio Pucci for Formfit Rogers.

(continued on page 114)

Illustrations by Anne-Marie Barden

Journal Shopping Center

GIRLS AT THEIR SUMMER FUN

Pages 66–67

TWO OF A KIND: DOODLES dirndl midi and fitted blouse, available at Franklin Simon, New York; Higbee's, Cleveland; Jay Jacobs, Seattle. MR. GEE dirndl midi and lace-edged shirt, at Miss Bergdorf, Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Splendiferous, San Francisco.

NOT STRENUOUS, BUT JOLLY:

CHARLIE'S GIRLS dirndl midi and batiste shirt, at Bonwit Teller, New York; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. PANTSVILLE midi with scoop necked blouse, at Macy's, New York; Helen Caro, Philadelphia. ULLA floral printed midi, at Miss Bergdorf, Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Bramson's, Chicago; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles. GINORI pique midi and lace shirt, at Macy's, New York; Charles Sumner, Boston; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia.

NINETY-NINE TIMES WITHOUT STOPPING:

DOODLES romper and matching dirndl, at Franklin Simon, New York; Higbee's, Cleveland. PETER PAN shirt coverup, at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores. MR. GEE seersucker dress, at Miss Bergdorf, Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Splendiferous, San Francisco. ELISABETH STEWART blouse and jumpsuit, at Bloomingdale's, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. CHARLIE'S GIRLS seersucker romper, at Bonwit Teller, New York; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. MR. GEE seersucker romper, at Miss Bergdorf, Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Splendiferous, San Francisco. BOBBIE BROOKS T-Shirt jumpsuit, at Martin's, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles.

READY FOR A TIP-OVER:

LEO NARDUCCI dotted swiss shirtdress, at Bloomingdale's, New York; Davison's, Atlanta; Pompeian Shop, Chicago; Joske's, Houston; Joske's of Texas, San Antonio. MAJESTIC front-pleated skirt and ruffled blouse, at B. Altman, New York; Rice's, Norfolk, Va.; Sakowitz, Houston; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

Pages 68–69

FOUR GIRLS NOT AFRAID TO CLIMB:

BOBBIE BROOKS short-sleeved swimsuit, at B. Altman, New York; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Macy's, San Francisco. SMARTEE pin-striped romper, at Lord & Taylor, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Joseph Magnin, California & Nevada. SMARTEL shirt coverup, at Lord & Taylor, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Joseph Magnin, California & Nevada. JANTZEN navy tank swimsuit, at Bloomingdale's, New York; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Dunhill's, Dayton, Ohio; Castleton's, Salt Lake City; May Co., Wilshire, Lakewood, San Diego.

UP TO THEIR KNEES—AND "COMFY":

R & K ORIGINALS dotted swiss shirtdress, at Best & Co., New York; Gimbels, Pittsburgh; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Va.; Diamond's, Phoenix, Ariz.; Lipman & Wolfe, Portland, Oreg. GLEN OF MICHIGAN white lace shirtdress, at Village Casuals, New York; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Montaldo's, all stores. COLE OF CALIFORNIA vanilla shirtdress, at Martin's, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fashion Corner, Fort Lauderdale; Hafters-Haggarty, San Diego. ANNE FOGARTY blue & white lace shirtdress, at Lord & Taylor, New York; Maas Bros., Florida; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Robinson's, California.

KITCHENS ARE FOR PEOPLE

Page 72—*Cabinets:* Mutschler "Country Heritage," Dark Patina finish. *Countertops:* Formica "Chutney." *Floor covering:* Amtico vinyl. *Wallpaper:* Thomas Strahan, through Wallpaper Council. *Appliances:* Caloric gas *oven* and *cooktop*; Majestic gas *grill*; Sub-Zero *refrigerator-freezer*; KitchenAid *dishwasher*; Hamilton Beach *coffeemaker*, electric *knife*, portable *mixer* and *blender*. *Range hood:* Fashion-Craft. *Sink:* Elkay. *Accessories: Clock*, Westclox No-Cord; porcelain *tureen* and ceramic sugar/coffee sack *canisters;* Forecast House, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.; provincial *cookware:* Belgian Importers, Inc., 217 California Drive, Burlingame, Calif. 94010.

Page 74—*Table* and *chairs:* Hickory's "Country French." *Accessories: trays, candlesticks* on mantel, Oneida Silversmiths; rag-doll hanging, Ross Havers, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; *coffeepot* with cups and saucers: Forecast House, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.; *coat rack* in laundry area: Belgian Importers, Inc., 217 California Drive, Burlingame, Calif. 94010.

Page 74—*Cookware* (on range and in open cabinet): Ekco Color-Clad aluminum; glass *canisters:* Ross Havers, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

LINE A DAY, page 92—June 7: Make-believe Onion Rings are *Wise's* Onion Snacks. June 9: Mashed Potatoes with Onions from *Betty Crocker*. June 17: Chocolate Fudge Frosting Sauce from *Pillsbury's* canned frosting. June 22: Chops, potatoes applesauce and green beans are from *Wilson's* Campsite dinners. June 24: Dragon Boat noodles made from *Betty Crocker's* Noodles Cantong. June 25: Snack Crackers are *Nabisco's* Cheese. Crescent Roll and Onion Appeteasers. June 26: Peas, Cut Green Beans, Broccoli Spears, Corn and Chopped Spinach in Butter Sauce from *Birds Eye*. June 30: Fish Stick Puffs from *Gorton's*.

We want to wash your face

like it's never been washed before.





No more harsh drying soaps.

New Beauty Wash cleans like soap and rinses off like soap. Leaves you feeling scrubbed clean and fresh—but never dries.



Washing cream or lotion



No more gooey greasy creams.

New Beauty Wash takes off makeup like cream and softens like cream. Smooths and moisturizes—greaselessly.

Pond's Beauty Wash

A whole new way to wash your face beautiful

You have only one body. Doesn't it deserve a Bali?

Take a Bali bra, a couple of other bras and spend five minutes in the fitting room. Five minutes can tell you what you need to know about perfect fit.

You'll see that a Bali bra doesn't gap at the cleavage. The back is low and doesn't ride up. And because the lift comes from under the cups, the straps are secure and comfortable, but not tight.

Try on a Bali girdle, too. Bali's exclusive "Trellis" Bobbinette is like nothing you've ever worn. It molds and moves as you do because it stretches all ways instead of just two ways. And there are a minimum of seams—none along the sides, so none will show through.

And now, Bali gives you not only perfect fit, but a perfect match. "Trellis" bras, girdles, garter belts, and half slips.

So spend five minutes in the fitting room and compare. Your body deserves the time. And it deserves Bali.







Bali

THE BALI COMPANY, INC. 16 EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Journal About Home

By Margaret Davidson
Home Management Editor

Kitchen cookware is having a fling at fashion, bursting out in color all over the place. Recently, at a preview of aluminum cooking utensils from 19 manufacturers, we saw colors to fit in with any kitchen. Avocado green was the leading color, with golden and red tones also popular. Then there were browns, from the deep chocolate ones to spicy beiges, a range of greens, blues, white and black. All this color in addition to good-for-cooking designs and shapes that make utensils such an asset to cooks today. If you're on the search for colored cookware of aluminum, why not write us for a list of makers and the colors they produce?

Aboard a boat, it's a tragedy when matches get waterlogged—no light, no cooking in the galley! A lighter, shaped a little like a pistol, is one answer. The Shoot-A-Lite, made by Turner Seymour, uses a flint to send out a spark for lighting alcohol, canned heat or bottled-gas fuel. The case is of nickel to stand up to salt spray.

There are those who insist the best air cooling is with individual room air conditioners so each control can be set separately to satisfy the occupants. We aren't taking sides in *that* debate, but we are in favor of new units that blend with décor rather than flaunt their machine look. For instance, the new Westinghouse room coolers look more like furniture, with fronts of rattan, walnut or fruitwood finishes as well as colors. The same units have easy installation features—some have sliding panels to adjust to window size. Of course, the necessary controls and switches are easily reached, and there are capacities for large and small rooms. . . . The Fedders room units make living with air conditioners more pleasant from another angle. Their newest models are quieter so the sound of operation does not intrude into our awareness. The new engineering that made this possible is combined with designing that gives a more furniture look. By the way, both these units have some models available that heat in between seasons as well as cool in the summer.

Color is an extension cord, no less. The cords on appliances function just as well when prettied up to match the appliances instead of being the usual drab brown or black. Today you'll find plug-ins with pink, blue, white, green, beige, and copper-colored cords (by Belden), and next fall you'll be buying them over the counter for the table devices you cook in at the table. They have experimented successfully even with purple cords—and why not?

Say "Swervy-Curvy-Topsy-Turvy-Skipsy-Doodle" and what do you have? A new free-form toy of plastic—so durable it can be used outside as well as indoors. Shaped a little like a super-sized Napoleonic hat, children rock in, crawl under or over, balance or sway or teeter or spin around with the new toy. Tip for family movie makers—children with this under-$15 toy (by Blazon) find enough new activity to fill many a foot of film. The new toy comes in three gay, bright colors: yellow, red and blue.

Electric scissors without cord attachments to tangle in the snips and cuttings are the latest battery-powered devices we've tried. They save the scissoring effort—and are useful when off on a home sewing binge (National Silver Company).

Speaking of batteries, have you added up the number of battery-powered devices in your house? You may be as surprised as I was! Flashlights and lanterns of course; radios and record players and TV's and a weird and wonderful assortment of toys. How to keep them all running has been a puzzlement. Now an answer is a type of battery that can be revitalized up to a thousand times, and a home-style charger. The batteries are special, nickel cadmium ones that come in three of the most common sizes (AA, C or D); the charger works automatically and silently when plugged into the house current and is loaded with two to four batteries. Allow overnight to restore batteries to peak performance. The charger is a General Electric product and it handles batteries made by the same company. As you might expect, these special batteries are not the cheapest you can buy, but in the long run there is an economy. And more, they give new freedom in continued use for the growing family of battery-powered devices.

Did you know?! A new kind of launcher does not propel a space rocket on its way—it's a new version of the home screwdriver. Its special talent is to latch on to the screw and make it easier to fit in awkward places. The secret of the Vaco screwdriver is a split blade—but you have to see it to understand how it works! It's a fine gift for Dad—a reminder of odd jobs on his to-do list. . . . Softened water frozen in ice rinks produces more speed records. Yes, it does! It seems the low-mineral-content water freezes smoother. The Culligan people helped sleuth out this fact; indeed, the ice for the winter Olympics was frozen soft water treated with their equipment—it was on this ice our Peggy Fleming won the gold medal. But more important to most of us are home systems for softening—de-ironizing or removing impurities from the water. Newest are automatic systems that cope with the problems untended—and do we need to tell you that soft water makes laundry, hair washing, dish-doing, and other water-using tasks much, much easier? . . . Palm-N-Turn is the name of a new safety container for medicines some drugstores—Walgreens for instance—are using. The plastic vial has a top that is locked on; unless the user knows to push and twist at the same time. It's easy if you know how, but if you don't, the medicine is secure from youngsters—important, considering the fact that in a year over four million children five or under are treated for accidental poisoning. (And unprescribed medicine can be poison when taken indiscriminately, particularly by the very young.) Then, while you are about it, find a way to put those harsh cleansers and other housekeeping supplies you now have under the sink some safe and secure place out of the children's reach. **END**

You can't hide your feet forever.



You can try sitting on them all you want.
Or burying them under big, fat pillows.

But sooner or later, they have to come out in the open. And there they'll be in all their glory.

Your ugly feet.

Well, we've got something to make your feet soft and pretty. We call it, appropriately enough Pretty Feet.®

Like a cosmetic, it's a creamy white lotion. Smooth it over dead, dry, rough skin. Then rub off. And that dead, dry, rough skin rolls off with it.

All that's left is Pretty Feet's moisturizing ingredient, to keep your feet soft and smooth.

You'll never be ashamed of your two feet again.

If you'll send us 25¢, to cover postage and handling, we'll send you a little bottle of Pretty Feet.

Write to Pretty Feet, Dept. L-E1, Chemway Corp., P.O. Box 202, Clifton, N.J. 07015.

And just because we named it Pretty Feet, don't be afraid to use it on knuckles or hands or elbows.

There isn't one inch of you that should be doomed to a life of dry, rough skin.



We invented it because too many attractive women have unattractive feet.

Trans-Canada Highway: Atlantic to Pacific without a map.



The Trans-Canada is the world's longest highway. But it's so uncomplicated you can leave your maps in the glove compartment. It's simply five thousand miles of cinch highway with an ocean at both ends. If you drive the Trans-Canada from Victoria, British Columbia, on the Pacific, to St. John's, Newfoundland, on the Atlantic, you'll travel through every type of scenery except jungle. And you'll pass through or near most of Canada's National and Provincial parks. These are areas of unspoiled natural beauty, with enough good camping, fishing, swimming and boating to satisfy the most ardent outdoor enthusiasts. If you do drive it from ocean to ocean, don't expect any medals for endurance. This highway is strictly for cream-puffs... picnic areas every 50 miles or so, and overnight camps every 100 to 150 miles. Even so, you mustn't feel glued to it. Take off on the occasional tangent... Banff to Jasper high in the Rockies... a couple of days around the Gaspé or Nova Scotia's Cabot Trail. Connecting highways are well-marked, so don't worry about getting back to the Trans-Canada. If you're gone too long, it comes out to look for you.





Canada

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Keep the Change

BY WILL STANTON

The United States is the acknowledged leader of the capitalist world as well as the capital of the television world. We could supply TV to all the underprivileged countries without depriving our own listeners of a single spot commercial or instant replay. And if it turns out there are underprivileged peoples on Mars, we can take care of them, too.

It would seem then, that American TV should be a sort of window, providing other people with a candid view of life in a capitalist society. And since the commercial is the essence and the flowering of the video art, this is where we should find the final statement of our economic mystique.

Well, how does it work? We see a waiter circulating through a tavern, passing out mugs of beer to his customers. A woman listens to a sales pitch from her grocer and buys a four-pack of bathroom tissue (often referred to in less genteel circles as toilet paper). A druggist persuades a customer to try a new kind of shaving cream. Here we have a picture of a vital, thriving economy with only one problem—nobody ever pays for anything. It seems as though the word "commercial" ought to suggest that there was some money involved, but it doesn't work that way.

While the attendant is filling the tank he explains how the gas is going to give your engine better mileage, fewer knocks, longer life and possibly spiritual fulfillment. He hangs up the hose and waves. "Come back again soon," he says. Well, hell, as long as the gas is free you'd be a fool not to.

The people who fix washers are just as bad. So are the plumbers and the cleaning women. They can tell you all about detergents and waxes, but they can never remember to turn in a bill. This is anything but a true picture of the American Way. I know. My plumber, for example, has a boy in Harvard Business School and a daughter at the Sorbonne. And he only works afternoons.

Probably this doesn't do any real harm as far as Americans are concerned. We enjoy the commercial for what it is: a kind of fairy tale dealing with people who are finer and nobler than any we have known. We would no more look for the facts of life in a commercial than we would in *Swan Lake*. But what sort of picture do we project abroad? At one time our land of opportunity attracted a better class of immigrant, hard-working and ambitious. But our new image is appealing more and more to the free-loading, something-for-nothing crowd, and God knows we don't need any more of them.

If the commercials suggest that money is something you don't mention in mixed company, the programs themselves take a different view. It's a slow night when you can't see at least half a million change hands. And you can tell a lot about a character from the way he carries his money. If it's in a canvas sack, you know he's a bank robber. A shoebox wrapped in brown paper usually indicates a kidnapper. Embezzlers and government employees always seem to favor attaché cases. A payoff man keeps it in a plain envelope. He tosses it down on the table. "There's five G's," he says, "you'll get the rest when the job's done."

People in the top echelons of crime don't carry any money at all. The secret head of the syndicate is a dapper fellow with a mustache and a smoking jacket, and he keeps his cash in a wall safe behind the picture. If he has to pay the paperboy, he's got to go over and move *Whistler's Mother*.

You can also judge a woman's character by the way she takes money from a man. If she picks it up without counting it and puts it in her purse, she's an old hand—she can take care of herself. Chances are there's a .32 down there amidst the cleansing tissues and the chewing gum.

If she crumples up the money in her fist and bites her knuckle, she's a nice girl who happened to get in with the wrong crowd. She never should have left Slippery Rock

Then there's the girl who folds the bills into a flat pack and tucks it down her bosom or under the top of her stocking. This type has to be handled with kid gloves. She may have a heart of gold, but she isn't the girl you'd want your son to bring home.

Most of the men I know carry their money in a wallet, but not on TV. The good guys always carry (continued)

Limericks to eat Tuttle Cottage Cheese by.



Special 'Cause We're Specialists.

On his one-hundredth birthday, old Dwight,
Told the girls that his future looked bright.
"Good living a-plenty,
And Tuttle since twenty,
Keeps my strength up for dancing all night."

A nubile young housewife named Florence
Took a leaf from a book by D. Lawrence.
She ate cottage cheese,
Started wearing Capris,
And got gifts from her husband in torrents.

A handsome young man named Bill Smiff
Was the pride of all Northern Calif.
He then got the word
About Tuttle small curd
And in "Mr. World" finished fiff.

Said the butler to Lady de Cuttle,
"Though the reasons are terribly subtle,
You must serve at all teas
Tuttle fresh cottage cheese,
Or my union forbids me to buttle."

A model named Mary Louise
Dines on nothing but T. Cottage Cheese.
The flavor is grand,
And it helps her withstand
The breeze through her mini-chemise.

A hard-headed gambler named King
For a dime would throw hat in the ring.
But he never would waver
On cottage cheese flavor;
With Tuttle he bet the sure thing.

There once was a cottage cheese nut,
Who insisted on Tuttle, Tut-Tut.
When queried: "Why Tuttle?"
He said in rebuttal:
"It's the freshest, no if, and, or but."

Our Tuttle trucks daily truck Tuttle
To and fro to the stores like a shuttle.
It's the one cottage cheese
With the freshness to please
The housewife whose taste buds are subtle.



The Total Table by Tharaud



Tharaud presents The Total Table

Just add food.

It's a revolution in dining! Everything you need to serve four with a flourish. 63 designer-matched pieces include dinnerware, flatware, glasses, platters, beverage server, place mats and napkins for only $80.* (Patterns $85.*)

*Slightly higher on West Coast.

There's never been anything like the Total Table before! It's the perfectly-planned table, the everything-in-one-neat-package table. And Tharaud searched the world to bring it to you.

From England comes glistening dinnerware, hand-decorated in four exclusive patterns plus White Mist, shown above. Also from England, two handsome, satin-finish stainless steel serving platters.

From the Orient, stainless flatware with the solid heft of finest cutlery. And from America's best craftsmen, gracefully footed glasses that color-coordinate with the dinnerware, place mats and napkins.

Notice how artfully the sculptured pattern of the dinnerware has been echoed in the flatware, glasses and platters. It's like having a decorator plan your table. The total effect is unique.

You'll find the Total Table wherever fine china is sold. Or drop us a note and we'll be happy to mail you our colorful pattern folder.

THARAUD DESIGNS

15-19 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

their money in a roll or clip in their left pants pocket. They carry wallets, too, but only for old love letters, baggage checks and baby pictures.

For some reason hold-up men have never caught on to this. "This is a stick-up," they say, "hand over your wallet." They shove it in a pocket and slug the victim. "So long, sucker," they say, and slink away. I often wonder what they do with all the love letters and baby pictures. One thing is sure—TV hold-up men don't watch much TV.

In Westerns you rarely see any paper money. The cowhand slaps a silver dollar on the bar and orders whiskey. The bartender puts the money in the till and pours the drink. Sometimes the cowhand has just the one, and sometimes he pours himself a second. And sometimes he takes the bottle over to a table and drinks the whole darn thing. It doesn't make any difference, it's still a dollar. Everything's a dollar.

I guess this is my main complaint about TV—nobody seems to have any idea of what a dollar will buy. They do have a certain vague notion that everybody isn't rich, that there are certain people—cops, teachers and social workers—who are usually underpaid. To dramatize this they will follow one of them home to show that he doesn't own a car and that his furniture isn't much. His living room, however, is 40 feet across and you could play tennis in the kitchen. And this is in New York City.

Or a cop is questioning a woman in a shabby tenement. She speaks broken English, she has on an old pair of men's shoes and a torn dress. And all her teeth are capped. I'm still paying for just one tooth my daughter had capped, and that was four years ago.

Nobody on TV ever shops around. In real life people are always saying things like "No thanks, I'm just looking," or "Don't you have something a little cheaper?" or "Listen, Sheila, I know where you can get the same thing for 20 percent off." Not on TV.

The young fellow has been saving up to buy his girl a present. "That bottle of perfume," he says, "could you wrap it up in some fancy paper?" The clerk says that will be $22. He gets halfway down the block with his package when he sees his girl getting into a cab with a strange man. He stares after the retreating cab, then looks at the perfume and drops it into a trash can.

Now, he could have returned the perfume and gotten his money back. Or he could have taken it home. There are plenty of other girls around who would like a bottle of $22 perfume. He could have made one of them happy. But not this monkey. He can't think of anybody but himself. I'm glad he lost the girl, the dumbhead. Serves him right.

And they never ask for trading stamps. A woman goes into a hardware store and buys a shotgun, a box of shells, some sashweights and 50 feet of rope. She writes a check, picks up her purchases and walks out. She's got almost enough stamps coming to fill a book, but she can't be bothered. A woman like that is sick. She needs help.

Trading stamps, hell. Most people on TV don't even bother with their change. Your private eye is the worst offender. Wherever he goes he leaves a trail of 10's and 20's behind like a paper chase. He hands a bill to the cab driver and another to the girl at the cigarette counter, the shoeshine boy, and the man who sells pencils. And if a person has any kind of tip at all, like "I hear Big Herman's in town," that's good for another 20. But this isn't the worst.

He goes into a fancy restaurant, glances at the menu and orders shrimp cocktail, steak rare, and tossed salad with Roquefort dressing. But before he can eat it he gets a phone call—Big Herman wants to see him. He tosses a couple of bills on the table and walks out. He doesn't ask the waiter to put the steak in a bag for his dog the way any normal person would. You don't know what kind of a steak it is either, because he doesn't say. Could be the Salisbury at $3.25, or the Boston Strip at $7.50—steak rare is all he says. He doesn't ask if the shrimp is included in the dinner or if the Roquefort dressing is extra. Also there should be potatoes and a choice of vegetable on the dinner, but Mr. Keep-the-Change-Charlie couldn't be bothered. Throw down the money and take off.

Now, the private eye is one of the folk heroes of our day. Brave and resourceful, he, single-handed, stands up to the forces of evil. Naturally kids look up to him and want to be like him, and this has me concerned. It isn't the violence—they get that in Mother Goose. And certainly sex is no mystery to any child who's gotten past the first grade. But I hate to have my kids grow up believing that there's something un-American about asking if the shrimp is included in the dinner. **END**



CALIFORNIA AVOCADO ADVISORY BOARD





Avocados from California

HOW TO 天下一品 a CALIFORNIA AVOCADO AND BRING HONOR TO ENTIRE DINNER.

Sauce a luscious avocado in soy—and honor comes easy. Just make sure you use "Vintage Flavor" Kikkoman, age mellowed as a fine wine. And a California Avocado. (If it yields to gentle pressure, it's ripe—and ready to serve.) Then just halve it lengthwise, remove the seed and fill the center with soy dressing.

1 tbsp. Kikkoman Soy Sauce 3 tbsps. dry white wine 1 tsp. lemon juice

Ah So! Inscrutably delicious, and less than 150 calories.

(For honorable napkin folding instructions, and the new avocado recipe book, "The Avocado Bravo," Send 50c to Box 2162, Costa Mesa, California 92626.)

• enhance

YOU AND YOUR SLEEP

By BOB GAINES

Breast-Feeding: Nursing a baby can not only be beneficial to the mother's psyche, it can also do her dream time a world of good. Dr. Olga Petre-Quadrens of the University of Brussels has done extensive work on the changing dream patterns of mothers during pregnancy and afterward. She reports that there is a rapid rise in dream time during the seventh and eighth months of pregnancy and then a sharp drop during the final month. After the baby is born, non-nursing mothers resume their normal dream patterns within two weeks. But mothers who breast-feed their babies quickly return to the high dream level of the last months of pregnancy. Dr. Petre-Quadrens guesses the change may be due to the increased production of the hormone prolactin in these dreamy nursing mothers.

Boxing Gloves: The sleep scientist ties on his boxing gloves and shadow-boxes about his lab; next, he plays with his toy soldiers, fingers his beads, and draws colors on a picture with a red-felt pen. This is sleep research? Actually, it's part of a continuing program at Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn to explore extrasensory perception and its relation (if it has any) to sleep. Charles Honorton of the Menninger Dream Lab at Maimonides excited a recent sleep conference in Denver with a report on how ESP "senders" produced some remarkable results working with pictures and supplementary materials they could touch. In the case of the boxing gloves, for instance, the "sender" used them as a tool to help him concentrate on a picture of two prizefighters flailing away at one another. The ESP "subject," who was sleeping in a room 40 feet away, was wakened several times during his dream periods on fight night. He reported that his dreams had "a great deal of violence, destructiveness, aggressiveness, and power." On another night, the "sender" used toy soldiers to concentrate on a Civil War battle scene. The "subject" dreamed of "a military band" and a "military campaign and soldiers." The beads in combination with a picture of an Oriental potentate produced a dream about "a court scene." The red pencil was used to make bloodstains on Beckmann's "Crucifixion." The dreamer reported that "a tribe of natives had captured me and were about to sacrifice me."

Color: Do you dream in color? How often? For a long while, sleep scientists believed most dreams were projected (by whatever puzzling brain mechanism it is that projects dreams) in black-and-white. Color dreams were thought to be relatively rare and primarily the product of rather emotional dreamers. But now Dr. Howard Roffwarg of New York, an indefatigable collector of Technicolor dreams, reports that at least 80 percent of our dreams have some color. Dr. Roffwarg tested his sleepers in the Sleep Physiology Lab at Montefiore Hospital, waking them whenever his dream-spotter, an electroencephalograph, indicated dream activity. He quickly asked if the dream had color. Most said yes. The colors most frequently reported after white were brown, green, and yellow. Dr. Roffwarg also notes that there may be some relationship between color and the unpleasantness of a dream. The more disturbing his sleepers' dreams, the more likely they were to see them in vivid hues. Why don't we remember the color in our dreams more often? Dr. Roffwarg speculates that most people pay little attention to the color about them in their waking lives—"so why should they notice it in their dreams?"

Senior Sleep: "Old people don't need as much sleep as the young." How often have you heard this said? It's a widespread belief, and it can be a dangerous one. The elderly not only need as much sleep as young people, but may aggravate their physical and emotional ailments if they spend any length of time on a limited-sleep regimen.

A New Orleans internist, Dr. Phillip Tiller Jr., has studied the sleep habits of people aged 60 and over. Roughly half his test group slept seven hours or less, the other half slept at least eight hours every night. He reports he found a "preponderance of tension, fatigue, and apprehension in the group with the lesser amount of sleep."

Dr. Tiller then placed the "fatigue" group on a new regimen of sleep—at least nine to 10 hours a night plus naps. Complaints of dizziness, tension, confusion, headache, and stomach trouble soon dropped. Dr. Tiller admits that the group's complaints may not have been due entirely to lack of sleep, but he believes its new sense of well-being seemed to be "positively correlated with the increase in sleep."

Vexed Sleep: Ah, stretch and sigh, and then climb beneath those cool sheets for a cozy night's sleep. Is that a prospect to please a weary man? Don't you believe it, reports Dr. Jacques Thomas of Sainte-Anne Hospital in Paris. Dr. Thomas studied the sleep preparations of 200 psychiatric patients and 50 normals.

The psychiatric patients tended to be hysterical and fearful and prone to paranoid delusions of persecution in the hours before sleep. The schizophrenics showed an "increase of sexual hallucinations." But the normals weren't that much better. They tended to be irritable and depressed, especially if they had to perform late chores like taking out the garbage. Quite a few showed an increase in compulsive behavior, for example, looking at TV, and some told Dr. Thomas they only slept after imagining "a fictive world that satisfies them and allows sleep."

END

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Polish Delicacies

Northern cuisine in France is often taken as seriously as in Poland. But in the United States, not little is known of the glories of Polish cuisine: the famous soups, the sauce-rich pastries, the meat dishes with a sour-cream sauce or a judicious mingling of fresh herbs.

During week-long banquets, in the old days, the tables of Polish aristocrats groaned under the likes of roast boar's head, turkey garnished with two dozen thrushes and pâté made of peacock brains! And even in the poorest peasant's table a traveler would find magnificently cooked dishes made from wild mushrooms, herring, crayfish, spicy sausages and wild berries.

The frugal Polish housewife uses every bit of food—nothing is ever thrown away. Stale bread, for example, is turned into crumbs, which are then used for garnishes such as the thick, buttery coating for vegetables Polonaise. Even the skins of fruit are saved and turned into fruit soups and cordials.

Polish immigrants to the United States, who settled largely in the Midwest, brought with them cherished recipes that often began with "beat butter or eggs and sugar for one hour, and in one direction only." Throughout the years canny Polish-American cooks have incorporated American convenience products and time-saving techniques into their favorite dishes. Here we present several such Polish-American recipes, combining the deliciously traditional Polish flavors with American speed and convenience.

COLD APRICOT SOUP

On hot summer days in Eastern Europe, cold fruit soups like this one are a popular way to start the meal and pique the palate. This is a velvety, delicate soup—neither too sweet nor too tart.

½ cup dried apricots
½ cup dried apple rings
3½ cups water
⅓ cup sugar
1 Tb. fresh lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
½ cup sour cream

Place ½ cup dried apricots and ½ cup dried apple rings in a large saucepan. Cover with 3½ cups water. Bring to a boil. Cover and simmer 30 minutes or until just tender. Remove from heat. Stir in ⅓ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Let cool. Rub through a sieve or whir in a blender. Chill until very cold. Makes 6 (¾-cup) servings. Top each with a spoonful of sour cream.

QUICK BLENDER APRICOT SOUP

The authentic Polish Apricot Soup uses dried fruits, as in the recipe above. But for days when time is short, we've developed a quick blender version using canned fruits . . . not authentic, but very tasty nevertheless.

Combine in a blender: ¾ cup canned apricot halves (from a 1-lb. can), ¾ cup syrup drained from the 1-lb. can of apricot halves, ½ cup canned pie-sliced apples, drained, ¾ cup apple juice, 1 cup water, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Whir in blender until smooth. Chill until very cold. Whir in blender for 5 seconds, just before serving. Makes 6 (¾-cup) servings. Garnish with sour cream.

CHILLED CUCUMBER SOUP

Elegant overture to a summer meal . . . this creamy soup made with buttermilk. A medley of spring flavors: scallions, dill and cucumbers.

1 qt. buttermilk
¼ cup finely chopped scallions
1 Tb. finely chopped dill
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 cup diced cucumber (peeled and seeded)
2 hard-cooked eggs, shelled and chopped

(continued)



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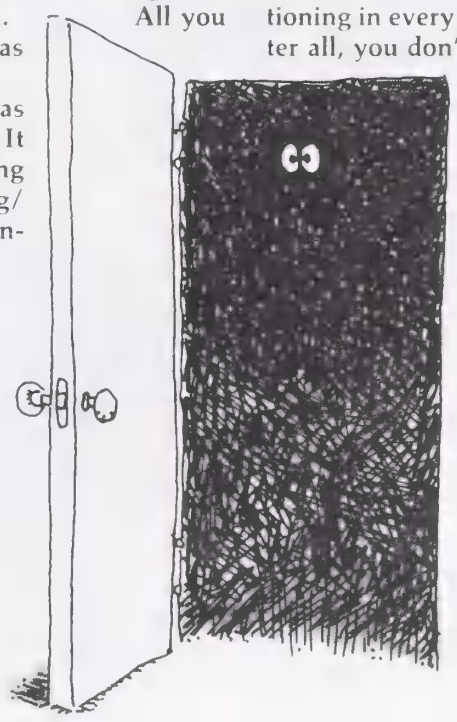
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POLISH DELICACIES *continued*

Blend 1 quart buttermilk with ¼ cup finely chopped scallions, 1 tablespoon finely chopped dill, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Chill until serving time.

Dice enough cucumber into ¼-inch cubes to make 1 cup. Chill.

At serving time, pour off any surplus liquid from the cucumbers. Stir cucumbers into seasoned buttermilk along with 2 hard-cooked eggs, shelled and chopped. Makes 6 (¾-cup) servings.

BABKA

This famous Polish pastry, full of good fruity flavors, makes a perfect coffee bread. Delicious fresh and, wrapped carefully, it keeps for ages.

2 (13¾-oz.) pkgs. hot-roll mix
1 cup golden raisins
½ cup sugar
½ cup chopped, blanched almonds
1 Tb. grated orange rind
1 Tb. grated lemon rind
1 Tb. butter or margarine
¼ cup fresh fine bread crumbs

Prepare 2 (13¾-oz.) pkgs. hot-roll mix according to label directions, adding 1 cup golden raisins, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup chopped, blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind. Stir with a wooden spoon until dough is smooth. Cover, and set in a warm place to rise until double in bulk—approximately 45 minutes.

Knead until smooth on a lightly floured board.

Place dough evenly into ▪ 10-inch angel tube pan (or Bundt or Kugelhopf pan) which has been buttered with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and the sides coated with ¼ cup fresh fine bread crumbs.

Cover and let dough rise to fill three-fourths of pan. Bake at 375° for 50 to 60 minutes or until Babka is deep golden brown and sounds hollow when tapped. Cool on wire rack. Serves 8 to 12 generously.

UNBAKED CHOCOLATE TORTE

One of those buttery-rich, irresistible-looking desserts for which Poland is famous. A quick way to "grate" the bittersweet chocolate called for: put it in ▪ blender, a little at a time, and whir at high speed for 15 seconds.

1½ cups (¾ lb.) sweet butter or margarine
1½ cups superfine sugar
½ lb. bittersweet chocolate, grated (2½ cups)
Topping:
1 cup fresh heavy cream, whipped
¼ cup superfine sugar
½ cup very finely chopped walnuts
Whole, blanched almonds
2 Tb. candied orange peel, chopped
2 Tb. candied lemon peel, chopped

Beat 1½ cups (¾ lb.) sweet butter or margarine until very soft. Beat in 1½ cups superfine sugar and ½ lb. bittersweet chocolate, grated.

Turn into an 8x4x2½-inch wax-paper-lined loaf pan. Chill until set (about 45 minutes to 1 hour). Unmold onto a serving platter. Keep chilled.

Prepare topping by beating 1 cup fresh heavy cream until stiff. Gently beat in ¼ cup superfine sugar. Fold in ½ cup very finely chopped walnuts (or prepare walnuts by whirring in blender 20 seconds).

Use to frost chilled chocolate loaf. Decorate by spiking with whole, blanched almonds and sprinkling with candied orange and lemon peel. **END**

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were about 1,500 people present, and about 1,200 horses.

ALSO HORSE CRAZY"

There were a few grumps who complained that horseback weddings were not religious enough for their taste, and that all weddings ought to take place in church. I do not quarrel with these people about their religious views, of course, but isn't it a little narrow-minded—and a little irreligious—to feel that God's presence is confined to church or temple, and is not to be found on horseback under the great, arching sky? And what about the joy content? Isn't that an important part of the wedding ceremony, wherever the ceremony takes place?

"Horse Crazy's" letter not only inspired an initial response from the horsey set, but created a secondary wave as well. It began with this letter:

"Dear Abby,

I was tickled to note that a girl inquired about the possibility of being married on horseback. My ambition is also out of the ordinary. I would like to be married underwater.

My boyfriend and I belong to a skindiving club, and we think it would be fun to have an underwater wedding. Has it ever been done? So far everyone we have mentioned this to (except the members of our club) thinks we're crazy.

But, Abby, you have no idea how pure and spiritual you feel underwater. After all, isn't water a very important part of the baptismal ceremony?

SKIN DIVER"

I replied, "Dear Skin Diver: I have never heard of an underwater wedding, so don't order the seaweed until you find a water-repellent clergyman who shares your enthusiasm."

But if I was doubtful, my readers were not. They blessed the proceedings in loving detail, with letters like these:

"Dear Abby,

Approximately 25 years ago, as a United Press reporter, I covered (from the surface) a wedding in which all participants were clad in diving suits of the bulky, weighty type, with helmets and air hoses to the surface.

The words of the ritual, along with the bubbles, came to the surface over a loudspeaker.

I never did hear whether the marriage remained solid—or dissolved.

WILFRED BROWN"

"Dear Abby,

On March 8, 1954, Bob Smith married Mary Beth Sanger at the Aquarena in San Marcos, Texas. I am sure this was the first underwater wedding on record. The bride's flowers, gown and veil had been waterproofed, and so had the groom's tuxedo. They had bridesmaids and ushers, just like a dry-land wedding. The only difficult part was that they all had to have 25-pound weights in their shoes.

READ ABOUT IT"

My bafflement about submarine weddings was nothing compared with the reaction of another reader, who signed her letter "Puzzled."

"Puzzled" wrote a bemused account of a wedding uniting a couple of sun-worshipers near Delray Beach, Florida. The bride wore a fingertip veil and high-heeled shoes. Nothing else. The groom outstripped her by simply wearing nothing. Three naked musicians provided the music, as 200 naked guests looked on.

"I know this is a free country, Abby," said the letter from "Puzzled," "but doesn't an affair of this sort really puzzle you?"

Fresh from my dip in the lore of underwater wedding ceremonies, I was not prepared to be puzzled about much. I said, in a somewhat abbreviated reply, "Dear Puzzled: Yes. I wonder where the best man kept the ring."

The spread of public nudity, at least from the navel north, has been finding its inevitable way into the marriage happening. In Corpus Christi, Texas, a 19-year-old go-go dancer who bounces topless for the customers was married between acts—still topless. Her maid of honor, another topless go-go girl, stood up for her. The justice of the peace who performed the ceremony was not at all shook. "I don't pay any attention to what the people wear," he said. "My job is to get them married."

I can understand horse lovers wanting to get married on horseback, and water lovers wanting to get married underwater. But a wedding recently took place in San Francisco that was more of an item for Mr. Ripley's "Believe It or Not" than the society columns.

A 19-year-old girl and a 35-year-old man were married in the newly formed Satanic Church of America. Its founder and "minister" performed the ceremony wearing a devil's costume, complete with horns.

The "church" was decorated to resemble Hell. The bride was dressed in black. The groom, a free-lance writer and a sometime philosopher, was quoted as having said:

"I have been married twice before in Christian ceremonies, and both marriages ended in divorce. This time I'm trying the heathen route." It must have been a hell of a wedding.

What's next? Well, take this letter:

"Dear Abby,

I am ten years old and want to get married on the moon. Do you think they will have a rocket ship that will get to the moon by the time I am old enough to get hitched?

NEIL"

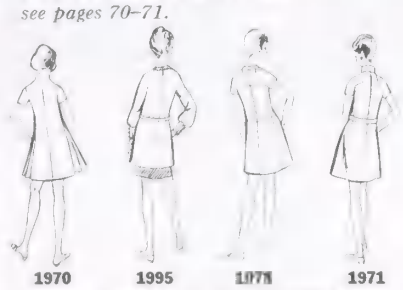
I told Neil to hitch his wagon to a star, and who knows, maybe he will take part in our first space wedding.

I added that if he had an unmarried sister who was looking for a husband, to take her along. It's rumored there's a man in the moon. And a good man is hard to find. **END**



PATTERN BACKVIEWS

see pages 70–71.



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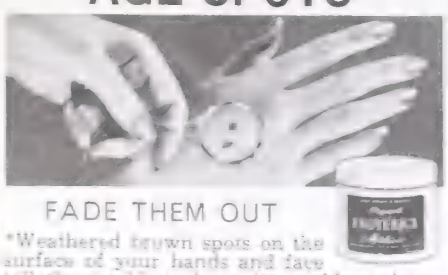


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CAROLINE AND JOHN, JR.

continued from page 54

her how to ski. How do you explain that to a child? And the stares and the pointing," she adds, without bothering to finish the sentence. There is no need to. The polite and well-meaning people who stop dead on sighting the children in public, and occasionally even follow them for several blocks, are a fact of life.

Nevertheless, Caroline and John inhabit a special, insulated world not very different from the one their mother knew when she was their age and lived at 740 Park Avenue, only 16 blocks from the current family residence on Fifth Avenue overlooking Central Park. "If Jackie had married a stockbroker or a Wall Street lawyer," comments a close friend, "her children would be living precisely the same lives they're living right now—although I suppose that people like the King of Morocco and Haile Selassie might not be popping by the apartment when they pass through town."

Most of Mrs. Kennedy's life now revolves around Caroline and John (and he is never called John-John, even though the public clings to the nickname). She has always been an unusually conscientious mother, even during the high-pressured White House years. "If you fail with your children," she reflected at the time, "then I don't think that anything else in life could ever really matter very much—at least it wouldn't to me."

Although Mrs. Kennedy was spared the diapers and runny-nose aspects of child raising, she has always spent far more time with Caroline and John than most other equally well-heeled women, who turn their offspring over to a nurse and then pursue their own pleasures. "Caroline and John really *are* Jackie's greatest pleasure," remarks an old friend of the late President; "they always have been."

Never bored by her children

An old friend from the Kennedys' Georgetown days is quick to agree. "It absolutely *never* bores Jackie to be with her children," she says with amazement, "and I think most mothers, if they're honest about it, will admit that it sometimes *is* a little boring, no matter how devoted you are. When Caroline was two years old, we had a play-group thing where we'd all get together with our children; Jackie would never sit around like the rest of us, chatting with each other. She'd give her undivided attention to Caroline, not out of any sense of duty, but simply because she was fascinated watching her play with the other children. I realized after a while that Jackie is simply one of those rare mothers who can read *Peter Rabbit*, or whatever, 237 times to her children and still find it a marvelous experience."

And a New York mother whose daughter attended Caroline's former ballet class observes: "Mrs. Kennedy attended far more than the rest of us, and was by far the most excited of us all—a true and traditional ballet mother. She carried Caroline's bag of tights and slippers, and would get her changed into her leotard; then she'd stand at the door absolutely enthralled watching the children at the bar. 'Isn't it exciting?' she asked once. 'I wish I were in the class.' Some of us used to grumble about all the time it took—but never Mrs. Kennedy; it was obviously nothing but pleasure for her to be there."

Fifth Avenue doormen have long become accustomed to the sight of Mrs. Kennedy walking her children either to or from school with Shannon, the family's black and white spaniel that was given to President Kennedy during his trip to Ireland, padding along on a leash. "I offered her another glass of champagne at dinner one night," recalls a recent escort, "and she refused it, even though she adores the stuff; she said it would give her a headache when she took Caroline to school in the morning. I urged her to skip the morning walk, but she'd have none of it; it's obviously important to her. She also likes the exercise."

Caroline attends the Convent of The Sacred Heart, which is housed in a massive Italian Renaissance mansion at 91st Street and Fifth Avenue and run by a French order of nuns originally founded in 1800 to educate the daughters of the upper classes—a function that remains unchanged in the New World. John goes to St. David's, just two blocks away, which is an equally affluent school run by Catholic laymen.

"She excels at everything"

At 10, Caroline is beginning to show unmistakable signs of great future beauty. *Women's Wear Daily*, quick to sense a future fashion leader, is already anticipating in print the golden moment when she will become "the world's most famous teen-ager." Mothers tend to lapse into a near speechless state over her long, thick blond hair, which she wears pulled straight back from her face and tied with a bow. While her smile and bright blue eyes still give her face a distinctly Kennedy stamp, Caroline is also now beginning to bear a closer resemblance to her mother, whom she strongly takes after in temperament and interests.

Like her mother, she is not by any means an empty-headed beauty; on the contrary, from all reports she is one of the shining lights of the fifth grade. "She's terrifically bright," says a parent whose sentiments have never been especially sympathetic toward the family. "In fact, I'd say she's a brilliant student. She's an exceptional writer—I've seen some of her things, and they show great humor for a child her age. But she really excels at everything. There's no question that she'd stand out in any group even if she weren't Caroline Kennedy."

Fifth-grade values being what they are, Caroline's schoolmates have been even more dazzled by her athletic abilities. "She's really *terrific* at sports," reports one of her contemporaries, "especially basketball and volleyball." In addition to her well-publicized equestrian skills, Caroline is proficient at several sports. Like her multitudinous Kennedy cousins, she is a product of the rigors of the family compound in Hyannis Port, where a full-time summer counselor starts developing the children's physical prowess as soon as they can stumble across the lawn in an upright position. "It reminds me of a mini-Olympics training camp," observes a frequent, if slothful, visitor.

In conversations with family friends and other parents, superlatives pour out about Caroline until she becomes almost unreal—an everymother's ideal of the Compleat Child. It is almost with some relief that one learns that she was less than a budding virtuoso at her spring piano recital; gets into a wholehearted squabble with her younger brother now and then; and, like any upstanding 10-year-old, occasionally whines to get her way.

The last four years in New York have not been without difficulties. Caroline was excited about entering school, and had been trying on her uniform (gray

jumper, white blouse and gray jacket) for weeks in anticipation while visiting her grandmother in Newport. The school went to every effort to underplay her arrival, but inevitably there was a certain amount of commotion. "It was incredible for a while," recalls a parent, "and really funny when I think back on it. All these mothers who *never* got out of bed in time to take their daughters to school suddenly began showing up at 8:30 in the morning, all acting elaborately casual, but all obviously just dying to get a look at Jackie and Caroline. Everyone would deny it now, but I know it's true, because I was one of them."

"We all knew that a celebrity was coming," recalls one of Caroline's schoolmates. "The sisters all told us to be nice to her, but they also tell us that about all new girls. When she first came, I felt, gee, we were really lucky to have a celebrity. People were always asking, 'Doesn't Caroline Kennedy go to your school?' But now I'm not that impressed anymore. Sometimes I remember who she is. Then I forget." (Forgetting Caroline's mother is less easy: "Mrs. Kennedy usually meets Caroline in the locker room after school—she comes in and says 'Hello' to us and then they leave." After a short pause, she adds, "We all still look at her.")

Caroline felt left out

"Some kids were always trying to impress her at first," reports another child, "and some still do, trying to show how smart they are with string tricks—you know, making houses and steeples and stuff like that out of string that you wind around your fingers—or trying to be the first to tell her the newest joke." (Such thigh-slappers as "Why did the man jump off the Empire State Building?" *Answer:* "To show he had guts" are what's breaking them up in the fifth grade.)

None of this made it any easier for Caroline to make friends, and she tended for some time to stick closely with her two Lawford cousins, who also attend the school. Some parents of potential playmates only made it harder by almost going out of their way *not* to invite her to their homes for fear of seeming pushy. For a while Caroline even felt left out. "I still feel shy about asking her," a Park Avenue matron admits. "I simply don't want to be thought of as using a child for social prestige."

For the most part, however, the shakedown period is over, and Caroline now has her own group of chums—six of whom she entertained last Christmas vacation at a luncheon at La Caravelle, one of Manhattan's most elegant eateries. Like most children her age, there is nothing she adores more than eating out at restaurants.

At the same time, she strikes many people as not being a child at all, but more of a 10-year-old adult. "Caroline's terribly mature for her age," comments a male friend of the family. "When you hug her she actually blushes." Her tastes are also more sophisticated than those of her contemporaries: when she was told she could have one other male at her eighth birthday party in addition to her brother John, Caroline, without missing a beat, immediately requested George Plimpton, the country's most debonair non-sportsman, literary luminary and then a bachelor, who not only promptly accepted but also enlivened the proceedings by arranging a pirate play. (Recently, she was a guest at his wedding.) Caroline's birthday party has acquired a glittering reputation, and among the mini-jet-set is definitely now considered the "coolest" one to be invited to.

"There's always lots to laugh at, lots of fun, lots of games, and lots to eat," says an annual guest. "We had spaghetti, meatballs, cake, ice cream,

(continued)



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[illegible] ginger ale and played relaxed rock. One year there was even a rock-'n'-roll band—as the children's parties [illegible] hit.

As the approach of adolescence, Caroline, who is shy and quiet by nature, is becoming increasingly sensitive to being in the public eye, which inevitably happens when the family travels—and their travels are frequent and farflung: Antigua, Acapulco, Gstaad, London, Hawaii. "I don't want the children to be just two kids living on Fifth Avenue going to nice schools," says Mrs. Kennedy. "There's so much else in the world outside this sanctuary we live in." Aside from her expeditions to such exotic locales as the ruins of Angkor Wat in Cambodia, she almost always takes Caroline and John with her. "You've got to take them whenever it's possible," she states firmly. "Children grow away from busy parents only because the parents grow away from the children." And like other traveling families, Mrs. Kennedy reports, they pass much of their time en route playing "Geography." ("The kids are great; they know the names of all the state capitals—which I never did.") Unlike other families, however, they are sometimes pursued by 25 carloads of newsmen, as happened in Switzerland, and a small army of security people is needed to protect them. Preserving their privacy during their sojourn in a tranquil seaside village last summer required 200 policemen, 30 special branch agents plus their own Secret Service men, who have been assigned to the Kennedys until March 1, 1969.

Eyes glued to the sidewalk

Caroline, who once created a photographic sensation when she broke up one of her father's Palm Beach press conferences by stumbling into the fray wearing her mother's high heels, and later entertained the White House press corps by [illegible] [illegible] sucks off," increasingly walks with her eyes glued to the sidewalk.

Mrs. Kennedy wants her children to grow up with a genuine awareness of their father, and talks about him frequently and casually, often just mentioning some trivial thing like the fact that he was a poor speller (which is reassuring to John) in a continuing effort to keep the man separated from the legend. The children's bedrooms are crammed with photographs of the late President, and Caroline, who remembers her father well and clearly continues to idolize him, cuts out every magazine picture that she likes and pastes it up on her already cluttered wall. Even John, who had just turned three on that brilliantly clear and tragic November day when he saluted his father's flag-draped casket as the funeral cortege left for Arlington, has startled more than one guest who entered his bedroom with the point-blank question: "Do you want to hear my father?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he dashes to his record player and turns on an album of President Kennedy's speeches.

At seven, however, he also still seems happily unaware of whatever burdens he faces with, as one writer put it, "that heavy name of John Fitzgerald Kennedy." He is an exuberant, extroverted little boy who makes friends easily and immediately with anyone at all—a quality that could eventually make him the family's biggest vote-getter. He already seems to have sewed up the fashion block, judging by a recent endorsement from *Women's Wear Daily*: "In hundreds of photographs he is always wearing a different shirt, a different sweater, a different jacket. . . ."

John, of course, could not care less about such matters, and also complains audibly when he is propelled to the Carlyle Hotel Barbershop for a trim on his famed haircut. Like other boys his age, he is far more concerned with baseball players and boxers, current scores and record numbers of home runs—an obvious by-product of the time he still spends with sports enthusiast Dave Powers, one of JFK's devoted Boston friends, who became the official White House greeter.

At school, John never had to cope with his celebrity status as Caroline did. He was only four when he entered St. David's, and his classmates had no more of an idea who John was than he did himself. "John's gone to London to see the Queen," volunteered a child when he didn't answer morning roll call one day, which, as it happened, was precisely the case; the whole family had flown to England for the dedication of a historic acre of Runnymede to the memory of President Kennedy.

Even now, three years later, his identity seems to be no problem. "My son never knew he was even there till a few months ago," reports a mother, "and he's the kind of kid who never misses a thing; the only reason he knows it now is because I finally asked if he knew John."

Friends' concern

Still, friends and family express concern about the lack of steady male influence in John's everyday life—a situation that, if there is any basis to rumors circulating as this is written, may be corrected in the future. Lord Harlech was the Kennedys' most frequent visitor last fall at Hyannis Port, where the family regularly repaired each weekend to enjoy the post-season quiet on the Cape. The children are extremely fond of him—especially John, according to friends—and call him David.

Senator Robert Kennedy also continues to play a significant role in Caroline and John's lives; he often drops by their apartment, and is always on hand for important occasions such as First Communions and Confirmations. "Imagine," says Mrs. Kennedy with obvious gratitude, "Bobby with ten children and still having time to bother being with us. . . ."

"But make no mistake about it," says a close friend, "Jackie intends to raise the children herself; she has no intention of letting Caroline and John become the eleventh and twelfth children of Bobby and Ethel.

"She stayed in New York over Christmas for this very reason, instead of joining the senator and his family: she wants her children to realize that, even though the family is now reduced to three, it is still a unit, and they still belong to the late President and to her."

One of President Kennedy's oldest friends adds this: "I know no one else who so seriously assumes her responsibilities as a parent—I have always thought this her best side—and if anyone can succeed as a mother alone, it's Jacqueline Kennedy." **END**

IN THE FAR MEADOW

By Stella Weston Tuttle

Feathered with snow,
the small colt lies
Touched with the mist
of the newly-born;
Turning to moonlight
before my eyes,
Pale as the unicorn.



"No, it's all right."

When my son came in to remind me that I'd promised to take him and some friends to a combo tryout at a high school in another suburb, I sighed anew.

"Maybe your father . . ." I began. "No, he's not feeling well. I'll take you."

We were scheduled to attend an awards dinner that night, in honor of a long-time friend, the best man at our wedding.

"You don't have to go tonight," I said to my husband as I left. "I have to sit at the head table, but you can stay home."

"Well, I'll see," he said.

When I returned, my husband was sitting in the kitchen, dressed and having a cocktail. The drink before dinner had been prescribed by the doctor: "A little whiskey before dinner each night will relax you."

"You've decided to go?" I said.

"Yes, I feel much better."

Our friends picked us up. My husband greeted his old friend, the guest of honor, as we got in the car.

"Irv," he said, "I decided I was going to your dinner tonight if it killed me."

The dinner was a pleasant affair. But afterward, I looked at my husband. He seemed drawn and tired.

"We'll sit a few minutes and then leave," I said.

When we got home, I paused in the kitchen. "Want a piece of cake?" I asked.

"Ugh—cake—no."

That was funny. He loved cake. I felt an uneasy chill.

I always listened

We went to bed, but he had a restless night. Nothing unusual. He always had a restless night after a late Saturday dinner. Since I had known of the heart condition I always listened when he went out to the bathroom in the middle of the night. His father had died of a heart attack in the bathroom after a big dinner, late at night. I often found myself waiting to go back to sleep until he returned. But this particular night I slept unusually soundly, only vaguely aware that he was moving about, sitting in the chair, on the edge of the bed.

At 7:30 in the morning a noise awakened me. Like someone snoring. Was he having a bad dream? I'd read once that nightmares could be fatal for heart patients and you should wake them. I turned.

"Gary," I said. And then with alarm, "GARY . . ."

His head jerked several times. One eye was distended. His left arm jerked up (like a puppy we'd once had—she died of a heart attack and her paw flew up just like that; the parallel struck me). And then he was still.

I leaped up, ran wildly into the hall. My parents were downstairs at breakfast. My son was sleeping. I called him.

"Bruce—come quick. Daddy's had a heart attack. I think he may be dead."

The boy came into the room, let out a cry. "My father's dead—my father's dead."

"No. Maybe he isn't. I'll call the doctor. You wait here. Try heart massage." We had seen a program on television in which an angina victim was revived by heart massage. I dialed the doctor.

"Gary?" He sounded incredulous. "You mean Gary? Can you tell if he's still breathing? Is he blue?"

"No, he still has color." Hope rushed into me. "Would one of the nitroglycerin pills help, do you think?"

"Maybe . . ."

I rushed back to the bed and put a pill under his tongue, but it rolled out. I leaned down and tried mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Nothing seemed to work.

"I'll call an ambulance," the doctor said.

continued



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It seemed only seconds when I heard the sirens, feet running on the stairs. A policeman. Fireman. Equipment. One man lifted my husband's wrist. His brief expression told me everything. But they tried a helicopter apparatus which lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped.

"Is there any hope?"

"He doesn't seem to be responding."

Hurriedly I threw on clothes. My son and I went to the car. They carried the stretcher outside. Neighbors were gathered in the driveway.

It seemed a million miles to the hospital. A light rain was falling. My son and I said nothing.

I parked the car at the emergency entrance, went in.

A nurse directed us to a doctor's office. A young man in a white coat sat there.

"My husband is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes. Sorry to say, yes."

There were formalities. A stern-looking woman sitting at a typewriter. Asking questions that seemed impossible to answer.

"Your husband's mother's maiden name?"

"I don't remember. Let's see . . . Smith, I think it was. Yes, that was it, Smith."

"When did you last see your husband alive?"

I turned to protest—*I didn't kill him . . .*

"Why just now . . . at 7:30 . . . I mean, I saw him die."

All of this was to appear on a formidable sheet called a death certificate, which I would see many, many times, copy after photostatic copy. I signed my name, and we walked out. The fireman was still standing by the ambulance. I recognized our bed pillow.

"I can take that home if you want."

"Sure thing. It'll save me a special trip."

"Thank you, thank you for everything. I'm very grateful . . ."

"Sorry we couldn't do anything."

"There was nothing anyone could have done."

I looked at myself in the rearview mirror of the car. A stunning thought had just hit me.

I'm a widow, I thought. *I don't look any different. But I'm a widow.*

I was one of the eight million women, left alone.

Stunned and unbelieving, my son and I drove home.

"Get's dead," I said to my father, waiting at the door.

I went to the telephone. Many times in the past year I had rehearsed this scene, and now it was as if I were playing out a part, as routinely as one might go through a disaster drill.

I marvel at the calm

First a call to Helen asking her to call the others of our closest group of friends, which we called the Saturday Night Crowd. Then a call to Damon, our assistant editor, knowing he was an early riser, asking him to call others in the office. Then a call to Dee, my husband's secretary, asking her to notify his co-workers. Then a call to my Aunt Ollie asking her to notify relatives. I delayed calling my husband's stepmother and sister; they sleep late on Sundays, and it would be a difficult call to make. I called the church to say we would not teach Sunday school and to ask that they announce my husband's death at services. I called the funeral parlor.

My finger was poised at the dial for perhaps the third or fourth of these calls when I looked up and there stood Ed, one of the men of our Saturday Night Crowd. Quiet, big, broad-shouldered, looking to me like the Rock of Gibraltar. I stood up. "Oh, thank you," I said. And collapsed against him.

But only momentarily. Looking back, I marvel at the calm and composure with which one reacts to total shock.

I must do everything there is to do right away, I thought, *before I give in to this. I must get it all done.*

And so by 10:30 Ed and I were entering the rear door of the funeral parlor. There sat our assistant minister. Again I buckled momentarily, in gratitude.

I had steeled myself to be very composed in making funeral arrangements. This was a subject about which my husband had had strong convictions. He abhorred expensive funerals, and whenever he heard of a friend who said, "You can't get by for less than $2,000—that's their starting price," he would explode.

Fashions in coffins, yet!

The funeral director I had chosen showed me around a room of coffins. They all looked alike. This one was $2,000 . . . $1,700 . . . $1,500 . . . $1,100 . . . $950 . . . He paused, expectant. I set my chin resolute.

"Don't you have anything cheaper?"

"I'm afraid not. . . . Well, we do have some at $750, but they're the old-fashioned kind with octagonal ends . . . they don't use them anymore."

I smothered a smile. Fashions in coffins, yet!

"We'll take the $950 one," I said. "And I want the notice in the newspapers only once for each paper. I understand that runs into money, too."

"I bet he really thought I'm a cold, heartless character," I said to Ed as we left, "but I could almost hear Gary saying, 'You better shop around a bit.'"

Our house was filled with people when I returned. Neighbors. Friends. A steady stream of them. Bringing cakes, casseroles, straightening the house, sweeping the front porch, doing the breakfast dishes. Someone asked if I had eaten. No, come to think of it, I had not.

I sat down to my usual morning fare, bacon, eggs, toast. To my complete, utter, absolute amazement, I found myself unable to swallow a bite—I, who had eaten a hearty breakfast two hours after childbirth, even after the birth and death of a second child, after heartbreak, disappointment, defeat of all kinds, illness, anger, worry. It had always been my boast that nothing ever took my appetite away. I had never known what it was to be "too sick to eat," "too upset to eat."

This was my first encounter with the physical effects of emotional shock and grief. I simply could not eat. I threw the food away.

But even as the dark waters of tragedy engulfed me, the warm waves of love washed over me, too. The friends who came to the door and simply took me in their arms. When I tried to choke out my thanks, one friend said: "We're all just standing in a circle, you know—holding hands."

The phone began to ring. People had heard the news at church, over the radio. A radio commentator who had attended the dinner with us sounded as if he were in tears. "I saw him just last night," he said.

There was more to do. Ed took me downtown to my office, where I asked the watchman to let me into the file room (the newspaper "morgue") to find the recent picture my husband had liked, so they wouldn't use the old one he didn't like. I typed out facts for his obituary. How often I had done this for friends! I bundled up unanswered mail, bills that would be due within the week, unfinished business of all kinds, and took it to the car.

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We had discussed the subject of cemetery lots only a few weeks earlier with my aunt and uncle. I had not been thinking of my husband at the time but of my mother, in her eighties and not well. My uncle had told me he had extra lots in two cemeteries; I could choose.

Now the rain was coming down steadily as we drove to the first cemetery. It was in an out-of-the-way place, down a series of side streets, not a prominent or a fashionable location. ("How did she ever pick a place like this?" Would people say that?)

We turned in the drive, and straight ahead was a quaint Victorian building—almost unreal, standing there in the rain.

"Gary would have loved it," I said. "He loved old buildings."

The driveway skirted a lovely lake. Swans skimmed the edge, seeking shelter from the rain. There were trees and hills. The road was not very good, but already I had made up my mind.

"I know the other place," I said. "It's on a main thoroughfare. It's very nice and convenient, but let's not bother going there. Gary can't choose but I can—and I want him to be buried here." And for the first time that day I felt a small sense of contentment.

The first night was hard. Suddenly the house was empty. My parents in bed. My son and I in the living room.

"It seems funny," he said, "with everyone gone. Kind of lonely."

"Yes," I said. "I couldn't wait for them to leave, and now I wish they hadn't left."

"Do you mind if I watch the FBI show on TV?"

"No, of course not."

But I couldn't watch. I went upstairs to the bedroom. We have a big antique bed with four big pillows, two for each of us. Just a few weeks before his death he had suggested that I use the accumulated trading stamp books, some $30 worth, to buy new pillows. They were goose feather pillows, beautiful big downy ones. And he had died on one.

There it sat. A white mountain in the dark room. How could I ever get into that bed? How could I ever sleep? I looked around, terrified, wanting to run and hide. I glanced at the night table. There was the Bible.

I undressed, found my reading glasses, gingerly eased into my side of the bed, still looking out of the corner of my eye at the large pillows. I opened the Bible at random.

The Gospel according to John, Chapter 14. That was where the Bible opened, and this is what I read: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. . . ."

On and on went the beautiful, familiar words. And something kept me reading, on and on through less familiar words, until I had reached the 18th verse: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

I turned out the light and lay in the darkness. There was no sleep all that night. But there was no fear either.

The comforting crowds

I had always felt a little sorry for the widow besieged by large crowds at the funeral parlor, but now I found the crowds of people comforting.

All of this was easier for me than it was for our 15-year-old son. "All Dad's friends keep telling me I'm the man of the house now," he blurted out. "I don't know how to be the man of the house." And then, almost in tears, he added, "I miss him so."

"Of course you're not a man," I said. "You're my son and a great comfort to me. And don't be ashamed to cry. Tears are good for men and women. They keep you from getting ulcers. Let the tears out."

But my eyes were still dry. I was still in shock.

I lay awake all night

On that first night after Gary's death I lay in bed, awake all night, looking at the big white pillow as if it were a mountain. On the second night a friend insisted I take a mild sleeping pill.

I slept exhausted and undisturbed, but still very much on my own side of the bed.

The third night I decided sternly, *No pills. And no alcohol. I will control my body and I will go to sleep.* I said to myself as I was to say many nights after that, *All you have to do now is sleep. That is the only thing you have to do. Do not think of anything else.*

But early in the morning of the fourth day, the day immediately following the funeral, I awakened. Suddenly realization came to me, and I began to cry, great racking, gasping sobs. Tears rushed down my face, wetting the pillows. There had always been a box of paper tissues alongside the bottle of pills on his nightstand.

"Honey," I said aloud. "Did you leave me any tissues?"

And, reaching blindly over to the box, I grabbed a handful, dabbed at my eyes, and then buried my head in the white mountain of his pillow and sobbed.

It was the first crying spell. It was far from the last. I went to my husband's office to take home his personal effects. Dry-eyed, I controlled myself as his secretary, on the verge of tears herself, showed me the stamp collection he was saving for our son and the special collection of pennies and the various bank books and savings accounts and insurance policies, some of which I hadn't known about. I was touched at all these evidences of a man who thought of his family, but I kept a tight rein on myself as a janitor brought a box and we packed away the things I was to take home.

I had left the car on the parking lot in back of his office, identifying myself to the attendant, whom I did not know.

When I came out, I got in the car, drove up to his little cubicle, and called out, "How much do I owe you?"

"Oh nothing, nothing," he said. "I couldn't charge you today. Please accept my sympathy."

I cried all the way home.

One woman, a casual acquaintance, wrote something I had begun to feel: "The City of God has a fine new citizen. Perhaps, too, you find as I do that heaven becomes more attractive all the time—so many that I have loved are peopling it. And this is, I suspect, what we mean by 'the communion of saints.' "

In our close-knit circle of seven couples, I was the fourth widow. All of the men had been in their forties or fifties, and each of the other women had had grave problems of readjustment to make. Now each of them was giving to me far more than I had given them. My sympathy for them had come out of well-meaning but inexperienced ignorance. Theirs came from depths of understanding.

(continued)

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STICKY-SWEET

By Suzanne Douglass

Pessimists mourn
Every rose has a thorn,
But the optimist knows
Every thorn has a rose.

SUMMER SHAPINGS

continued



Left: For a smooth, natural line, bra with lightly wired separator in center. Of nylon tricot and power-net; 32–38, about $4. Matching bikini panties, of nylon tricot, about $2. By Maidenform.





Above: Pretty background scenery for voiles and organdies—a bra-slip of nylon taffeta. Bra cups lined with fiberfill; 32–38, about $8. By Warner's.

Left: Soft natural-line bra, cut low at sides to go with scooped-out armholes. Of nylon tricot, lace and power-net; 32–36, about $6. Part pantie, part pantie girdle, it takes control only at tummy and waist. Of power-net and nylon tricot; S,M,L, about $7. Both by Gossard.

"I MISS HIM SO"

continued

Thus when I spoke to Helen of the terrible crying spells, she understood. "I went through that too," she said, "and you know I've never been one to cry over anything. I'd bawl until my eyes were red and swollen and my nose was puffy, and then I'd look at myself in the mirror and think, 'What a fool I am! I should be glad that Paul is free from his pain and happy in heaven instead of making myself sick over him."

Louise had been awakened in the middle of the night by a highway patrolman who told her that her husband had been killed on his way home from a business dinner. She understood about the pillow barrier. They had had twin beds.

"For weeks I couldn't look at Lou's empty bed," she said, "so I'd sleep in his bed and look at mine. Somehow I could stand to see my bed empty, but I couldn't stand to look at his."

Jan was the most recent widow. Her husband had died six months before. I thought how only recently I had commented callously that it was high time she was "snapping out of it."

"I think Jan does everything in depth," Ginny had commented. "She's so thorough about housework and sewing and does everything meticulously. I believe she's going through grief in depth, too."

A plunge to the bottom

There may be something in this. I plunge into things, giving myself to them completely, but I also do a job more superficially and finish it quickly. In retrospect I can see this pattern in my grief. For several months it was like a plunge into the bottom of the ocean, but I believe I surfaced sooner than my friend who grieved "in depth." Thus it is futile to try to compare the experience of one woman with another or to criticize the woman who returns to her normally cheerful self.

You do not know what I go through, says the Indian, until you have walked in my moccasins.

I remembered commiserating with Jan for having to go home to her big, empty house.

"Oh, no," she said. "When I walk inside, I feel as if my house puts its arms around me and comforts me."

How strange, I had thought. Now, in my various forays into the world, I found myself entering the driveway with haste and a sense of relief, running into the house and having the very same sensation, as if the house were putting its arms around me and protecting me. The bedroom—which I had expected to dread because it was the scene of death—was the most cherished haven of all. There I felt safe.

On one particular day as I rushed home there was an ambulance, sirens screaming, going past the intersection. I ran into the house, sobbing. Jan was standing in the kitchen, tears coming down her face, too.

"I just saw an ambulance," I said.

"I just saw a hearse," she said.

We clung to each other, crying and laughing at the same time.

Then we said the magic words at the same time: "Nobody understands but another widow." **END**

Editor's Guide

Facing Life Without a Mate

A widow can—and should—look to her family, friends, attorney and minister for immediate comfort and help. Hopefully, she knows where her husband's will is kept, how much life insurance he carried, with which agencies, and where the policies are; what debts, savings and investments the family has; and when health, fire, automobile and other insurance premiums are due, so the policies won't lapse.

For the widow who feels she or her children need emotional help or counseling and cannot afford to pay much, psychiatric clinics or Family Service agencies will provide the appropriate kind of counseling for whatever fee a client can afford.

A banker or lawyer can guide a widow to investments or savings plans for her particular situation. She should never invest large sums, sell a house or borrow money without consulting a prudent adviser. (Most major stock brokerage houses conduct courses for women and publish free booklets for beginners in the stock market.)

For the widow who wants to return to work, the local welfare department or board of health can suggest day-care centers for children. And for the widow who just needs help in keeping occupied, local Y.W.C.A. and adult-education centers offer constructive diversions.

Parents Without Partners, Inc., a non-profit organization with 275 chapters throughout the country, sponsors discussions about legal, psychological and financial matters conducted by professionals for widows with children. Each chapter runs programs for children as well as social and educational programs for widows. A widow may participate in the organization's functions and receive its monthly magazine, *The Single Parent*, for $10 per year. Widows who do not live near a chapter may subscribe to the magazine for $4.50. Any widow requiring advice of any kind may write to Ralph Ober, Executive Director, Parents Without Partners, Inc., 80 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Brochures available without charge from the same address are *The Widowed Parent* and *Therapy for Children and Adults*. Other brochures—*When You Lose a Loved One; Paying for a College Education;* and *The One-Parent Family*—cost 25 cents each and may be ordered from Public Affairs Pamphlets, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016.

continued from page 58

I liked her, I would be delighted to see her, and if not, I would obviously resent her. I don't know Jackie Kennedy well, but what I do know of her I like. I have seen her about ten times.

"Cultured is an awful word, but Jackie is cultured in the very best sense of the word. She has enormous charm, warmth and wants to know people, but she is tense. Usually she is retiring and fragile, even in her speech, which is slow and breathless. But in an argument or a fast discussion she doesn't whisper; you see her quick mind work, she distinctly presents her thoughts on art, ballet, politics—anything.

"Though the Kennedys are the leading American family, Jackie does not want a national or international position. But she is an American princess, a constant star figure, and people like to watch star figures playing on their screen of life. Jackie wants to stay in the wings, but people try to drag her back onto a stage she doesn't want to be on. From what Papa knows and what Bobby Kennedy tells him, there are times when she can't bear to make the effort. She feels: 'I can't bear to face another minute of it; I've just got to stay in my room.' I think she'd like to live somewhere in the country as a quiet, friendly, ordinary person bringing up her children."

Victoria reached for a bunch of green grapes and began to eat them.

"I think Jackie is spiritually inclined and wants to know about her inner life, which makes me think she is more on the right line than most Americans. Some people are tough enough to accept a lack

Even though you aren't as apt to have a good time when you plan on it, it's hard not to.—Journal proverb

of privacy and can cope with being picked on by the press. I admire her courage to hold her head up with dignity against the terrible life people try to press upon her.

"Papa is obviously lonely. He married Mummy when he was 21, and they lived closely together for 27 years, so it must be devastating to be left alone." (Victoria's mother, Lady Harlech, was killed in an automobile accident in West Wales, last May 30; her car collided with a bus.)

* * *

"I would like Bobby Kennedy to get in as President," Victoria said. "I think he is the most far-sighted politician in America. I don't think Bobby is this marvelous, sweet, kind fellow, but, given the presidential material Americans have to back, he is the best person. I do think Bobby is spoiled by the huge entourage at his beck and call, who would cut off their right arms for the Kennedys. Not only his paid staff, but layabout multi-millionaires. Those Kennedys are absolutely extraordinary; they sweep about the place, ordering planes, and run all over the house telephoning. I see it wherever they go. At Woodhill, Bobby's aides told him he must leave at 2 P.M. because the plane departed at 4:30. Bobby decided he didn't want to leave then but wanted to go for a walk. He said to an aide: 'Forget it. Let them hold the plane or we'll drive faster—I am going to stay another hour.' Though I like this attitude in one way, it rather shocks me because I am not like that. If they didn't have their money they would have to scale it down. There is no similarity between the Kennedy and Harlech upbringing."

* * *

I had met Victoria at the Harlechs' temporary London flat. She was wearing an outfit she described as "Me trying to look like an elf"—green velvet waistcoat, cavalier design silk blouse, short-short skirt up to her thighs, yellow tights, green boots with chiffon scarves tied to their tops. Her 16-year-old sister Alice, who had decided to play hooky from her convent day school, drifted to the door to see who had arrived, then scowled and drifted away. Jazz was playing on the record player, which sat on the floor in front of the fireplace, surrounded by swarms of record covers and magazines. A nearby table held bottles of liquor, mainly vermouth, and many of the paintings on the wall were of the countryside of South Africa. The room, airy and light, looked onto gray London homes topped with Mary Poppins chimneys.

Victoria and Alice began to giggle about a newspaper article. Then Beatrix Lambton, 19, daughter of a Conservative Member of Parliament, Lord Lambton, shuffled in, dressed in a black maxi-coat and short black dress. She was accompanied by a long-haired boy named Roderic O'Connor. Before long other long-maned boys trooped in and out, clad in clothes reminiscent of Fagin's juvenile gang in *Oliver Twist*. (continued)



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Soon afterward, in came Lord Harlech—or, to give him his full name and title, the Honorable Sir William David Ormsby-Gore, fifth Baron of Harlech. A lanky, attractive man of 50, he strode down the corridor to his room, and I saw young Alice follow him like a puppy whose master has returned. In Lord Harlech's bedroom, which is illuminated mainly by a single bare bulb in the ceiling, photographs of his late wife—a rose-skinned English beauty—adorn the dressing table and bureau. Also on his dresser is a recent Art Buchwald column about "The Jackie Watchers." In it Buchwald described how frantically the press and public keep track of Mrs. Kennedy and Lord Harlech.

As she watched Alice vanish in Harlech's wake, Victoria looked sad. "Alice is vulnerable," she explained. "She needs a lot of help. I am too close in age to have her cast me in the role of mother. She needs an older woman to respect, trust and give her love and kindness. She won't listen to anybody—not even Papa. She often skips school, but this spring she will start a six-week course at the Dalton School in New York City." (Alice will stay at the New York home of millionaire John Hay Whitney and his wife Betsy, who have also played host to Lord Harlech and Mrs. Kennedy.)

Collecting anything on purpose seems silly when you think how easily things tend to collect by themselves.
—Journal proverb

But while she is in England, Alice's closest friend is her 14-year-old brother Francis. Says Victoria: "Francis is bright and loves mechanics and engineering. Papa, who taught us all to drive, gave him a sidecar for his scramble-bike as his 14th-birthday present. Francis has driven since he was 12 years old. At Oswestry, where Woodhill is located, the farmers present him with old cars that seem to belong in the rubbish heap, but after he tinkers about inside them they go. He has two at Woodhill and one is a green, doorless 1925ish car with 'Free Wales' signs painted all over it."

Behind Francis's ebullience lies the strong family feeling that unites all the Harlechs.

"My family loves me and I love them," he explained. "There is no threshold I have to cross—we have no second thoughts about one another. We have a complete unity of real love. I love my brother, sisters, father. My mother and father are the only people who have influenced me. I adore my mother very much. If you love someone as much as I love my mother, you always admire them—out of gratitude and out of love for the life she gave me. I like to remember my mother when I was very small, caring nothing about doing anything, and everyone seemed perfect. These thoughts revive me, especially at boarding school when I lie awake."

Right now, Alice is less sure of herself than Francis.

"Since my mother died we all feel lonelier," she says. "Every member of my family. Lonely and wounded. I try not to relate things to myself. I am totally muddled and confused. It has nothing to do with being 16—I may even be this way at 21. I have supreme admiration and love for my father. I feel lost all the time, though the tradition of a stable family helps. All close families think the same—nothing people can say can affect the spirit inside a family if they are strong and loving. It makes no difference if we are the Ormsby-Gores or the poorest family living in India."

Victoria Ormsby-Gore suspects that John Kennedy Jr., whom she calls "a groove, a natural character," is much like Francis. "They don't feel awkward in any situation. I am sure John is very spoiled, but then who isn't? Caroline, like Alice, is quieter."

* * *

Of course, the Harlech children may have to face the fact that their father could remarry. "Obviously it would be nice for Papa to remarry, but I can't see that for a few years yet—if at all," Victoria said. "But if he does, whoever he marries will be fortunate, for he has exceptional insight, a gentle, firm calmness, a clearly balanced mind. He is never pleased with himself, and never thinks he is past learning about anything from anybody young or old.

"My parents' marriage was rare. Mummy and Papa came first to each other. It was springtime all the time for them. If Papa saw a film, Mummy would go out to see it so they could talk about it later. Or if Papa was reading up for a lecture on Disraeli, Mummy would read books about Disraeli, too. She just wanted to know anything of interest to Papa—what he thought, what he read, what he did and saw. She hated him to go away on business trips, though he rang daily and wrote hundreds of letters. He would help her in the garden, scything while she weeded, and when he came into a room Mummy would hug him. Only when I was about 15 years old did I notice that other parents argued, fought and sometimes had 'friends' elsewhere. It brought home to me how marvelous mine were and how lucky I was.

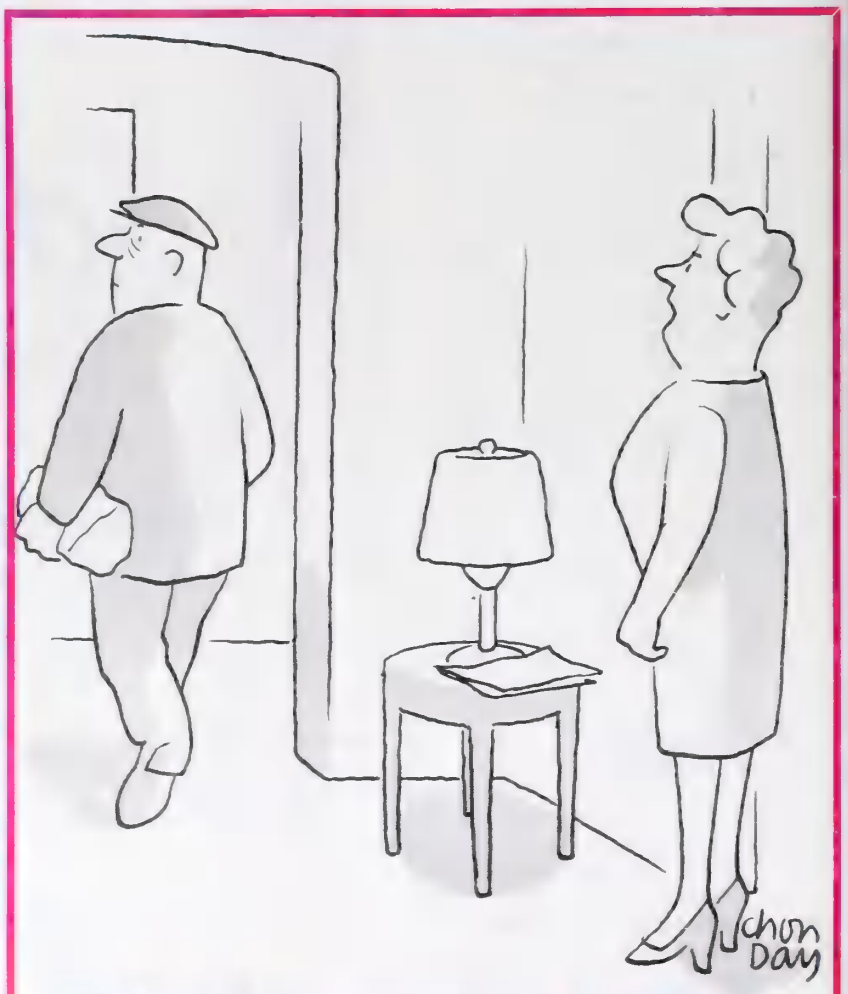
"Now, when I feel too young to assume responsibility for Papa and the household, I have an urge to get a plane out and loon about in India or somewhere, but I am not free to just take off. It is difficult to be tied down, and when I feel low I think I can't be of any support to Papa or Alice. I don't have the wisdom or the clarity of mind to cope. Then I switch and say: 'I *must* cope; the obvious person to get it all together is me.' My older sister Jane, who's 25, is married, with her own home and family, and I am the next one down. My great grandfather once said: 'Your best is the least you can do.'

"Papa relies upon me to look for new wallpaper for our new house, and to talk to the architect, which is quite a gas. We all try to make it nicer for Papa. If he is home in the evening I might ask a few people that he likes to dinner. If he wants to go to Woodhill for the weekend, I arrange it. But getting the houses together is just a matter of bothering to do it. Keeping our psychological equilibrium is another matter."

At that moment Lord Harlech emerged from his bedroom. It was time for the trip to Woodhill for the weekend. He wore a gray suit with a blue striped shirt and a turquoise tie fastened by a Kennedy PT-109 tie clip.

In a few seconds he organized the group. The luggage was carted down several flights of stairs and out to his mud-splattered Gordon-Keeble sports car. Lord Harlech put the suitcases into the trunk while Alice settled in the back seat with Roderic O'Connor, a blaring transistor radio and a guitar; Victoria, Beatrix and two of the long-haired boys were to drive up in Victoria's mini-Minor.

Lord Harlech loves speed, and the heavy Friday-night London traffic soon irritated him. A skillful driver, he slipped around other cars and, once we were out of London, picked up speed. He offered



"Did you wrap your sandwiches in my paper dress?"

us chocolates and munched one himself while we listened to a BBC radio program about whether dogs have souls and why women won't go sailing with their husbands after marriage. When we arrived at Woodhill four hours later, he became the perfect, understated host. In front of the fire in the drawing room, he introduced the family's black sheepdog named Shep and a mongrel called Fly.

Victoria arrived during dinner, accompanied by the shaggy-haired boys. Beatrix Lambton helped herself to a serving of lamb, and Lord Harlech soon left the room to write notes—after pointing out where the wine was. Once everyone had eaten the dinner prepared by Mrs. Todd, the Harlechs' housekeeper of 20 years, there was an exodus into the drawing room, about a third of the size of a tennis court. Sitting in front of the fire, the young people listened to New Orleans jazz and giggled.

Later, when we resumed our talk, Victoria said:

"As a family we are rebels, outspoken in our beliefs. I'm told this results in some people saying: 'Those evil, wicked Ormsby-Gores are blazing a trail of decadence and leading others astray.'" But Victoria resents the rumors that her married sister, Jane Rainey, is a leader of London's youthful drug cult. "Because my sister is a social figure, it doesn't matter if six people or six million people smoke pot in London—she is mentioned because she is known. If anyone saw Jane coming into a room and knew a fraction about drugs, he would see Jane isn't a junkie.

"And it's unbelievable how people can accuse Jane of leaving her one-year-old son, Saffron, at a hat-check desk while she and her husband, Michael Rainey, were in a restaurant. When Saffron was about six months, rather than leave him in the house with someone, Jane and Michael would put him in a basket, where he would sleep behind Jane's chair while they ate out.

"I would like to know who built up this ridiculous fantasy about drugs. Bobby Kennedy said to me that the trouble about drugs is that people don't realize what is serious and what is not.

"To me, smoking pot is fine—pot is really great. It's non-addictive. Cigarettes kill, not marijuana."

* * *

The next Lord Harlech is the Honorable Julian Ormsby-Gore, who is 27. It turned out that he had left McGill University in Canada after he was beaten up because he wouldn't wear the freshman uniform. He is now working for interior decorators and also doing some modeling.

"I started modeling for extra money at an agency called English Boys over a year ago," he said. "This agency was started by two friends of mine, and most of those they knew they signed up. Last summer I did a still for a new television commercial on washing powder. I was one of four boys who had to wear frilly white shirts. I didn't mind, but what I disliked was recently doing a live fashion show at the Playboy Club in London for a charity party. It was chaotic."

All the young Harlechs are fashion setters among London's young people.

"Julian was the first to start branching out when he wore Chelsea boots at Eton," Victoria says. "He was very groovy with his long black hair smoothed down like patent leather. Today Julian does molding and casting for interior decorators and has just finished 62 busts of would-be Roman emperors for the walls of Longleat, the seat of the Marquess of Bath."

Victoria does not buy her clothes from the swank couturiers. *continued*



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LORD HARLECH *continued*

"I used to think some people rated being on the Best-Dressed List, but now I think it's absolutely ridiculous, a joke, because it can't possibly be true. It is only a narrow section of people who are even considered for it. They think only about the Duchess of Windsor and Jackie Kennedy. What a drag! Yet I admire some of those people; it is obviously pleasing to see someone in some beautifully cut clothes. But I wouldn't dream of getting into something like that; I might as well wear a suit of armor. It is not what is inside me—what I am trying to express.

"Once Papa took me to quite a grand restaurant. I looked disheveled and freaky, and he couldn't help but notice the waiters turn round, and the sudden silence. But not a comment from him. He gave his coat and asked for the menu. Papa is reasonably unconventional in his dress. He never wore a bowler hat or turn-ups at the bottom of trousers. About six years ago Papa joked: 'It's not that I keep up with fashion. Fashion has caught up with me.'

"My mother once turned to my brother Julian and said: 'You really can't have your hair that long anymore. Please let me cut it after dinner.' Papa, who never gets angry, said: 'Personal appearance is of very secondary importance, and we will not speak of it any longer!' "

The next morning at Woodhill, the bell for breakfast rang at 9:30. On the sideboard were fried bread, eggs, sausage and porridge. I found Lord Harlech alone. That day he would lecture on films at Cardiff University—he is now president of the British Board of Film Censors and chairman of Harlech Television—and he was eating a big breakfast before driving off.

Victoria, in another elf outfit, burst in with rolls of toilet paper in her hands (she is in charge of running the household). Then the local policeman drove up on a motorbike to find out why she hadn't answered a summons for illegal parking. After he left, she delightedly told her friends how she treated the "fuzz" with great dignity, though she wanted to laugh. Then off they went to a swing hung from a tree back of the house. There they pushed each other higher and higher. "Wow!" said one of the boys, an Eton graduate. "Wow!" was more or less his entire vocabulary for the weekend.

Later that morning, we drove to Oswestry to buy health food, groceries and orange-flavored toothpaste. Victoria and her friends proceeded to sample the toothpaste while speeding back to Woodhill in the Ford station wagon.

During dinner there was a slight difference of opinion between generations over whether a local eccentric who lived in a large old house was depressing (as Lord Harlech believed) or uplifting (as the young believed). It was never settled. Instead the talk switched to American trains and how to fix the record player, which was not up to par. Harlech eventually moved into his library again, where he watched soccer and the news on TV.

* * *

What does Lord Harlech think of his highly individualistic children?

"I don't quite know what a progressive parent means," he told me, "but I am permissive about their style of clothes, the cars they buy, the length of their hair, the books they read.

"But there is a row if I think some of their friends are wholly undesirable; that is, if they represent characteristics I don't care about—if they are immoral, dishonest, harmful. Then I am against my children associating with them or having them to stay—even though there isn't much I can do to prevent it after they turn 21.

"Parents make mistakes trying to mold children to a form of which they approve and toward a direction they would like them to take. A parent's ideal for a child causes endless friction, and when the child doesn't fit this ideal the parent feels his love is rejected. The result is an unsatisfactory relationship between parent and child. Love and affection for one's children are most important, no matter how exasperating they are. You try to give them the confidence that they have a home and a family always ready to support them. One must never make them feel one will withdraw love. The most dreadful threat a parent can make to a child is to say: 'I don't approve of you. You can't come home again.' Children must always be made to feel that they *can* come home.

> *Why is it always people I'd rather not know any more about who start telling me their troubles?*

"I tried to treat Victoria as a contemporary adult. I regard her friends this way, and I enjoy having them around. At quite an early age one should talk to one's children and their friends in an adult way and not try to adjust your speech. A 14-year-old's appreciation of a problem is 99 percent accurate. They understand a great deal, and when they don't, it is somewhat of an education, for it stretches them to find out. Besides, I don't talk differently to those younger than I, partly because talking down is such an effort."

* * *

"Papa used to sit on my bed and read to me before I went to sleep," Victoria said later. "Often it was a book by C. S. Lewis about four children who go to a magic land ruled by a prince.

"Though I had nightmares about being eaten by giants when I was six, I still used to ask Papa to read stories like *Jack and the Beanstalk*. After he had read to me he would go to read to Jane and Julian."

Victoria never met any of the Kennedys until the Ormsby-Gores arrived in Washington.

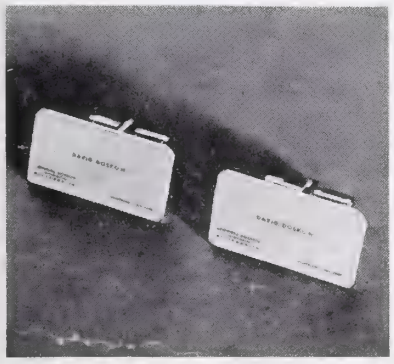
"I came for the Christmas holidays," she recalls, "and I met President Kennedy for the first time when he came to the British Embassy to dine. I was struck by his charm and his special way that made one feel he was *(continued)*

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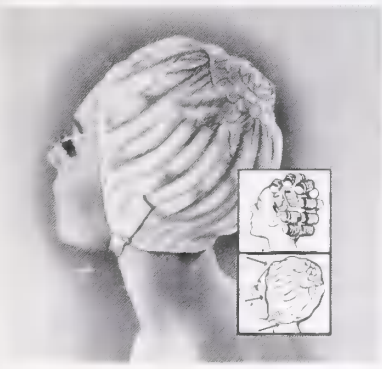
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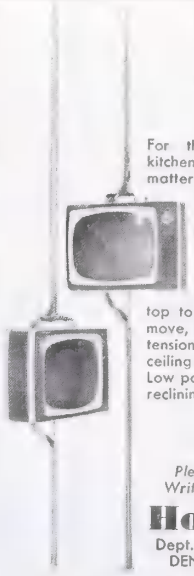


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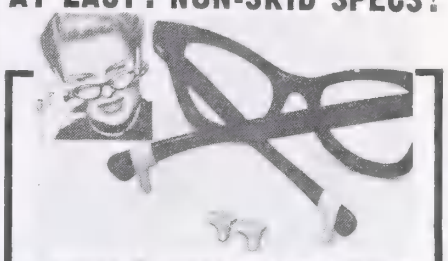
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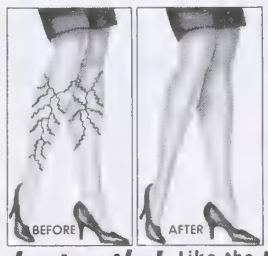
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of Mummy's and was my godmother. When Kathleen died in a plane crash in 1948 I was two. I have pictures of her, and she gave me a little cross I wear. When Papa was with the British delegation to the United Nations, he saw a lot of Jack and Jackie, but I don't remember them being talked about or coming to the house. When we heard Jack Kennedy would run for President we heard more and more. During the elections Papa told us we had to be strictly neutral. One day he found Jane wearing a huge badge proclaiming: 'If I was 21, I would vote for Kennedy.'

"Teddy Kennedy has the President's charm without the power or brilliance," Victoria says. "He is friendly and always saying, 'Come on, it is only three in the morning and there are 18 more parties to get to!' Three years ago, in London, about a dozen of us went to a discothèque. Though Teddy's back was still in a brace and he carried a stick—from that terrible plane crash that almost killed him—he danced until about four in the morning."

Mrs. Kennedy, like the late Lady Harlech, is an ardent horsewoman. But, according to Victoria, Lord Harlech "detests" horse riding, and decided at 10 that he would never ride again. "Mummy was a lovely rider, and we have hundreds of photographs of her hunting," Victoria recalls. "She taught us. She was gentle, but if we fell off the horse we had to climb back on again."

Victoria is an aristocrat by birth, but her life and attitudes are not very patrician.

"The word aristocrat makes me laugh," she says. "It sounds as if I am going to be led off to the guillotine. I live in a classless world. My friends range from young, ordinary working people to absolute loons. I don't like being caught up in the false society of dinner parties, where you sit down and have a formal conversation about Rhodesia, the gold standard, or films. It's like dancing a minuet. I despise The Social Life because it degrades the spirit. It is belittling to drag yourself to parties with utterly pointless people whose main activity is clamoring for glamorous recognition.

"I didn't go in for that disgusting debutante business, though Mummy made me play a fringe part, which I reluctantly did. Debs are nonsense. You find rich, pushing mothers, and disinterested, very rich fathers who decide their daughters should have fame in the great society of London. The debs and their parents lust, grovel and screech for acclaim. It's a huge social climbing farce.

"It wouldn't enter my head to social climb, and it bugs the social climbers that we are disinterested in having our names in the paper. It irritates them that we are not thrilled to be invited to their parties. We aren't nasty; we just think they have it all wrong.

"I have had what money can buy—not everyone can live in a London home, have two houses in the country, two estates and two cars. Many people have more, but millions have less. I don't think money has any value. If it is there, it is to be spent. I don't care a *hang* about making money. If I didn't have any bread to eat I would take a job or borrow from my friends. We live in a spiritual community and are conscious of each other's welfare. If I say to my brother-in-law, Michael Rainey, 'Look, I haven't got any money,' he'll say, 'Good Lord, somebody has just given me 20 pounds, here is 10.' One day Michael will come to me without a penny, and I will give him whatever I have.

"I wouldn't like to live in America because of the violence. Two men in a drugstore bump into each other and angrily turn on each other. In England they would say they were terribly sorry. And if I cross a street against a light in England the cop says, 'Excuse me, miss, you have been jaywalking,' and on he goes in a tiresome way. But he doesn't scream as in America. A cop in New York once tried to hit me with a truncheon when I wanted to go into Andy Warhol's East Village Club.

"Papa likes visiting the United States; many of his friends and business associates live there. But the tabloids make it seem that he is forever spending weekends at the Whitneys with Mrs. Kennedy. . . .

"Bad manners irritate Papa, and he considers horoscopes to be lunacy; he says that stars millions of miles away can't affect us. His arguments are not only logical but convincing, and he is really irritatingly right. Jazz has always been one of Papa's great loves. Fast cars are another, but now he must be careful because he has two marks against his license, and three means it will be confiscated for a year. . . ." **END**

Men must be having almost as hard a time as women deciding what to wear these days!—Journal proverb

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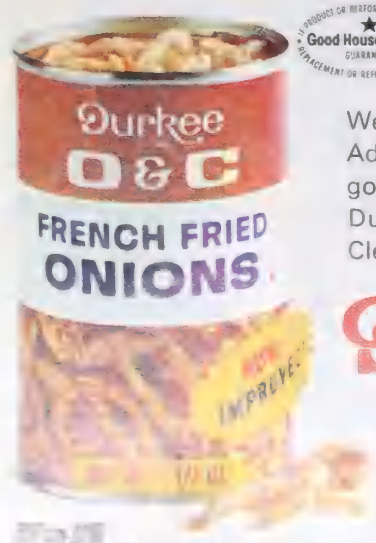
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